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THE
NATION

JANUARY 2, 1960 . . 25c

MONSTER in the MINE

by IRA WOLFERT

An American novelist brings his craft to bear on the relentless displacement of men by machines — the key social drama of the '60s.

* * *

THE NORMAN MAILER SYNDROME

by GORE VIDAL

LETTERS

12/31/59

Dear Sirs:

When I consider how this decade went:
O tempora! O mores! O debris!
The fifties may be folding up their tent,
But what a world of litter's left to me:

What shall I do with Little Rock?
Could I hock that old Woodstock?
Who'll bid on a nearly-new chemise,
A vicuna coat or a spare deep freeze?
Nobody wants Dixon-Yates as a gift:
Perhaps I'll simply cast it adrift
Along with details of the Grace Kelly trousseau
(Was it success that spoiled Harvey Matusow?)
I can't keep Checkers (I've still got Blaze)
Or the Redleg suit from those dear dead days
When only the brave risked losing their heads
And called Cincinnati the home of the Reds.
Where can I stash away Schine and Cohn,
Dianetics and Juan Peron,
Eddy-loves-Debby — but not ever after,
The sputnik jokes (and the hollow laughter),
Offshore oil, payola and Jotto,
"This Is Your Life" and that was "Dotto,"
Julius La Rosa's lost humility,
Recollected in *whose* tranquillity?
The name of the man (any number may guess)
Who promoted the man who promoted Peress,
And Baby Doll sucking her neon thumb
In the burgeoning strontium.

Perhaps I'll merely draw the drip-dry drape
And, being careful not to slam the door,
Say three *nil nisi bonums,* then escape
And never go there any more.

ANDY LOGAN

New York City

Ethic and Dogma

Dear Sirs: Gabriel Vahanian ("This Post-Christian Era," your Dec. 12 issue), is making an acute observation in his declaration that we live in a post-Christian period. He seems, however, to lament rather than to rejoice over this conclusion.

Intellectual emancipation from subservience to theology is to be highly valued. Our problem today is to free our *ethics* from this same subservience. If our age is engaging in a cultural rejection of Christianity, as Mr. Vahanian believes, the reason could well be that Christian thinkers have insisted that their dogmatic view of the universe validated their ethics; now the ethics are being swept aside along with the theological dogmatism.

What we are witnessing is not only a crisis for us. It is also an opportunity. Let us recognize it as such, rejoice in it, and root our ethic in something less transitory than a sectarian view of the universe.

EUGENE WM. KREVES

Plainfield, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Vahanian recognizes that "every age is post-Christian." But to him, the tragedy of our age is that we are "post-Christian *both theologically and culturally*." (His emphasis.)

This attitude is characteristic of the very religiosity which Dr. Vahanian so describes in his article. Our Western culture is not so much a reflection of the spirit of Christianity as Christianity is a reflection of our Western culture. (It cannot be denied, however, that there is a dialectic reaction between the two.)

But to dismiss our era as one in which "tolerance gives way to religious syncretism" and to denote this syncretism as having neither content nor backbone is to throw the baby out with the bathwater. The syncretistic content is precisely that body of ethical principles which Christianity has professed with varying degrees of enthusiasm, and which, with a high degree of enthusiasm, has ignored in practice throughout the centuries.

The result of this amalgam of "beliefs and attitudes" will be the living acceptance of the concept of the brotherhood of man, without the ritual and ceremonial trappings.

JACOB GOLDBERG

Chicago, Ill.

Question for Mr. Benson

Dear Sirs: The 86th Congress under Public Law 480 gave the Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, the authority to distribute surplus commodities through a food-stamp plan to needy people in our own country. So far Secretary Benson has refused to start the food-stamp plan—perhaps for the reason that there is "no depression."

I believe the 5 million underprivileged and underfed people eligible for aid may not understand that "there is no depression." Being hungry and poorly nourished is hard on children, whether or not the Secretary of Agriculture feels that a depression exists.

Since the agricultural surplus is available, and is costing taxpayers billions of dollars for storage, and people are hungry, by what right does Mr. Benson decide that this food shall not go to our own poor?

(MRS.) EVE BYRON WYATT

San Francisco, Calif.

De Gregory Fund

Dear Sirs: May I call your attention to the organization of the De Gregory Defense Committee. Like Dr. Willard Up-

(*Continued on page 12*)

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Problems of NATO

NATO as we have known it may not be falling apart, but it is surely not flourishing. A plausible though not specific explanation is that the NATO of yesterday is not, and cannot be, the NATO of tomorrow. With only occasional exceptions our mass media, electronic and printed alike, are giving the public precious little enlightenment on NATO as an *evolving* organization. It almost seems as if nothing true, honest and incisive can be said publicly about any grave public question, especially where our relations with other governments are concerned. To read the papers, one would think that NATO was being jeopardized by a self-willed Frenchman, General Charles de Gaulle, whose predecessors sent the French army to Algeria and who himself is now administering the *coup de grace* by saying "integration is dead," withdrawing part of the French fleet from NATO command, denying NATO the command of his Air Force, and refusing to permit U.S. weapons to remain on French soil unless he has a voice in their disposition and possible use. The United States, in virtuous contrast, has put at the disposal of NATO its military forces, its treasure and its sacred honor. We integrate, de Gaulle balks, and even Eisenhower can't move him: according to what Joseph Alsop vouches for as an "excellent source," the recalcitrant de Gaulle received Ike's protestations with a silence that was "glacial, even hyperborean."

All this, though partly factual, is utterly childish as explanation, and can only reduce the American TV listener and newspaper reader to an even lower level of understanding than he has achieved previously under the tutelage of these media.

In the first place, the United States is willing to integrate — partially — because the NATO commander is an American general. The integration is only a token one since the Strategic Air Force is not under NATO command and Congress would blow its collective top if anyone suggested that it should be. In sum, only a minor portion of American air, naval and land power is under NATO's jurisdiction, and Britain likewise has committed only a portion of its strength to the alliance. De Gaulle has done nothing that the Anglo-American partnership — itself somewhat tenuous — has not done before him.

Second, conditions are changing rapidly both inside and outside NATO. All NATO can do is conduct a brief holding operation if the Russians move; the Strategic Air Command must do the rest. In other words, if the Russians move seriously (for resisting a probing operation, NATO would be useful) mutual suicide has been achieved.

Third, the preponderance of power within NATO is shifting from the United States to Germany. The Germans know it, the French know it, and de Gaulle is making his preparations accordingly. Four years ago, 6,000 volunteers joined the German colors; today the *Bundeswehr* has 290,000 men in the field with seven ground divisions, eight fighter and fighter-bomber jet aircraft wings, and the beginning of a modern navy which will soon be ready to challenge the Soviet Union in the Baltic. That army will be no Turkish land force armed with rifles and cannon and with hardly more industrial backing than the Confederacy had in the Civil War. A first-class military power is re-emerging on the Continent, manned by a new generation which knows nothing of the horror and anguish of World War II and thinks that war can be glorious. What do we expect de Gaulle to do? He has demonstrated more prescience than most statesmen. The maxim is, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and, with due caution, he has done precisely that with the German Federal Republic.

But he is not irrevocably committing his forces to the coming German-dominated NATO or any other grouping. He is, in short, doing approximately what General Eisenhower would do if he were a Frenchman. This process will continue, and what the United States should be doing is making similar far-sighted preparations for the future. These preparations must center not in NATO, but in negotiations with the Russians. And could it be that de Gaulle, if not Adenauer, has that same thought in the back of his head and means to do his own negotiating, rather than let the Anglo-American partnership act as his agents? It is a hypothesis not to be dismissed out of hand.

Most Virtuous of Men

By now it must be a truism that the only virtue that matters is anti-communism, and by that standard Syngman Rhee, the aging tyrant of Korea, is the most virtuous of men. So excessive is his excellence that he may well get us into even more trouble in the future than in the past. There was, for instance, the time when he released a great force of prisoners of war who, by the terms of the Korean armistice, were to be allowed to choose whether to return to North and South Korea. If the Reds had stood on their rights, the war would have been renewed, and perhaps the third (and first thermonuclear) world war would have ensued. These potentialities remain. Little attention is paid to them by our opinion artificers: it is a disagreeable subject. Consequently the man in the street, raw material of the laborers in the opinion vineyard, has a blank mind on the subject — which will not protect him if the lid blows off. Unmolested, Rhee maintains his military dictatorship, in which he tolerates an opposition as long as he can keep it impotent. Now eighty-four, he intends to rule, like a king, as long as he lives. His dictatorship is supported by American dollars — some four billion in the last six years. The flow had better be maintained, Rhee warns: "People willing to sacrifice their lives for democracy must be encouraged." The bulk of the money has gone to build a 630,000-man Republic of Korea Army with a trained reserve of 800,000 — for a nation of 22 million. That little else has been accomplished is shown by the economic state of the country. It could scarcely have been worse off under the Japanese. Imports last year were valued at $284 million, exports at $17 million. Corruption is rampant. The Korean armed forces are under American command and two understrength American divisions, the First Cavalry and Seventh Infantry, are stationed in Korea. This is the only bright spot in the picture. They had better be kept there, lest Rhee take it into his head to resume the war. It would be the crowning achievement of his long, troubled and troublesome life.

Honorable Discharge

John L. Lewis is retiring. "The strength of man is a prideful thing," he once said, "but the unfortunate thing is that strong men do not remain strong." He himself was an exception. As he nears eighty, his former enemies pay tribute to him.

It was not always thus. Down the years Lewis was called a traitor, a revolutionary, a fellow-traveler of Communists. He gave considerably better than he took. President Truman: "a malignant, scheming sort of individual . . ." Vice President John Garner: "a labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, evil old man." William Green: "I have done a lot of exploring of Bill Green's mind and I give you my word there is nothing there." Until the later years, sweet words were not exchanged between Lewis and his adversaries, and even today the memory of the terrible blows lingers on. It is a fitting exit march. For what are better measures of a labor leader than the enemies he has made and the abuse he has received?

Lewis was not only a tough guy with his fists and with a phrase. He was also an industrial statesman. Running the labor end of a declining industry, he saw clearly that resistance to mechanization and automation would be futile, that the only hope was to increase output and reduce costs. He geared wages not to hours, but to output. The result is fewer miners, shorter hours, higher income and greater security. If the society cannot employ the displaced workers, so much the worse for them, but it will be even worse for the society, especially when it is confronted by a competing system with a built-in labor shortage. [See "Monster in the Mine," by Ira Wolfert, page 5 of this issue.] Lewis perceived all this with little help from scholars and administrators. A clear head and a stout heart pass from the scene.

The Apalachin Conspiracy

A federal jury in New York has convicted twenty of the defendants accused of conspiring to obstruct justice by lying about the nature of the underworld meeting held in Apalachin, New York, two years ago. The verdict has been hailed as a great victory in the endless effort of law-enforcement agencies to break up the mobs and syndicates engaged in organized crime. But in several respects the Apalachin case constitutes a disturbing precedent. The key to the government's successful prosecution was the ruling by Judge Irving R. Kaufman that when the police stopped and questioned the guests who had assembled at Joe Barbara's plush hill-top mansion, their action did not constitute an arrest. If the defendants had in fact been "arrested," the arrests would probably have been illegal and the government would not have been able to use the "fruits" as evidence at the trial. But what is a citizen to do when he is told by a police officer to stop? "Arrested" or not, he had better stop. A second point to be noted is that if the defendants perjured themselves, it was in the sense of either remaining silent during repeated and prolonged interrogations, or of giving answers which the government denounced as "preposterous." Many statements, however, sound preposterous which are not, in fact, false. It should also be noted that the police who broke up the meeting did not know its purpose; nor, subsequently, did the prosecution. A group of men — very dubious characters no doubt — had peacefully assembled for a purpose not stated or proven; on the face of the facts, they had a right to be where they were.

All of this smacks too much of the notion that any club can be used if it is used to beat a dog. But apart from the dangerous precedent that will be established if this verdict is upheld on appeal, government agencies should be scrupulous about the kinds of weapons they use, even in the so-called war against organized crime.

You Pay Your Money— But Where's Your Choice?

If you can find this item in an American newspaper at all, it is probably hidden away among the shipping notices, but in the Canadian papers it is well up front and in at least one case under a streamer headline all the way across the page. The armed forces of the United States found that they were losing more men through automobile accidents than they had lost through enemy action in Korea. They also found that exhortation was next to useless. In this dilemma, some denizen of the Pentagon came up with a sound idea. The Department of Defense engaged a well-known research organization, Dunlap and Associates of Stamford, Conn., to make a study of 1,000 cars owned by an insurance company and assigned at random to salesmen. The cars were of two makes among the "low-priced" three, which presumably means Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth. Dunlap arrived at an unexpected conclusion: "On the basis of these results, it may be strongly inferred that automobile design contributes appreciably to accident rate. There was an increase in accident rate of more than 50 per cent from make B to make A, which is directly attributable to accident-design properties."

Fifty percent! If you could reduce your chances of sudden death or crippling injury in this ratio, wouldn't you do it? Doesn't everybody owe it to himself and his family to get rid of, or not to buy, an unsafe car? But you will inquire in vain which car showed up well and which showed up badly. The Pentagon doesn't say. The taxpayers footed the bill for the investigation, but they are not entitled to the results. Business comes first, and civilians must take their chances. But must they? Perhaps members of Congress who prefer whole constituents to dismembered ones will pry the lid off. Or some consumer research group may undertake a survey taking in all three of the "low-priced" leaders. The matter should not be allowed to vanish in thin air. [See "The Safe Car You Can't Buy," by Ralph Nader, *The Nation*, April 11, 1959.]

MONSTER IN THE MINE . .

by Ira Wolfert

Statistic: America is still using the same amount of coal, but only a third as many miners. The reason is the machines. Fifteen years ago the American miner was the champion of the world at six tons a day. The operator of a continuous miner digs and loads three tons a minute.

THE MODEL of the continuous miner we had sold takes about five hours to unload and set up and the boss wanted his trucks back as fast as he could get them. He offered a bonus of $10 a driver and $25 to me if we used only one day. So we started out at 11 at night. That should have brought us to the mine at noon and, with daylight to work in, we'd have had time to make it back by 7 the next morning.

But we were hardly out of Clarksburg when it began to rain. It came down just hard enough to put a slick on the roads. Those southern Appalachian highways are not a pleasure at best, but in that kind of rain they amount to no more than snakes wriggling up and down the hills. There was not enough rain to keep the windshields clean. I had to stand out on the running board on the driver's side and we couldn't do better than low low going down all the hills and their slippery bends. It made the going up even slower. We hoped the sunrise would burn off the rain or dash it down hard enough to wash the road, but it did neither; and by 10 o'clock we were still a good six or seven hours from the mine.

We stopped at a diner to let the salesman telephone the customer. He was the only one who went in. The boss was in such a hurry he had agreed to pay time and a half for the meal hours if we spent them rolling. But when you stop after such a night as I had had, you feel the load

---

IRA WOLFERT is a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and the author of An Act of Love *and other novels. This story, which has much basis in fact although liberties have been taken with names, places, etc., is included in Mr. Wolfert's next book, a study of contemporary America at work, which Simon and Schuster will publish in March under the title* An Epidemic of Genius.

you've been carrying. The drivers didn't mind. They were being spelled, one driving while another slept. With me though it was as if not only the continuous miner but the three trucks carrying it had been lifted off my back, down low where the hip bones come in, and I kept my eye on the salesman as he went to the telephone. If he stopped for a cup of coffee, I was going to follow him and say, "Say, that's a good idea."

THE salesman was in no hurry on this job. He had to stay with the continuous miner for a week or more to get the bugs out and train local crews to operate it. But he went right to the telephone anyway and came straight out, stopping only to pick up a toothpick. He walked slowly like a man with a full belly and even after we got rolling again he was still working the toothpick in his clean, dry teeth with the look of one whose mind is idling in neutral while the rest of him is digesting something.

"There's been a change," he said. "We'll go straight to the hotel and unload in the morning."

"What's the idea? Isn't the juice turned on at the mine?"

"I don't know, but that's what the customer wants."

"Did you tell the boss?"

"In my line the boss is the customer."

"Maybe in your line, but in my line the customer don't pay bonuses."

He shrugged and broke the toothpick in his fingers and threw it out the cab window.

"No sir," I said, "we go straight to the mine. We'll have a half-hour or more of daylight to get a good start, and finish up under lights. That way we can still make it back in plenty of time if the rain stops and we're running empty. Hell, we'll unload under the headlights if he hasn't got the juice on. We can move the trucks around to put two sets of headlights on the one we're working on."

"That's not going to light up the woods on the hills around the mine."

I stopped thinking for a minute. Everything in me stopped.

"The customer says he wants everything left on the trucks tonight," continued the salesman, "and all the trucks parked in a bundle at the hotel."

"Well, well," I said at last.

"That's right."

Now it was my turn to shrug. I couldn't blame the miners for wanting to destroy a machine that would take away their jobs. But neither could I get their point — maybe because machines have always given me jobs, and the continuous miner my company makes is such a beauty in the way it works you never get used to watching it. But then a new thought came to me.

"Who's going to pay for the hotel tonight?" I asked. "Because I'm not sleeping in the trucks tonight and nobody is, not under these conditions."

"Nothing's going to happen."

"You bet nothing's going to happen, not to me. I done all my shooting for my lifetime in the war."

"There's not going to be no shooting. They'll shoot off their mouths is all. I know. I've seen it before."

"All right, but who pays for the bed in the hotel for the whole crew?"

"Don't worry. I'll sign for it and put it on the customer's bill."

"Now you're saying something, because I'm going to give those mine boys plenty of room to do whatever they want tonight. My job is just to give them the machine. What they do with it is their business, as far as I'm concerned."

"They won't do a thing, you'll see."

"How will I see? I'm not even going to look."

Still, I was not only scared but sad. There was no hurry any more. We took it easy all day. I smoked a cigar after lunch. But the day was so gloomy it gave the owls insomnia. I heard them hooting now and then, waked up by the twilight-colored light. I got a laugh out of thinking how they must be wondering, as the twilight went on and on hour after hour. It looked as if the clock of the universe had run down. But the tiles in the rest room that we took advantage of when we stopped for gas were dripping water and the salt in the diner where we ate lunch wasn't just damp. It had water in it and there was water in our hair and running into our eyes when we drove.

Oh, you hate to see a beautiful, amazing machine tool bring misery and bad feelings to people. Yet you also hate to get your head broken in. And that's the way I kept going all day long — up and down, sad and scared. A funny thing happened. Wise, Hazard, Paintsville, Beckley, Logan, Kingsport and the other towns we went through — each one became Liège to me, lying in the rain at the bottom of a long, snaky, forest road on a weepy wet day. I knew where I was. I knew Liège was fifteen years ago, but I could hear the tank treads squeaking in the damp stillness like a thousand mice. I couldn't help myself. Each time we'd start down the hairpin turns to reach a town at the bottom, I'd catch myself looking sideways into the woods at the shapes of the mist drifting among the trees. I had to laugh when I caught myself doing it, but it did no good to try to laugh it away. I'd be lost. I'd be in another world in another lifetime. I wouldn't know where I was. Then, at the bottom, I'd wake up with a start and realize I was all tensed up and crying inside. It hadn't been the murdering that had bothered me so much on that day when we had brought freedom to Liège. It was the fact that on such an errand I had to be afraid in the midst of all the sadness of hills and trees in a dark gray rain.

II

THE MINE operator had told his men nothing. He was an heir. The only thing modern about him was that his coal seam was getting down to where it didn't pay to work it by the old hand method and so he had had to buy a continuous miner. For the rest, he was strictly prewar. I had heard about bosses like that. My father knew them. A union is just a mother-in-law to them. It comes along with what they want and instead of taking it they're always bickering and nagging and hoping it'll drop dead. They seem to think that if you explain to your men that you're risking a lot of money in automation to keep some jobs going instead of shutting down and putting everybody out of work, it's the same as asking their permission to do it. "Who the hell are the men?" That's their attitude.

So the men had been half hoping we were only a rumor being circulated to set brother against brother. But they had been out in the rain all day anyway, waiting to see whether we were true or not. They had waited at the mine until late in the afternoon and then had come drifting into town. We saw them as we went rolling and swaying down Main Street. There were small groups lounging against the store fronts and the grapevine must have been working good because there was a large group across the street from the hotel. They all stood silently in the seeping rain. They watched silently as we pulled up with a roar in front of the hotel and climbed down and stretched.

The police were waiting for us and so were some gun-thugs the mine operator had armed and deputized. The thugs were getting $6 a day and "expenses," the same as in the old union-organizing wars of the thirties. Nothing ever changes for men like that and they never change either, I noticed. They had been belting their expense account so hard they could hardly stand up. The salesman tried to make out it was all clean fun. "Ah," he said, breathing in deeply as he walked across the sidewalk to greet the police and their deputies, "I see you gentlemen been gettin' you some real sippin' whiskey." But when they laughed, their breath was so strong it made the salesman look a little cross-eyed.

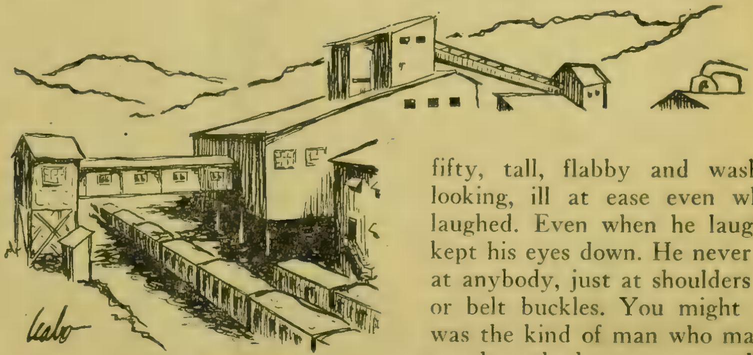
The police told us to pull the trucks around to a yard in back of the hotel. They staggered after us as we drove, their hands on their guns. But the men across the street made no move to follow and made no sound. They did not even speak to each other, just watched silently. When I came back I saw they were still there, watching where the trucks had been.

III

THERE WERE two eating places in town — the Dining Room in the hotel and the Café on Main Street.

Since I was on an expense account, there was no doubt in my mind where I was going to eat. But, as I started for the Dining Room, I could hear it rumbling from afar. It was the businessmen. There were big doings going on and, to be in on it, they were all in town for supper that night. When I got into the middle of their rumbling, I could feel its jollity and unction. It was like being in the crowd at a hanging.

None of my crew was down yet, so I went out to the lot in back where the trucks had been parked. There was nothing to see, just the cops and the tarpaulins slick with rain. But the businessmen kept coming out to have a look. You could tell how they rated at the bank by the amount of wheedle in the smile with which the chief greeted them. I was surprised to see that there were quite a few who didn't rate high at all. To judge by the way the chief welcomed them, they didn't even make the $24 a day that coal miners make nowadays. They were just coat-tail grabbers. But that's what they all were, even those the chief knocked himself out to show the wet tarpaulins to. A $135,000 continuous miner was a big deal to them. True, it wasn't a deal they were in on. But it was a deal for men only, not for boys, not for women, and they were in on that. They were men. It seemed to give them a growly, turkey-cock way of talking and standing around and after a while I couldn't take that either and went back into the hotel to see if any of my boys were ready to eat yet.



The salesman was down. The mine operator, his superintendent and the local banker had surrounded him and were taking him from group to group. We had heard a lot about the mine operator from the chief of police. It seems the man was just a would-be everything, even at being an heir. Thus far it was his widowed mother who had done all the actual inheriting — from the operator's father and her own. It added up to quite a few million dollars' worth of properties and the old lady ran it from a wheel chair in her house, using her son only to run errands. When there was anything important, the superintendents and managers took it up directly with Mama.

THE son didn't seem to enjoy that. But, whenever it happened, all he did was get a brand new $100 bill from the bank and go down to a whorehouse across the state line where booze was legal. He'd give the bill to the Madame and say, "Mama, I want a lot of mothering tonight and when I've had $100 worth you put me in my car and send me home." They kept a wheel chair there for him that he had bought and he'd ride around in that, cackling and screaming falsetto and trying to run over the girls. The wheel chair folded back flat into a bed, too, when he had worked himself up to that. Then the Madame would telephone the chief and he'd send a deputy down to drive the operator home.

The man's life must have been hell. It showed on him. He was about fifty, tall, flabby and washed-out looking, ill at ease even when he laughed. Even when he laughed he kept his eyes down. He never looked at anybody, just at shoulders or ties or belt buckles. You might say he was the kind of man who made you wonder whether money really was everything — maybe what you have to do to get your money counts for something, too. The salesman knew as much about him as I did. Yet there he was, working hard to be a success with the mine operator anyway. The salesman was a trained engineer, but he had studied up on Dale Carnegie to learn how to glad-hand the customers and he had that glad hand stuck out and working like a pump handle, just as if the story we had heard about the mine operator had passed right over his head.

It was painful to see. The whole crowd of them gave me a pain, and I decided I'd rather spend my own $1.65 and have supper in the Café.

IV

IT WAS raining hard now. The streets were empty. The union had called a meeting and everybody was there or home. But you could feel a seething in the quiet behind the wet boards and bricks, behind the steamy plate-glass windows of the stores on Main Street.

There was no one at the tables in the booths in the Café. A stringy-haired blonde sat motionless behind the counter and only one customer sat on the stools in front of it. He wasn't eating, just sitting there. His name, I learned after a while, was Harry. He was a short, compact man with a gray face and black hair that had only a few flecks of white in it. He was dressed in city clothes that were not stiff new, so I knew he wasn't a miner. But neither did he look like a traveling salesman. I decided he must be one of the bookkeepers or store clerks around town. He swung around on the stool to face me when I came in and the woman stood up.

"You with that continuous miner?" he asked me. Before I could answer, he said, "If I was you I'd turn right around and go back where you came from."

"I can't make a living doing that," I told him.

He looked away unhappily and began to tremble. I saw then that his black hair was a fooler. He was an old man. I figured out by the time the evening was over that he must be about the same age as the mine operator, but he had lived too long a lifetime for his body in those years. His hair had stubbornly remained young, but the rest of him was all dry and hollowed out.

"Then you want trouble," he said, trembling.

"I don't think I want trouble."

He spit at the floor right by my feet and glared at me.

I had half a mind to walk out, but there was only the hotel to go to and I didn't know which was worse, to be rumbled over or spit at. "What's eating you?" I asked, after a moment.

The woman interrupted. She had put down a glass of water and a knife and fork and spoon. "Do you want the blue plate or something special, like ham and eggs?"

"Ham and eggs will be fine if you turn the eggs over."

The woman wheeled around busily and disappeared through a swinging door into the kitchen.

"Why don't you eat in the hotel where you belong?"

"Look, mister," I said, "I don't know who you are, but if you want to try to stop the twentieth century from happening, you go right ahead. Just leave me out of it. I'm hungry."

"So you're the twentieth century. What do you think I am?"

"Oh no." I laughed. "You won't get me that way. I'd need a gun to tell you what I think you are."

"All right."

MY HEART turned over in me and nearly stopped. He had taken a mail-order pistol from his jacket pocket, a $96 Ruger Blackhawk .44, and had leaned over and put it on the counter in front of me. Then he sat back, trembling more violently now, even his eyes trembling as he sat looking up at me from the stool. "Now you can go ahead and tell me what you think."

"I think you're a kid," I told him slowly. "I think you're a kid who's been watching television too much. I'm bringing civilization into your mine and a chance to make a decent living and you treat me like a wild animal that you got to shoot. So what I think is that I think you're the wild animal and they ought to shoot you."

I pushed the gun back to him.

He took it after a moment and put it back in his pocket. "It's not you," he said. "I sit here thinking of them all up there in the hotel blowing on their cigars. . . . I ought to blow those cigars right up their——." He stopped short and glanced around, worried that the waitress might overhear the word he had been about to say. But she was still in the kitchen.

It touched me that he should be concerned to remain a gentleman in front of a lady, even while he was trembling. "Why don't you try blowing on one of my cigars instead?" I said, and took one out of my pocket.

He didn't reach for it. I had to put it in his hands. He didn't even look at it, just held it and stared at me suspiciously.

"I'll buy you a cup of coffee, too," I went on.

"What for?"

"Because I know how you feel. That's why I'm here instead of at the hotel. But I don't like to eat alone."

When the girl brought my ham and eggs, he lit the cigar. Then he took a cup of coffee. I told the girl to bring it to a table in a booth and carried my own plate over. After the coffee, he had a plate of chili beans. He picked at it nervously, but as we talked on, the tension subsided in him until it was just simmering. After the chili beans, he had a plate of noodle soup and, after the soup, the blue-plate supper — pot roast and mashed potatoes. He even mopped up the gravy on the plate with some extra bread that I made the girl bring.

"You got a pretty good appetite for a man sitting in a restaurant and not eating," I said.

"I forgot what I came in for. I was waiting for the union meeting to end and I just came in out of the rain. I thought maybe it would settle me down a bit to sit a while. But I haven't thought much about eating for ten days now, ever since I heard you fellows were coming."

After the pot roast he had apple pie and I asked him what line of business he was in. He told me he was a business agent for the United Mine Workers of America. His father, he said, had been a coal miner and so had he been, back in the 20s. But then he had joined the union and in the 30s, when the big drive to unionize the southern mines started, he had got into organizing work. He had been teamed with another organizer, a man named Fred who had had to quit the mines when he lost a leg under a coal car.

They went from hill town to hill town, spreading the word of the com-

ing of a new order in working conditions. I had a feeling for that. Now it was the machine tool, but then it had been Harry and Fred. They always slept together in the same bed in the hotels in those hill towns. That was for defensive purposes, and Fred had whittled a peg leg for himself out of hickory, the best wood for clubbing and slugging that the area grows.

It could seldom be more than clubbing and slugging, Harry said, because the hotels did not care to have shooting on the premises and since the hotel owner was usually one of the high-up businessmen in the town, his desires were catered to. Instead, they'd drag off the organizers and shoot them in the hills out of town. That is, they'd shoot an organizer if he was foolish enough to carry a gun. For then they could claim self-defense.

BUT NOBODY could make a claim of self-defense against a wooden leg, not without getting laughed out of town. So Fred had had his wooden leg made as thick in the calf as a chopping block and the ankle long and slender like a bat handle. It became famous in a dozen counties. At night, Harry would swing the bed around so that it faced the door and Fred would sleep on that side, the outside, with his wooden leg unstrapped but in the bed beside him. When their room was broken into at night, Fred would jump up on his knees until Harry had got around to his side where he could help balance him if Fred had to start swinging. Then Fred would come out of the bed and, with a mattress to rest his stump on and Harry to lean against, he was dug in real solid.

They always locked their door and braced a chair under the knob, so that even if the clerk gave the thugs the key they'd have time to take up the position they'd rehearsed. Fred would stand and heft his hickory leg. "Come and get me," he'd say. So "Come and get me" became famous, too. The kids used to yell it at each other when playing.

Their fame began making Fred nervous. It was a help all right among the miners they were trying to organize. John L. Lewis was only a celebrity to them, but Fred became a hero. But that only made him more of a challenge to the mine operators and he was a man who had lost a lot of his confidence anyway when he had lost his leg. He had gone into organizing work mostly to prove he was still the man he used to be, but, if he had been, he wouldn't have had to prove it. I had seen the same thing in the war and, where the man is lucky enough to get away with his proof, he's not harmed too much. He might even be helped. But that much luck was too much to expect when a man becomes identified as the personal target of all the big-money owners in a dozen counties.

ONE NIGHT they were in a town where the mine owner himself owned the hotel. Business was so light there that Fred and Harry could be given a room on a floor where they were the only guests. The mine operator suspended the rule about shooting on the premises, but it would have been a little hard to explain even to the kind of judges they had how you shoot down a door in self-defense. So the two organizers were given a room one flight up and, when the whole town was asleep, the thugs crept along an alley and threw a dynamite bomb into the window.

It only hit the window frame and bounced back, blowing up outside and making the thugs scramble for their lives. But the roar of the explosion in the midst of his deep sleep drove Fred right out of his mind. He leaped out of bed and tried to run with his wooden leg in his hands, going out of the room and down the hall in big, berserk hops. The stairs were too much for him. He didn't slow up for them and fell at the first step, rolling all the way down to land with a crash in the lobby. Then he lay there sobbing his heart out and, while he sobbed, Harry picked up the wooden leg and strapped it on him.

HARRY and Fred were arrested and fined for "indecent exposure." They had forgotten to dress before running out of their room and the management complained they had appeared in the lobby in their underwear. Harry laughed when he told me this. That is, his thin, bloodless-lipped face, so gray and frail under the strong black hair, laughed. But his eyes were glittering as from tears. "Does anybody remember 'Bloody Harlan' where you come from?" he cried.

"I come from New York originally," I said.

"So, does anybody in New York remember Bloody Harlan?"

"Let me tell you something, Harry. There are more people in New York who remember than in Harlan itself."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, just think how many people there are in Harlan. Five thousand? Why, there's more than that in one building in New York."

"How about Whitesville and Bluefield? How about Pocataligo, Black Betsy, Lost Creek?"

"Never heard of them."

"How about East Tennessee?"

"Never heard a thing about it."

"Then you listen a minute."

It got so, he said, it made no difference the organizers were not carrying guns. They were shot anyway—in "self-defense." Then a pistol was planted on them. It didn't happen once or twice. It was a regular thing. In one Kentucky county alone—Harlan—there was an average of a killing a week during the years when the union was getting started.

"You should have seen those pistols them cheap mutts planted as evidence," said Harry, and the effort to keep his voice down had made him start trembling again. "They were a dollar when they were new, and by the time the operators bought them for the deputies to use as evidence they were so gone they couldn't have fired a single bullet without blowing theirself up. But, what of it? They didn't have to prove anything. Money proved it all."

Harry wanted Fred to stop after the episode of the dynamite bomb. But stop was more than Fred could do and then, one night, when the gun-thugs broke in, they were equipped for him. They had a tear-gas gun. Fred and Harry jumped up as usual. "Come and get me," said Fred, and then saw them lift up the tear-gas gun. He could only stand there hefting the wooden leg helplessly. Harry could only stand there. They aimed the shell directly at Fred's good leg, mashing it so bad that it just dangled from strings.

Then they dragged them down the stairs, across the lobby, across the sidewalk and threw them into a car. "Jesus Christ," Harry heard one of them say, "keep him off the upholstery. He's bleeding like a pig." Then he felt Fred being thrown on top of him where he lay stuffed in against the floor and the car owner complained. "Look at that, it's coming in the side of the cushion."

"Shut up, we'll buy you a new car," Harry heard the other fellow yell, and the car owner answered, "What with? That five-dollar bill you still owe me?" They kept on like that all the way out of town. But maybe it saved Harry's and Fred's life. For instead of taking them far out where their bodies would be hard to find, the thugs pulled them out of the car just past the edge of town and just beat them instead of killing them.

It was a sex orgy. They beat Harry and Fred with Fred's wooden leg. It was rape with a wooden leg. "Come on, say it," they kept slobbering greedily. "'Come and get me.' Say it!" There was only underwear between Harry and the club but they tore that off to beat him because sex had come on them. Fred was unconscious from loss of blood before the beating started. When finally Harry fainted, they hammered the leg to pieces on a boulder by the side of the road. A doctor, sent out to pick up the bodies, found a splinter sticking in Fred's rectum and another in Harry's.

THAT WAS the end of Fred's job as an organizer. The veins and arteries in his one good leg had been so mangled by the shell that it had to come off. The union gave him a desk job. But Harry hated to take even a vacation. He had fourteen bones broken in his body. His kidneys were pulp. Even after he had been sent home from the hospital to convalesce, he was still pulling long strips of sloughed-off kidney tissue out of his penis with a tweezer. All the same, as soon as he was on his feet again, he bought a revolver that was a foot long and weighed more than two and a half pounds, and went back to organizing.

I got goose-bumps when Harry admitted that was what he had done. It was like seeing a flag come out. I'm a union man myself. I know all about the crooks. I know everybody is in a union nowadays only for what he can get out of it for himself. That's the only reason I'm in it and, if I were situated so as to get it as a free-rider, maybe I'd be a free-rider. Maybe not, but more likely yes. Still, when Harry said he had gone back to his job after all that, I don't know, I just felt I was in front of the flag.

"Whenever I saw one of their gun-thugs," he told me, "I didn't care where I was, even on Main Street in full day, I took my gun out of my pocket and held it in my hand. I walked along that way, minding my own business nice and quiet, but keeping my finger on the trigger and my eyes on them. I never had a bit of trouble once."

For the sheriff and the deputies who had beat up on him and Fred, he wouldn't just walk by. He'd stop. "Come and get me." He didn't say that, but only because he didn't think of it. They got the message anyway. He'd just stop short and stand there with the revolver in his hand and all of a sudden they'd remember something they had to do and would walk away. They knew he was ready to die for what he wanted to do. But for them it was only money. Most men are willing to live for money, but there are not many willing to die for it.

I thought I'd tell Harry a few things I had learned. "Do you know who paid your wages in those days?" I asked him.

"The union."

"They just passed them on to you. The northern mine operators paid them."

"That's what the companies here said."

"They were telling you the truth. I know."

"I don't care."

"It's the truth. You study a little history and you'll see that Mark Hanna and the big mine operators started the United Mine Workers' union themselves because 60 per cent of the cost of a ton of coal is labor and, with a union, they could standardize that cost. They could use every workingman as a cop to stand guard and make sure the labor cost remained the same for everybody. It ended all the throat-cutting among the northern operators on prices and then, in the 30s, they put up the money to do the same thing in the southern mines. The cut-throating on prices was getting bothersome to them."

"I don't care who put up the money," Harry said. "Some say it was the operators, some say it was the Communists. What do I care? Money and prices—that was the least of it."

But I had my own ideas about that. The southern mines weren't really organized until the war came along to make price-cutting unnecessary for anybody. That was when Harry started to prosper in the union. His only child, a daughter, became ambitious to go to college. The other girls were reaching only as high as nursing or business school, but she wanted to go to a regular college—not to study anything special, just to become educated. It took a while for Harry to understand, but finally he did. Oh Lord, he must have been proud! She didn't want to get a good job. She wanted to become an educated lady. It must have made Harry feel he had accomplished something more in life than just getting a few extra bucks for himself and the other men.

The southern Appalachian winters are raw and muddy. Sometimes ice forms in the pools on the banks of the Clinch. The spring time is just as muddy and only a little less raw, but suddenly the gray, old, scrawny hills burst out like young girls in new dresses. There is yellow and green wherever you look. The dead leaves in the woods rise up to cover the mud spongily. You walk on springs in the woods and the sap and the young leaves smell good as berries. To go out among the trees is like airing the winter out of your soul and giving it a spring cleaning.

YET ONE evening when spring was in full surge Harry returned home to find his daughter drenched in such a storm of shame that she couldn't face anybody. She had closed herself in her room. Spring fever had hit her—for the first time in her life, to judge by the way she carried on. She had been truant from school for three days. One day on account of spring fever. Two days on account of being too innocent to figure out how to lie her way back. On the third day, a letter had arrived from the principal of the high school: was Barbara ill?

Her mother wanted Barbara punished. She knew what Harry had had to go through to rise in the world to where his daughter could aspire to go to college for no reason but to become an educated lady. The woman had had to go through plenty herself. But Harry was rather relieved over what Barbara had done. She had seemed too good to him. She was going into a world that at best turned angels into people. It was better, he had felt, for those who loved the angel to put a few callouses on her innocent heart in advance before the world started to hammer on it. But how does a father do that when he has but one angel, and she a girl? Yet here Barbara was, turning human all by herself.

All right, I'll talk to her, Harry told his wife, and went upstairs to his daughter's room. There was no lock on the door. He walked in without knocking, as was his habit. There was a quick flurry, a scramble and Barbara was under the bed. Come and get me. Barbara didn't say a word, but the words were in Harry and for the first time he felt a little frightened.

He got down on his hands and knees to look under the bed. Barbara buried her face in the floor. Harry lay down on the floor alongside the bed and began talking to her, trying to show her she wasn't the worst criminal the world had ever known. Figure it out yourself, he told her. The principal must have sent the letter the first day you were absent. The letter had come on the third day, so she must have written it on the second day and on the second day she could have had the report only of the first day's absence. Now ask yourself, continued Harry as his daughter's face remained buried in the floor under her bed, why she was in such an all-fired hurry to shoot out that letter. Because she knows spring fever, Harry went on. Everybody knows spring fever. I played truant myself plenty of times and so did your principal, I bet. So did your mother. Your principal knew that spring is the time for the epidemic of spring fever, and was all set to move fast before it got out of hand.

But Barbara was in deeper trouble than just talking and reasoning could cure. She somehow had got the feeling that she had to be better than anybody. Harry kept on coaxing her out from under the bed. It must have been like trying to coax a bird out of a tree. But finally she came and when he held her in his arms at last he almost broke down himself. Her face looked as if it had been gouged and trampled on by tears. Her eyes looked scalded to blistering. She never could look school in the face again. She wanted to be dead. Harry had to promise to go with her in the morning himself to talk to the principal.

The next morning he called the office of the local to tell the boys he'd be in late. Then, while his wife was fixing breakfast, he pulled the car out of the garage. They heard Barbara moving around upstairs, but she wasn't down yet when Harry went into the kitchen. He wondered, would he have to bring her down by hand? "Bibby," he called. There was no answer, but it was all right, she had got up her courage, he felt. He heard her feet scurrying toward the bathroom and heard the bathroom door close.

He sat down to breakfast. Well, he reflected, the next time, instead of going through all that suffering, Barbara would just tell a lie, and so we learn, so we learn, he thought, so the world turns angels into people. The most unexpected thought came to him then. It came into his mind like a fist: the bathroom door was the only one upstairs that had a lock on it. Had he heard the lock turn when Barbara closed the door? He listened. It never occurred to him that, if the lock had turned, he had heard it minutes before and could not hear it now. He sat straining to hear whether he had heard the lock and he heard a shot. He leaped to his feet, but his legs wouldn't stand and he had to hold on to the table. His wife screamed. She stood in one place and screamed all the strength out of herself, screaming over and over again at the top of her voice until she fell unconscious. Somehow they both knew instantly what had happened. The angel had fled the world. While his wife screamed, Harry didn't know where he was, except drowning in her mouth. But when she fell over with a crash, he saw he was walking upstairs on wobbling legs, and began to think again. "Darling," he thought, "my darling, I must go to my darling." But he knew that Barbara had got hold of the revolver he had bought for his organizing work and, at his call to her, had been galvanized to run into the bathroom, lock the door and kill herself. Except for target practice, it was the only time the gun had been fired.

THE ENDING of Harry's story was so relentless I forgot to breathe. He had been having trouble talking. Swallowing had got in the way of his words. He had kept swallowing as if the tears were running down inside his face into his throat. His eyes started blinking. It was like a twitch out of control. He couldn't stop blinking and he bowed low over the table without a word, without a breath, and rubbed his hands over his thighs in a keening motion.

Had there been something left out? I wondered, or something Harry did not know about, something between mother and daughter, something between daughter and ambitions, between daughter and friends? Had something more happened during the truancy than just an airing out of the soul? The answers could not possibly make any difference in comparison with the irrevocable thing that had happened, but I kept asking myself the questions anyway. It kept me busy. It warded off the mangling pain that had invaded me. Then I saw that Harry had taken his massive cannon-like revolver from his jacket pocket again and was holding it in his hand.

"Is that the one it was done with?" I asked.

"Yes sir, it is," he replied. "It's the very one."

There was sweat on him now. It seemed to be on his scalp, too. His black hair had become blacker and younger. It made his face look so white and pinched. Even the tip of his nose was pinched together now. His lips touched each other bloodlessly, like a dead man's.

"Put that away," cried the stringy-haired blonde from behind the counter and both of us jumped.

I had forgotten anybody else was alive. I had seen the woman every now and then fussing behind the counter or among the booths with preparations for the rush that might follow the union meeting. But mostly she had been out of sight in the kitchen. They had been having a gay time in the kitchen with nothing else to do and every time there had been an especially loud outburst of laughter she would come out and fuss, a tight smile on her heavy face, her colorless eyes darting about nervously. "Not so loud, girls," I had heard her say once when she went back into the kitchen. "We're waking up the mice." I got the idea she was one of those secret laughers. I've known people who feel real pain when taken unawares, when a laugh comes out of them where somebody else can see. They have to sneak their pleasures, or it becomes pain; and when they're having fun in a crowd they have to keep ducking away to see if anybody is watching. They don't really look. They just pretend to look, as if they have to, as if fun can't be fun to them unless it's a sin. That's the way the counter girl was. In all her comings and goings, I don't think she really saw us sitting there in the booth and eating and talking. But she did see the gun. It didn't seem to alarm her. She hadn't cried out. She had just scolded.

EVEN as he jumped, Harry stuffed the gun into his pocket. He was as obedient as a good child in front of a teacher.

"Don't you play with that gun in here," scolded the counter girl.

I turned and stared at her. Her voice fell. Her eyes fell. She began to putter at things behind the counter. After a moment she went back into the kitchen.

"What do you want to carry that thing around for?" I asked Harry.

He looked at me steadily, without blinking.

"I ought to have you locked up," I said.

"Go ahead, I won't stop you."

For a moment I felt he might want me to call the police for his own good, to stop him from doing what he didn't really want to do. Then I felt he was daring me to call them. Finally I realized he was begging me. He was begging anybody to let him use his revolver. They had made him buy it. Now he wanted them to pay for it as he had.

"All you want is to give it a workout, don't you?"

"I been thinkin' about it all day long."

I noticed that in his emotion he had suddenly taken on the hill accent that had been natural to him in his youth.

"You ought to think about it some more," I said.

"I been thinkin' about it for ten days, ever since I heard you were coming."

I stood up. He kept his eyes on me.

"Go ahead, call them," he said. "I won't do a thing to stop you."

"I'm beginning to think I can rely on that."

"You can. But don't come back with them. You're not in this and you'd better stay out."

"Oh, cut it out," I said. "I'm not sicking any drunken cops on you."

I walked across to the counter and rapped for the girl. "Let's have some more coffee," I told her when she came out.

There was a glass pot on a little gas stove behind the counter and she turned to it.

"In new cups," I said.

She turned in surprise. "Not freshenings?"

"No, and pour it out here. I'll carry it over."

"I'll have to charge extra if you want new cups."

"If you have to, then go ahead and do it and, while you're at it, clear off our table."

She flushed angrily. She seemed to take my request as a reflection on her and, I suppose, in a way, it was. I had come suddenly to dislike her intensely, or rather dislike her indifference to Harry's story. It was unfair, of course. But that's the way I felt and I stared her down and then stood over her, holding the two cups in their saucers, while she cleaned away the last of our supper dishes and wiped the table. "Put out fresh napkins and spoons," I ordered.

She drew herself straight up as if slapped. Then she noticed that both Harry and I had taken our coffee black and had not used the spoons she had set out earlier. "These spoons are clean," she said.

I put the cups down and swept the spoons to the floor so violently they hit among the stools across the room. "They're dirty now," I told her.

She retreated in fright and I followed her. "Are you paid to work, or argue?" I said. "Let's be people here. Let's put out some napkins and spoons. Make out you're feeding men, not pigs at a trough."

I took up the cups again and waited for her to obey. Harry said nothing. He looked only at me as the girl worked. I did not put the cups down until she had made a setting for them.

"My wife is a very good housekeeper and I guess it's got me spoiled," I told Harry as I sat down.

"My wife has been like a dead woman ever since we lost Barbara." His coffee was cool enough by now, but he had taken up a spoon and was stirring it rapidly, looking down at it as he stirred.

"I can imagine."

"She's got the radio going all the time, and the television. We get very good reception now, except on 8, ever since we went in on that community aerial. It's only $6 a month, but I'm going to stop it, I think, maybe, some day. We never look. We just turn the set on."

"Are you still working for the union?"

"Oh sure, it keeps me hopping all day. But at night we just sit around. I bet if an undertaker walked in he'd think we were waiting for him."

He was still stirring his coffee, as automatically and rapidly as, before, he had been blinking. "Why don't you drink it?" I said. "It must be getting ice cold."

He lifted the cup to his lips obediently and gave a noisy suck, like a child at the breast.

"If you're still with the union, how did it happen you're not at the meeting tonight?"

He put the cup down. "What for? I know what they're going to do."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Does that mean you don't want to tell me, or they're going to do nothing?"

"That's right."

"What's right, that they're going to do nothing?"

"What do you think?"

"If I knew what to think, I wouldn't ask. They say it's union policy to welcome mechanization."

"That's right."

"Then if you're working for the union, why are you afraid to come out and say it?"

"I say it. We don't go along with Mr. Lewis on all things. When he went against Roosevelt, there was nobody with him, only the operators. But what he tells us about union matters—everybody is with him a thousand per cent."

"And John L. Lewis says you got to sit still for these continuous miners?"

"For any mechanization. We got to let mechanization take away all the jobs it can, and explain to the men that's the way to have some jobs instead of none and that in the long run there will be more and better jobs than ever, like wherever mechanization has brought the prices down."

"That's a fact, in the long run. But in the long run we'll all be dead. Is that the way the men feel?"

"What's the difference how anybody feels. Mr. Lewis is right."

"Do you think so, too?"

"I wouldn't give Mr. Lewis a single minute of my time if I didn't. Listen, he's got more brains in his little finger about coal than all the operators in the country got up their whole backside. The dumb morons, he's saved their business single-handed and they don't know it."

"If you feel that way, what are you doing here instead of at the meeting?"

HIS VOICE had been in high gear like a man making an old-fashioned Fourth of July speech. Now suddenly it was as if he had stalled.

"There's others there, explaining the rights of it."

"What others?"

"Others, from the district as well as the local. I told the district we might need help and they sent real good men down, real high-up leaders."

"But, don't the men here know you better? Wouldn't they take it from you better?"

He shifted in his chair. He turned first to one side, then to the other. It was a slight gesture, but it tore at me. He seemed like a man in a cage who had gone first to one side, then the other, looking for a way out that he knew in advance he would not find.

I leaned toward him. I didn't know what to say except that I understood. But I didn't know how to say that and suddenly the door behind me banged open. A group of men stamped in, shaking the rain off their clothing. Oh God! I thought. It was the chief of police and about two-thirds of his drunken deputies. My hand flew out instinctively toward Harry.

BUT HE sat motionless. He had taken in the temper of the men at a glance. The union meeting was not over yet, but they already had the news. The mine operator must have had a spy at the meeting who had gone running as soon as it was certain. No strike. No violence. Mechanization had won.

The deputies had lost: $6 a day, plus expenses. "What'll it be, boys?" their chief cried with joviality so fake his grinning face looked green. "I say black coffee all around—on me." It was quite a come-down from sipping-whiskey and done swift as snatching the bottle from the lips. But all that was wanted now was to keep the deputies off the street while the meeting was breaking up, and the operator was doing it as cheaply as possible.

Harry began stirring his cold coffee again, his face old and pinched under its young hair. He had lost, too. Or, had he won? Now the pistol could go back in the drawer, but was that victory or defeat?

Had the men come out of the meeting fighting, the union would have got them back into line eventually. John L. Lewis himself would have come down into the hills to take charge personally, had that been the only way to hammer the men's brains back into their heads. But in the meantime Harry could have used his pistol on the gun-thugs, to keep them out of it while the union was working on the men. It would have meant his death, but that's why he had put his revolver in his pocket. Is death victory or defeat when a man elects to die for his work in life instead of merely succumbing to life?

For ten days now Harry must have been asking himself that question, unable to think of anything else, even of eating. He would not go to the meeting to speak up against what the union wanted, but neither would he go and speak up in favor of it. Let the men decide. Let fate decide. Let the guilt of decision be on the shoulders of others. Harry had enough to bear in his cage without that, too.

But the men had decided nothing for him. The question remained. The man who is willing to die for his work has to be willing to live for it, too. But, is living winning or losing?

Harry sat quietly, his head bowed over the cup, one hand working the spoon steadily, intently. Around and around went the spoon in the cup, as did the dilemma in him. But there was no dilemma. I had learned that in the war. There is no winning in life, and no losing, not really, only continuance in a state of obedience to forces that don't know a thing about us. Maybe Harry knew this, too, and had just invented his dilemma in order to keep from knowing that he knew it. Because this is nothing a man wants to know unless he's an old man whose forces are letting go of him.

"What do you think, excitement all over?" I asked at last.

"Seems like."

With a sudden gesture he lifted the cup to his lips and drained it without pausing. He wiped his mouth daintily with the clean paper napkin. It was only when he put the napkin down that his hands began to tremble again. "I better get over to the meeting," he said, and stood up. "They'll be wondering where I've been."

"What are you going to tell them, that you were playing truant?"

He looked down at me for a moment. I flushed. I could have bitten my tongue off. I had only meant that he should now stop acting childish, but I could see that there had come into his mind for the first time the idea of taking his daughter's way out. I knew it must be the first time from the startled way in which it had hit him.

But he put the idea away. I guess he did. I hope he did. I think he did, because of the way he walked out of the Café. He took a straight line close to the booths, keeping away from the counter where the gun-thugs were sitting and not looking at them, yet showing he knew they were there the way a man can show, in the manner in which he skirts it, that he knows the dog dirt he's not looking at is there. Of course, he'd put the idea away, I assured myself. Here was a man who had done a man's work all his life. He had gone on being a useful person in the face of everything. A few thoughtless words from a stranger couldn't make him change suddenly.

WHEN I paid the check, the counter girl took the money and I apologized to her for having lost my temper. She looked so funny I had to laugh. Poor woman, now that I was crawling, she was ready to rub my face in it, but she was too busy to say even a word. She could only purse her lips for a moment of righteousness before hurrying back to wait on the gun-thugs. "Well, you boys can sleep safe and sound tonight," the chief called out and he looked so funny, too, I had to laugh again. He seemed to think it was he who had kept the peace and I ought to thank him for the great victory he had won.

Then, at the hotel, I saw the businessmen all standing around as if it was they who had done it. Even the mine operator looked as if he wasn't going to have to run off to his wheelchair in the whorehouse for a week at least. I had to laugh a third time —but this time at myself. I hadn't done a thing for Liège except come down the hill getting shot at and roll a German aside when I saw him lying quietly, either dead or unconscious, I never found out which, in the middle of a little fire that incendiary bullets had started in his uniform. I put the quiet little fire out, and that's all I did, except keep going. Yet when the fighting was over I ducked off to the best hotel in town, the *Suède* itself, as I remember, and demanded the best suite to take a bath in. Somehow I had felt entitled to it because I had been with the men that had done the winning. Now I caught myself feeling exactly the same. All the master race had been dead or prisoners by the time I had reached the lobby of the *Suède*, but that smell of cold lard they used to give off while lording around had still been present. Now, somehow, I was smelling the same smothering smell again and again I wanted the best suite.

Harry, if you're still alive, if you can hear this, listen to me: you did the fighting and you won. You won for all of us.

Still, I keep asking myself: what did he win for himself? What does any man in this stinking, rotten world win in the final end — except for others?

(*Continued from inside cover*)

haus, just sentenced to a year's imprisonment in New Hampshire, Hugo De Gregory faces jail for refusing to answer the Attorney General's questions. De Gregory, however, invoked the Fifth Amendment. New Hampshire passed a state immunity law which took away his privilege without in any way relieving him of liability before the federal courts. The Supreme Court refused to accept his appeal, with only Justices Warren, Black and Douglas dissenting. New Hampshire Attorney General Louis C. Wyman hailed this decision as "breaking the back of the Fifth Amendment."

Inquiries and contributions would be gratefully received by the undersigned.

Mrs. Priscilla di Giovanni
De Gregory Defense Committee
Box 103, Hanover St. Station
Boston 13, Mass.

Best Peacemonger

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Theme Is Peace," in the December 19 issue, is absolutely right in saying that the Democrats could exploit the peace issue to far better advantage than the Republicans. And their best candidate for this major task would be Adlai Stevenson. It was Stevenson who, almost four years ago, had the courage to make the banning of nuclear-weapons testing a campaign issue. It was Stevenson who, a year ago in Moscow, suggested to Mr. Khrushchev that he visit the United States.

On the peace issue — as on many others — Stevenson stands ace high.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Norman Mailer Syndrome

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF. By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 532 pp. $5.

Gore Vidal

I FIRST heard of Norman Mailer in the spring of 1948, just before *The Naked and the Dead* was published. He was living in Paris or had been living there and just gone home when I arrived in France, my mood curiously melancholic, no doubt because of the most dubious fame I was enjoying with the publication of a third book *The City and the Pillar*; at twenty-two I should have found a good deal more to please me than I did that spring and summer in the foreign cities. I do recall at one point Truman Capote telling me about *The Naked and the Dead* and its author: a recital which promptly aroused my competitive instincts . . . waning, let me say right off, and for reasons which are relevant to these notes. Yet at that time I remember thinking meanly: so somebody did it. Each previous war had had its big novel, yet so far there had been none for our war, though I knew that a dozen busy friends and acquaintances were grimly taking out tickets in the Grand War Novel Lottery. I had debated doing one myself and had (I still think) done something better: a small cool hard novel about men on the periphery of the action; it was called *Williwaw* and was written when I was nineteen and easily the cleverest young fox ever to know how to disguise his ignorance and make a virtue of his limitations. (What an attractive form the self-advertisement is: one could go on forever relighting one's image.) Not till I began that third book did I begin to get bored with playing safe.

I took to the field and have often wondered since, in the course of many excursions, defeats, alarums and ambushes, what it might have been like to have been a safe shrewd custodian of one's talent, playing from strength. I did not suspect then that the ambitious, rather cold-blooded young contemporary who had set out to write the big war novel and who had pulled it off would one day be in the same fix I was. Not safe. Not wise. Not admired. A fellow victim of the Great Golfer's Age, then no more than a murmur of things to come in the Golfer's murmurous heart.

My first reaction to *The Naked and the Dead* was: it's a fake. A clever, talented, admirably executed fake. I have not changed my opinion of the book since, though I have considerably changed my opinion of Mailer, as he himself has changed. Now I confess I never finished *The Naked and the Dead.* But I read a good deal of it. I recall a fine description of men carrying a dying man down a mountain; but every time I got going in the narrative I would find myself stopped cold by a set of made-up, predictable characters taken, not from life, but from the same novels all of us had read, and informed by a naïveté which was at its worst when Mailer went into his Time-Machine and wrote those passages which resemble nothing so much as the prose poems of Weary Reilley in *Studs Lonigan.*

Sourly, from a distance that year I watched the fame of Mailer quite surpass John Horne Burns and myself, as well as Truman Capote who had made his debut earlier the same year. I should explain for those who have come in late or were around then but inattentive that the O.K. list of writers in 1947 and '48 was John Horne Burns, Calder Willingham and myself. Capote and Mailer were added in 1948. Willingham was soon dropped; then Burns (my own favorite) sank and by 1949 in the aftermath of *The City and the Pillar* I too departed the O.K. list.

"I HAD the freak of luck to start high on the mountain, and go down sharp while others were passing me," so Mailer wrote, describing the time after *Barbary Shore* when he unexpectedly joined the rest of us down on the plain. Now the descent, swift or slow, is not agreeable; but on the other hand it is not as tragic as Mailer seems to find it. To be demoralized by the withdrawal of public success (a process as painful in America as the withdrawal of a drug from an addict), is, I think, to grant too easily a victory to the society one has attempted to criticize, affect, change, reform. It is clearly unreasonable to expect to be cherished by those one assaults. It is also childish, in the deepest sense of being a child, ever to expect justice. There is none beneath our moon. One can only hope not to be destroyed entirely by injustice and, to put it cynically, one can very often flourish through an injustice obtaining in one's favor. What matters finally is not the world's judgment of oneself but one's own judgment of the world. Any writer who lacks this final arrogance will not survive very long, especially in America.

That wide graveyard of still-born talents which contains so much of the brief ignoble history of American letters is a tribute to the power of a democracy to destroy its critics, brave fools and passionate men. If there is anything in Mailer's new book which alarms me, it is his obsession with public success. He is running for President, as he puts it. Yet though his best and most interesting works have been unjustly attacked, he should realize that in this most inequitable of worlds his one worldly success was not a very good book, that *The Naked and the Dead* is redolent of "ambition" (in the Mary McCarthy sense of the word — pejorative, needless to say) and a young man's will to be noticed. Mailer himself nearly takes this view: "I may as well confess that by December 8th or 9th of 1941 . . . I was worrying darkly whether it would be more likely that a great war novel would be written about Europe or the Pacific." Ambition and the day coincided and a success was made. Yet it is much less real a book than Burns's *The Gallery*, or even some of the stories of Robert Lowry, works which had the virtue of being felt, possessed entirely by the men who made them, not created out of a stern ambition and a dogged competence. But, parenthetically, most war books are inadequate. War tends to be too much for any writer, especially one whose personality is already half-obliterated by life in a democracy. Even the aristocrat Tolstoy, at a long remove in time, stretched his genius almost to a breaking point to encompass men and war and the thrust of history in a single vision. Ernest Hemingway in *A Farewell to Arms* did a few nice descriptions, but his book, too, is a work of ambition, in which can be seen the beginning of the careful, artful, immaculate idiocy of tone that since has marked both his prose and his legend as he has declined into that sort of fame which, at moments I hope are weak, Mailer seems to crave.

But it is hard for American writers

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not to measure themselves according to the standards of their time and place. I recall a conversation with Stephen Spender when I lapsed, unconsciously, into the national preoccupation: some writer had unexpectedly failed, not gone on, blown up. And Spender said rather pointedly, "The difference in England is that they want us only to be distinguished, to be good." We order things differently; although our example is contagious: recently, the popular British press has discovered writers in a way ours never has. Outside the gossip column and the book page no writer except Hemingway is ever mentioned as news in the American press, but let the latest young English novelist attack the Establishment and there are headlines in London. Mailer can denounce Eisenhower as much as he likes in *Dissent* but the readers of the *Daily News* will never know the name of Mailer, much less the quality of his anger. Publicity for the American writer is of the personality kind: a photograph in *Harper's Bazaar,* bland television appearances . . . the writer is a minor movie star, and as unheeded.

MAILER and I finally met in 1954. I had just published my last, or perhaps I should say latest, novel *Messiah* and it had sunk quietly into oblivion in America (if it were not for the continuing interest of Europe, especially England, a great many of our writers would not survive the various seasons of neglect). I liked Mailer, though I am afraid my first impression of him was somewhat guarded: I am suspicious of people who make speeches at me. And he is a born party-orator. I have not the slightest recollection what we talked about. I do recall telling him that I admired *Barbary Shore,* and he was shrewd enough to observe that probably I had been driven to read it to see if it was really as bad as everyone thought. Which it was not. Of his three novels I find it the most interesting, the least diffuse and, quite literally, memorable. It is hallucinatory writing of a kind Mailer has only tried, as far as I know, that one time; and though I think his talents are essentially naturalistic, he does seem again in his new novel (judging from the advance samples he offers in *Advertisements*) to be trying for that revelation through willful distortion that he achieved in *Barbary Shore.* One is curious to see the result.

I have gone into the chronology of Mailer's days and mine because they run parallel, occasionally crossing, and because the book he has just published is, in effect, an autobiography covering more or less his entire career with particular attention to the days of the Golfer's dull terror. Mailer gives us his life and his work together and therefore it is impossible to review the book without attempting to make some estimate of both his character and the corpus of his work, the tension of his present and the shape of his future. Mailer is sly to get himself all this attention, but I must point out that it is a very dangerous move to expose oneself so completely. Indeed, in other times it would have been fatal for an artist not yet full grown to show us his sores and wounds, his real and his illusory strength. Until very recently the artist was a magician who did his magic in public view but kept himself and his effects a matter of mystery. We know *now* of Flaubert's suffering, both emotional and aesthetic, during the days of his work, but it is hard to imagine what would have happened if the court which prosecuted *Madame Bovary* had had as evidence a volume of his letters. In effect, Mailer has anticipated his own posterity. He is giving us now the storms and the uncertainties, private and public, which he has undergone. He has armed the enemy and not entirely pleased his allies.

However, it may be possible to get away with this sort of thing today, for we live in the age of the confession. What Mailer has done is no different in kind than what those deranged and fallen actresses have accomplished in ghost-written memoirs where, with a shrewd eye on the comeback trail, they pathetically confess their sins to Demos, receiving for their tears the absolution of a culture obscenely interested in gossip. I suspect Mailer may create more interest in himself by having made this "clean breast of it" than he would have got by publishing a really distinguished novel. The audience no longer consumes novels, but it does devour personalities. Yet, what happens after one is eaten? Is one regurgitated? Or does the audience move on to its next dinner of scandal and tears, its previous meal assimilated?

But I am fairly certain that Mailer will survive everything. Despite a nice but small gift for self-destruction, he is uncommonly adroit, with an eye to the main chance (the writer who has not this instinct is done for in America; excellence is not enough). I noted with some amusement that, despite the air of candor, he makes no new enemies in this book. He scores off those who are lost to him anyway, thus proving that essentially the work is politic. His confessions, when not too disingenuous, are often engaging, and always interesting as he tries to record his confusions. For Mailer, simply, does not begin to know what he believes or is or wants. His drive seems to be toward power of a religio-political kind. He is a messiah without real hope of paradise on earth or in heaven and with no precise mission except that dictated by his ever-changing temperament. I am not sure, finally, that he should be a novelist at all, or even a writer, despite formidable gifts. He is too much a demagogue; he swings from one position of cant to another with an intensity that is visceral rather than intellectual. He is all fragments and pieces. He appears to be looking for an identity and often it seems that he believes crude celebrity will give it him again. The author of *The Naked and the Dead,* though not the real Mailer, was at least an identifiable surrogate, and duly celebrated. But Mailer was quickly bored with the war-novelist role and, as soon as possible, he moved honorably to a new position: radical politics, in the hope that through Marxist action he might better identify himself to us and to himself. But that failed him, too. Nor is the new Mailer, prophet of Hip and celebrator of sex and its connection with time, apt to interest him or us for very long.

I also noted at moments toward the end of this book that a reaction was setting in: Mailer started using military allusions. "Back in the Philippines, we . . . ," that sort of thing. And there were references to patrols, ambushes. It was startling. Most of our generation was in the war, usually ingloriously, yet I have never heard a contemporary make any reference to it in a military way. The war to most of us was a profound irrelevance; traumatic for some, perhaps, but for most no more than an interruption. When the 1959 Mailer reminds us that he was a rifleman on Luzon, I get embarrassed for him and hope he is not going back to his first attitude to get the attention he wants.

NOW for the book itself. It is a collection of stories, essays, notes, newspaper columns and part of a play. It begins with his first story at Harvard and ends with part of his new novel. The play, which I read in an earlier version, could be remarkable on stage. But the best work in this volume is two short stories. "The Language of Men" tells of the problems of an army cook who has an abstract passion for excellence as well as a need for the approbation of the indifferent men who eat his food. His war with them and himself and his passion to be good is beautifully got and in many ways one of the best stories of its kind I have read, certainly preferable to Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, which it resembles in theme. But where Hemingway, as usual, was pretentious and external, Mailer is particular and works from within his characters with gentle grace. The other story, *The Patron Saint of McDougall Alley*, is a wildly funny portrait of an archetypal drifter and I think it is of permanent value: we have had this sort of fool in every age (Catullus and Juvenal each dealt with him) but I have not seen him done quite so well in our day.

By and large, excepting "The White Negro," I did not like the essays and the newspaper columns. Mailer is forever shouting at us that he is about to tell us something we must know or has just told us something revelatory and we failed to hear him or that he will, God grant his poor abused brain and body just one more chance, get through to us so that we will *know*. Actually, when he does approach a point he shifts into a swelling, throbbing rhetoric which is not easy to read but usually has something to do with love and sex and the horror of our time and the connection which must be made between time and sex (the image this bit of rhetoric suggests to me is a limitless gray sea of time with a human phallus desperately poking at a corner of it). He is at his best (who is not?) when discussing his own works and days. The piece about getting *The Deer Park* published is particularly good, and depressing for what it reveals about our society. But, finally, in every line he writes, despite the bombast, there is uncertainty: who am I? what do I want? what am I saying? He is Thomas Wolfe but with a conscience. Wolfe's motive for writing was perfectly clear: he wanted fame; he wanted to taste the whole earth, to name all the rivers. Mailer has the same passion for fame but he has a good deal more sense of responsibility and he sees that the thing is always in danger of spinning down into meaninglessness. Nothing is quite enough: art, sex, politics, drugs, god, mind. He is sure to get tired of Hip very soon. Sex will be a dead end for him because sex is the one purely existential act. Sex is. There is nothing more to be done about it. Sex builds no roads, writes no novels, and sex certainly gives no meaning to anything in life but itself. I have often thought that much of D. H. Lawrence's self-lacerating hysteria toward the end of his life must have come out of some "blood knowledge" that the cruel priapic god was mad, bad and dangerous to know and, finally, not even palliative to the universal estrangement.

PERHAPS what has gone wrong in Mailer, and in many of our fellow clerks, is the sense that human beings to flourish must be possessed by one idea, a central meaning to which all experience can be related. To be, in Isaiah Berlin's bright metaphor, hedgehog rather than fox. Yet the human mind is not capable of this kind of exclusivity. We are none of us hedgehogs or foxes, but both simultaneously. The human mind is in continual flux and personality is simply a sum of those attitudes which most often repeat themselves in recognizable actions. It is naive and dangerous to try to impose on the human mind any system of thought which lays claim to finality. Very few first-rate writers have ever subordinated their own apprehension of a most protean reality to a man-made system of thought. Tolstoy's famous attempt, in *War and Peace*, nearly wrecked that beautiful work. Ultimately, not Christ, not Marx, not Freud, despite the pretensions of each, has the final word to say about the fact of being human. And those who take solemnly the words of other men as absolute are, in the deepest sense, maiming their own sensibility and contraverting the evidence of their own senses in a fashion which may be comforting to a terrified man but is disastrous for an artist.

One of the few sad results of the collapse of the Judeo-Christian ethical and religious systems has been the displacement of those who are absolutists by temperament and would in earlier times have been rabbis, priests, systematic philosophers. As the old establishment of the West crumbles, the absolutists have turned to literature and the arts, and one by one the arts in the twentieth century have become hieratic. Serious literature has become religion, as Matthew Arnold foresaw. Those who once would have been fulfilled in Talmudic debates or suffered finely between the pull of Rome and the Church of England have turned to the writing of novels, and worse, to the criticism of novels. Now I am not sure that the novel, though it is many things and perhaps as Lawrence said: "the one bright book of life," is particularly suited to didacticism. It is certainly putting an undesirable weight upon the novel to use it as a pretext for sermons or the resuscitation of antique religious myths. Works of fiction, at best, create not arguments but worlds, and a world by definition is an attitude toward a complex of experience, not a single argument or theme, syllogistically proposed. In the nineteenth century most of our critics (and many of our novelists) would have been writing books of sermons and quar-

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reling over points of doctrine. With religion gone out of the intellectual world they now write solemnly and uneasily about novels; they are clearly impatient with the vulgar life of the better novels and were it not that they had one another's books about books to analyze, I suspect many of them would despair and falter. The novelists don't seem very bright to the critics and their commentaries seem irrelevant to the novelist. Yet each affects the other; and those writers who are unduly eager for fame and acceptance will write novels which they hope might interest religious-minded critics. The results range from the sub-literary bleating of the Beats to Mailer's portentous: "I am the way and the life ever after, crucify me, you hackers, for mine is a ritual death! Oh, Scott, oh, Herman, oh, ancestral voices murmuring, take my flesh and my blood, partake of me and *know* mysteries!" And the curious thing is that they *will* crucify him; they will partake of his flesh; yet no mystery will be revealed. For the priests have created the gods, and they are all of them ritual harvest gods.

I WAS most struck by this remark of André Gide in the posthumous *Ainsi Soit-il*: "It is affectation that makes so many of today's writings, often even the best among them, unbearable to me. The author takes on a tone that is not natural to him." Of course it is sometimes the work of a lifetime for an artist to discover who he is and it is true that a great deal of good art results from the trying on of masks, the affectation of a *persona* not one's own. But it seems to me that most of my contemporaries, including Mailer, are — as Gide suggests — desperately trying to convince themselves and the audience that they are something other than they are. There is even a certain embarrassment about writing novels at all. Telling stories does seem a silly occupation for one fully grown; yet to be a philosopher or a religious is not easy when one is making a novel. Also, in a society such as ours, where there is no moral, political or religious center, the temptation to fill the void is irresistible. There is the empty throne so . . . *seize* the crown. Who would not be a king or high priest in such an age? And the writers, each in his own way, are preoccupied with power. Some hope to achieve place through good deportment. Universities are filled with poets and novelists conducting demure and careful lives in imitation of Eliot and Forster and others who through what *seems* to have been discretion, made it. Outside the universities one finds the buccaneers who mean to seize the crown by force, blunt Bolinbrokes to the Academy's gentle Richards.

Mailer is a Bolinbroker, a born usurper. He will raise an army anywhere, live off the country as best he can, helped by a devoted underground, even assisted at brief moments by rival claimants like myself. Yet when all is said, none of this is the way to live. And it is not a way — a least it makes the way harder — to make a literature, which, no doubt quixotically, remains the interest of each of us. I suppose if it helps Hemingway to think of literature as a Golden Gloves Tournament with himself pounding Maupassant to the mat or fighting Tolstoy to a draw, then no doubt the fantasy has been of some use. But there is also evidence that the preoccupation with power is a great waste of time. And Mailer has had the honesty to confess that his own competitiveness has wasted him as he worries about reviewers and bad publicity and the seemingly spiteful successes of other novelists. Yet all the time he knows perfectly well that writers are not in competition with one another. The real enemy is the audience which grows more and more indifferent to literature, an audience which now can be reached only by phenomena, by superior pornographies or meretriciously detailed accounts of the way we live now. No serious American novelist has ever had any real sense of audience. C. P. Snow made the point that he would, given a choice, prefer to be a writer in England to a writer in America because, for better or worse, the Establishment of his country would read him and know him as he knew them, as the Greek dramatists knew and were known by the City's audience. One cannot imagine the American President — any American President — reading a work by a serious contemporary American writer. This lack of response is to me at the center of Mailer's desperation. He is a public writer, not a private artist; he wants to influence those who are alive at this time, but they will not notice him even when he is good. So each time he speaks he must become more bold, more loud, put on brighter motley and shake more foolish bells — *anything* to get their attention and, finally (and this could be his tragedy), so much energy is spent in getting the indifferent ear to listen that when the time comes for him to speak there may be not enough strength or creative imagination left him to say what he *knows*; exhausted, he becomes like Louis Lambert in Balzac's curious novel of the visionary-artist who, having seen straight through to the heart of the mystery, dies mad, murmuring: "The angels are white."

Yet of all my contemporaries I retain the greatest affection for Mailer as a force and as an artist. He is a man whose faults, though many, add to rather than subtract from the sum of his natural achievement. There is more virtue in his failures than in most of those small premeditated successes which, in Cynic's phrase, "debase currency." Mailer in all that he does, whether he does it well or ill, is honorable, and that is the highest praise I can give any writer in this piping time.

The Pleasures of Business

THE WORLD OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL. Edited by Charles Preston. Simon & Schuster. 485 pp. $6.50.

Edward W. Ziegler

BUSINESS began as a reaction to boredom. Although an invention of distraction, it has now grown so important that most of this nation heartily endorses its ethic as our *raison d'etre.* Conventional American judgment rejects any suggestion that there is something radically amiss in our headlong pursuit of profit. Still there are those who can only exclaim at the unprecedented frivolity of it all. For business, say what you will, remains a means—to an end that Americans prefer to leave ill-defined.

Minute, ethereal and fleeting hints that *The Wall Street Journal* may entertain similar thoughts make that paper a fascinating organ. Or perhaps one sees in it what one yearns to see. The bulk of the evidence points the other way: the loving, tender—even sentimental—vignettes of American businessmen and consumers impelling their persons, their talents, their hopes and their capital with frightening constancy toward some transitory and probably worthless goal.

The newcomer to the *Journal,* or to this anthology from its pages, cannot expect the paper to be predictable ex-

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EDWARD W. ZIEGLER, a former newspaper man, is now an editor at McGraw-Hill.

cept in these particulars: It makes business look like pleasure, it is against big government, big taxes and big labor; it is for the Individual—particularly if he pays his bills; it is for Eggheads; and it is for the simpler life of the farm (particularly if it is a farm that refuses government subsidy). It is also for business (big, small, or indeterminate) and capital.

In its daily version as well as in this anthology the *Journal* is a tightly edited paper. The genre of its "leader" story is such that it cannot be mistaken. Often it will begin in this fashion:

> As a young man on his way up, Larry C. had his problems. He has just been promoted to assistant personnel director of a major food processing company, but the job entails some basic decisions. There's the matter of a car. "I'm not ashamed to ride my boss around in the old beat-up car; I refuse to build my whole life around the company. . . ."

This sounds like the real story of actual people; a high-class *Look* formula. But there is a difference: The *Journal's* mission is to inform, educate, clarify; and, on its own level, it succeeds admirably. Certainly there is no better-mannered style in the mass media. The paper is polite, its aim is high and it vents its opinions with excellent vigor and humor.

Yet one cannot finish an issue—or this anthology—without a feeling of mental malnutrition. For the *Journal's* genius is in going only so deep—in developing a subject in details but in begging the fundamentals. Hence one is treated to a glittering, sometimes brilliant, series of essays on first-rate trivia (as opposed to the big-slicks' and tabloids' second- or third-rate trivia). Nevertheless there is much to applaud in even this degree of profundity. The fact that 600,000 Americans pay for its reasonably serious reading matter (and that a probable 1,200,000 others read behind these subscribers) makes the *Journal* an enduring minority report to the mass opinion of television, the cloacal press and all the others who estrange us from reality.

The essays on personal economy and the myriad Mr. G.'s, J.'s, C.'s, O.'s and W.'s, are less sparkling when put in a book than when brightening an otherwise all-business front page. There is an ineffable dreariness about the people the *Journal* writes about when one meets them seriatim. They seem to be dullards whose every thought is of consumption. The American, as here chronicled, is one of the great bores of Western Civilization. Unhappily, though he may be specifically fictitious, he is generally authentic.

> I'm paying so much on the house, the car, insurance and interest on the loans, I just can't seem to put anything aside. . . .
>
> I suppose if I were willing to take a chance I could be making $3,000 or $4,000 a year more, but I can't afford to gamble. We're on a tight budget, and the money has to keep rolling in. . . .
>
> When a fellow is in my income bracket, he automatically goes into the oil business. . . .
>
> I hope to be married; I'm going to business school instead of college, and I'd like my husband to be making $200 to $250 a week, and I'd like to live about 40 miles out of the city.

ONE article that is certain to have stopped three-fourths of the readers started with this dead-pan observation: "Top executives are finding it tougher and tougher to get fired these days. Some do, of course. . . ." The piece goes on to explain that there is an apparent hesitancy in industry to cashier the top brass. This is unquestionably true, but probably not for the reasons the writer assigns: an inferior man at hand is better than no man at all because ". . . Men with executive ability are hard to find." The evidence is growing that the corporation has creeping paralysis. It cannot admit a mistake; it is deathly afraid of adverse reaction if it should, in effect, admit a mistake by firing a top executive. Consequently, spectacular departures are rare. Coincident with this progressive corporate ossification has been the growth of the consultant. This is dealt with in another *Journal* essay on "Throat Cutting." The suspicion is growing that only a consultant can break a corporate log-jam. He comes in as nobody's man, ostensibly, and in many instances (notably, Westinghouse's Mark Cresap) he stays to assume top rank.

The problem initially arises because the team-play concept makes it extremely difficult to assign proper blame for incompetence. At the same time, a high-salaried man who has reached a "safe" level tends to sink down in his foxhole. Often he simply can't be found when the shooting begins.

Not the least of the *Journal's* accomplishments has been a general and widespread elevation of the standards of business journalism. It has challenged most of the oldest doctrines of trade journalism. For one thing it has been brave. It secured some detailed data on General Motors cars a few years ago in advance of the time G.M. wanted the information released. Unperturbed, the *Journal* ran its information. General Motors retaliated by yanking its advertising. The *Journal* remained unruffled. A reported meeting between ranking Dow-Jones (which publishes the paper) and G.M. executives ironed out the differences shortly thereafter. The message was clear to the business press: Courage pays.

A second icon shattered at 44 Broad Street is that businessmen don't understand or want humor. The *Journal* has one of the wittiest airs of any newspaper—general or specialized. Although

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not included in this anthology, one of the more amusing editorials appeared about a year ago. The *Journal* listed Uncle Sam's expenditures for foreign aid, domestic farm subsidies and various public-works projects. Then it asked, "Now, Virginia, what was that question again?"

The minute hints of disillusion alluded to above took their most tangible form in an essay, "Keats and the Beats," that appeared in late 1958. In a close discussion of Jack Kerouac's *Dharma Bums,* the paper was high in its praise of Kerouac and strangely sympathetic to one of his heroes, Japhy Ryder. The concluding paragraph is astounding:

> It is not hard to picture Japhy in a few years. He'll live in Palo Alto or Winnetka or Westport. He'll be an account executive or a book editor with a too-expensive family, a white Jaguar, a collection of Maxwell Bodenheim poems, a Hammond organ, a hi-fi set and a mild delusion he is somehow shaping the future of the world. Then, and only then, will he be really beat.

The *Journal* has thrown a fright into the daily newspapers by its octupine operation (printing simultaneously in New York, Washington, Dallas, Chicago and San Francisco). It is one paper that has finally skirted the trap of "news." Its front-page "leaders" could not possibly be dated by the events of a single day. In quality, they approach fiction. It is living testimony that the newspaper as we know it is obsolescent.

But for all its majesty the *Journal* is infuriating. It repines editorially for the simpler day when there was no big government, big taxes, big labor, or groupthink. It wants a speedy return to the primitive state for all such. But big business? Or big business newspapers? Things will work out—if the government will just leave them alone.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

A MONTH OR TWO AGO, on a sunny, summery fall day, I had lunch at the Hotel Plaza in New York with one of the best of Japan's architects, Kenzo Tange, his wife and some other friends. The Plaza, designed a half-century ago by Henry J. Hardenbergh in Hohenzollern style—in which every nuance was made a complete gesture—attracts this kind of visiting firemen's lunch, I suppose, because Frank Lloyd Wright liked the building, and now people remember, pleasantly, having lunch there with him and getting the dogtrot tour of the place.

After lunch we walked down Fifth Avenue, pausing at 54th Street to peer west toward the chaste backyard wall of the Museum of Modern Art, over which you could see the plastic-roofed dome of the bare, spiney, cantilevered truss of the current outdoor exhibition devoted to R. Buckminster Fuller, the inventor and builder. The structures looked good in the sunlight. The gold framework of the truss glinted optimistically; the geodesic dome, clad in putty-colored plastic, bulged buoyantly above the decorous gray brick wall. And farther down the sidewalk, facing us under one of the little trees planted in the sidewalk, stood Fuller himself with two of his lieutenants, pointing up the wall at the truss, and then gesturing. Even from the corner, his motions were easy to understand. He was suggesting that they extend the endless truss out above the wall and over 54th Street. Why not?

Fuller's ambition is to cover everything with a light, cheap, industrially produced spider web of metal and plastic, to go on endlessly, abundantly, almost weightlessly. Man needs shelter, and Fuller thinks it should be abundant. Recently his progress has been considerable, but it first took years and years of pamphleteering. He has spent most of his lifetime promoting industrial solutions so imaginative that they threatened to bankrupt the industries concerned. He had a three-wheeled automobile, a house hung from a mast to eliminate foundations, a bathroom pressed in a single piece of porcelained steel, and many other visions. The automobile industry blinked, the house-builders smiled, the plumbers grunted and everyone refused to do anything about it.

But then he came up with the geodesic dome, a technique so simple its parts could be produced by cottage industry—at most, in any machine shop. All that needed to be manufactured were light metal struts and fairly simple connectors; he had worked out a pattern by which sets of them could be put together into wide-span roofing-walling systems to be skinned with tough plastic fabric. They made shelters with a weight-enclosure ratio that was sensational. (In a conventional steel-frame structure it probably takes fifty pounds of building materials to enclose each square foot of floor space; with the geodesic system you can shelter a square foot with less than a single pound of structure. This is important; you pay for structure, like steak, by the pound.) With the dome Fuller not only by-passed large industry; he succeeded in standing the design world on its ear, for the structure of the geodesic dome also has great visual strength, although appearances do not really interest Fuller. Aesthetically speaking, he would rather grow hybrid vegetables than flowers.

However, beauty is what he gets — delight—and this show proves it. The other two Fuller constructions included—the truss and a strange structure called a tensegrity mast—are even more alive, visually, than the dome.

The truss is also slightly less novel than the others. Essentially, it is made of many triangular struts built together in planes which are skeletally strong because each is braced, not only in width and length, but in depth also. For years this kind of Tinker-Toy structural framework has been sketched, talked about and even implied strongly by certain scaffolding systems and exhibition designs. But Fuller's contribution is major: the connector, that fist that grabs the clusters of struts at the point where they come together. This connector has always been the awkward link in the practicality of such a prefab system, and he may now have licked it.

BY FAR the most fascinating of the three constructions on display, and the most reticent technically, is the tensegrity mast, a magician's dream, technical yoga. It too is made of short struts and cables, and climbs up like a minor radio mast into the sky, cabled for security to the ground. Credited to Kenneth Snelson, a student with Fuller for several years, its form is a series of vertebrae held together in tension by tendons of steel. But it is also like a bracelet or necklace, unclasped, standing startlingly straight up, unsupported. It is shown as an example of "discontinuous compression," and I find this just as baffling to the eye as to the ear. If there is tension in a structure, there must be compression to balance it. Equilibrium demands it—mine, if not nature's. I'll admit only (and perhaps I am about to be outmoded) that Fuller has succeeded in localizing the compressive forces tremendously, to the point of concealing them, and thus produced a very delicate, very airy stack of interconnected kite frames. It is beautiful.

The whole show is, in fact, beautiful, one of the museum's really excellent displays on architecture, a subject that few other galleries in the world can tackle knowledgeably. No one could do more for these structures than display them full size, and the Modern has done it jauntily.

That sunny day on 54th Street, we accosted Fuller, and as always he was cheerful and charming. His head tilted back (he is not a tall man) he beams at you courteously from behind his formidable glasses, his eyes swimming largely, apprehending everything. His diction is wonderful, his voice like a shy, or civilized, radio announcer's, his conversation suggestive, his imagery in words as enticing as it is in structural design. We congratulated him on the show.

"Yes, isn't it good," he said. "And, you know, I really had very little to do with it. They put it all together. We just furnished what they requested, the parts, and you know, I didn't have to do anything." A man who has had to bolt many of his designs together with his own hands to prove to long rows of doubters that it could be done, he sounded somehow regretful, a little left out. But then he reflected, "Of course, that's what we've been driving toward, I guess."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

UGO BETTI's *Time of Vengeance* (York Theatre) is a provocative play. I am not certain of its meaning. This is not necessarily a fault: I have never been entirely certain of what *Hamlet, Oedipus Rex, Rosmersholm* and a host of other world-famous plays mean. I am not suggesting that *Time of Vengeance* is in a class with any of these, I merely wish to point out that intellectual clarity is not the ultimate virtue in art, that in fact a certain elusiveness is characteristic of many masterpieces.

Time of Vengeance is, to begin with, mysterious in the manner of a detective story. I used to think of Pirandello's puzzles as a kind of mordant mystification in which cold calculation was compounded with hysteria, as if a mad logician had tried to turn a tragedy into a practical joke. But just as I realized after contact with certain Swedish novels, films, paintings that Strindberg's plays were not only an expression of his own strange genius but a manifestation of something in the Swedish character, so I am now beginning to suspect that Ugo Betti writes as he does not because he has been influenced by Pirandello but because they both reflect certain traits indigenous to the South Italian environment.

The reader may have seen a French motion picture called *Le Beau Serge* in which a young man from Paris returns to his native village to visit a former schoolmate whom he remembers as a nice fellow, but who has become ruined by the hate, drink, despair, moral indifference and self-destructive brutality that seem to pervade the whole miserable place. When the boy from Paris tries to remedy some of the more flagrant ills he witnesses, his unhappy friend comments, "But he doesn't really understand." What is not understood is that the village is deeply attached to its disease. It is, so to speak, unified and preserved by its pain as if it were a sacred tradition.

So in *Time of Vengeance* a tiny village calls in a police official from Rome to investigate a petty theft. But the villagers and the mayor who have summoned help also seem to fear and resent the presence of the person who has come in answer to their call. There exists in this village a combination of poverty, jovial loquacity, petty intrigue, duplicity, piety, parochial affability, lubricity and shame: qualities we recognize from many accounts of life in the small towns of Sicily and at the bottom of the Italian boot.

What is going on in Ugo Betti's village? A clerk in the mayor's office has a crippled daughter (the "goose") who craves tenderness but is shunned by everyone because of her deformity. The mayor, moved by pity and lewd desire, deflowers the girl. Her father pretends not to know this, for he commiserates with his daughter's loneliness. Other men in the town—themselves bedeviled by hopelessness or meanness—follow the mayor to the girl's bed. The wretchedly poor clerk profits from the situation; he steals from the girl's complacent "lovers." The appeal to Rome for police intervention is the townsfolk's effort to cleanse themselves of the abscess they have created. Yet they fear any change in their condition: they live through their sin. For despite its degradation it represents pity, passion, the sharing of a common secret and hunger for expiation.

Evil as a means to satisfy a need for good of which the ordinary besmirched mortal does not seem capable is the central theme of the play. It is not a social study — though it has social implications — it is more than a naturalistic report. It has religious implications and it symbolizes far more than its surface story or locale. It is not moralistic; it does not preach. It is a parable and possibly a poem without strict definition. The play penetrates one's conscience and troubles it.

The production is unusually aware. If it does not possess all the authentic color it needs — the homely plausibility that lends so much conviction to the best Italian films — it has at least a sense of what such color is supposed to reveal. The cast is a sensitive one — particularly Lou Gilbert as the clerk, Sy Travers as the mayor and Merriman Gatch as the victimized girl. The direction by David Metcalf admirably brings out the human significance.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

I HAVE seen a good many hortatory films and, more specifically, I understand how Stanley Kramer operates. So I went to *On the Beach* thinking I knew pretty well what to expect. In a sense I was right, but I had quite failed to estimate the force of horror and pity — and terror — that Kramer would evoke with his hallucinatory realism.

The picture follows Nevil Shute's novel in faithful detail but, strangely enough, it is small protection to have read the book. Because Shute's weakness is that his characters and situations are a little too glib to be credible, and it is one of Kramer's major talents that he can take contrived material and throw a glare of commanding veracity over it. In this case he asked one thing of his cast as they took on the assignment of showing how a small group of people in Brisbane waited for and succumbed to the radiation sweeping down from the last war of the great powers: he asked them to be intensely alive. That they are, and it is indescribably awful to watch people so wholesomely delighting in their good, ingenious bodies when you know — and I swear you *do* know — that they are living out the last few weeks of the human experience. Actually, I am not certain that Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, Anthony Perkins and Donna Anderson are vital beyond their normal gifts: Kramer photographs them with a sensuous appreciation of flesh that makes them shine.

Kramer works his effects very deliberately. It is, for example, a blatant trick when he throws a good, strong voice over a drunken quartet singing "Waltzing Matilda" at the line which goes: "'You'll never catch me alive,' said he." Some of the dialogue — particularly the love dialogue — rings with the clunk of false coin, and I am sorry that Anthony Perkins was asked to play a husband, even a very young husband: he is immature beyond his years and his attempts to sustain a woman in anguish look embarrassingly like masquerade. He is much better when he is on duty as the Australian naval lieutenant.

You might, in short, call this film poster work, not art. But poster painters, when their hearts are in it, do know how to get an idea across. Of actual horror there is very little. Too little, I suppose, for though Mr. Shute's vision of the future is grim, his expectations of human behavior are optimistic to the point of fantasy. We have had plague in our past and we know what happens when all hope is lost. Men do not go about muttering "bad show" and preparing for decorous death. They turn horribly mad. But Shute is not concerned with the pathology of despair; he is concerned to make extinction popularly vivid; and this *Woman's Day* approach to total extinction is probably what strikes home. There is one horrible passage — the running of the world's last automobile race, when car after car hurtles off the track in crashing flames, the drivers quite literally caring more about victory than life itself. The audience giggled as the drivers died — it is a way audiences have of cushioning shock.

And at the end — as the last flicker of life disappeared — the audience applauded. That is unusual movie-house behavior and I wondered what they were applauding. Had they "enjoyed" the picture or were they glad to be alive? If so, would they do anything to stay alive? That, I would suppose, is what Mr. Kramer now waits to see.

NO DOUBT a close student of the meanders in the adamant Stalin line could reconstruct the reasons why Part One of Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* was released and Part Two so long suppressed (the two sections are now showing together in New York). However, to viewers more interested in movies than in the vagaries of ideology, the content and tone of the two segments will seem very similar. They were made at the same time, with basically the same cast and often the same sets. The two-part story is a hymn to a hero, and it therefore clashes against the old Soviet dictum that only the people can be heroic — or indeed display any will or personality — which long made life difficult for Russian story-tellers. But *Ivan* was filmed as World War II was about to break; it is a patriotic rite of the sort all nations observe when they are about to gamble with destiny in the field. How Eisenstein intended to resolve his drama can never really be known, for he died before he could begin the projected Part III. As it is, the saga breaks off in mid-breath, with the insistent question—where should power reside?—frozen at a pitch of suspense.

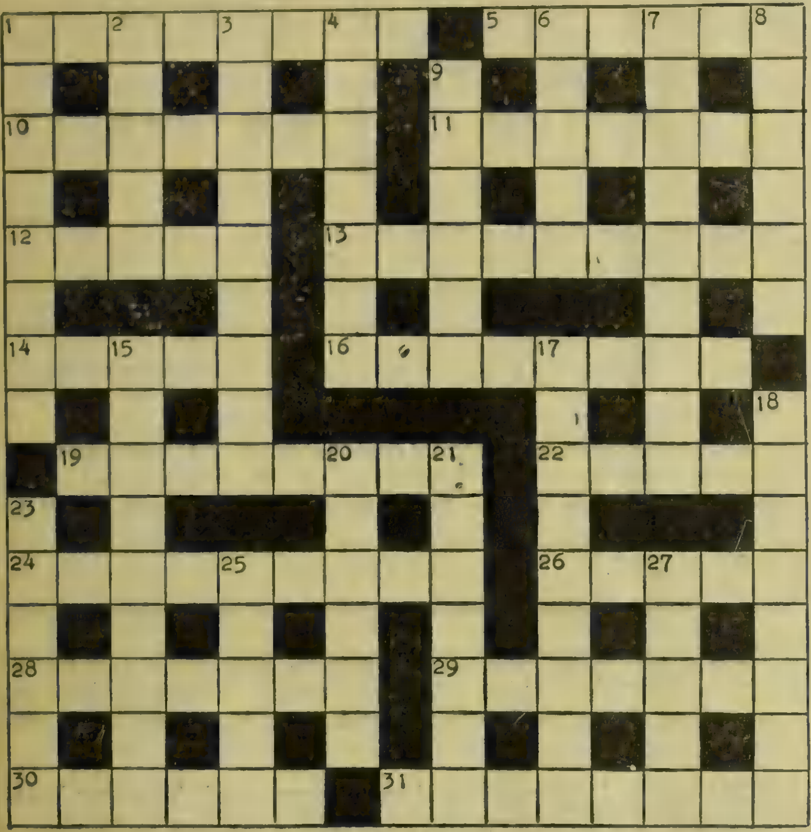
It is perhaps a measure of both the stature and the limitation of *Ivan the Terrible* that one is vividly aware that it is not Shakespeare. The situation is Shakespearean — the legendary Tsar, with a vision of national grandeur, uses the peasants to beat into subjection the boyars (the great barons), who are armed with tradition, endlessly resourceful for intrigue and bloated with privilege. It is Elizabethan, surely, to assume that the ancient affairs of state are proper entertainment for the populace. But however heavily Shakespeare leaned on Holinshead for plot, his characters were his contemporaries, men of steely suppleness, complex and unpredictable.

Eisenstein's antagonists, by contrast, are true figures from tapestry, brilliantly vivid but flat. His tone is operatic, or better — since Prokofieff's music never comes on stage to control the action — it recalls a masque for gigantic marionettes. The figures move with the bravura sweep of noble dolls on strings and the illusion is intensified by the architecture of Eisenstein's interiors, which is low-arched and so achingly heavy as to bear down even on the necks of the audience. At critical moments, Eisenstein manages his lights and camera so that enormous shadows of the actors usurp the attention, and the flow of the picture (except for two great moments of spectacle, it never escapes into the air) is that of a black river pouring through endless caverns.

How all this affected the Russians as they prepared once more to throw back a mad conqueror I do not know. I should suppose that it made them proud of their high heritage, but somewhat uneasy as to their own fates when the jaws of power snapped shut. To one less closely involved in the allegory of Ivan's myth, the picture seems to turn history into a lava flow — slow, majestic, inevitable and incalculably destructive. This last effect, to be sure, could be caused by the fact that the plan was never completed. In the parts we have, Ivan is a mill grinding the opposition — how he would have built the future, indeed, whether it would have been given him to build the future, belongs to the section of the film that was never made. Toward the end of Part II, there is a scene in which Ivan, bitter and exhausted, dresses his idiot nephew, claimant to the throne by virtue of his mother's passionate ambition, in the trapping of Tsardom and sends him into the cathedral to meet the assassin's knife. There is a wickedly feline wit about this stroke of justice; it fulfills the Tsar's oath that he will never lift hand against his own blood, but it has the taint of mad maneuvering that Richard III would have relished. This episode might foreshadow a new, more humanly responsive quality in the matter to come; but, as far as we have it, *Ivan the Terrible* is not a story of men a little like gods, but of personified blind powers of nature. Powers, indeed, very like what awaited those mortally unhistorical Germans who were about to move in from the West.

Crossword Puzzle No. 848

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 26 Equivalent to holding the King and Queen of trumps? (5, 3, 5)
5 One would expect a following if this might be grooved. (6)
10 Powerful literary hero returns with a lot inside the same way. (7)
11 Act employing plunging into water.
12 Is Ben responsible for 9 and 6? (5)
13 Don't attach so much importance!
14 Theatre of the Kildare narrative.
16 What grandma put up is no longer quiet, but they might give support.
19 Might be sent when a sort of jacket gets old. (8)
22 Circuits might be run together this way. (5)
24 Tom on horseback, or another animal? (9)
26 See 1 across.
28 Are climbers put in condition this way? (7)
29 The one called 30 gets fat as a philosopher. (7)
30 The son of the head of 29 was. (6)
31 Rather more this than a hot line?

DOWN:

1 Crazy get-up, but not quite all in the music! (8)
2 Do they bring out the character of the first part of the first book? (5)
3 Means rain, according to the country people. (9)
4 Undercover man without remand, in a way. (7)
7 The way the lip senses an oyster should be. (9)
8 Burke sai dthe Rights of Man was a this of anarchy. (6)
9 and 6 Where a guy goes to pick up a date (for the musical show or the serious play?) (1, 5, 5)
15 Watches the following cause of headache? (9)
17 A careful gentleman has such a splendid quality! (9)
18 Makes a minister finish with some hesitation, when not part of the original offering. (8)
20 Is the drug so bad as to take care of rattlers? (6)
21 Leaders belonging to a Greek city's uprising. (7)
23 Suppress drink! (6)
25 Could they be aliases when one is on the mount? (5)
27 A custom from 1776 to the present?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 847

ACROSS: 1 True bill; 5 Attack; 9 Parvenu; 10 Precede; 11 English; 12 Lobbies; 13 Toeing the mark; 15 Prepossessing; 21 Thereto; 22 Compeer; 23 Paddock; 24 Errands; 25 Sadism; 26 Eyesores. DOWN: 1 Tappet; 2 Upright; 3 Beeline; 4 Laughing stock; 6 Tremble; 7 America; 8 Keepsake; 10 Polite society; 14 Epitaphs; 16 Emended; 17 Onerous; 18 Immures; 19 Greener; 20 Trusts.

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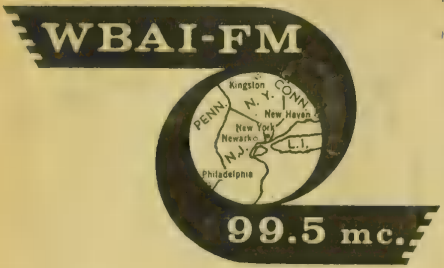

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Retreat from Idealism

Laurence Barrett

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BASKETBALL

The Fix Is Still On

Willard Manus

LETTERS

Variations on Payola

Dear Sirs: The recent reports that certain auto-driving schools have been conniving with official auto-driving examiners in New York is a form of payola that might conveniently be called "motorola."

Incidentally, one wonders how much payola is involved in the text-book field, where new texts are so often assigned to the same course each year, rendering last year's texts unsaleable? Perhaps the penitent Mr. Van Doren might be quizzed on this.

HERBERT LEADER

Andover, Vt.

Price of Principle

Dear Sirs: At the end of last summer The George Washington University began a restudy of my "qualifications and suitability" to join its faculty as an associate professor of history. At this time my name and my courses were already listed in the university Catalogue. During the re-examination, I appeared before two committees. On neither occasion were specific accusations made against me.

Neither committee suggested that I had used the classroom to spread propaganda. Many of my former students testified as to my objectivity in teaching. No school at which I have taught has ever expressed doubts about me.

Both committees were primarily interested in my thoughts and associations off-campus. This interest arose because the House Committee on Un-American Activities had questioned me primarily about alleged Communist activity while I was a graduate student at Harvard a decade and more ago.

I bitterly resent even the most distant insinuation that I am in any way un-American. I have never participated in a conspiracy. I have never advocated the overthrow of the government by force or violence. During the Second World War, I flew with the Fifteenth Air Force.

At times I have held unorthodox beliefs. I declined to tell The George Washington University, under duress, what those beliefs may have been or may be. No authority, neither that of the government, nor of one's employer, has the right to inquire into the innermost workings of a man's mind. Because I held to this principle, The George Washington University found me "unqualified" and "unsuitable," and notified me, on December 22, that my two-year contract had been "withdrawn . . . as of August 21, 1959."

RICHARD W. REICHARD

Arlington, Va.

Safe Harbor

Dear Sirs: Joseph O'Brien [Letters column, Dec. 19 issue] has not told the whole story regarding the role of the Russian fleet in the American Civil War.

The Russians, facing the prospect of war with France and Britain in 1863, sent the fleet to friendly ports to prevent it being bottled up in the Baltic, not because of any altruistic friendship for the Union cause. F. A. Golder demolished the Russian fleet legend in 1915, using information he discovered in the Imperial archives.

Unlike Mr. O'Brien, I don't believe in miracles.

JOSEPH A. BOUDREAU

Los Angeles, Calif.

Peculiar Censors

Dear Sirs: I encountered some of the absurd results of book censorship described by Donald E. Strout (November 21 issue) the other evening in a branch of the N.Y. Public Library. *Studs Lonigan, Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are relegated to the back office to "keep them away from youngsters" while the open shelves offer *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the *Decameron.*

Does this mean that censorship, as practiced by New York's librarians, is a branch prerogative or that the N.Y.P.L. directive is not bold enough? Surely, with a little more imagination the back rooms could be stocked with a fine collection.

NANCY E. HELLER

New York City

Not All Junk

Dear Sirs: It is sad to read a contemporary versifier pontificate that Vachel Lindsay's poems were not very good (*The Nation*, Nov. 28, 1959). This could be said of most post-Lindsay poets in this land; and how would they know good poetry? Lindsay wrote much junk, almost as much as Wordsworth and Tennyson and Masters, but he wrote much more. "The Congo" is understood and appreciated in many a Negro college course. When we again produce poets as we did in 1910, it will be time to reassess. . . .

CHARLES G. HAMILTON
Editor, *Crossroads*

Booneville, Miss.

Gentlemen Songsters

Dear Sirs: The Paris letter [*The Nation,* December 5] by Maurice Grosser about the Victor Hugo Museum interested me very much. The little poem quoted therein—written by Hugo and dedicated to his son—inspired me to attempt a translation:

Robin Redbreasts, swallows, larks!
Fly through the air and over the water
All you little gentlemen songsters,
Come hither, sing here your riotous nuptial joy
To please another little gentleman, my little George, my boy.

HARRIET W. PATTERSON

Rochester, N. Y.

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The Nation, Jan. 9, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 2

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Don't Cheer, Boys

Governor Rockefeller's withdrawal from the Republican Presidential contest leaves Mr. Nixon in sole charge of the dunghill. But he is wise enough not to crow. The Democrats should be equally discreet. Their happiness is premature, and the theory on which it is based is fallacious in all its aspects. One is that the Democratic strategists can now argue that Mr. Nixon's nomination was rammed through by Old Guard reactionaries. But this won't convince any large body of voters unless Mr. Nixon is willing to be so identified, and he obviously won't be. Why should he, when the GOP conservatives failed to nominate Mr. Taft in four pre-convention contests in succession (1940, 1944, 1948 and 1952)? With this record, it is scarcely likely that Mr. Nixon stands in awe of his right-wingers. He can easily dissociate himself from them to the degree required to cadge independent and liberal votes (Mr. Nixon never gives unnecessary offense, except to Communists and suchlike). No matter what he does, the Old Guard will still have to support him and — politics does make strange bedfellows—so may the Communists.

Another facet of the we-can-lick-Nixon theory is that he is a meanie who has made enemies of all the upright, honorable, intelligent people in the country by his delinquencies in the past. His dirty infighting on the way up may indeed cost him some votes. But how many? Popular moral revulsion did not prevent him from extricating himself from his pre-election trouble in 1952; all he needed was Murray Chotiner, Checkers and a good television director. This election will be held in 1960, which is twelve years after 1948. Few voters have memories so long and sensibilities so acute that they still remember that Mr. Nixon did Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas in the eye. The run-of-the-mill voters will vote against Mr. Nixon only if the Democratic candidates give them reason to—a tall order.

There are various corollary issues which the Democrats can and will use, such as that the Republicans are responsible for our lag in space, and these will swing some votes. But the best vote-getting tools of all are, as of now, firmly in Mr. Nixon's hands. One is President Eisenhower's support, a major factor and one which can be further amplified if the President chooses to give his Vice President some more assignments like the 1959 trip to the Soviet Union. This mission benefited Mr. Nixon in no small measure, and the end is not yet. The other issue is related to the Soviet journey, and there is no reason to suppose that the Vice President will cease to take advantage of it. The issue is peace. It is not that American voters would have flocked to Mr. Nixon's standard because Mr. Khrushchev said that Mr. Rockefeller was a warmonger. It is only that they have a fairly acute appreciation of reality when both sides have transoceanic rockets and hundreds of megatons of nuclear explosives on tap. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, but neither Americans nor Russians want to be dust sooner than they have to. And if and when they have to, they would like their children to be able to carry on. Mr. Nixon will use that consideration for all it is worth, and it is worth a great deal. It is especially valuable because the Democrats have managed, with costly maladroitness, to give the opposite impression: that they are the party of the aerospace interests and the tough line. If it is not already too late, the Democrats had better bestir themselves to erase that impression, to muffle Mr. Acheson if they can't persuade him to adopt the 1960 look, and to select as their candidate someone with the intellectual and moral stature to make Mr. Nixon look like what he has been, is, and will remain—a shrewd politician and climber. And, even after that, the Democrats will have to run scared to win.

Making War Pay

Consider the success story of Alfried Krupp, the more or less repentant munitions baron. He joined the Nazi party in 1938 and during the war became head of the Krupp empire. His factories — and they *were* his, for Krupp is a family enterprise — covered five square miles and employed 160,000 workers, including slave laborers. At the end of the war, he was tried as a war criminal and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and the forfeiture of his property. In February, 1951, John J. McCloy, the United States High Commissioner, commuted the sentence and returned to Herr Krupp what had been his on condition that he dispose of part of his holdings. However, on the ground that he cannot find a suitable buyer, he has since been released from this stipulation.

The Krupp company has made what *The New York Times* calls a "spectacular recovery." Its 1959 sales were over a billion dollars, none of it for munitions. Still, Herr Krupp has had his share of misfortunes. Two wives successively divorced him and the *Times* captions his picture, "A lonely man rebuilds an empire on new foundations." The house near Essen in which he was born had 117 rooms; the one in which he now lives has only fifteen. But all things considered, he has done pretty well in comparison with ordinary citizens who never built a cannon. He is even acquiring a reputation as a moralist. Recently he got a good press by agreeing to pay his former Jewish slave laborers, of whom there are estimated to be 2,000 still alive, up to $2,380,000 "to heal the wounds of World War II." The sum will not make much of a dent in Herr Krupp's net worth, and it would seem that he took his time about healing the wounds.

On the other side of the world, the Japanese have likewise taken steps to heal the wounds of the war, and in a sense they have done even better by themselves than did their German colleague. Their reparations amount to slightly over $1 billion, of which $175 million has been paid or allocated. The foreign beneficiaries are South Vietnam (North Vietnam can go whistle), Burma, Indonesia and the Philippines. The domestic beneficiaries are the very interests that touched off the war in the first place, for the deal calls for the expenditure of the reparations in Japan, largely for heavy industry and development projects. For instance, Japan will heal the wounds of its former enemies with ships built in Japanese shipyards. The shipyards, naturally, will make a profit. The Japanese manufacturers who build turbo-generators for South Vietnam generating stations will likewise make a profit. Only the taxpayers will lose — and that includes U.S. taxpayers who helped finance Japan's industrial recovery.

The moral of all this is obvious. If there is a chance to go to war, don't neglect it. Economically you can't lose. The atomic bomb may have changed all that, but perhaps not. The greater the damage, the greater the reparations and profits to the lucky losers.

The Heirs of Magellan

It was one of the five ships of a great Portuguese explorer that completed the first voyage around the world in 1522, proving the roundness of the earth, revealing America as a new world, and revolutionizing man's ideas about the relative proportion of land and water. But the Portuguese soon exhausted their stock of boldness, soon slaked their thirst for adventure. For centuries they have lived in a historical cocoon, dozing, docile and pious; ignorant, listless and — except for a thin upper crust — desperately impoverished. The 1950 census revealed that 40 per cent of the population over the age of seven is illiterate — an illiteracy rate three times greater than that in Spain. For all the richness of its colonial possessions, which have been theirs to develop for centuries, the annual per capita income of the country is the lowest in Europe ($321).

But recently, historical forces have been pushing the Portuguese out of their cocoon. Salazar's "discreet dictatorship" was rudely shaken in 1958 when Humberto Delgado, the Portuguese Air Force General who had received the American Legion of Merit for his service as military attaché in Washington, courageously challenged the dictator and actually won the election (see article p. 24). More recently, the 10,000,000 natives in Mozambique and Angola—the combined area of the two territories is about the size of Western Europe—have grown restive and with good reason. Tribally, these natives are related to those of the Belgian Congo, where a strong independence movement exists. Hard on the heels of the Leopoldville riots of last February came news of Belgian willingness to make concessions. The natives of Mozambique and Angola promptly caught on. Panic spread among the Portuguese officials, who began making arrests on a large scale in March. Another large wave of arrests took place in July and the jails are now bulging.

The facts show clearly that the natives of Mozambique and Angola have even more reason to be rebellious than those in the Congo. The Belgians, the French and the British have at least started their African charges on the road to self-government; the Portuguese — with no democracy at home — have yet to make the first move in this direction. The natives of Mozambique and Angola have no political rights whatever and forced labor is widespread; Professor Marvin Harris of Columbia University has provided the documentation in a recent study. But here, too, time has overtaken the slumbering Salazar regime. The U.N. Trusteeship Committee has just adopted a resolution which, without naming Portugal, is clearly intended to apply to its colonies. The resolution calls for the appointment of a six-man committee to establish criteria for judging what is a colonial or "non-self-governing" area and what is not (the Portuguese, of course, contend that neither Mozambique nor Angola is a colonial holding). The committee's report should throw light on conditions in Portuguese Africa and open the way for U.N. action.

Rudely, violently, Portugal is being dragged into the twentieth century. The process would accelerate if the resistance movement which Henrique Galvao heads up from his exile in Venezuela should succeed in overthrowing the Salazar dictatorship. The best hope of planting the seeds of democratic practice in Portuguese Africa consists in securing democratic rights in Portugal.

Research and the Soldier

The soldier, sailor and airman would be helpless without the technological advances which research provides, but this does not mean that the military should dominate research. Very largely they do, however (see *The Nation*, Dec. 26, 1959, editorial on "The Research Fetish"); the rest is largely routine product improvement. Thus the public impression that all is well with research, since we are spending more money than ever before, is badly mistaken. How badly, Dr. Wallace R. Brode brought out at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he is president. He is also science adviser to the Secretary of State. Dr. Brode made it clear that he was expressing only his own opinions, but these opinions are certainly not those of a visionary or outsider. Military agencies, he says, account for about 85 per cent of the total outlay for government research, and the result is something approaching chaos. Universities, having been partially bailed out of their financial difficulties by defense contracts, are now largely under the control of those who let the contracts (how strange that those who blanch at government control of the schools do not turn a hair at this form of government control). Foreign scientists don't like to take part in our research programs, because of this domination by military agencies. There has been increasing proliferation of government agencies concerned with research, but proliferation has not resulted in order or in efficient utilization of funds. In the meantime, civilian government agencies, such as the Bureau of Standards, the Weather Bureau, the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, have stood still. Dr. Brode thinks there should be a Federal Department of Science with Cabinet status and a long-range, balanced program.

There may be arguments against such a solution, but the public should realize that the present situation is bad, and by all indications will grow worse. And the crux of it is that the military have taken over a field of activity which is vital to the national welfare and which few of their members are qualified to administer.

What Show Do You Fancy?

The cry of "why didn't *I* think of that" is going to be heard again in the land as word of Theatrical Investors, Inc. gets around. This small firm has been modeled precisely on the Wall Street investment house to provide advice and contacts for would-be Broadway angels. Theatrical Investors rates every forthcoming show on the basis of the past forms of producers, directors, playwright and actors (a technique not unknown to the habitués of Havre de Grace), and issues a bimonthly bulletin giving particulars of the opportunities available. Plays are rated from Group I (one chance in twenty of paying off) to Group IV (almost sure bets—and a rare classification).

Seymour Vail, president of T.I., plans now to set up syndicates for the benefit of small angels, and looks forward to a time when shares can be traded on a special stock exchange. If this extends the mutual fund idea to Broadway, it will probably be the key to the success of the venture. Because T.I.'s study of all the shows produced on Broadway in the past five years shows that, while the chance of success for a play chosen at random is not good, the industry as a whole has paid net profits of 25 per cent to investors.

Amateurs of the theatre can be expected to turn a fishy eye on this new development. It is obviously a further business inroad into the aesthetic world of the drama. But the angel system now prevailing — in which plays are put on the block for wealthy backers who are often ill-informed and almost always ego-ambitious—is anything but an aesthetic treat. If Mr. Vail's firm can broaden the base of investment in Broadway, it may perform a public service while turning an ingenious buck.

Sold!

In the first flush of their industrial maturity, Americans were known the world 'round as superb salesmen, hustling orders and hawking their wares from Lisbon to Hong Kong with boundless energy and exuberance. But for nearly a decade, now, we have permitted our trading instincts to be thwarted by the assumed exigencies of the cold war. It is an act of historical kindness that our ancestors were saved the anguish of witnessing us, their descendants, turn away customers who came knocking at the door, anxious to buy, with money in the bank. Fortunately, some of these customers have been persistent enough to overcome our hesitancies. For over a year, the Russians have been trying to penetrate Washington's trade curtain; at long last their persistence has been rewarded. Despite a long series of rebuffs and a stoutly maintained bureaucratic resistance, they have finally succeeded in inducing us to sell them $20,000,000 worth of textile machinery — the first such transaction since the end of World War II. Signed last week, the contract far exceeds the total value of United States exports to the Soviet Union in 1958. Yet there are those who still say that Soviet-American trade is a mirage! We may not be willing to sell, but the Russians are obviously eager to buy. Who knows but that those old, dormant Yankee trading instincts may yet revive under the stimulus of such eager Russian shoppers.

SALAZAR: MAN and MASK . . *by Henrique Galvao*

SALAZAR's rule in Portugal is essentially no different from the pattern of twentieth-century dictatorships established by Mussolini, continued by Primo de Rivera and Hitler, and still surviving in the Iberian Peninsula and in three nations of Latin America (not to mention the Communist bloc). It is Portuguese only in that its dictator was born in Portugal. Salazar's totalitarian oligarchy occupies the country by force, just like a foreign invader. One sees the same cult of personality, the same idea of personal power, with the people reduced to the status of animals, a herd bereft of will. It uses a political police in the same terroristic way (the PIDE is a twin of the Gestapo, AVO, Cheka, etc.). There is the same sterilizing censorship, the same entrancing propaganda, the same labyrinth of special laws and judges, alongside rampant administrative and social corruption. It propounds the same slogans and nationalistic rhetoric, reducing the genuinely patriotic feeling of the people to mere verbalized propaganda.

Nonetheless, Salazar has managed for many years to appear as a different sort of dictator, ruling an acceptable tyranny. In this he has evidently been favored by the fact that Portugal is less important to world politics than Italy, Germany or even Spain, and by the lack of principles of the great democracies. He has managed so well that even some Portuguese outside the oligarchy have been taken in.

It is his talent for fraud which alone distinguishes Salazar from other dictators and gives his own dictatorship a different appearance. He has always been a constant and clever liar. Even so, his prevarications have never deceived anyone who has taken the time to examine closely the Portuguese regime and the personality of its dictator. In 1948, for example, Martin Serrano took a moment to look carefully at this man who was spending so much money to create a public image of himself that had no relation to reality. Writing in *Les Temps Modernes* (August, 1948), Serrano says:

> If Salazar is known as one of the most mysterious men of our day, it is because his legend has been modeled on that of a calendar saint. His mask carefully hides his real features and no one as yet has made an effort to penetrate the mists of his "philosophy," to see his morals at close hand, or to examine his deeds.

OTHER observers who have "examined his deeds" (which the Portuguese people have felt in body and spirit) have not hesitated to tear away the mask. Yet actually few foreigners have taken an interest in the Portuguese situation, which is of small importance in the *mare magnum* of the political problems of a world in turmoil. Governments and leading parties in the great Western democracies look upon the human and universal aspects of democratic principles from vantage points much too dehumanized to allow for any interest in the sufferings of a people not American, English or French, and lacking in oil riches or international influence. And the ordinary people of the world, as well as the intellectuals and artists, absorbed in the great stage of world affairs, only hear and read, on the radio and in the press, what Salazar's propaganda says; they remain completely unaware of what this propaganda costs those who pay for it in Portugal.

Under all these conditions, Salazar's old and proven ability to lie has led to an easy and prolonged success. It has apparently transformed him into a dictator different from the rest — the caretaker and shepherd of the Portuguese people. And the Portuguese themselves, the victims of this success, are astounded to hear him described abroad as a sort of strict but just parent. This is what they hear of a dictatorship which, under the guise of "paternalism," has robbed them of their fundamental liberties, degraded them to the status of a flock herded by police, sterilized them in spirit, and kept one-fifth of them in hunger and sickness.

And it is the image of the shepherd, a firm but kind leader, which has been circulating like counterfeit money in circles of Western opinion beyond the Pyrennean Curtain.

SALAZAR began his dictatorship promising "politics based on truth," but at the same time he stated that "in politics what seems to be so, is so." Thus he instituted in Portugal the most colossal lie in its history, but he did comply faithfully with the program implicit in the second statement: "In politics, what seems to be so, *is so*!" So by seeming to be what he least has been, namely paternalistic, he and his system of masked dictatorship have succeeded in passing for what they seem to be before the eyes of a world having little interest in things Portuguese.

What an actor the theatre has lost!

While other dictatorships — Fascist, Nazi, Russian and Spanish — were foisted upon their respective nations as the catastrophic consequences of profound political and social crises, originating or terminating in a war, the Portuguese dictatorship, provisionally established by the military, was the result of nothing more than a crisis of order and administration brought about by the difficulties of a nascent republic. And while the Italian, German, Russian and Spanish dictatorships were established at the great personal risk of their authors, Portugal's dictator, lacking in active political background, the obscure member of a Catholic party, prudently assumed the powers of an already established

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HENRIQUE GALVAO, distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist, formerly served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. He managed to escape to the Argentine Embassy in Lisbon and was subsequently given sanctuary in Argentina. He now lives in Venezuela. This article has been translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa.

dictatorship without any personal risk whatever, abusing the trust the nation had placed in him as a financial expert. Where most other dictators took power through brute force, Salazar used fraud.

This difference of circumstance does not alter the specific forms of brutality which are characteristic of all totalitarianisms, but it cannot help having considerable influence on the mask assumed by the dictator involved. The great dictators, creators of their own systems and ruling large demographic, economic and military powers, stride the stage with a forceful arrogance born of the strength dedicated to the maintenance of the violence and lies of their regimes. Portugal's little dictator, of rural origins, was educated in a provincial seminary and a listless university. He spent an inactive and unvirile youth stigmatized by the timidity of misogyny. With this background, and lacking the political or military power with which to impress Europe, with no genius for revolution, a mere imitator and adapter of systems created by others, Salazar had to present himself to the world and to his people with a different mask and build up a less arrogant and warlike façade. He decided upon a mask which would least contradict certain personal traits, such as his tendency towards misogyny, his position as an objective professor of economics, and his vaunted, albeit Tartuffean, Catholic faith.

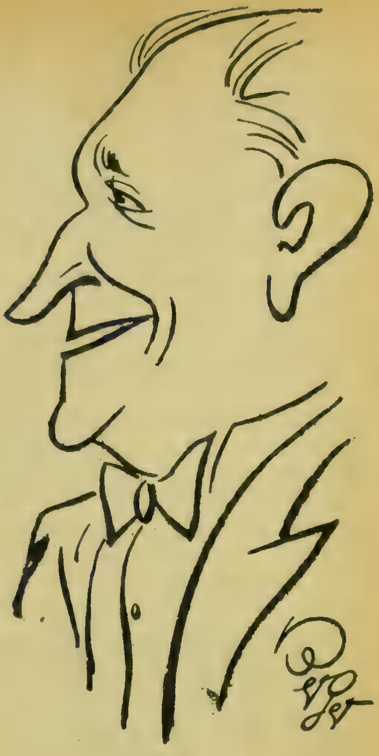
Thus he built up the image of a humble, modest person, one who eschewed worldly glory and ambition — a mask which seemed to make his regime one of peace and order (of the kind, one notes, that are found in cemeteries). And so, for the single party whose leader he became, he appeared as a sort of medieval saint; for the heterodox of his faith, a tyrant in the service of God; zoologically, a rare, peculiar species of "carnivorous lamb"; in the propagandistic projection of his figure, a wise man and philosopher turning his genius toward politics.

But behind the façade built up for the world, there remained the effective reality of a dictator like the others, basically more dangerous because he was better disguised; the master of a system of dehumanization, the public leader of an oligarchy of the privileged, the jailer of a people reduced to an inert mass, bled by taxes and bent beneath the yoke of a ubiquitous police.

UNTIL 1945 — especially when the fortunes of war seemed favorable to the totalitarian powers — Salazar, who at the time made a show of the autographed picture of Mussolini he kept on his desk, maintained his mask and the façade of his regime in a state of near transparency. The fundamental institutions of the system operated openly in the country. There were concentration camps, police torture, mass deportations, campaigns of fear and terrorism, and the idolatry of the leader; all props of Hitlerian and Soviet usage. In foreign affairs, he openly practiced a neutrality partial to Germany and Italy, and made no secret of his dislike for the Allies.

With the Allied victory in 1945, which toppled all his hopes and threatened the existence of the system he had imposed upon his nation, Salazar saw himself obliged to render his façade more impenetrable and to soften the more ferocious aspects of his mask. Keeping in force against the Portuguese people all the inhuman practices of the regime, he created a series of legal mystifications, democratic in appearance, with which he deceived the rulers of the Western Allies.

Nonetheless, no lie is eternal. Even in politics, where lies can easily find their natural habitat, they can be offensive or defensive weapons only where an incontrovertible truth is lacking. Salazar's lie was discovered years ago in body and soul by 80 per cent of the Portuguese people, and it is beginning to be discovered as well by other peoples of the West — those whom it sought to deceive more than the Portuguese. Now the lie is maintained only by the brute force of arms and the corruptive power of money. It holds itself together as a force which has been defeated, although not yet overthrown. The Presidential elections of 1958 brought to light a decisive phase in the decomposition of the regime. Neither brute force, nor threats, nor jails filled with political prisoners, nor the mobilization of the army could prevent a mass manifestation of the people which revealed how illusory the mask of the dictator was.



Salazar

In spite of the fact that they were unarmed, that they were almost everywhere watched by the political police, that the democratic parties were disorganized and fiercely persecuted, the people of the provinces and overseas possessions—cities and villages, youth, Catholics, the Church itself, which for so many years had supported the dictator—all showed by every means possible and some considered impossible that they could no longer bear the dictator and his regime. The candidate of the democratic opposition (not Communist) was elected overwhelmingly. The candidate who was actually and legally defeated was able to assume office only by a *coup de main* by Salazar. The fraud was obvious and so clear that not even the most ingenuous or most susceptible to propaganda were fooled. Here was the manifestation of a decay which had been evident for many years, but never before in such visible form.

NOW THAT the mask has fallen, the façade razed, after thirty years of fraud, violence and suppression, the results are plain to see:

¶ *Administrative corruption which taxes the imagination. (In Angola and Mozambique, Portuguese colonies which I came to know well in my former position as Chief Inspector of Overseas Territories, 70 per cent of the administrative officials spend more than they officially earn.)*

¶ *Forced labor in the Portuguese provinces is today indistinguishable from outright slavery.*

¶ *Of the Portuguese budget, 32 per cent is spent on the military and less than 6 per cent on health.*

¶ *The Portuguese diet is among the most meager in Europe; 20 per cent of the population suffers from malnutrition.*

¶ *Portugal has one physician for every 1,400 inhabitants. In contrast, no country in Europe has more drug stores in proportion to population. The government has built more stadiums than hospitals (although Portugal is a country without athletes). The country's death rate from tuberculosis — 44 per thousand in 1958—is more than twice that of any country in Western Europe.*

¶ *The complete sterilization of intellectual life.*

Portuguese patriots inside and outside the country pray that democrats everywhere in the world judge the dictator of Portugal not by his propaganda, but—as Martin Serrano suggested — "by looking at his morals at close hand, and examining his deeds." This becomes progressively less difficult as time goes on.

RETREAT FROM IDEALISM

BLUE CROSS . .

by Laurence Barrett

BLUE CROSS is in deep trouble; the non-profit movement that made health insurance popular on this continent is under attack from within and without. Some of its own national leaders now criticize it for being too conservative. In New York, hospitals and labor groups — respectively Blue Cross's founders and best customers — are heaving verbal brickbats at an organization that until recently was above reproach.

Across the country, rates shoot up while the level of benefits remains static. In Canada, Blue Cross's failure has been so complete that provincial governments in most areas are assuming the primary responsibility for hospitalization insurance.

In this country, the organization is rapidly losing ground to commercial insurance companies. Already the profit-making carriers cover some 40 per cent of the population, while Blue Cross has only about 30 per cent. In 1958, the profit-making companies wrote policies for 1,800,000 persons; in the same period, the seventy-nine approved independent groups that constitute Blue Cross in America signed up just 400,000. This is ironic when one considers that it was Blue Cross, starting at a Texas university in 1929, which first proved voluntary, large-scale hospital insurance to be feasible.

Does it matter that Blue Cross is falling behind its commercial competitors? I believe it matters a great deal. Blue Cross, theoretically, at least, is a public-service organization in a field where community welfare must be the first consideration; the service benefit is the heart of the Blue Cross program. Again theoretically, Blue Cross subscribers get benefits as determined by their need, not by an actuary's slide rule. The profit-making firms follow the indemnity principle, which is the only way to make money in the insurance business. That is, commercial firms pay according to a set schedule up to a maximum. Then the patient is on his own. Furthermore, Blue Cross makes an attempt to cover the whole community; one of the reasons why the commercial rates are more attractive in some areas is that the private companies aim to restrict coverage to the lesser risks.

There are some who argue that Blue Cross is in trouble because it has been too liberal, and that it should compete on a purely business basis. This report will seek to show that the opposite is true. Blue Cross is groping ineffectively because it has stopped midway in its trail-blazing march. Instead of following up its breakthrough with firm strides forward, it is marking time while the community demands the progress that is its due.

CERTAINLY, a large part of Blue Cross's financial trouble results from the tremendous increase in hospital costs in recent years. The average price of a day's hospital stay has gone up 73 per cent since 1950, and is expected to continue rising indefinitely at a rate of from 5 per cent to 10 per cent a year. The hospitals themselves are not blameless here.

Another serious problem confronting Blue Cross is decentralization. Every Blue Cross plan is a local organization. There are six national coordinating agencies, including the allied Blue Shield. These seem to

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get in each other's way. And in addition to the seventy-nine local groups that operate with national recognition, there are several others doing business under the Blue Cross name which have no affiliation with any of the co-ordinating agencies.

The Blue Cross Commission is an integral part of the American Hospital Association. The oldest of the national groups, it was set up to compile data and establish minimum standards for individual plans. Some of its co-ordinating functions overlap those of the Blue Cross Association, which is primarily a national sales and promotion agency. The association is owner of the stock of the third national group, Health Service, Inc., an insurance setup which aids local Blue Cross units to provide benefits which normally they could not offer because of financial limitations.

There are also the Blue Shield Commission, which performs functions roughly comparable to those of the Blue Cross Association and Blue Cross Commission, and Medical Indemnity of America, the Blue Shield counterpart of Health Service, Inc. And finally, the Joint Operating Committee attempts to link the work of the two underwriting groups, H.S.I. and M.I.A.

BUT the first ailment that must be cured is Blue Cross's schizophrenic attitude toward itself — half public service and half business-is-business. While the need for reform is nationwide, I propose to concentrate here on Associated Hospital Service of New York, which covers seventeen counties in and around New York City. With 7,232,000 members, it is the largest plan in the country. It ought to be among the best, but is far from that — and its failings are shared by many other locals.

Listen to this appraisal:

> I have watched the developments [of Blue Cross] in Canada and in other countries, and I have observed the inevitable breakdown of the voluntary hospital prepayment idea when continued advances expected by the public and by hospitals do not materialize.
>
> In my judgment, Blue Cross cannot survive the social and economic impact of the developments we can reasonably expect in the decade of the 1960s unless a far stronger program than exists today, and one more clearly oriented to the public interest, is aggressively developed and effectively implemented.

These are not the words of a spokesman for organized medicine who wants to return public health to free enterprise. Nor are they the words of a supporter of socialized medicine, who rightly sees Blue Cross as a formidable obstacle to his objective. They are the words of Dr. Basil C. MacLean, a grand old man of Blue Cross, who stepped down on Dec. 31 as president of the Blue Cross Association.

Listen to some others interested primarily in the New York situation:

Moe Iushewitz, secretary of the city's powerful Central Labor Council: "The Associated Hospital Service of New York has had two rate rises — 22 per cent and 26.5 per cent — since September, 1958. They give us nothing in return. Our feeling is that we are being done in. About 3,000,000 union people and dependents are covered. If we have to, we will take our people out and form our own plan."

Dr. Franz Goldmann, formerly with the Harvard School of Public Health: "If voluntary insurance is to make headway and become truly effective, many reforms are necessary."

Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital: "Associated Hospital Service has been run more as a business than as a community service. I don't think it has succeeded too well as either."

Dr. Martin Steinberg, director of Mount Sinai Hospital: "Blue Cross could exercise a favorable influence on hospitals. The opposite occurs in many cases."

A Manhattan physician: "The exclusions in the Blue Cross contracts cannot be justified. If you have illness A, you have to pay the bill. If it's illness B, Blue Cross pays. If we don't know what is wrong with you and have to put you in a hospital to find out, Blue Cross does not pay. The result is general confusion and cheating."

Of more than a score of people I talked to about Associated Hospital Service, only two were not severely critical. Paul Drescher, executive vice president and operational head of the agency on a temporary basis since July, said that, on the whole, A.H.S. was in good shape. "The future looks very bright to me," he added. And a physician insisted that, whatever its faults, A.H.S. has accomplished a good deal in providing protection.

While the physician's assertion cannot be denied, I do not believe it can be used as an excuse for A.H.S.'s failure to fulfill its potential. This failure can best be analyzed in two parts — A.H.S.'s service to the consumer and its relationship to the hospital.

OF THE 3,150,000 individual and family contracts outstanding in the New York area, all but 50,000 provide the so-called standard twenty-one day coverage. This pays for nearly all hospital costs for twenty-one days in a semi-private room of an affiliated hospital, and half the costs for the next 180 days.

Unlike some subscribers to commercial insurance, A.H.S. subscribers keep their contracts no matter how often they may enter claims. Individuals as well as groups are encouraged to join, and those who leave a group for any reason may convert to individual coverage.

All of this is fine — but

¶Infants up to ninety days old are not covered at all — while infant mortality is rising in New York City.

¶Only $80 is allowed for maternity

cases — about half the average cost in routine deliveries.

¶Children up to sixteen are not covered for any communicable disease except polio.

¶The only hospitalization provided for in connection with mental illness is when shock treatment or surgery, such as frontal lobotomy, is involved. (Yet half the hospital beds in the country are in mental institutions.)

¶An anesthetist's fee, which may run from $20 to $150, is paid only if the anesthetist is an employee of the hospital. This forces many patients with limited means to go into wards as charity patients.

¶Preventive medicine appears to be the current frontier of medical science, but A.H.S.'s standard contract does not provide for diagnostic admissions.

¶It has been proved, as we shall see later, that out-patient care and visiting nurse service can reduce long hospital stays. Yet now, a year after the New York State Legislature authorized A.H.S. payments for home care, there is still no provision for them.

MR. DRESCHER acknowledged that there might be some need for change. "This is an evolving program," he told me. "I think benefits should be expanded in keeping with the needs of the times." He did not want to discuss specific reforms because "a new program is being considered." But he pointed to contract improvements that have been made from time to time as evidence of A.H.S.'s sensitivity to public need. In 1950, for instance, fifteen years after A.H.S. was organized, polio victims, regardless of age, were covered for the first time. Since then, there has been no major change.

To demands for a better contract, the routine answer is that it would "cost too much." The public is not ready to pay for improvements, say the custodians of a movement that once breathed the pioneer spirit. On the other hand, they aren't hesitant to go to the public to ask for higher premiums in exchange for no improvements. In New York, there is no doubt that another premium increase will be asked for — and granted — this year; the only question is whether this time the public will get something more for the additional money.

How valid is the contention that the public is unwilling to pay for better coverage? The Cleveland Blue Cross Plan, probably the most progressive in the country, gives full payment for 120 days and imposes few of the exclusions found in the New York contract. Cleveland charges double the New York premium of $2.61 a month for one person in group enrollment. In the other classifications, the Cleveland charge is nearly twice that of New York. Yet the Cleveland plan has signed up more than 80 per cent of the population in its area, while A.H.S. has enrolled less than 65 per cent of its potential market.

Let us examine more closely some of the exclusions in New York, many of which are also found in other plans. Dr. Harold Jacobziner, director of the Child Health Bureau of the city's Department of Health, emphasized that 82 per cent of infant deaths — deaths before the first birthday — occurred by the end of the third month. In 1955, he said, there were 25.8 such deaths per 1,000 live births in New York. This figure was up to 26.4 by 1958, and the forecast for 1959 indicates a further rise to 26.8. This upward trend is expected to continue as long as the Negro and Puerto Rican population in the city is expanding. At a State Insurance Department hearing on Blue Cross last spring, Dr. Jacobziner said:

> It is strongly believed that by including [in Blue Cross contracts] maternity benefits and care for new-born infants from day of birth, mortality and morbidity of mothers and new-born infants would be greatly reduced.

And how much would be necessary to pay for the coverage of infants? The present family contract, under group enrollment, which now costs $6.60 a month, would have to go up 21c, according to an authoritative estimate made on the basis of 1959 costs.

Probably the most serious gap in the New York contract is the limit of twenty-one days' full payment for a semi-private room. This has been the standard since the New York plan was organized. The A.H.S. correctly states that under it four out of five non-maternity patients have their bills paid in full. But pity that fifth patient! In New York in 1958, 7 per cent of Blue Cross subscribers — some 40,500 of them — stayed in hospital more than twenty-one days, and had hospital bills ranging from a few dollars into the thousands.

THE picture is clearer on the national level because of the availability of certain statistics. According to a recent study, only 5 per cent of the 23,000,000 hospital patients a year stay in general, short-term institutions for more than twenty-one days. But this 5 per cent incurs 21 per cent of all hospital charges.

Ideally, there should be no time limit to hospital coverage. The maximum now offered by any plan is 120 days. Such coverage reduces to 1 per cent the proportion of patients with insurance who would still have to pay for care. An independent study made last year indicates that in New York it would cost 26c a month extra for individuals to be covered for 120 days and 33c more for families. The same research team calculated that 120-day hospital coverage could be extended to include mental patients in general hospitals, and nearly all other exclusions in the New York plan could be eliminated, for a total monthly increase of $2.40 for families. (Administrative costs were not included in the estimates.)

A word more should be said on mental illness. A majority of mental cases go to public institutions, traditionally crowded and understaffed. How many mental patients of moderate means would be spared long, unpleasant stays in public institutions if they could obtain better care elsewhere has never, to my knowledge, been estimated. I suggest this is a field worthy of intensive professional study.

To carry the question of coverage one step further, it is not inconceivable that even the restriction of 120 days could be lifted. One official of the Blue Cross Association told me that in areas where the comprehensive, 120-day program is already the standard, it would take less than 10 per cent more in premiums to remove the limit. In short, the patient would be assured of all the care required by his condition, at absolutely no cost beyond the prepaid premium.

WHILE A.H.S. has maintained serious gaps in its coverage, it has developed an efficent regulatory system. The contractual restrictions and their rigorous enforcement have given A.H.S. one of the lowest utilization rates in the country. But it also has one of the highest ratios of administrative cost to premium income. It takes money to insure that physicians and patients are not conspiring to cheat (which they do to a degree anyway).

In 1958, 9.5 per cent of subscriber premiums went for administration. Mr. Drescher said this percentage dropped to 7.5 per cent last year and will drop to about 6.5 per cent in 1960. He was quick to point out, however, that the reduction is not due to any economy in operations. On the contrary, administrative cost in 1959 stayed at $12,000,000, Mr. Drescher said, and is likely to remain at that level this year. The proportion of administrative cost is going down only because premiums have been raised. In 1959, A.H.S. collected about $160,000,000 in premiums and paid out $157,000,000 in claims.

Two years ago, A.H.S. hired a management consultant firm to point the way to internal economy. Its report contained certain technical proposals which have now been put into effect, Mr. Drescher said.

As a rule, this type of investigation does not get to the core of an operation's problem because the core usually consists of the persons who hired the efficiency experts. This survey was no exception. Most of the report, a copy of which was made available to me, was concerned with pennies where dollars and principles were and are involved. The document did explain, with charts, why a premium increase was necessary — one thing A.H.S. executives wanted to hear. Even so, the precision-minded experts, in their report, could not completely overlook A.H.S.'s inconsistencies:

> The program administered by A.H.S. is relatively complex in comparison with those of other major Blue Cross organizations over the country. The large number of restrictions, exceptions and limitations applying to A.H.S. contracts is necessarily reflected in relatively higher administrative costs compared with those Blue Cross programs where coverage is more general and less circumscribed.

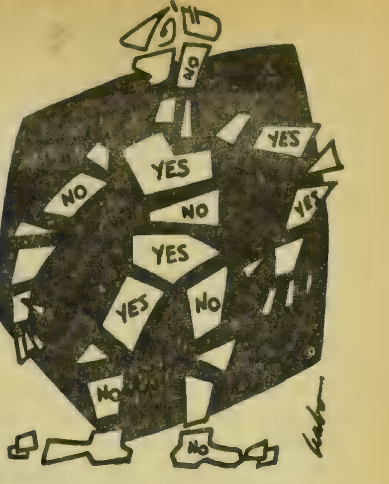
And the cost-conscious business advisers found it necessary to give the officers of a non-profit community service group the following reminder:

> Regardless of whether or not a role of broadened responsibility was sought for A.H.S., or even envisaged by its founders, it is a fact that the very success of the national Blue Cross program has had the practical effect of thrusting an expanded role upon all Blue Cross plans, including the largest plan, Associated Hospital Service of New York. A.H.S., if it is to remain a solvent and effective enterprise without the introduction of further outside controls, cannot avoid the responsibility imposed upon it by changing conditions.

This report was given to A.H.S. on Dec. 6, 1958. Since then, administrative costs in dollars have not gone down, although Mr. Drescher says all the efficiency recommendations either have been, or are being, implemented. The exclusions and restrictions still exist and there has been no evidence that A.H.S. has suddenly found its social consciousness.

On the subject of contract enforcement, Mr. Drescher said, "We don't believe that we are policing to the extreme. As a matter of fact, I don't like the word 'policing.' We are not policemen."

Now a new and broader study has been made by a research team under Dr. Ray E. Trussel of Columbia University, paid for in part by the eight Blue Cross plans in New York State. It will consider Blue Cross's entire role in the community. While the final version has not yet been released, one may safely assume that it will recommend broad expansion of coverage and seek to justify further rate increases. And undoubtedly there will be proposals to improve Blue Cross's relations both with subscribers and with the hospitals.



IT IS noteworthy that Blue Cross received hospital support from its beginnings. For Blue Cross not only promised protection to the individual, but it also held out to hospitals the hope of sound financing. Even today, in prosperous times, hospitals fail to collect a significant part of their billings not covered by insurance.

For indigent patients, hospitals in New York City receive inadequate reimbursements. Government grants and philanthropy do not cover all the teaching and research that the larger voluntary hospitals consider necessary for the advancement of medical science.

These problems — just a few of the many faced by hospitals — are, or ought to be, the concern of all of us. The community at large pays for hospital deficits either through higher bills, increased insurance premiums, philanthropy, governmental subsidy or, if all of these fail, by accepting inferior medical care.

New equipment, drugs and medical techniques are increasingly expensive. In 1958, New York City's voluntary hospitals—the sixty-seven major, private, non-profit institutions — had a total deficit of $36,000,000, excluding plant depreciation. Between 1938 and 1958, the average cost of providing a day's care in these short-term, general institutions rose from $6.45 to $27.60, an increase of 328 per cent.

In most parts of the country, Blue Cross supplies a substantial part of member hospitals' patient income. Most voluntary and proprietary (profit-making) hospitals in New York derive at least 50 per cent of their operating income from A.H.S. The question immediately comes to mind: does A.H.S. use its tremendous potential influence over hospitals for good or ill? From the community's point of view, it appears that the influence has been increasingly negative.

One reason for this harsh judgment is A.H.S.'s uniquely complex and illogical reimbursement system, which has the effect of rewarding mediocre hospitals and penalizing the great institutions that provide the best care and contribute most to research and medical education.

Until September, 1948, A.H.S. had paid hospitals at a uniform rate. But the vast differences among institutions had made this so grossly unfair that a new formula was devised: each hospital's charges for the first part of 1948 were averaged and these became the base rate for reimbursement. Adjustments were then made quarterly, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics' indices of labor and food costs. These are now weighted 90 to 10 in favor of the labor costs.

THE faults of this system — which is basically the one now in use — soon became apparent. Hospitals which charged too much in 1948 today receive more than they deserve. Others, especially those that have been subsidizing semi-private care with endowment income, are put at a disadvantage. Also, the labor and food indices do not keep pace with rising hospital costs. The result is a constant agitation on the part of hospitals for individual rate adjustments. Because there is no uniformly accepted method of computing hospital costs in New York, and because negotiations are carried on by a handful of persons, there has been considerable room for politicking.

A.H.S., which was generally cooperative in supplying information to me for this survey, refused to disclose the reimbursement rates of individual hospitals. No explanation of why the figures are confidential was given me. None was necessary. A.H.S. does not want to get the victimized hospitals even angrier than they are already by letting them see comparisons. That the public is entitled to know just how its money is being distributed does not seem to enter into A.H.S.'s thinking.

A member of the Blue Cross Committee of the Greater New York Hospital Association confessed to me that even his committee, supposedly expert in A.H.S.-hospital relations, has been unable to learn the figures. The feeling is that more hospitals are being underpaid than overpaid. The committee estimates that reimbursement in 1958 and 1959 was $13,000,000 behind costs for Blue Cross patients.

Until recently, adjustments outside of the formula could be made only if a hospital's costs rose as a result of new services or facilities. But with no uniform standard of comparison, cheating has been easy. The director of one small hospital bragged to me that he came out "a dollar or two ahead" on every patient-day charged to A.H.S. Once assured of anonymity, he said: "Any experienced administrator who is friendly with the Blue Cross people and knows how to keep books can make money for his hospital from Blue Cross."

The public will soon be able to find out which hospitals have been making money on A.H.S. and which have been losing. The State Superintendent of Insurance has given permission for a retroactive adjustment for the year 1958. A hospital can get up to 8.42 per cent more than its 1958 reimbursement if it applies and can prove it lost money on A.H.S. patients. It will be interesting to see which hospitals do not apply.

Other A.H.S. practices in relation to hospitals can be considered almost anti-social. The organization makes no distinction between accredited hospitals and those not approved by the Joint Commission on Accreditation. Proprietary hospitals actually get a 5 per cent bonus to help provide a profit for the owners. In New York State at the beginning of 1959, there were fifty-eight proprietary hospitals affiliated with Blue Cross, of which only fifteen were accredited. (On the other hand, large majorities of the governmental, religious and secular voluntary hospitals are accredited.) It is true that some proprietary institutions offer excellent care. But the majority do not, and yet they get 5 per cent more than non-profit hospitals do. This is a clear case of subsidization of mediocrity.

BLUE CROSS generally could exercise a beneficial influence on hospitals simply by forcing them to raise standards where necessary. City and state regulation of hospitals is minimal. Why should not A.H.S., as the only body directly representing a large segment of the New York hospital-using public use its power to improve hospitals? Or, at the very least, would it not be reasonable to hope the A.H.S. would not reward second-rate institutions with higher payments?

When questioned on this subject, Mr. Drescher said: "It would be completely unrealistic for a paying agency like Blue Cross to operate hospitals. For us to influence standards of efficiency would be tantamount to hospital operation."

It is not at all clear why Blue Cross must be merely a "paying agency." Agreed, its primary function is hospital insurance; yet there is nothing to prevent it from meeting more than one public health need. And Blue Cross could perform a valuable service in seeking to increase hospital efficiency. Every discussion of public health involves rising hospital costs. Some of the factors in this rise, such as the price of labor, are beyond Blue Cross's influence. (It is interesting to note that in 1940, wages and salaries amounted to 57 per cent of the operating expenses of New York City's voluntary hospitals. In 1958, the proportion rose to 66 per cent. Wages and salaries rose 12.6 per cent during 1959, largely as a result of a strike last spring by non-professional employees at seven hospitals. The upshot of it all is that hospital labor is still underpaid and will soon be demanding more than the $1 an hour minimum now prevalent.) But other factors are distinctly open to influence.

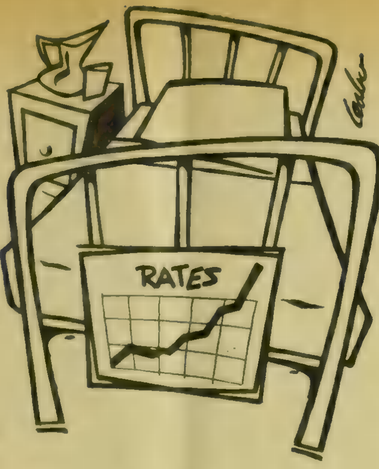
As a result of technical progress, the average hospital stay is becoming shorter. However, largely because of hospital insurance, admissions are growing in frequency. The Health Information Foundation reports that, between 1928 and 1943, admissions nationally averaged 56.7 per 1,000; in a re-survey taken in 1957-58, the figure had grown to 99.4 — an increase of 75 per cent.

The complicated and expensive capital equipment and new procedures of the modern hospital — things like radioisotope laboratories and open-heart surgery — make the difference between life and death in a growing number of cases. But there is no agency in New York to regulate the installation and use of these innovations. Therefore, as is widely acknowledged in hospital circles, wasteful duplication exists.

Because all boards of trustees and medical staffs want to see their hospitals as modern as possible, the general level of care is improved. Because all boards and staffs crave every new mechanism invented, even though the hospital down the street might already have met the community's need for that particular device, the cost of that care goes up unnecessarily. There is no measure of this waste. Indeed, there is a general shortage of reliable, up-to-date information on hospitals.

A.H.S. could play an important part in ending this type of waste. What is needed is some sort of community agency to control both hospital construction and expansion. Blue Cross should support the establishment of such an authority and co-operate closely with it. Should a hospital refuse to abide by the agency's decisions, A.H.S. could refuse to increase its reimbursement rate or, in the extreme, cancel its Blue Cross affiliation.

We do have in New York a master plan for hospital construction. Before a hospital moves to a new location or builds a new wing, it is supposed to clear the change with the Hospital Council. But the council's authority in such matters seems to be deteriorating. There are a number of agencies, each with too little jurisdiction, operating in this area. Something new is needed, and because so much public money is being paid out by A.H.S., the organization should not hesitate to take the initiative.



A.H.S.'S POTENTIAL in the field of hospital utilization is more direct. Superficially, it would seem that simply shortening the hospital stay would be beneficial all around. This is not the case. Let us assume a hospital is charging $30 a day. A patient is staying ten days—a $300 bill for Blue Cross. But the hospital's expenses are not uniform during the ten days. For the first few days, care is intensive and costs are high. The hospital makes it up on the convalescence.

What is needed is not just a paring of hospital stays, but a substantial slicing down. The ultimate goal must be reduction of the number of beds in proportion to population.

A study of one institution showed that a hospital bed with a patient in it cost $8,500 a year to maintain. An empty bed in a occupied area —one staffed by nurses, porters, etc.—cost $6,500 and produces no revenue. The result is Blue Cross, as well as other income sources, must make up the deficit.

Complicating the situation is the attitude of some physicans and patients. Despite A.H.S.'s stringency, cheating does go on. The contract clause most frequently abused is the prohibition on payment for diagnostic admissions. From both the patient's and the doctor's point of view, it is often cheaper and more convenient to stretch the truth.

Thus the present system encourages both admissions and long stays. If a person could get diagnostic coverage on an out-patient basis, frequently he could avoid complete hospitalization.

The lack of provision for visiting nurse service also encourages longer stays. Basil MacLean put it this way: "To keep medical costs within reason, we must keep the patient vertical whenever possible. Once we put him between sheets, the bill begins to get out of hand."

Between 1955 and 1957, A.H.S. participated in a study involving 500 patients' experiences with early discharge followed up by visiting nurse service. The published conclusions said, in part:

> As estimated by the physicians who discharged the 500 patients, hospital stays were shortened by a total of 7,948 days through use of visiting nurse service. . . . This means that 700 patients could have been hospitalized for an average stay of eleven days in beds not needed by the 500 discharged patients. . . . [This kind of service] would result in better use of the dollars already allocated to health care by Blue Cross subscribers.

A survey performed last year brought out another interesting point. Groups of 100 persons covered by Blue Cross and its weak companion medical program, Blue Shield, experienced 68.8 patient-days in hospital a year. Similar groups covered by Blue Cross and HIP (Health Insurance Plan of New York) averaged 58.8 patient-days. This would indicate that the HIP approach, based on group medical practice that provides maximum service while the patient is ambulatory, is more efficient than Blue Shield. The latter is an indemnity-oriented program; its emphasis is on individual medical practice and in-hospital service.

SOME EXPERTS, like Dr. MacLean, Dr. Cherkasky and Dr. Henry Pratt, director of New York Hospital, would like to see the hospital become the center of all medical care. This has been done in certain institutions, such as the Ford Hospital in Detroit. In this system, all services are conveniently available to the public on an out-patient basis. Only the most serious cases require actual hospitalization. This millenarian setup is not within easy reach. Said Dr. Pratt: "The acceptance of this type of medical practice, which I think would provide the highest quality care at the lowest cost, is retarded by the attitudes of certain segments of the organized profession. These partisans of the old way allege unethical conduct when in reality the problem is one of economics."

Dr. MacLean would cover the cost of this all-around care with a single contract. It would be very easy to read, since it would have no exclusions or restrictions. Not even the mildly visionary Dr. MacLean thinks this system is close at hand. But his dream is the ideal climax for the Blue Cross story.

Nationally, there is a movement to merge the two main co-ordinating groups—the Blue Cross Commission and the Blue Cross Association. It would not be surprising if this were accomplished soon. As things stand now, the two units overlap. It has been suggested that such a consolidation would result in more nationwide leadership. One Blue Cross leader has proposed that the combined organization seek a Congressional charter like Red Cross's.

Unquestionably, the paramount need of Blue Cross, both nationally and locally, is for strong, dedicated leadership. The situation in New York, where A.H.S. has been without a president since July, is the most glaring example of this lack. The leadership must be bold, willing to experiment. It was this kind of courage that originally made Blue Cross the greatest private health-insurance instrument in the world. With this quality regained, Blue Cross could be worthy of its own beginnings.

Basketball: The Fix Is Still On . .

by Willard Manus

> "Two Pitt Basketball Players Say Dentist Attempted to Bribe Them."
>
> "Tampering Reported by St. John's — Coach Says Redman Star Got Offer to Switch Schools."
>
> —*New York Times*, Dec. 22, 1959.

THE FIXED FIFTIES have come full circle. This flabby decade has ended where it began: with a basketball scandal. True, its proportions have shrunken, its reverberations are fewer; today only one fixer will go to jail, while in 1950 seven colleges, thirty-two players and a good dozen fixers provided the headlines; but the current scandal stands as an almost too-pat symbol of the moral journey to nowhere that college basketball is making.

What corrupted the game yesterday has corrupted it today and will corrupt it tomorrow. Nothing has been learned in the last ten years, nothing has been changed. Despite the crew-cuts and pink cheeks, college basketball is, as it was ten years ago, a maggoty mess of moral hypocrisy, out-and-out dishonesty, side-of-the-mouth connivery. The game still meets sports writer Jimmy Cannon's old description of it: "The slot machine of sports."

The two headlines quoted above are the key to the whole story. Where there is recruiting and tampering there will, inevitably, be fixing. They are but different forms of bribery.

"Recruiting. That's the start of it. How they went out and got us to play," said Ralph Beard, ex-Kentucky and professional star, when he was arrested on fix charges in 1951. "It got so big. Too big."

Make no mistake about it, college basketball is big business. More than 15 million people paid to see college games last year; television carries the games into three times that many homes throughout the season; there are dozens of locally promoted tournaments which cut the top teams in for a fat slice of the gate receipts; lucrative coast-to-coast tours are arranged for those same top teams. To stay where the money and the prestige are, these teams must win. Not every three years — the peak of a team's natural performance cycle — but every year, one after the other. The major colleges that win consistently — Kentucky, Bradley, North Carolina, etc. — are basketball factories; they recruit the best players on the market. Round and round it goes: they recruit their players to build winning teams, to attract crowds, to get gate receipts in order to recruit more players to win more games to recruit more players.

The players are recruited in any number of ways — through tuition scholarships, lavish room-and-board allowances, summer sinecures, a new job for daddy, under-the-table cash handouts. Most are in flagrant violation of every standard of amateur sport that currently exists. The NCAA and the various other college athletic councils have at one time or another passed Sanity Codes that call for severe penalties for such things as "subsidization eligibility infractions," but, as the euphemism indicates, the issue is never met head-on, the codes are eventually emasculated, and the game continues on its dollar-merry whirl.

ALL THIS has been said before, even as far back as twenty years ago by the Carnegie Foundation. But criticism of this kind runs full-smack into the roadblock of the American success ethic, behind which most of the men who control college basketball hide. "We do not wish merely to *participate* in sports. We wish to be *successful* in sports!" So proclaimed Adolph Rupp, for thirty years the basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, in an article last year in *Sports Illustrated*.

WILLARD MANUS is the author of The Fixers, *a novel based on the basketball scandals of 1951.*

(His emphasis.) To be sure, Rupp's teams have always won for him and he has had the kind of success which has enabled Kentucky to build a four-million-dollar memorial coliseum seating nearly 15,000 people, but the most telling thing about his article is that it never once touched on the six Kentucky players who were indicted in 1951 for fixing games. Obviously Rupp sees no connection between the conquistador philosophy of the game and the corruption of its athletes.

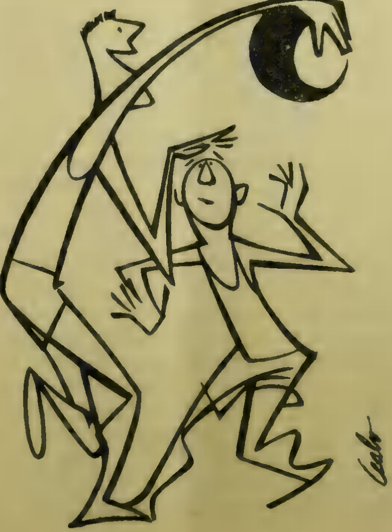
This connection has already been analyzed by Judge Saul S. Streit, who tried fourteen of the thirty-two indicted players back in November of 1951. Streit showed that by bribing players in the first instance to choose one college over another, the player's "ethical standards are destroyed and his moral armor pierced at the very act of entering college. The player begins to compare the adequacy of his compensation with the financial returns to the institution. The self-justification which so often is a prelude to crime is thus created."

BUT AS STREIT himself admitted, he only scratched the surface of the corruption: "Four-fifths of it is as yet beneath the level of legal proof and indictment." This is corruption which ranges from the coaches and athletic directors collecting payola from promoters to the whole complex and fantastic gambling apparatus surrounding the game. Bookmakers handle an estimated $15 million a day in basketball wagers. This illegal operation involves the phone companies, Western Union, politicians, police chiefs and gangsters, as the Kefauver committee investigating the transmission of gambling information proved several years ago. Basketball odds are determined by the various clearing houses around the country, where professional handicappers study inside information on the games supplied by local sports writers, students, tipsters and, it is rumored, by players, trainers and coaches. The bookmaking syndicates then begin taking bets at these opening odds, which have declared one team a favorite by a specified number of points. It is this difference in points — called the point spread — which makes basketball more vulnerable to the fix than any other team sport.

To be specific: say Team A goes into a game the gambling favorite by seven points over Team B. The fixed players on Team A can still lead their team to a win, but if the winning margin is under seven points, all those betting on Team B would collect.

As one of the bribed players said in 1951: "A small group of players can control the points without the slightest danger of being detected by their coach or even by their own teammates. A real smart operator can win the game for his team, grab off the headlines as the star of the game, and still make the score come out the way the gamblers want it. He can, for example, play hard on offense, score a pile of points, but make up for it by committing simple mistakes on defense."

It is not the bookmakers, however, who look to fix games; it is the bettors. Some of these men are professional gamblers. Some — like Irving Schwartzberg, the mastermind of the Manhattan College scandal— are professional fixers. Others are in or around the rackets. Others are just plain dentists — with larceny in their blood. Together they infest the arenas and field houses where big-time basketball is played today, sitting courtside with the rest of the gambling crowd, openly making bets on the game.



Given this pool-hall atmosphere of doubt and cynicism in which they must perform, and given the corrupt internal structure of the college game itself, is it any wonder that the players sometimes go for the dump? Remember, these are but tall children in a commercial world which does not know the meaning of integrity. Above all else, college has taught them how to steal and get away with it. And so what has made them special may very well destroy them.

PEOPLE "in the know" are talking fix these days, just as they did in the days before the '51 scandal broke. There are rumors about the pro game, too. Professional basketball was fathered by the '51 scandals and by televsion. With college ball temporarily staggered then by the fix revelations, the promoters — the same gents who had wrung millions out of a so-called "amateur" sport — decided it was time to elevate the play-for-pay boys into major status. They did it by pandering to the lowest tastes of the new fans of the TV age — armchair addicts who crave high scores, sensational shooting matches, speeded-up action. Out the window went all the old subtleties and niceties of the game: intricate zone defenses, possession play, clever passing and strategy. The pro game became all offense and no defense. To these eyes, watching it is about as exciting as watching a pinball game for two hours.

Whether or not the pro game is fixed is something else. At any rate, the pro league has the police apparatus to investigate itself. What is of more urgent concern is the college game: fixed or not, it is in a mess, it is dishonest from top to bottom. It is futile to call on those within the sport to clean house; they didn't do it ten years ago, so why should they suddenly do it today? The only thing that can save the game — particularly its kids — from another shabby fix scandal is some kind of outside investigation. Congress has found it necessary to haul all the other pro sports before its committees; why have they excepted college basketball?

BOOKS and the ARTS

Dürrenmatt: the Comedy of Despair

H. M. Waidson

THIS SWISS author, born near Berne in 1921, has established for himself a reputation, since the death of Brecht, as the most important dramatist now writing in German. American and British audiences were not, apparently, particularly enthusiastic in their first reactions to *The Visit* (*Der Besuch der alten Dame*, 1956), his most recent full-length play and the one chosen to introduce him in English. It is one of the grimmest of his plays, and the sharp wit of the dialogue, together with the calculated buffoonery of a number of the minor characters, only serves to emphasize the fundamental harshness of its attitude.

The old lady is a multi-millionairess, controller of Armenian oil and other international business trusts, who returns to visit the seedy, impoverished little town from which she was forced to flee forty years earlier. "Claire Zachanassian does not stand for justice or the Marshall Plan or even the "Apocalypse," Friedrich Dürrenmatt writes in an epilogue, "let her be just what she is, the richest woman in the world, enabled by her wealth to act like a heroine of Greek tragedy, uncompromisingly, terrifyingly, like Medea for instance." The purpose of her visit is to be avenged on the man who once loved her and deceived her. He is a respected citizen, lord-mayor elect, confident that the town will support him and reject the old lady's offer of a billion marks for his dead body. But he is mistaken in his belief that moral decency will triumph over cupidity. The town gradually rationalizes its own greed and condemns him to death, in the midst of the television cameras which have come to celebrate the millionairess' latest marriage. "The temptation is too great, the poverty too bitter." The minor figures in the play are grotesques, the old lady's character is fixed and unbending, so that our sympathies have to be concentrated entirely on the ex-lover, whose past and present behavior arouses little confidence. A play whose two principal characters are over sixty is evidently not aiming at an easy mass appeal; wit and clever stage effects are incidental in a relentless satire of what the author conceives as man's willingness to betray anybody or any principle for the sake of money. Dürrenmatt is a moralist and a preacher, though some may think that *The Visit* is more like a horror comic than a "tragi-comedy."

His first play, *It Is Written* (*Es steht geschrieben*, 1947), is set in sixteenth-century Münster and shows an Anabaptist community which aims, by a fundamentalist adherence to the letter of the Bible, to realize the kingdom of God on earth. But once in power, the leaders of the new movement are found to be as prone to the corrupting influence of power as were their predecessors. The destructive criticism of the Anabaptists' ideals recalls the manner of Sartre. Dürrenmatt claims in this play to be seeking truth beyond disillusionment: "I write knowing about the absurdity of this world, but not despairing, for, even though we don't stand much chance of saving it — unless God is merciful to us — at least we may still be able to survive it."

THESE two plays, both with desperate and deadly endings, might usually be called tragedies, but Dürrenmatt is reluctant to admit the applicability of the term to modern drama. In his essay *Problems of the Theatre* (1955) he maintains that historical tragedy, that is, drama concerning the conflicts of political rulers, is impossible today because political power itself, in the hands of men like Hitler and Stalin, has become so gigantic and uncontrollable that it ceases to offer the possibility of effective drama; in contemporary political life everything is so large-scale and impersonal that no one can "help it" or be made responsible. "Our world has led just as much to the grotesque as to the atom-bomb." And so he advocates comedy as a genre which has more chance of successful realization today because it is concrete and finds its basis in society. Comedy may be an expression of despair, but if the dramatists can ridicule the tyrants of today, that may well be a more effective gesture than tragic pathos.

Indeed Dürrenmatt's three most attractive stage plays are comedies. *Romulus the Great* (*Romulus der Grosse*, 1949) is light comedy, with an unexpected, but all the more welcome, happy ending; it is the most suitable of his plays to take one's young daughters to. Romulus, a late-Roman emperor, devotes his attentions to poultry rearing, and his headquarters, somewhere in north Italy, are virtually a farm. Barbarians from the Germanic North, hated and feared by all true Romans, are advancing with disastrous inexorability. The queen and the whole entourage make a panic-stricken last-minute flight, but Romulus stays behind to look after his chickens, the only person who is serene and unafraid, irritating the conventional terrors of the others with his absurd irrelevancies and witticisms. The invaders duly arrive, but their leader Theodoric is a mild, middle-aged gentleman with tastes similar to Romulus, who can now abdicate, relieved that he is no longer expected to behave like a tragic hero.

Nearly all Dürrenmatt's plays are concerned with the breaking up of a conventional world by the irruption of radical forces of change. *An Angel Comes to Babylon* (*Ein Engel kommt nach Babylon*, 1954) relates the indifferent intervention of an angel in the affairs of Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon; the setting is that of a rococo fairy tale, and Dürrenmatt's neatly parodistic approach to the past enables him here to depict ancient Babylon in the spirit of one of Voltaire's satires. As always, his first interest is the drama of ideas; if his characters are concerned with problems of faith and philosophy, he says in *Problems of the Theatre,* it is because intelligent human beings are concerned with such problems, and he would find it boring to portray "nothing but blockheads." In *Romulus the Great* and *An Angel Comes to Babylon* Dürrenmatt is closest in mood to Bernard Shaw. In the latter, the Lord has given one of his angels the task of establishing upon earth imaginative beauty, in the shape of a young woman who inflames men with wild yearning. The angel is perfunctory in the performance of this duty, sublimely ignorant of the human race and obstinately confident that there is no such thing as unhappiness. Man's problems are of little importance within the framework of the universe as a whole, he implies: "After all, I've got a job to do. . . . I'm not an anthropologist, I'm a physicist. Suns are my specialty."

Ideas, comedy of situation, the dry

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treatment of drastic happenings, the quick, neat exploitation of theatrical devices which owe something to Bertolt Brecht and to Thornton Wilder, make *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi* (*Die Ehe des Herrn Mississippi*, 1952) one of Dürrenmatt's most characteristic and successful plays. If the action of *The Visit* is too straightforward in its rigid progress to doom, *Mississippi* is quicksilver surrealism, full of unexpected twists and complexities. The stage finishes by being littered with corpses, but the atmosphere of comedy is retained. The central character is a public prosecutor whose duty it is to bring criminals to book in the name of the state, a duty which is also a pleasure, for his private hobby is to collect death sentences as some collect postage stamps. Mississippi is motivated by a stern faith based, like that of the Anabaptists in *It Is Written*, on Old Testament fundamentalism; the ancient Greek idea of fate is replaced by Calvinist predestination as a metaphysical basis for dramatic inevitability. Mississippi extracts from the beautiful Anastasia the admission that she has killed her husband; but instead of arresting her, he proposes to her. He wants to marry her, not from love, but from "absolute justice," for he too has poisoned his own wife: "I have condemned myself to marrying you." If Mississippi represents faith, two other characters represent hope and charity. Saint-Claude, the man of hope, leads a Communist revolt, and shares with Mississippi a delight in "the law" and in executions. But his revolt is easily put down, and indeed its taking place at all has only given the ruler of the state a plausible excuse for asking the United States for more "aid." Charity is personified in the figure of Bodo von Ubelohe, a doctor from Lausanne and another victim of the *femme fatale* Anastasia. In chagrin at her marrying Mississippi and in remorse at having provided her with the poison for getting rid of her first husband, he goes off to the East Indies as a relief worker. The end of the play shows the extinction of Calvinist faith, Communist hope and of sheer sex; but charity is still left, and Bodo has the last word when he pleads for the maintenance of humanitarian ideals, even if they may be quixotic and weak in the face of fanatical tyranny or materialistic complacency.

WITH his preoccupation with themes of justice and death by execution, it is not surprising that Dürrenmatt should have turned to the detective story. Tales such as *Suspicion* (*Der Verdacht*, 1953) and *The Judge and his Hangman* (*Der Richter und sein Henker*, 1954) are simpler than the plays, for the author keeps to the conventional rules and sees to it that the right man—the criminal—is suitably disposed of at the end. The most recent detective novel *The Pledge* (*Das Versprechen*, 1958) concerns a detective's dilemma in face of the implications of a sex murder he has to investigate. The background of contemporary Switzerland is more realistic in these novels than in the plays, and the style less complex.

Dürrenmatt's inventive and unconventional mind seeks to bring new life to the theatre and to treat it as an institution worthy of intellectual respect. There is no room for realism on the modern stage, he says, for the film, "the democratic form of the court-theatre," can give the illusion of reality much more effectively. And so the modern stage will hint at place and time, but not depict them with anything approaching verisimilitude. The theatre must be experimental, and not rest content with the occasional revival of old masters; it is not enough for the theatre to become a museum. Dürrenmatt is effectively at work to prevent that from happening.

(Dürrenmatt's works are published in German by the Arche Verlag, Zürich. English translations of some of the novels have appeared, but not of the plays. H. F. Garten's stimulating survey of *Modern German Drama* (Methuen, London, 1959) includes a discussion of Dürrenmatt.)

The Real Right Ovid

OVID: THE METAMORPHOSES. Translated by Horace Gregory. Viking Press. 461 pp. $7.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

IN TRANSLATING *The Metamorphoses*, Gregory has caught Ovid's crystal sophistication. More, he has caught Ovid's mingled delight, terror and awe before the mystery of transformation — ultimately the mystery within the process whereby myth and art come to birth. For us today, Ovid's recapitulation of tale after tale from the sacred lore of Mediterranean and Near Eastern civilization illuminates not only the sensibility of his time but our own deepest-rooted interests. Yet except at rare moments, he does not theorize. The metamorphoses of which he writes are presented as literal experiences, "simple" and thrilling. So, in the Gregory translation, he describes the change of Daphne as she fled, "a naked wraith in wilderness," from Apollo's ardor:

> . . . and as she spoke
> A soaring drowsiness possessed her; growing
> In earth she stood, white thighs embraced by climbing
> Bark, her white arms branches, her fair head swaying
> In a cloud of leaves; all that was Daphne bowed
> In the stirring of the wind, the glittering green
> Leaf twined within her hair and she was laurel.

The elastic but masterful lines accommodate themselves unerringly, in both original and translation, to what they embody. "A soaring drowsiness," and the lovely feminine outlines are caressingly absorbed into a tree that retains something of the girl's erotic beauty. Essential to Ovid's style at these heightened moments is his fluid empathy, and that is the translator's greatest challenge. Compare Gregory's version with this passage in Golding's famous sixteenth-century translation and it becomes clear how real a triumph the American poet has won. Golding's phrasing is less vividly alive, and his rhyme and versification (like those of Dryden's incomplete translation in the next century) are too insistent:

> This piteous prayer scarcely said, her sinews waxèd stark,
> And therewithal about her breast did grow a tender bark.
> Her hair was turnèd into leaves, her arms in boughs did grow,
> Her feet that were erewhile so swift, now rooted were as slow.
> Her crown became the top, and thus of that she erst had been
> Remainèd nothing in the world but beauty fresh and green. . . .

What we, the whole modern age, have been after is the experience close up, in detail; but also the experience as revelation, as the language of meaning. Symbolism and imagism, the crowding of the poetic canvas with multiple, concentrated evocations, Yeats's picture of the sudden assault on Leda and her slow surrender, Joyce's cramming of mythical and literary tradition into a subjectively realistic and autobiographical novel are strangely foreshadowed in the Ovidian method. Myths tell us, ordinarily, *what* happened: Medea restored the aged Aeson's youth; Daphne was turned into a tree to escape being ravished by the god; Phaethon lost control of his father's chariot and almost destroyed the earth. Ovid tells us *how* it happened, and how it *felt* while it was happening, and he invests this information, which he himself invents, with a significance that far surpasses the original sacred and ritual meaning attaching to the incident as an unelaborated "fact." Thus he anticipates the modern scrutiny of myth for its psychological and symbolic meaning apart from conventional interpretation. When poor Semele is tricked by jealous Juno (Saturnia) to beg her lover Jove to take her "the way you take Saturnia in your arms" and, full of spiritual agony, he tries in vain "to make his strenuous powers lighter" so that she will not be burned to ashes by his embrace, we are deep in a contemplation of tragic fatality and willfulness and suffering in their own right. Again, the story of Iphis and Ianthe illustrates, as Gregory points out in his introduction, the influence of Egyptian religious cults on Rome. More important, it is an absorbed play of fantasy over the sexual mysteries and the mysteries of the subjective life. It is so absurd and yet so moving—a triumph of will over reality that is gay and witty and still quite serious. The girl Iphis is transformed by Isis into a man so that she may marry Ianthe, and so a bonfire is lighted under pathos and all becomes joy, a glory of felicitous language.

The present translation allows us to discover these intrinsic, and intriguing, aspects of Ovid as no other translation of the whole *Metamorphoses* does. Dryden achieves some infinitely debonair effects—it is the virtue of his defect—that are almost impossible in twentieth-century English. And I do not think anyone can match the tale of Acoetes and Bacchus (Book IX) as Pound handles it in *Canto II* — though his presentation is incomplete and only in part a translation; more a recasting, perhaps. But Gregory remains amazingly true to his original in spirit and tact and virtuosity. He sustains a tone over long pages, and when he rises to brilliant heights it is because he is moving with Ovid. The tremendous intensity of the story of Phaethon, with its "modern" impression of Apollo as an overpermissive father, the sheer desperation of the tale of Philomela with its echoing horror, the pitiable sweetness of Dryope, the pure imagination suffused with sadness of the story of Icarus — each of these unique qualities is conveyed marvelously in its own way. Gregory is not competing with Ovid, not "using" him, but is bringing him into perspective through the right modern idiom and pacing, and at a pitch of rhythmic realization impossible in prose:

> And the unlucky man, no longer
>   father,
> Cried, "Icarus, where are you, Icarus,
> Where are you hiding, Icarus, from
>   me?"
> Then as he called again, his eyes
>   discovered
> The boy's torn wings washed on the
>   climbing waves.

The spirit is modern, but it is Roman too. Ovid is smooth and formal and nevertheless full of excitement, a little like Chaucer at certain moments in his paradoxically noncommittal involvement. It would have been easy for Gregory to forget that fact and force him into cheaper effects—especially through being overly colloquial. He disdained the temptation, and as a result we now have the real right Ovid for this age.

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The Cut-off People

POCHO. By José Antonio Villarreal. Doubleday & Co. 235 pp. $3.95.

John Bright

OF *los pochos* and *pochismo,* their culture, very little of probity has been written. There have been periodic sociological studies and some penetrating journalism. But fiction — good plays, novels and poetry — have been lamentably few, and all created by "outsiders." Even these are uneven in quality, ranging from Guy Nunn's moving *White Shadows* to the sentimentalisms of John Steinbeck, who should know better. Unlike Negroes, Jews, Italians, Irish and other second-class citizens, the million-odd immigrants from Mexico and their second-generation offspring have not yet produced their spokesmen and their bards. Therefore *Pocho,* a first novel by a young California Mexican, is notable not only for its own intrinsic virtues, but as a first voice from a people new in our midst who up to now have been almost silent.

Pocho is told from the viewpoint of Richard Rubio, son of a typical migratory worker, a refugee from the Mexican counterrevolution. The boy is intel-

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JOHN BRIGHT, dramatist and screen writer, has written a play about los pochos, *"City of Angels," which had the honor of being closed by the Los Angeles police.*

lectually questioning rather than blindly rebellious, a striking mutation from the ragged horde of second-generation kids roaming the California agricultural valleys; but this very unusualness becomes the novel's virtue, heightens its sense of reality, and removes it from the picaresque. All the familiar experiences of maladjustment, anguish, poverty and discrimination, anxieties about God and the Church, sex and the family, are here filtered through brown eyes of special sadness.

A classical Spanish dictionary defines "pocho" as "faded away" or "cut off." Folk definition links the term to the fact that Mexican women upon arriving here cut off their hair in the *yanqui* fashion; another attributes the word to the briefer, choppy American way of speech. The etymologies are not unrelated, because one of the most significant single truths about the Mexican-Americans is their feeling of being isolated from a culture which condemns them — most unfairly and myopically, and with a hint of envy—as renegades, and at the same time their failure to achieve integration in this strange land north of the border.

Yet these native-born Mexican-Americans try hard. Try desperately to be more *yanqui* than the *gringos*, chew more gum, play more baseball, drink more Coca-Cola—and ape the worst traits of the Anglos more often than the best. (In the present healthy hullabaloo about integration, it should be pointed out that assimilation need not equate with conformity—that if it does, a dangerous sterility can follow from a democratic trend.)

There are signs that the ghastly Los Angeles "zoot suit riots" in 1943 marked the low in Anglo-*pocho* relations, and that some peaceful fusion of the two peoples is growing in the Southwest out of the tolerance of continued prosperity. Still, the process is slow and spotty, with the city police and rural constabulary braking the motor of history. Acceptance seems to be in ratio to the ability of *los pochos* to attain middle-class status in Anglo rather than their own terms, their becoming "respectable" and un-Mexican, and the taking over of their role as the cheapest of labor by other ethnic groups, as occurred with the Okies and Arkies in the thirties. That prejudice lingers stubbornly is evidenced by the defeat of Henry Lopez for Secretary of State on Pat Brown's landslide ticket last year.

Mr. Villarreal's beautiful novel is a work of self-expression that earns his people a place as Americans on their own terms.

Catching Up with Bellamy

THE YEAR 2000: A Critical Biography of Edward Bellamy. By Sylvia E. Bowman. Bookman Associates. 404 pp. $6.

Irving H. Flamm

IF "best-seller" lists had been in vogue in the decade preceding the turn of the century, no novel of that period would have rated even close to Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, published in 1888. It remained a best-seller for many years and as the debates over the author's utopian vision continued, foreign publishers took hold of it and translations in many languages circulated throughout the world.

The romantic tale by its main character, Julian West, who went into a coma in 1887 from which he was aroused in the year 2000, his description of the before-and-after contrasts in the way of life in his native Boston, had a profound influence on the intellectuals of his day. It sparked the organization of Bellamy clubs and a "Nationalist" movement which attracted many notables, among them William Dean Howells, Henry Demarest Lloyd, Frances Willard, Margaret Fuller and the youthful Clarence Darrow. The populist party gained much of its strength from Bellamy supporters.

In Europe Bellamy is still a potent influence. Touring Holland a few months ago, the writer learned that a Bellamy Society, still functioning in Rotterdam, circulates a fortnightly journal devoted to its Socialist principles. In the Amsterdam public library, the list of publications by and about Bellamy is longer than those found in most American libraries. Among oldsters here the memory of Bellamy is still cherished, but to younger generations he is almost unknown, his ideas lost in the noisy promotions of the free enterprisers. Keeping the spotlight on the convulsions following the revolution that was to produce the first Socialist state, they play up every evil as proof that regimentation, tyranny and dictatorship are inseparable from

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IRVING H. FLAMM, retired from the Chicago bar and now living in California, is the author of An Economic Program for a Living Democracy.

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socialism. This, no doubt, has contributed to the decline of Bellamy's influence and the Socialist movement.

It is, therefore, a fitting tribute to this gentle, compassionate figure that, sixty years after his death, a new biography should appear. Dr. Sylvia Bowman, an assistant professor of English at Indiana University, is a specialist in utopian novels. *The Year 2000* is the first volume of her Bellamy study; the second will deal with Bellamy's influence on Europe. In preparation for her task she studied all of Bellamy's novels, short stories, essays, available letters and manuscripts, interviewed surviving relatives and read all the published items she could find by Bellamy critics. In this book she vividly displays Bellamy as a person and competently sorts out his views and arguments for the industrial democracy he envisioned. His earlier fiction was a "vehicle to reveal his ideas and interests, and to pave the way technically and ideologically for his major works, *Looking Backward* and *Equality*." In the former he was "principally concerned with the presentation of a mirage of the ideal state which would entice the panacea-hungry citizenry to accept the principles of state socialism — peacefully evolved from tendencies toward [industrial] consolidation" and finally culminating in "the universal partnership of the people." *Equality* was written to answer the criticism engendered by the preceding work.

The improved moral tone and the elevated cultural and economic levels of the people in his industrial democracy (his vision of "democratic socialism") Bellamy attributed to the transformation from a competitive jungle to a co-operative society. The economic enterprises were owned and operated for the equal benefit of all the inhabitants, governmental agencies being regarded as democratically controlled instruments, not as mere centers of oppressive power. In Bellamy's industrial army every citizen served a twenty-year hitch, after which he was pensioned at full pay for the rest of his life. Pay was equal for everyone, since Bellamy felt that economic equality is an essential ingredient of political democracy; that each person in such a society would naturally contribute his share of work as a matter of pride and duty. The spirit of patriotism that prevailed in that "industrial army" is what William James must have had in mind in his call for "the moral equivalent of war."

It is difficult to estimate how many were made aware of the social problems of their time by Bellamy. His indirect influence through teachers and writers (John Dewey, Bernard Shaw and Heywood Broun, for example) was, no doubt, a substantial factor in the reform movements of this century. During the depression years, one could see *Looking Backward* in a most conspicuous part of the White House bookcase. To quote Dr. Bowman:

> The novel's influence, however, was to be no less amazing than its popularity, for it was to supply the incentive for the founding of Nationalist clubs and to stimulate the Christian Socialist and the social gospel movements. Eventually *Looking Backward* and the immediate program of the Nationalist clubs were to supply material for the platform of the Peoples' Party. Its influence also contributed to the publication of many newspapers as well as many social-problem and utopian novels. Because of its widespread influence, *Looking Backward* was to play an important role in the formation of American liberal thought.

Dr. Bowman points out that, though both believe in the essence of the Socialist philosophy, there has always been a running antagonism between the Marxists and the Nationalists. Bellamy avoided (as did Henry

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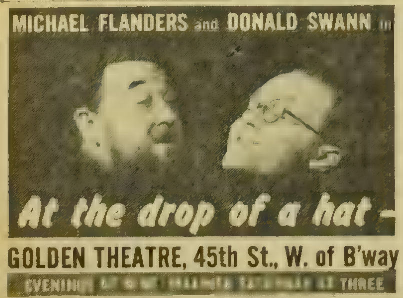
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Cascades and Fountains

Drawn from deep sleep, the dark, dim waters run,
Fountains of living waters night and day
They wash my life away.
Surely they gush from dry rock, the thirsty sun,
Splendid and fertile spraying the dead grass
With light as in a golden fastness.

Slow life, and slower change, muted, immutable,
Running like water quick and shallow, clear:
Dark year on hurrying year—
Beneath the glowing heaven, under the nimble heels
Of rushing worlds you keep
All that the sleepy and resentful dreamscape feels.

Fons rejuventutis,
healing flood—
The pure limbs of beauty enter you,
Energy fresh and brilliant, the reviving blood,
Warm eyes and springing hair
Meet in your flood, dissolve, and are united there.
While the wild waters flood time's crumbling stair.

Toward the Atlantis of the soul you move:
Worlds flung underseas, an abyss closed and sealed,
Sources of life forgotten and revealed.
Foam alleluias rising from above
In watery peals of love
Unlocking passions like a choral flood
That sing within the blood.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

George) the Socialist label as an alien product burdened with notions of revolution and violence; and the Marxists in turn regarded the Bellamy groups as unscientific, sentimental idealists. The injustices and cruelties perpetrated by the Stalin regime and its unconcealed contempt for those Socialist groups who were critical widened this breach. If the Khrushchev regime should now begin moving toward political democracy as well as higher living standards, if it could earn the confidence of the many Socialist and semi-Socialist factions in every country, the world might move ahead much faster toward something resembling Bellamy's new Boston.

ART

Fairfield Porter

HOLDERIN's poem, *Nature and Art*, characterizes the Golden Age as a time when the ruler of heaven and earth "uttered no command, and still not / One of the mortals by name had named him." (Vernon Watkins' translation.) In the Saturnian age the world appeared new: things had no names, there was no past or future, all concepts were unconscious, and all order. The radiance of such an age has been expressed by poets; but has it ever been expressed in painting or sculpture? Perhaps in fifth-century Greek sculpture, and perhaps sometimes by Monet, and oftener by Sisley. But these Impressionist painters expressed it in a generalized way, and only by color. The color of nature is disappearing from painting, even though non-objective painting represents a turn away from conceptualism and toward direct experience. Non-objective painting is more graphic and emotional than open to sensation; and realist painting is less interested in nature than in ideas, as: what is natural, or what should painting be about? An expression of the immediacy of experience—for what else is the namelessness of everything—is proper to poetry and natural to photography. I know no photographs that express this so well as the color prints of my brother, Eliot Porter who, like Audubon, is known for his record of the birds of America.

He has made a series of color photographs illustrating Thoreau on the seasons, which were shown last month at the Baltimore Museum, and are now on exhibition at the Eastman museum in Rochester. They are not like other color photographs. There are no eccentric angles familiar to the movies, snapshots or advertising, and the color is like a revelation. The color of photographs usually looks added: it floats in a film above the surface; it is a dressing-up. And it is usually rather inattentive. It is inattentive in the way that printers in this country are inattentive to the accurate shade, and the way color reproductions are almost invariably insensitive. It seems that the fact of color itself is considered enough: one knows the sky is blue, and the grass green, and you can let it go at that. But Porter's colors, with all the clear transparency of dies, have substance as well. They are not on top.

THIS range of colors contributes to their namelessness. For photography has limitations comparable to those of paint — there are primary and secondary colors. Memory contracts and symbolizes; and one thinks of his winter photographs as pale yellow and white; spring as blue-green; summer as red and green; autumn as orange and yellow; however if you look again, you discover that you cannot generalize, you cannot conceptualize, the colors do not correspond to words you know, they are themselves, a language that is not spoken. The color indications are all primary, as a poet might use words as though they were new, without precedent or possible future, but tied to the event. The color is tied to the shape and the context; no habitual meaning is suggested. In the corner of this grayish wall of trees, that blue, is it sky? No, it is ferns. It is as much of a discovery as the broken color of Impressionism. The shadows of leaves are yellow or black, the light on them white or blue. The weed stems in the snow are yellow, better set in and stronger in their contrast than Wyeth's black virtuosity. But you cannot describe one language with another. Drawing and painting have a language, but literature and photography *are* language. This is what Maholy-Nagy must have meant by his suggestion that the illiterate man of the future would be he who could not use a camera. These photographs make wonder the natural condition of the human mind. Have you ever seen before the redness of grass, the blueness of leaves, the orange cliffs of autumn, the two circles of sunflower blossoms, or a kerosene lamp against the sun in a window? Or that where a tree has fallen, it seems to have fallen with intention? There is no subject and background, every corner is equally alive.

Photography is nature, and so critics

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have thought that it was not art. But if these photographs did not show you what they did, you would never have been able to discover it. The golden age of the child's omnipotence is succeeded by the Jovian world of adults and of art. Adults classify, generalize and ignore. But the ability to distinguish comes first. Can we as adults be sure that we see more deeply, through art, than the photographer who pretends to do nothing but pay the closest possible attention to everything? He distinguishes endlessly and he dares not ignore. What does love come from if not just this scrupulous respect and close attention? The trouble with art is that, in choosing, the artist ignores. The trouble with the realistic artist is that he is indirect, and between himself and his experience he puts concepts: a steely equality of detail, conceptualistic anatomy, or the métier of the old masters. The non-objective artist is closer to the photographer in his reliance on direct experience. But, because he is not interested in objective nature he tends to lose his contact with concrete variety. The trouble with this is that it leads to a loss of a feeling for pluralism, as though all experience were becoming one experience, the experience of everything.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THERE is always excitement in the air when Stravinsky appears in public. This was certainly true of the recent Town Hall concert at which he conducted four American composer-pianists (Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, Roger Sessions), the American Concert Choir, a group of solo singers and a percussion ensemble, in his masterpiece from the period 1917-1923, *Les Noces*. The standing ovation as he came on stage from the wings was even longer and more fervent than usual. Only a few individuals, no doubt tinged with the same iconoclasm that has been a part of the composer's mental equipment, remained stubbornly rooted in their chairs. I was glad for both demonstrations.

Despite the general atmosphere of brilliance, however, a sense of incipient sadness also hung over the evening. Stravinsky has aged rapidly in the past few years; his sprightly, grasshopper-like way of moving about the podium has changed radically, and one cannot avoid seeing that his seventy-eight years weigh heavily upon him. This, combined with the fact that there were on the program an *Epitaphium* (1959) for Prince Max Egon zu Fürstenburg; a *Memoriam* (1959) for Raoul Dufy (both by Stravinsky); and a Trio-Satz (Opus Posthumous-1925), by Webern, darkened one's spirits a little. The program notes for the Bach Cantata, *Aus der Tiefe rufe ich, Herr, zu dir* (conducted by Stravinsky's protégé, Robert Craft), lent their bit to a perhaps accidental image by reminding us that the work "might possibly be a funeral cantata, since no particular Sunday is indicated." I don't know who planned the program, but it's a good thing a jolly piece like *Les Noces* was there at the end.

INDEED, had it not been there, the concert would have been a failure. *Epitaphium* is only seven bars long; too short to make any impression beyond the one that it was a Dadaesque idea to write it at all. The piece is scored for flute, clarinet and harp, and the only memories I retain of it are certain lovely bass-register harp sonorities, a feeling that it was about equal in time-space to a three-inch newspaper obituary, and the thought that "chic" can get very close to "chi-chi," even with Stravinsky.

Memoriam, for string quartet, is a bit longer, lasting perhaps two and a half minutes. It consists of a double-canon. For some reason which I have not been able to trace, its spiritual ambience reminded me of the late Beethoven Quartets, which is to say also that it was very beautiful. It was not "concentrated," as are the ultra-brief works by Webern. Its brevity, like that of *Epitaphium*, seemed an externally, willfully imposed factor, and thus disturbing. A short double-canon is fine, but unless it gives a sense of aesthetic fulfillment, it is not an *oeuvre*, but an essay in contrapuntal technique. These two minuscule pieces are, to my mind, nothing more than elegant autographs from the hand of a master. Their elegance and accuracy are admirable, but when the canon reminded me of Beethoven, it also reminded me that the earlier composer was humbler and more generous when he dealt with a noble idea.

Les Noces is prime Stravinsky, and threw everything else into shadow. To have Messrs. Barber, Copland, Foss and Sessions at the four pianos was an entertaining idea, and they played very well indeed. But as a whole, the performance was not particularly spirited. Stravinsky seemed tired. The soloists —Mildred Allen, Elaine Bonazzi, Regina Sarfaty, Loren Driscoll and Robert Oliver—were, with the exception of Mr. Driscoll, possessed of splendid voices. They were not, however, entirely at home with the music. Nor was the chorus. Possibly there was not enough rehearsal, but whatever the reason, there were moments where the music's Slavic extraversion seemed almost an embarrassment to Anglo-Saxon personalities. As for the text, sung in English, it might as well have been in Urdu, for not more than five words were understandable. And yet, as always, *Les Noces* was a wonder to the ears. I wish it would be done in New York with the ballet which is one of its integral parts. This would be expensive, no doubt; but what an extravaganza!

There is not much to say about the rest of the program. Mr. Craft conducted competently enough, but neither the Bach Cantata nor the Monteverdi *Ballo delle Ingrate* is a particularly fascinating work. The latter is entirely too long and full of recitatives for present-day audiences. Before it was over more than a few heads were nodding — mine among them.

Out in the Cold

The sun shines in the ice of my country
As my smile glitters in the mirror of my devotion.
I live on the edge of the land. Flat is the scene there.
There are a few scrub bushes. The frozen sea
Lies locked for a thousand miles to the north, to the Pole.

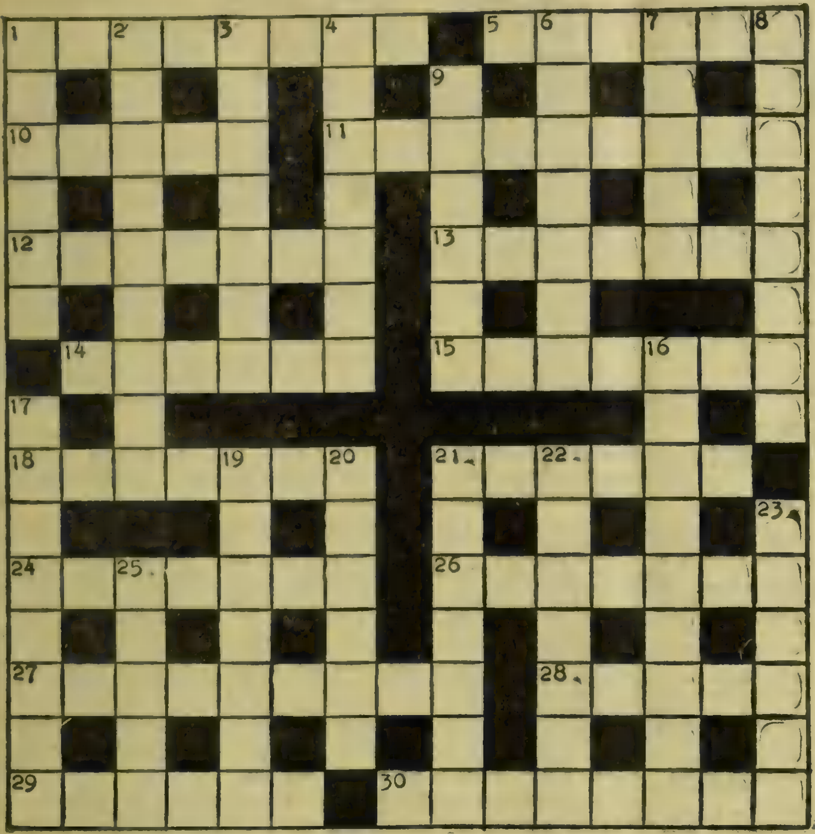
Meager my mouth, and my knuckles sharp and white.
They will hurt when I hit. I fish for a fish
So thin and sharp in the tooth as to suit my malice.
It stares like any fish, but it knows a lot,
Knows what I know. Astonishment it has not.

I have a hut to which I go at night.
Sometimes there is no night and the midnight sun
And I sit up all night and fish for that fish.
We huddle over the ice, the two of us.

DAVID FERRY

Crossword Puzzle No. 849

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This and 7 were subjects for discussion as a title of 20. (8)
5 Inquire about a pledge? Quite the opposite when a court player makes it. (6)
10 One of this things found in Stevenson's garden. (5)
11 Insolence is little less than indiscretion. (9)
12 The ear-shell, to a degree, is unaccompanied. (7)
13 A canine's closest companion. (7)
14 and 16 down The place to find Hero, a spot obviously not out of the way for politics. (6-2-3-4)
15 Empty talk with studies of such people as D'Artagnan. (7)
18 A trick is able to send one sprawling. (7)
21 Leave a sort of 1 down here. (6)
24 One might have been a 30. (7)
26 Truth, like this, cannot be soiled by outward touch, implied Milton.
27 Mend a torn decoration, possibly.
28 Lytton reminded us what curses come home to. (5)
29 A sort of side street, in short. (With a stop sign?) (6)
30 Proving an early traveler might be a card user. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 23 Implying one should be careful in getting a den with a decoy, alternatively. (6, 6)
2 A horse sounds pure-blooded, but might not be well-mannered! (9)
3 Glandular, if one did a well-known operation. (7)
4 Certainly couldn't be described as a good looker. (4, 3)
6 Offers evidence of Madison Avenue leaders in foreign style? (7)
7 Their heads are reputedly not easy to find as companions to 1 across.
8 It's theirs to prove he must sometimes prove otherwise. (8)
9 Bound to be ■ flower! (6)
17 Burning in the round. (8)
19 There are things about a fast time that show it becomes less cruel. (7)
20 Related to ■ stout doorman. (6)
21 If one calls, it is placed in the brim.
22 Not necessarily blank charges, but the report isn't real. (7)
25 One might be indicative of things which might be blue. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 848

ACROSS: 1 and 26 Magna cum laude; 5 Chased; 10 Dynamic; 11 Dousing; 12 Ibsen; 13 Valueless; 14 Arena; 16 Reserves; 19 Messages; 22 Fused; 24 Catamount; 28 Trained; 29 Abelard; 30 Honest; 31 Isotherm. DOWN: 1 Madrigal; 2 Genes; 3 Armenians; 4 Uncover; 7 Spineless; 8 Digest; 9 and 6 A Doll's House; 15 Eyestrain; 17 Refulgent; 18 Addendum; 20 Gourds; 21 Satraps; 23 Scotch; 25 Manes; 27 Usage.

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You can't help but learn something that is just meant for you. Yet, WHERE TO VACATION ON A SHOESTRING costs only $1. To make sure your next vacation will be something to talk about, get the facts now. Use the coupon to order.

Where Do You Want to Go?

FRANCE? WEST INDIES? BRAZIL? HAWAII? MEXICO?

Read what The Christian Science Monitor says about a new way to travel that sometimes costs ⅓ to ½ less.

BY the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the deluxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers [illegible] considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged [illegible] generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of [illegible] modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California [illegible] the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited [illegible] almost hand and foot, in [illegible] manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which [illegible] run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in [illegible] huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or [illegible] leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

"Travel Routes Around the World" is yours for just $1, and the big 130 page 1960 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's [illegible] whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and [illegible] of maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it [illegible] open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

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THE NATION

JANUARY 16, 1960 . . 25c

* * *

RUSSIA: From Terror to Incentive

Alexander Werth

* * *

Dixie Hate in Yankee Suburb

Robert Gruenberg

* * *

THE BOAT-SHOW CIRCUS

Joseph Whitehill

LETTERS

Doing His Share

Dear Sirs: I'm just a little guy who has just finished reading the October 31 issue of *The Nation*. I simply want to thank you for printing "The Shame of New York."

If I had thirty bucks, I'd order 100 copies and give one to each of my friends. But I'm a vet, just finishing college and I'm a little pressed for cash. So instead of ordering the 100 copies, I'll spend 30 cents for a book binder and I'll cover my priceless issue and lend it to anyone who wants to read it. And I hope in this small way to do my share in keeping the people of New York informed.

As for the authors, Gleason and Cook ... they've done a magnificent job.

JOHN R. LANCELLOTTI

New York City

[*See offer on back page.* — EDITORS.]

Secret Menace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the issue of January 2 entitled "You Pay Your Money But Where's Your Choice?"* struck this writer as very significant. I also attempted to obtain the name of the car that had this terrific increase in accidents. The results of this attempt added up to a complete nil.

Here we have a case where a matter was investigated with the taxpayer's and motorist's money, yet no one will reveal the data that may save a driver's life and mitigate the severity of a motor-vehicle accident.

FRED FELD

Newark, N. J.

**The editorial commented on an inquiry, sponsored by the Department of Defense, into the safety qualities of two of the three U. S. autos in the "low price" field. The inquiry showed one car to be 50 per cent more "accident-prone" than the other. The cars were not named.* —EDITORS.

Our Own Petard

Dear Sirs: Judging from the back cover of the December 19 issue ("Give *The Nation* for Christmas"), Beatty, in his article "Christmas Ad Absurdum" (same issue), should have appended the legend "present company excepted."

R. G. GAUVEY

Urbana, O.

Christmas Cheer

Dear Sirs: The following programs were offered on the Philadelphia TV channels to delight viewers on Christmas Day. (The descriptions are taken from the *TV GUIDE*.)

In the morning.

Way of Life: (1) A N. Y. priest is accused as accessory after the fact in a burglary.

(2) A chaplain helps in shaping strategy at the Battle of the Bulge.

In the afternoon.

Day In Court: Woman who shot at her husband.

In the evening.

Shotgun Slade: A piano player scorned by a singer threatens to kill her.

Rawhide: Incident of the Calico Gun.

Trouble Shooters: Kodiak investigates a minor theft. . . .

Lock Up: Police hold prize fighter for the murder of his wife.

Man from Blackhawk: . . . Thompson is killed by a hired gun.

Sunset Strip: . . . Her brother was killed for refusing to co-operate with jukebox racketeers.

M Squad: Three college boys made to rob a bank.

Detectives: A murderer escapes from prison and sets out to kill his former wife.

Black Saddle: An injured man . . . tells how he is being unjustly hunted.

Movie: A singer searches for her brother, wanted for murder.

Movie: A convict suggests his wife accept a marriage proposal from a wealthy suitor.

Movie: A policeman obsessed by portrait of girl whose murder he is attempting to solve.

Movie: A mad doctor and a psychopathic killer escape from prison . . .

Interwoven with these were programs celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace and the message of good will toward men.

COLIN W. BELL

Swarthmore, Pa.

Misunderstanding

Dear Sirs: In the editing of my article, "Diplomas for Sale," which appeared in your Dec. 26 issue, the following sentence was added in your office: "The truth is that most of them are not fit to teach." I wrote nothing to justify the inclusion of this sentence. The point of my argument was that able liberal-arts graduates who do not teach in public schools because they can't and won't meet certification requirements are largely non-existent. I had nothing whatsoever to say about the teaching abilities of those few persons who are liberal-arts graduates, who teach in private schools, and who are not eligible to teach in public schools.

MYRON LIEBERMAN

Cleveland, O.

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Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

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The Nation, Jan. 16, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 3

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 3

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Prat Fall in Steel

A standard comedy device is the discomfiture of the high and mighty. Its origins go far back in stage history. It is particularly effective when the great ones slip on their own banana peels. Such has been the fate of the negotiators for the steel companies, and few will commiserate with them. There is, however, in this grand fiasco a lesson for industrialists capable of learning from other people's experience. It is a case of the wrong people doing the wrong things on such a scale that they cannot well be called to account, yet a repetition elsewhere might be perilous, now that the results in steel can be seen and evaluated.

Steel management overreached itself badly and lost; the unfortunate part of it is that the country loses too. The strategy of the steel negotiators is not difficult to discern and at the outset it was superficially plausible. The negotiators, Messrs. Roger M. Blough, R. Conrad Cooper, et al, were a new team, out to establish a reputation for toughness. This was to be their year. Union labor in general was under the cloud of the McClellan investigations. In addition, the Steelworkers' union had its own sickness in the conflict between President David McDonald and the insurgent group led by Don G. Rarick.

The steel industry had some legitimate grievances: much of the opposition to automation had simply been obstructive. Its representatives came up with a public-relations angle which looked effective: riding on Eisenhower's coattails, they posed as the enemies of inflation. Steel inventories were high, the industry had had a prosperous season and it was well heeled. How could it lose? The attitude was summed up by Cooper's statement to McDonald, quoted by B. J. Widick ("Big Steel's Blunder," *The Nation*, November 28, 1959): "Unless you change your attitude, Dave, we are going to destroy you." At the next bargaining session Cooper tried to soften this, but he went about it in an odd way. "Dave, I wasn't talking about destroying you personally," he explained. "I was talking about destroying the union." Did he think he wouldn't be quoted? What McDonald could not do by himself, Cooper succeeded in doing: he united the union behind McDonald.

The folly of the whole performance is, in retrospect, almost incredible. The union did not want to strike. It would have settled for some changes in the work rules and a small wage increase. But Cooper and Company drove for a massive change in the work rules: henceforth they were going to run the plants as they saw fit, laying off whom they wanted, when they wanted. Whatever disunity remained among the Steelworkers was thereupon forgotten. The irony of it is that an early compromise could so easily have been reached. A. H. Raskin, labor editor of *The New York Times*, suggests that a strike-free settlement could have been reached "if the industry had put as little as a nickel on the table without pressing the explosive work-rule issue." His conclusion is that the steel producers "tried to accomplish too much too quickly and . . . suffered almost total defeat in the process." (On page 50 of this issue, Joseph Ershun details one aspect of the work-rules problem: safety regulations.)

The strike could not be allowed to resume after the injunction period ended. Richard Nixon and Secretary of Labor James Mitchell did not find it too difficult to bring the industry representatives to terms. Nixon represented Eisenhower; Congressional action was in the offing. Once the union had its back up, it could not be coerced, but the industry could. For Nixon and Mitchell it is, of course, a handsome political bonus which may pay off next November.

So the mighty fell. If the manager of a supermarket showed as little adroitness in human relations, he would soon find himself on the street. The moral for industry is that the tough team doesn't necessarily win. Moderation still has its uses, and industry would be well advised, in its own interest, to lay aside the big stick.

Cherchez le Lockheed

It is the fashion just now to depict General de Gaulle as a stiff-necked soldier bent on sabotaging NATO. Editorializing on this topic in the issue of January 2, *The Nation* suggested that this view was too simple. Some further evidence has come to light indicating that General de Gaulle, though less flexible than an eel at any time, becomes stiff in proportion to the efforts of his dear friends and allies to do him in.

The Providence *Sunday Journal* of January 3 gives the latest developments in the "containment" of the French Mirage III interceptor, and they account in considerable measure for de Gaulle's recalcitrance. "Plane Lobbies Widen NATO Rift," is the title of the story by George W. Herald, which begins, "A billion-dollar battle for Europe's military aircraft markets . . . threatens to undermine the Bonn-Paris entente and with it the whole Atlantic alliance." This entente, it now appears, was based partly on the French expectation of becoming the main supplier of the new German *Luftwaffe* and other NATO air forces. The Mirage III was not to be constructed entirely in France — the Germans were to get a share of the business — but France was to get both revenue and prestige out of its adoption.

But then American aerospace manufacturers began to invade Europe. Among them were the stalwart salesmen of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, who persuaded German Defense Minister Franz-Joseph Strauss that the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter was the interceptor of the future, assuming that interceptors had a future. So Lockheed bought into Heinkel-Messerschmidt, and Heinkel-Messerschmidt began manufacturing Starfighters for Germany and other NATO partners. Herr Strauss also used his good offices in Belgium and Holland to assist the Lockheed salesmen there. The upshot was that Lockheed got a $400 million order from the Dutch, and Belgium may follow Holland. The French sent their Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, to Holland in an effort to counter the Lockheed seduction, but in vain. *Le Monde* comments, "Unless France can make NATO accept her product . . . she has only the choice between building other people's planes under license or ruining herself. . . ." The cartoonists can have their sport with General de Gaulle, but in the light of all this, his behavior appears less strange— in fact, not strange at all.

The Dialectic of Democracy

Prince Edward County is located deep in southern Virginia's tobacco-rich Piedmont country between the James River and the North Carolina border. There are no cities or large towns; the principal trading center is Farmville, a town of neat white houses and numerous churches. The county has between 15,000 and 16,000 residents, of whom it is estimated that 47 per cent are Negro and 53 per cent white. The school population reverses this ratio: 53 per cent are Negro (1,780), while 47 per cent are white (1,562). Over the years, the residents, white and Negro, have not been keen about voting; only a small number (1,800) of the total adult population turned out to vote in the last election.

Of recent years, the county has been bothered by only two serious social problems, both of which are now well on the way to solution. The first, that of school segregation, has been disposed of by simply closing the twenty-one public schools in the county and setting up a system of private schools, financed by voluntary contributions, "for whites only." Since September, Prince Edward has enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only American county without a public-school system.

Now, apparently, it is about to solve the second of its social problems, voter apathy. Of 3,400 potential Negro voters, only 759 had been registered; and of these, only half voted in the last election. But a new issue — "We Want to Change the Board of Supervisors" — is bringing them to the registrar's office in droves (there is nothing to hinder Negro registration in Virginia). There is a very good chance that the next election will bring out the largest vote in county history.

But in the measure that Prince Edward County succeeds in solving the problem of voter apathy, it may be forced to reconsider its ingenious, but rather harsh, solution of the school problem. The dialectic of democracy is often obscure and retarded, but despite the frustrations and exasperations it sometimes breeds, it works fairly well over the long haul.

The Hole in the Theory

The question of detecting underground nuclear explosions has become so confused that the ordinary citizen may be pardoned for turning to the sports page. Last January, the United States announced that traditional underground tests had indicated that the detection system tentatively agreed to at Geneva would be less effective than the experts had originally thought. The next counter-step was the so-called Berkner Report, prepared by a committee of experts named by the President and released on June 12. This report indicated that research might well raise the efficiency of seismic detection of underground nuclear blasts to a point roughly equal to what had been originally calculated. The report took note of the so-called "decoupling" effect of an underground explosion conducted in a cavern; in such an explosion the source of energy would be separated from the medium (rock and earth) through which the effects would be transmitted to the detecting instruments.

The answer to this was the declassification, in October, of a Rand Corporation report which had been prepared at the suggestion of Dr. Edward Teller. The Rand report calculated that a bomb twenty times the size of the one exploded at Hiroshima could theoretically be fired in a cavern under such conditions that the seismic instruments would record it at one-three-hundredth of its size. This calculation, known as "the big-hole theory," has been widely reported in a manner that suggests that atomic blasts in caverns are virtually undetectable. But there is a big hole in the big-hole theory. Professor Jay Orear, who collaborated with Dr. Seymour Melman in a study of detection systems, says that to apply cushioning to a 100-kiloton bomb, an underground cavity 800 feet in diameter would be required. Such a cavity would hold a dozen R. C. A. buildings, it would probably take several years to build, the explosives required for excavation would probably agitate hostile seismographs, and the moving of the millions of tons of rock would scarcely escape the notice of intelligence agencies, or, if an agreement had been reached, of control stations. Dr. Orear points out that cushioning has been discussed in Geneva and he concludes, ". . . put into its proper perspective, the new technique of cushioning does not make obsolete the improved inspection system that was agreed upon by both sides at the recent 'experts' meeting in Geneva."

The small risks that a test ban entails are as nothing compared with the enormous risks of unrestricted testing. The choice before us is whether to accept a suspension agreement backed up by a reasonably efficient inspection system that can be steadily improved, all as a first step toward disarmament, or of continuing the nuclear-arms race which may well lead to war. The "big-hole theory" is ingenious, but it is merely one of a series of detours away from a suspension agreement which those who are eager to resume unrestricted testing have from time to time devised.

Albert Camus

Albert Camus, essayist, novelist, dramatist of the "absurd," was killed on January 4 in a stupid automobile accident at the age of 46. With his death France and the world suffer a deep loss. As Anatole France said in his funeral eulogy of Emile Zola, Camus was "a moment in the conscience of mankind." That conscience was less desperate in Zola's time than in ours. Then writers believed they could remake the world; today, as Camus himself said, our task is to keep the world from destroying itself.

What made Camus a symbolic and inspiring personality to us was not the literary and artistic excellence of his work — fine as that is — but his spiritual strength that was rooted in a soil of bitterness and dismay. He was no faith healer, no ideologist with a guaranteed solution of anything. He found himself in the situation occupied by the majority of thinking men of our time: "the heir of the corrupt history" of the past fifty years. His early work is a reflection of the nihilism of the generation that reached the age of twenty just as Hitler was seizing power, witnesses to the war in Spain, the Second World War and now the threat of a future war of annihilation.

In this nightmare of negatives Camus recognized his role of "rebel": a heroic sanity reaffirming itself against all rational quibble. He believed in nothing so much as the need to fight for life against falsehood and slavery. "In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me invincible summer."

"I am a man still almost young," Camus said in his beautiful speech upon the award of the Nobel Prize in 1957, "possessed only of his doubts and of a work still in progress." In his acceptance of his doubts (and his ability to face them), as well as in his readiness to progress with his work toward the goal of saving a humanity enfeebled by guilt, indecision and confusion, Camus became a leader and a light for civilized men everywhere. He admitted that in a sense we are in ruins; he felt just as devoutly that because we are still alive we must begin to build anew from the wreck.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Welcome to WBAI

Part at least of the fetid atmosphere created at year's end by quiz-show frauds and payola scandals, has been dispelled for radio listeners in the New York area by the fact that, as of January 10, WBAI-FM (99.5 mc) is being operated as a non-commercial, listener-sponsored station by the Pacifica Foundation. Pacifica also owns and operates KPFK and KPFA in California. Its formula—recorded music and a wide variety of news and discussion programs—has been thoroughly tested by the two West Coast stations and should prove equally successful in New York. The extraordinary fact that it is impossible to buy time to place commercials of any type on WBAI invests the station with immunity from the pressures that have helped bring commercial radio and TV to their present low estate. Appropriately, the opening discussions on WBAI included a panel on "Payola and Mental Poverty." For January 15, the station has scheduled a two-hour discussion on "The Coming Death of Caryl Chessman" which will be of special interest to *Nation* readers; participants will include former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, several of Chessman's legal advisers, a psychiatrist and a physician formerly on the medical staff of San Quentin Prison.

The Nation has been invited to present over WBAI's facilities a bimonthly program on current events. Details on the date and time of this program, as well as information concerning WBAI's listener-sponsored plan, can be obtained directly from the station (30 E. 39 Street, New York 16, N. Y.)

RUSSIA: From Terror to Incentive . .

by Alexander Werth

Readers of The Nation *and of several British publications (the Sunday* Times, *Manchester* Guardian, *etc.) will recall the remarkable wartime journalism of Alexander Werth, one of the few foreign correspondents who watched World War II from inside the Soviet Union. Mr. Werth summarized his Russian adventure — it lasted from 1941 to 1948 — in three books*: The Year of Stalingrad, Leningrad *and* Musical Uproar in Moscow *(a critique of Zhdanovism).*

Now European correspondent for The Nation, *Mr. Werth has returned to the Soviet Union for the first time since he left, in 1948, at the height of Stalin's power. This is the first of two articles on the changes he has found.*

Moscow

THE TWO MONTHS I have just spent in the Soviet Union, after an absence of eleven years, have left me with such a multitude of impressions that I had better start with a simple enumeration of those which seem to me most significant.

I

First, of course, there is the greatly improved living standard: thousands of apartment blocks (in Moscow alone 240,000 families, or about a million people, were moved into new apartments in the last year, and there are similar developments in other cities); the large quantities of food to be seen everywhere; the better standard of dress; the universal passion for "gadgets"—cameras, TV, refrigerators, washing-machines, electric razors; installment buying—"for anyone regularly employed in Moscow"—of TV sets, watches, clothes, jewelry, furs, coats, etc.; the "Westernization" of everyday life by means of such widespread innovations as the network of self-service bars and restaurants (albeit still rather primitive), store deliveries to regular customers, the sale of precooked dishes which need only heating before serving; an important (though not spectacular) increase in the traffic, with 5,000 taxis and 30,000 purely private cars roaming Moscow's streets; the vast improvements in urban transport, etc. True, along with all this, one can still travel for miles in a Moscow bus and see little except rows and rows of rather decrepit wooden *izbas;* you can still find that many people earn a miserable wage of 350 or 400 rubles a month (nominally $35 to $40, in reality even less); that good-quality shoes and clothes are still expensive (a better man's suit costs 1,000 rubles, or an average month's wage); that many houses are still as overcrowded as they were in the days of Zoschenko, with ugly squabbles going on in the communal kitchen.

But all this is now said to belong to the realm of "survivals of the past"; today houses are built on the principle of one-family-to-one-apartment; minimum wages will shortly be nearly doubled; clothes will become cheaper. It is already possible to buy cheaply presentable-looking shoes and clothes made of those synthetic materials at which Khrushchev recently asked his fellow citizens not to sneer; he said they were a triumph of the vast new chemical industries that were now springing up. "During the war," he said, "we used to laugh at the German soldiers dressed in uniforms 'made of wood'; yet the principle of the thing was correct."

One cannot escape the impression that, by and large, and for the first time in her history, *Russia has the feeling of belonging to the "have," not to the "have-not," nations,* and that Stalin's ruthless policy of investing in heavy industry is at last beginning to pay dividends to the consumer. Already the consumer—who once bought *anything* that was available—is grumbling about quality; but it is not doubted that this quality will soon "catch up with the West." That is why last summer's American trade fair did not make quite the overwhelming impression it was expected to make; many Russians even complained that "it was too much like a department store, and didn't give us any idea of the grandeur of industrial America."

In many fields, the quality *is* catching up with the West: books are both excellently produced and cheaper than in the West, while phonograph records, which used to be shockingly bad, are now quite as good as any made in the West. One can buy a twelve-inch Szymanowski *Sonata* and *Concerto* played by Oistrakh, or two late Prokofiev sonatas played by the equally stupendous Sviatoslav Richter for the equivalent of $1.

II

Another and only slightly less obvious impression is that, despite the ever-growing similarities with the "Western way of life," the society that is shaping in the Soviet Union is not the same as a Western society. The argument often used in the West that "Communism has not conquered the soul of the Russian people" cannot, I feel, be accepted as being correct. No doubt, as Khrushchev has remarked, "self-interest" is a very important factor in human behavior; and it was only by strongly encouraging this "self-interest" among the peasant masses, so ruthlessly and uneconomically exploited under Stalin, that he has managed to bring about a very noticeable increase in Soviet agricultural production in the last few years.

But years of indoctrination have also produced in Russia not only a very strong "Soviet-patriotic" sense, sometimes verging on chauvinism, but also a strong sense of citizenship, with a clear understanding of a certain code of human conduct which must, as far as possible, be observed. The pressure of "public opinion" is very strong in this respect, and imposes on people in the cities (though rather less in the villages) certain standards of "Communist ethics" which cannot be readily ignored. The "collective"—whether at an institute, a university, a government office or a factory—keeps an eye on people's personal behavior, and it is not easy for anyone to get away from this pressure, as exercised by the local Party, Komsomol, or trade-union organization. This "control" restricts drunkenness and an unduly disorderly love life; it also tries to stop people from believing in God and going to church (religion is considered another "bourgeois survival"). No doubt there is still plenty of religion in Russia, but in the cities, at any rate, the science craze among the young and the "science-versus-religion" propaganda has had, in recent years, a very far-reaching effect. This "control" cannot, however, be looked upon as a form of "direct" coercion; it corresponds largely to a widely accepted code of ethics.

III

In recent years the question has often arisen whether there is in Russia such a thing as a "New Class"—an equivalent of the American Power Elite, or of the ruling class in any other capitalist society. I certainly met plenty of members of the Soviet "ruling class"—high officials, high party members, highly paid scientists, writers and artists. They live well, they are admirably dressed, they *look* like wealthy people in other countries. But the feeling one has is that you can belong to the "ruling class" for only one generation. Your children must work extremely hard and show outstanding ability in their own right, for privilege cannot be inherited; and though money can be, money in itself does not help the next generation to maintain their parents' status, or even to keep up for any length of time things like cars, country houses, etc. No doubt, the advantage a young person derives from having an important father is not altogether negligible, for nepotism is far from dead; all the same, it does not go very far. Stalin's only daughter holds a very humble teaching post.

IV

The personality of Khrushchev has created a much more "familiar" attitude to the Soviet leadership than existed in Stalin's days. As distinct from Stalin, Khrushchev is very insistent on the fact that he is merely *primus inter pares*—the No. 1 man of a collective leadership who cannot decide anything without the okay of the government or the Central Committee. During his U.S. trip, he made a point of saying that he personally could not decide (he'd have to "consult his colleagues") whether, for instance, the USSR would, or would not, take part in an international exhibition the United States was planning.

As Russia's boss, Khrushchev is, of course, very different from anything the Russians have ever seen before. Lenin, though described in present-day folklore as "deeply human," kept his distance; Stalin, as time went on, became more and more the "superman," ruthless and removed. Occasionally—for instance, at some meeting with foreign leaders—he could be jovial and witty; in December, 1944, he hugely enjoyed himself pulling de Gaulle's leg. But with the Soviet people, no man was less of a backslapper.

Today, six years after his death, I found the Russian people's attitude towards him curiously mixed. I met many people who had been arrested and deported in 1948-51; to them, the death of Stalin was a heaven-sent deliverance. Others compared conditions now with conditions under Stalin, and agreed that life had become much more pleasant and easy. At the same time, there was an unmistakable tendency to try to be "fair" to Stalin; to say that he represented the indispensable "iron age" in the Soviet Union's economic development; it was thanks to industrialization that, despite some desperate moments, Russia had succeeded in beating off the German invasion. Also, Stalin had been a good wartime leader; he had never lost his nerve—not even on that October 16, 1941, when Moscow panicked; and he had handled Roosevelt and Churchill cleverly. Insofar as Khrushchev's "secret" report to the Twentieth Congress was resented at all, it was because its author had denounced Stalin as an incompetent war leader; soldiers I met felt that this was particularly unfair. No doubt, they argued, he had made mistakes, but one had to judge by results; and it was he who had appointed Zhukov and Rokossovsky and Konev and the rest of the brilliant generals who, in the end, made mincemeat of the German armies.

It was the general view, on the other hand, that something very strange had happened to Stalin during the last years of his life. Some openly spoke of his paranoia, or persecution mania, which had resulted in such monstrosities as the "Leningrad Affair" and the "Jewish Doctors' Plot." One writer, who had greatly admired Stalin in the past, now spoke of his last years as a "Shakespearean tragedy" in which Beria had played the role of the blackest of all villains.

KHRUSHCHEV's present great popularity was not won overnight. For him, it was a long uphill fight. He had first to discredit Malenkov by showing that he (Khrushchev) was a better friend of both the consumer and the peasant, and by publicly associating Malenkov with some of the worst crimes of the last years of Stalin. Apart from a certain technocracy which regrets the removal of Kaganovich (for now these technocrats are much more exposed than they used to be to "democratic criticism from below"), few shed any tears over the elimination of the "anti-Party group"; it was clear that if they had not been politically destroyed, they would have destroyed Khrushchev—perhaps physically as well as politically. As for Marshal Zhukov, his downfall is attributed chiefly to one unfortunate phrase he used—that the Army "would stand no nonsense from the anti-Party group." This suggested that the Army was a state-within-the-state, an implication intolerable to the Central Committee, the supreme power in the land. So Zhukov went, and the Army did not stir. After that, Khrushchev had no rivals left, and between the twentieth and twenty-first Congresses, strongly aided by Kirichenko, he managed to change the composition of the Central Committee in such a way that

practically all its members are now "his" men.

The tremendous scientific successes of the Soviet Union in the last few years (Sputniks, ICBMs, moon rockets, etc.), as well as the accompanying "reduction in international tension," have become associated in Russian minds with the name of Khrushchev. Three years ago, people in villages still sang ribald *chastushki* about him and he was nicknamed "*kukuruznik*" (the guy crazy about growing corn); and many (including intellectuals) would sneer at his garrulousness, his "vulgarity," his easy, backslapping ways, his "lack of dignity."

ALL THIS has changed now. The Premier's popularity became enormous after his visit to the United States. He was the fellow who could speak as a perfect equal to the President of the United States; he could make friends of peaceful Americans and tell hostile Americans where they got off. He became "the world's greatest propagandist for disarmament." (And think what we could do with $25 billion a year if we didn't have to spend it on armament!") At the same time people discovered that he had a curious dignity of his own in speaking to foreigners; he has become "the worthy spokesman of the Soviet people." He is now being familiarly and warmly referred to as "Nikita Sergeievich."

Can one speak of a "personality cult" of Khrushchev? He is certainly receiving unprecedented publicity in Russia today; pages and pages of his (often highly entertaining) speeches are published in the press, sometimes for days in succession. Certainly he has eclipsed all other Soviet leaders: a film was recently produced telling the success story of N. Khrushchev, the "barefooted miner boy," and his progress all the way from the capitalist mine in 1912 to the steps of the White House (shots showing Malenkov and Bulganin were all cut out). The *Khrushchev in America* film has been showing in thousands of Soviet cinemas; and in ideological articles, the Premier's words are quoted now much the same way as Stalin's used to be quoted in the past.

Such fame and publicity might well go to anybody's head. And yet there continues to be a big difference in the people's approach to Khrushchev and to Stalin. Stalin was the "genius," the "superman"; Khrushchev continues to be "one of us," a nice, simple guy telling those foreigners just the right things "on our behalf."

This gradual discovery of Khrushchev as a great leader is one of the most curious episodes in Russia's recent history. Already people are getting worried about his death, his blood pressure; they say he should take greater care of himself. And they like him because life under his regime is easier, and there is no great danger of war any longer, and people are no longer afraid of getting arbitrarily locked up by the Secret Police.

V

And this is another of the significant impressions I took away from Russia: Since Stalin's death, the Secret Police is no longer a state-within-the-state. Henry Shapiro, in my opinion the best-informed foreign observer who, as chief UP—now UPI—correspondent, has lived here for over twenty years, has called this virtual liquidation of the MVD (ex-NKVD, ex-GPU, ex-Cheka, etc.) the "Fourth Russian Revolution." State Security is no longer an independent government department; it is controlled by a committee attached to the Central Committee, and presided over by Shepilin, a former leader of the Komsomol—i.e., a man not belonging to the sinister old MVD. The green-capped frontier guards (who also had a sinister reputation in the past) are now controlled by the Ministry of Defense. The police themselves are partly under the authority of the Ministry of the Interior, partly under Shepilin's committee. Not that the Russian police have become gentlemen overnight, but the unlimited arbitrary powers of arrest and conviction have been taken away from them; no one can be arbitrarily arrested any longer without a regular court or *procuratura*[1] warrant, or sentenced without a regular court trial. "Socialist Legality" is thus not an empty word.

Moreover, the vast industrial MVD empire has been liquidated, except for a few camps for ordinary criminals. The general opinion here is that there are no more "political" prisoners left in these camps; and from individual cases I was able personally to check, this seems to be true: people whom I knew who had been "picked up" in 1948 have all been released. With the destruction of the (wholly uneconomical and internationally highly damaging) MVD empire, there is no inducement any longer for the police to engage in mass arrests.

"Socialist Legality" is defined and codified by the two famous laws of December 25, 1958. No doubt, *flagrante delicto* arrests can still be made; and certain cases (espionage, sexual crimes, etc.) can be heard *in camera;* but the guarantees for the accused appear to be pretty foolproof, and the authors of the "Socialist Legality" laws, no doubt with an eye on the purge trials and the "Jewish Doctors' Plot," have also made the application to the accused of threats, blackmail and torture completely illegal.

THE result of it all is that Siberia, large parts of which were once a network of MVD camps, is now being built up as a great romantic land for pioneers. Young people are attracted to it by good pay, good housing conditions and the loudly boosted "pioneering spirit" which today entails many fewer physical risks than those run, for instance, by the Komsomols who went to Siberia in the days of the First Five-Year Plan to start new industries and build new cities. Those working today on the Bratsk and other new gigantic power stations, or who are developing the new diamond deposits of Yakutia ("biggest diamond industry in the world outside South Africa") are earning good money; also, numerous incentives are created for young people to work temporarily (or settle down permanently) in the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan.

This disbanding of the MVD empire began immediately after Stalin's death, and Malenkov deserves great credit for it; but the whole credit has now, of course, gone to Khrushchev. The number of MVD prisoners has varied: many were released at the beginning of the war, but in 1945 the camps were replenished with Vlassovites and other German "collaborators." In 1948, another wave of mass arrests swept Russia, and continued for the next four years. Henry Shapiro reckons that, by 1952, there were between three and four million people in the camps (not counting the "disloyal" nationalities —Volga Germans, Chechens, Crimean Tartars, Kalmuks, etc. who had been resettled in the East). Nearly all the nationality groups, as far as can be ascertained, have now been allowed to return to their old homes, while the "politicals" have apparently all been either amnestied or rehabilitated.

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[1] The *procuratura*, or Public Prosecutor's Office, presided over by the *generalny Prokuror*, who holds cabinet rank, is a distinct government department.

In Moscow, I met many people who had been "in trouble." With the exception of German "collaborators," to whom people's attitude remains reserved, all are treated with special kindness by their fellow citizens. At the same time, it is striking that these people (who include some in important government posts) are very reluctant indeed to talk about those days, especially to foreigners. Some are actually scared to death of meeting foreigners at all. Perhaps this is an understandable reflex, since many of those arrested after 1947, at the height of Stalin's spy mania, were accused of having had suspect contacts with foreigners. Today they fear that under a new "vigilance campaign" there might be another search for spies and their "accomplices," and that "Socialist Legality" might not, in such a case, protect them sufficiently.

The attitude to foreigners continues, indeed, to be somewhat reserved. Yuri Zhukov, head of the Cultural Relations Committee with foreign countries, recently wrote in *International Life* that American tourists were welcome, but that caution toward them was to be recommended all the same; many American travelers were being indoctrinated and instructed (even if they scarcely knew any Russian) to miss no opportunity of embarking on tricky and insidious conversations with any Russian they happened to meet! Similarly, in *Pravda,* Zaslavsky argued that no matter how friendly relations became with the United States, the ideological battle would become not less, but more acute. Hence the slogan "Cultural relations—sure, but no Trojan horses!"

This slogan goes rather far: thus, no foreign newspapers, except Communist papers, are allowed to be sold in the Soviet Union. And in negotiating the new Cultural Agreement with the United States, the Russians rejected the proposal of an American Reading Room in Moscow.

But to return to "Socialist Legality": there have been changes not only in legal procedure, but also in the system of punishment. The tendency is to avoid long sentences. Thus, I heard of an engineering student who had committed a gross act of "hooliganism"; formerly, he would have gotten five years; now he was given fifteen days. But during his brief sentence he was made, under the supervision of a policeman, to sweep the street outside his own school and do other menial jobs; his fellow students would walk past and laugh at him. Young people are said to be much more afraid of this kind of punishment than of a long sentence.

An important innovation is also the "Comrade courts," which will deal with misdemeanors and even with minor crimes. These are described as forerunners of that Communist society in which persuasion and moral pressure will take the place of coercion. In my next article I will deal with the status of communism in today's Russia, as well as with Soviet attitudes toward morality, literature and the arts; and I will try to answer some questions on Soviet foreign policy, including relations with Peking.

DIXIE HATE IN YANKEE SUBURB . .

Robert Gruenberg

Deerfield, Ill.

THIS SUBURB of Chicago — it lies twenty-four miles to the north—is one of the split-level Paradises that rim our great cities. Here ten thousand people live cozily in trim homes with overhanging eaves and picture windows; and whether the houses are in the $20,000 or $50,000 class, each is surrounded by spacious lawns and manicured shrubbery. Every morning Deerfield's husbands — junior executives, for the most part — peck their wives dutifully on the cheek as they leave them and station wagon for the day's occupation in advertising, brokerage, law, sales, schools and other such white-collar offices in Chicago's Loop. On Sundays, before golf and backyard barbecue, they pause at one of the seven Protestant churches, or the one Catholic church in town, for an hour of spiritual rejuvenation.

The town has had its problems, of course — the kind common to all communities of its type: shopping, parking, traffic, schools and so forth. But, until two months ago, nothing ever happened here unpleasant enough to get into the Chicago newspapers. The problems of race, housing, poverty, were far away; life was good, and if it got any better, there were always the higher-status towns immediately to the east to which one could move — towns like really exclusive Kenilworth and Lake Forest, on the lakeshore.

Today, Deerfield bids fair to become the Little Rock of the North — not yet with the violence of Little Rock, but with all its exposed passions and threat of long-lasting scars. In another sense, it will become a monument to a principle as im-

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ROBERT GRUENBERG, a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, *is a winner of the Chicago Newspaper Guild Page One Award.*

portant as the educational one laid down at embattled Central High School: whether a builder who builds homes for all people, including Negroes, can be defeated by constituted authority acting under the guise of building-code enforcement, park improvement and school-playground enlargement.

TROUBLE came to this town after word spread in early November that Progress Development Corporation, a subsidiary of Modern Community Developers of Princeton, New Jersey, was planning to sell to Negroes ten or twelve of fifty-one homes in the $30,000 to $35,000 class which were to be erected at the west edge of town. The parent firm had had experience in building interracial communities in Philadelphia and Princeton. Its advisory council, according to the firm's officials, included Adlai Stevenson (whose Libertyville home is scarcely ten miles from Deerfield as the crow flies), Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Senators Joe Clark of Pennsylvania and Jacob Javits of New York, and Philip Klutznick. (Klutznick is the founder and developer of Park Forest, another organization-man's town — it has been dubbed America's "model community" — thirty miles south of Chicago. Until the end of 1959, Park Forest had no Negro family among its population of 30,000. There is reason to suspect that Klutznick today regrets that he didn't establish Park Forest as an interracial community at the outset.)

Progress Development Corporation had counted on enlisting the co-operation of the local clergy and community leaders in explaining the idea of "controlled occupancy" to the community. What the company ran into, instead, was shock and dismay. Soon the word got around: the Negroes are coming. Meetings and telephone calls went on all over town on how to meet this new and unexpected development. At a meeting between Morris Milgram, the youthful president of Modern Community Developers, and Deerfield citizens and clergymen, a proposition was put to him: set aside money in escrow for five years, to be used to compensate property owners should they suffer financial losses as a result of the interracial development. Milgram not only turned the proposition down flat; he told the petitioners that integration had come to Deerfield.

The town was on fire, thenceforth. The flames blazed high at a town meeting a few days later and the thin veneer of gentility that had distinguished Deerfieldians from their more earthy Chicago neighbors was burned away completely.

"The people are demanding that action be taken to maintain their property values and the social fabric of the village," announced the president of the village board. "The board asks and will continue to ask for a calm and considered approach to the problem that it may be resolved in a manner both legal and conducive to the continuance of Deerfield as a fine place in which to live and bring up children."

A housewife announced that petitions were being printed calling for the park board to condemn the proposed building site and added — to ringing applause — that Milgram and his project should clear out.

"What kind of white people would move into that development with them, anyway?" another woman shouted.

"How did we get euchred into this?" a man asked.

"We moved here from Chicago to get away from them," someone else called.

When a Lutheran minister attempted to explain that there was "no violation of the law," that "we can turn Deerfield into another Little Rock or we can react like mature intelligent adult people," he was told to "sit down and shut up."

One man wanted to know if there wasn't "some way" to stop the project "legally" — a forecast of things to come. The meeting adjourned, but the ugliness lingered on in the comments of the scattering crowd. There was talk of burning down the framework of the two homes that had already been started.

ANOTHER meeting was called late in November by the village trustees "to gather facts and gauge sentiment — to separate fact from fiction." There was more of the same kind of hostility among the 600 who showed up. But amid the boos and the catcalls, eight brave persons spoke up for the project. The most eloquent was a young high-school teacher who stood before the crowd and said: "I teach American history and I have taught many of your children. I could not continue in good conscience to teach if I were not in favor of the integrated community."

"Fire him!" someone shouted.

"Firing doesn't frighten me a bit," he answered calmly. "If there is a shortage more acute than housing, it is the shortage of teachers."

This little band of eight was representative of the outnumbered and outshouted voices of reason, the Deerfield Citizens for Human Rights and the North Suburban Human Relations Council. They were to wage an uphill, losing battle in the "poll" and referendum yet to come. "What does the country think of Deerfield?" "Let's not create a monument to hate and prejudice," they pleaded with their fellow citizens in the following weeks.

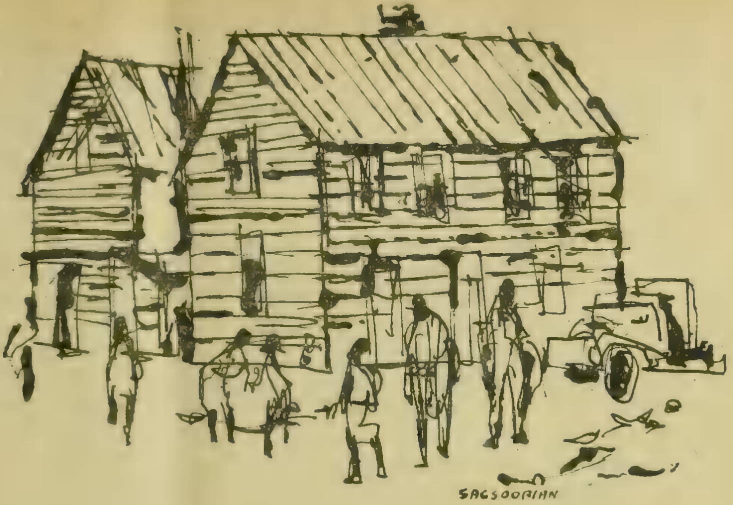
WHIPPED up by the meetings, the town was prepared for the "poll" to be taken December 6 by a newly formed "residents association" headed by Harold C. Lewis, a Chicago investment banker, on whether it favored the new interracial subdivision. The result: 3,507 against the admission of Negroes to the village, 460 for it. Hardly anyone raised the question of whether the taking of such a poll conformed to the spirit of American democracy in the first place.

Coupled with this survey of "popular sentiment" was the harassment of the builder by the village building department. "Violations" of the building code were suddenly discovered in the first two homes under construction. Once construction was ordered halted because a "spot survey" of the building site hadn't been filed with the village. A building inspector admitted to a reporter that such a survey, showing the distances of the homes from the street, sewers, other homes, etc., was not usually asked for prior to the securing of a building permit or the start of construction.

While the building department was discovering "violations," the residents' association kept the pot boiling on the non-governmental front. "They are trying to force integration down the throats of the people of Deerfield and we are resentful of the manner in which this situation was brought about," declared Mr. Lewis. "If they get away with this here, it will encourage other builders throughout the country to do the same thing," he said.

As the arguments raged, the Deerfield park board, apparently with the tacit consent of the board of education, proceeded along its own carefully laid out plan to deal with the situation. This was to acquire the two sites — they totaled twenty-three acres — on which the subdivision had been planned, along with four other sites in the village, for parks. The move seemed particularly ironic, since in an election last April 22, Deerfield voters, while approving the levy of a recreation tax to provide funds for a park program, defeated a proposition to purchase three parcels of land for $250,000 for school-park purposes. They had also voted down an increase in the borrowing power of the local park district. "Deerfield," said Chicago *Daily News* columnist Jack Mabley, himself mayor of nearby Glenview, "has something of a reputation on the North Shore for turning down bond issues for parks." But now Deerfield was suddenly deciding that it needed parks. A vote on a $550,000 bond issue was set for December.

MEANWHILE, signs of the ugliness that has characterized attempts at integration in Chicago appeared also in this genteel community. A forty-year-old recreational worker who had appeared at a village board meeting and charged officials with using the village's need for parks to thwart integration, three days later found a partly burned, three-by-five-foot cross on his lawn. And only a few days earlier an official of the building firm discovered nineteen studs had been chopped out of the model homes by "vandals." The village police chief blamed the incident on irresponsible juveniles from outside the town and promised to keep an eye on the structures. When a reporter asked if neighbors had seen or heard any suspicious goings-on, an investigating officer replied, "What are you trying to do, make a mountain out of a molehill?"



The voters prepared for the bond-issue election against a background of battle between integrationist and segregationist forces in which the latter cited "the demoralization resulting from intermarriage" in an "argument" on "the religious aspect" of the question. Eighty-six per cent of the voters, the largest in the community's history, went to the polls, and the bond issue was carried, 2,635 to 1,207 — a far cry from the 8-to-1 poll against integration reported earlier by the residents' association. Whether some voters had been educated in a short time or whether sense seeped in when a tax-conscious electorate thought of the added tax burden, is open to question. Reporting the results, the Chicago *Tribune* said, "The largest turn-out of voters in Deerfield's history approved the . . . bond issue, spelling imminent defeat for a development company's proposal to build interracial housing. . . ."

Defeat was not so imminent. The next day the builders slapped a $750,000 civil-rights damage suit in the federal court in Chicago against twenty-one officials of the village, the park board and two of the anti-integration citizens' committees. The developers also sought an order to block condemnation of the land for parks, and an injunction restraining village officials from interference with construction. By nightfall, the injunction had been granted by federal Judge Joseph Sam Perry, who promised to review the condemnation matter before the year was out. "I cannot interfere with the lawful acts of these individuals [village and park officials], but if it is found that the condemnation is done as part of a conspiracy, they have done it at their peril," he warned. The hearing was marked by a village charge that the builders were "segregationists." Reminding the court of the plan to sell a number of the homes to Negroes, the village spokesmen said "they are creating color bars to suit their convenience . . . the gist of their plan is to divide real estate on racial lines." Meanwhile, more vandalism was reported as window frames were smashed and stolen and lumber destroyed. Last week Judge Perry began hearings on the builder's plea that the town be enjoined permanently from interfering with the construction project.

DEERFIELD has stirred Chicago, but it has stirred even more the other predominantly white suburbs which had thought that "it couldn't happen here."

Chicago's quiet, moneyed Beverly Hills, at the south end of the city, one of the last all-white strongholds in the city proper, has had its conscience jolted by seventeen Protestant ministers who publicly proclaimed "common cause" with a youthful Methodist pastor who had been asked to take his choice between resigning from an interracial community group or his church post. "I can in conscience do neither," he said.

An estimated 175,000 Negroes live in the suburbs around Chicago, about half of them in the industrial towns of Gary and East Chicago. An infinitesimal few live in white neighborhoods in the rest of the suburbs. Nevertheless, Deerfield has brought home the lesson that "it can happen" to any suburb. But not all residents are thinking in terms of fleeing. Many are simply tired of fleeing; and more important, there is a great number of new residents in these suburbs who came from the city and who, while not seeking out Negroes as neighbors, are ready to accept them. Many are asking each other how they can best establish a truly interracial neighborhood with good neighbors and solid property values. They are watching Deerfield with heightened interest because it may be the crucible in which the quota system — the admission of a set number of Negro families to a white neighborhood — will be tested. The quota system got its first big airing in Chicago last May when Saul Alinsky, writer and sociologist, proposed it before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.

Modern Community Builders adopted "controlled occupancy" because, said John W. Hunt, attorney for the firm, "it is the only means of assuring both Negroes and whites that an integrated development will not become all Negro and segregated." Those who criticize the quota system for its undemocratic aspect have provided no practical, constructive solution — as Alinsky called for in his testimony before the commission — on how else to deal with the racial problem in housing.

If the Deerfield battle is won — and many believe it will be won after time and money have been spent — it will mark the beginning of the end of the "easy way" out — the flight to the suburbs, away from the city's myriad problems, which include integrated living. For after Deerfield, there will be other such projects. A time is coming for a new alignment of values, human as well as real estate.

DEATH OF A STEELWORKER . . *by Joseph Ershun*

> . . . The Company shall continue to make *reasonable* provisions for the safety and health of its employees at the plants during the hours of their employment. — *From agreement between United States Steel Corp. and the United Steelworkers of America, August 3, 1956.*
>
> The safety section of our basic labor agreement is one of the most glaring examples of management's bleeding the contract. The never-ending parade of union men being sent home for refusing to work under unsafe or unhealthy conditions is conclusive evidence of the purpose and intent of the United States Steel Corp. regarding this section of the contract. — *Fairless Union News, November, 1958.*

WITHIN four weeks of the injunction that forced the Steelworkers back to the mills, production at the giant Fairless works of U.S. Steel had soared to a fantastic 95 per cent and Sidney Adler, a worker in the open-hearth department, had met a flaming death in an accident.

JOSEPH ERSHUN worked in the open hearth of U.S. Steel's Fairless Works from 1952 to 1957, during which period he founded and edited the local union newspaper.

He was not the first worker to be killed at this most modern U.S. Steel mill. He will not be the last. He is just the most recent.

Adler's tragic death makes it easier to understand the Steelworkers' stubborn resistance to any company demand that the union's already weak "say so" over day-to-day working conditions be further weakened. (It is noteworthy that last week's strike settlement did not include an agreement on working conditions; the problem was put into "escrow" for solution by a special committee.) In the all-important area of safety, the union's power is so pathetic that the use of the word "power" in this connection, no matter the number of modifiers, becomes a gross misuse of the English language. It may come as a surprise to steel management's negotiators that even the most company-minded and "loyal" worker is concerned not about how "powerful," but how weak, the union is in this area.

Under the present contract (which the steel industry wants to "correct" because it gives "too much power" to the union), management and management alone determines what is and what is not safe. Moreover, the privilege of characterizing a job or practice as unsafe, and correcting it, is almost invariably exercised by the company *after* an accident, as many a man who has protested an unsafe condition has learned to his despair. The steelworker assigned to an unsafe job has the "right" to refuse the job; but he knows that if he maintains his protest long enough, the company won't find any other "suitable work" for him as provided for under the contract. Thus, a worker's refusal to undertake work under unsafe conditions in effect means a wage cut. Beyond that, the worker is likely to be stigmatized as a "troublemaker," a designation with all kinds of dark implications for the bearer.

FOR ANYONE who has not worked in a mill, it is difficult, in the face of the company's display of safety rules, literature and safety programs, to understand the workers' and foremen's cynicism. Yet the cynicism is founded on bitter experience. The worker who has seen safety factors triumph over production considerations is even rarer than a disk jockey without payola. In such a conflict of interests, there is no question as to which is going to take the count. The foreman who can withstand the constant production pressures to weigh objectively the hazards of a given situation is a hero. And all too often the worker who refuses to perform the unsafe job has to be something of a hero as well.

A realistic approach to the problem of safety would recognize how absurd it is to place the responsibility for solving it in the hands of those whose first concern is production. Every worker can tell a story to illustrate this. One of the most pointed of such stories was told me by a maintenance man. Called on to fix a crane with a defective cable, he discovered that the only safe procedure was to change the cable. Upon reporting to the foreman what had to be done, he was told to "patch it up," to "fix it when we're not so busy." When he protested that this might lead to an accident in the interim, the foreman said brusquely, "We're in the steel-producing business, not the crane-fixing business." The foreman's attitude is shocking, but it is preferable to the hypocrisy of top management which preaches safety on the one hand and simultaneously creates intolerable production pressures on the other.

IT WOULD be wrong, in stating the case for giving the union at least equal power in safety matters with the company, to argue that the company is not at all concerned with accidents, particularly those leading to death and serious injury. The real question is the depth and seriousness of this concern. Ask a man, "What is the first thing that happens after an accident?" and he'll tell you, "Well, first they clean up the area where the accident happened so that instead of the usual mess, it shines like Marine barracks ready for inspection. Then they call a safety meeting to instruct you that the job you've been protesting all along as unsafe *is* unsafe and anybody caught doing it will be penalized, etc., etc." Then the man adds significantly, "We all know it's a lot of bull because in a few days the accident will be forgotten, the area will be the usual mess, and everybody will be running around like crazy, pushing like mad to get out the next heat in record time."

The man's bitterness is justified, even though the company usually does something after an accident. The company investigates the immediate cause, and does what it can to eliminate the immediate condition that led to it. But the ultimate and real cause of most of today's accidents is production pressure — and this silent, ghostly, ever-present witness is never called upon to testify at these inquests. The result, of course, is that even if the given situation is corrected, the same danger will keep cropping up in slightly different forms elsewhere in the shop.

THE investigation of the accident that caused Adler's death is revealing. It was established that Adler, driving a monster Euclid truck loaded with hot slag over an unpaved road in a heavy fog, had driven off an embankment, causing the slag to burn up the truck with the driver trapped in the cab. A pusher—certainly a very apt name for a straw boss in the context of this situation—was riding with Adler, throwing flares because of the dangerously thick fog and hazardous driving conditions. The pusher saved himself by jumping out of the cab just as the truck went over the embankment.

The cause of the accident obviously was the incredible lack of lighting on this dangerous road leading from open hearth to slag dump. Flares could not begin to cope with the thick fog. Immediately after the accident the company went to work on the road. By means of floodlights, sparklers, fences and guide posts, the primitive, dangerously unlit rut on which Adler had driven to his death was transformed into a decent, well-lighted and safe road.

Now, while the company and the union fight over the company's degree of responsibility for the obviously unsafe road, the basic question is not even asked: What kind of pressure existed in the mill that compelled a man to drive under such clearly hazardous conditions? And if production pressures were so heavy on Adler as to make him tempt fate in this way, what kind of pressures must there have been on the pusher, who in the past two years has been in two accidents, one of which almost led to his death and resulted in months in the hospital? (Now a three-time loser, the pusher's luck is regarded in the shop with the same awe we all have for somebody who returned from the dead. As to the state of his nerves, that is another matter.)

If the sincerity of the company's concern with safety can be questioned, its very real concern with the safety image it presents to the public cannot. And the image that emerges from its public-relations department is that of an industry fantastically and fanatically dedicated to safety. Safety-slogan campaigns, with their modest rewards, are ever present. Every worker gets a set of safety rules for his job. Company magazines are full of stories and pictures of men and departments holding aloft signs proclaiming their safety records. Wherever possible, attempts are made to plant the pictures and stories in the press. Of course, accidents are played down while the safety records are played up; everybody knows Americans prefer the upbeat to the downbeat.

Moralists might condemn the motivation for these safety campaigns, but the Steelworkers would not quibble about motives if the desired goals were achieved. The truth is that the campaigns are fraudulent not only in the image they present of company safety-consciousness, but they are misleading in the figures they present of the accident rate. Worse still, they are self-defeating, since they tend—ironically enough—to create *anti-safety* pressure on the job.

The emphasis on safety records leads to an open conspiracy on the part of management personnel at almost every level to conceal the real extent of accidents. An important statistic in getting a true picture of the extent and seriousness of accidents is the days lost in production. But management, to make its unit or department look good, will go to any extreme to get an injured worker, no matter how badly hurt, back into the mill. As long as he is in the mill, even if he is transported there by ambulance — as has happened—and spends his day on a couch in the general foreman's office reading comic books, the department record shows it free of lost-time accidents. A department may have five or six such seriously injured men, but technically it can report a perfect record. Obviously a very safe department!

Such practices with regard to lost-time accidents are the rule not the exception. Under these circumstances, how reliable can company statistics on accidents be? Such misrepresentation leads to lulling people into a false sense of security. And, of course, it makes it more difficult for the union to raise the safety question with a company that is doing such a fine safety job.

The emphasis on "records" leads to shameless pressure on the part of top management and foremen upon the workers not to report accidents. Here's how this works: A man gets a slight injury—a burn or a cut. He reports it to the foreman in order to go to the dispensary, as provided by company regulations. The result is an immediate "chewing out" by the foreman for "spoiling" the safety record of the department. The foreman then conducts an investigation, not so much to find ways of eliminating recurrence of such mishaps, but for the purpose of pinning the blame on—guess who? Pretty soon lots of men get the idea that it's not the accidents that concern the company as much as the *reporting* of them. The result of such an atmosphere leads to a dangerous underestimation of the little accidents which often lead to major accidents. The man who persists in reporting "little" accidents is of course "accident prone." I have seen a man so frightened by this kind of pressure that he refused to report a burn, letting it fester all day long and going to his family doctor only after his shift was over. What price safety records?

The foreman who tries to be responsible and encourage his men to report all accidents no matter how seemingly minor, will soon find himself on the spot. He can't help "catching hell" for the poor safety record of his gang or unit. So, added to the production pressure that militates against safety, he has the safety-record pressure constantly to contend with.

Finally, working directly against safety in the mills is the incentive system. If the foreman's pressure is the club against the man's safety, then the incentive is the carrot that the man chases, too often to the exclusion of all safety considerations. Incentive, a self-descriptive word, is the system of bonus payments to the worker based exclusively on rate of production. The system has built-in guarantees that a man can become not only his fellow worker's worst enemy, but his own as well.

FROM ALL this it should be clear that saving more men from injury and death is not a simple matter of getting rid of some particular brutalized foreman. The "nice guy" foreman is as vulnerable to production pressures (in some ways, since he is more sensitive, he may be more vulnerable) as the "bad guy" type.

The only hope for making Adler's death the last instead of the most recent lies in removing exclusive control over safety matters from those whose *first* consideration is production, and placing at least equal power in the hands of the potential victims of unsafe practices and conditions—the men in the mills.

THE BOAT-SHOW CIRCUS . .

by Joseph Whitehill

THIRTY YEARS ago, when the sunset gun was fired from the yacht-club lawn, every flag on every yacht in the harbor went down simultaneously. A typical small schooner of the time, say sixty feet long over-all, flew at least three flags: the American Ensign, the club pennant and the owner's private signal. Each of these flags was struck at the same moment—beautiful timing that was achieved simply by posting one paid crew member at each halyard or staff.

Now that yachting has died and boating has replaced it, flags either are allowed to fly night and day or are ignored altogether. There is, though, a rash of "joke" flags of wonderful tastelessness, made by opportunists and bought by imbeciles, that are illustrated with silhouettes of hatchets or cocktail glasses or chamber pots, and are supposed to elicit chuckles from the spectators over what is presumed to be going on aboard at the moment. If you like, you may order a quantity of these flapping vulgarities, for your own use or for gifts, at any metropolitan boat show you attend this year. Thirty years ago the other exhibitors would have thrown the rascal out. In those days boat shows were affairs of dignity where really large and costly motor yachts were offered for the inspection of men who could afford them. (Few large sailing craft were shown because there were then almost no builders offering a stock line.)

Progress and the emergence of a new leisure class and the cozy marriage of our two great political parties have brought boating within the reach of all, and the character of the merchandise exhibited at the shows betrays this trend. The fine big yachts by old-line, reputable builders are still to be seen on the floor, though many of them show, in their deckhouse shapes and the overlove of looping lines, evidence of having been "styled."

But alongside these yachts you will find, under the brightest lights and in positions of most prominence, a number of dead-looking objects that appear to have been squeezed

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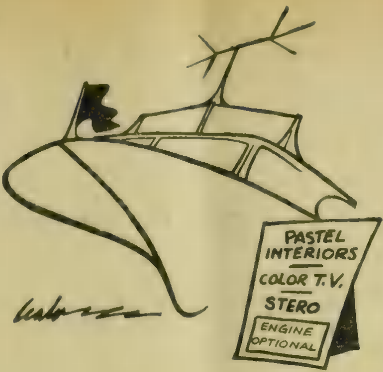
from a tube and allowed to harden in the washbasin. These things have the impregnated color and chrome strips and mammary bulges so well taught by the juke-box industry; they have the streamlining now awarded (in E. B. White's words) "to objects whose chief virtue is their immobility, like bathtubs and seismographs"; they have all the grotesque lack of proportion that results when you give people what they want instead of training them to want the best. These objects are boats, and you can prove it by looking underneath, where you will find an honest-to-God propeller.

ANY citizen with the 10 per cent down payment and a steady job to assure the maintenance of the installments may buy one of these rigs and go forth on the water unencumbered by knowledge of seamanship or motor maintenance, killing and maiming and committing other nuisances until he drowns himself. The sad thing about his drowning is that usually he has already begotten his children and thus has assured the next generation's supply of fools.

You will find at the boat shows, alongside the well-designed hardware and equipment produced by people who know what they are about, an inexhaustible cornucopia of junk—shiny trash to distract the eye and complicate boathandling. It would appear that certain manufacturers have made every conceivable effort to suburbanize the waterways. Automatic refrigeration, electric light, gas cooking and television are standard extras now. Hot water and air conditioning are common offerings. Everyone is clamoring for a slice of the more than $2 billion spent each year on boating, and the befuddled consumer must cover his ears.

Manufacturers of marine equipment regard the shows with wariness. It is enormously expensive to rent space, build a display, move in merchandise that is often cumbersome and heavy, and staff the booth for twelve hours a day with affable, intelligent, and therefore high-salaried men. The best executives in the factory must do booth duty. The minimum cost for a week's presentation of even a small article in a small booth appears to be about $2,000; the major outboard-motor manufacturers who maintain hotel suites, acre-sized displays staffed by their best engineers, continuous motor-service training films for visiting mechanics, and celebratory award banquets for franchised dealers, spend astronomical amounts.



THE small manufacturer on a tight show budget will find that his booth location is never the best, for it costs a great deal to get out from behind that three-foot-thick marble column; his booth neighbors on each side seem invariably to have devised more striking displays than his; just up the aisle from him is another of the light-flying boys showing a handmade model of something he hopes to get enough firm orders for to persuade the bank at home to lend him enough money to buy the tooling to produce the products to fill the orders he has sworn to ship by March; he stares in jealousy at the dimpled knees and taut bosoms of the damsels his competitor has hired to pass out the throwaways.

All week long he stands behind his counter or sits in an embayment he has phonied up to look like a "lounge," and watches the people go by. In his younger days he thought it anomalous to charge a man a buck to let him in to see a display of merchandise for sale. Now he wishes the tickets were ten dollars, or perhaps twenty, hoping that the higher price might thin the crowd and dam out those lower forms of life that flow to public places like flies to garbage. Yet he must deal with all these democratically—the feelers and touchers, the vacant gawks and (O frequent sort!) the leaflet collectors, who lift one piece from each pile of literature in sight — *Hey, Buster, those four-color offset jobs cost thirty-seven cents a copy*—and go home in the evening to wallow in vicarious purchasing power. (These compulsive folk are often surprised when they winnow their harvests to discover such heterogeny as temperance tracts showing a boat on the cover sinking in a sea of beer, and last-chance applications for automobile insurance, and the mounting instructions for a chromium-plated sun lotion dispenser disguised as a tiny ship's wheel.)

Besides these he must deal with the usual parade of tired mothers, lost children, urgent men looking for the john, pickpockets, wiseacres, experts who know his product better than he does, and, rarest of all, a Customer. Unfortunately, that charming but timid fellow with money to spend and the determination to spend it is usually driven back and defeated by the loud swarms of folk who intend to buy nothing whatever so help them. The Customer goes home and orders it by mail like any decent man.

The hours are long and our man's feet swell, and by the last day of the show he is drinking three martinis at lunch and two more at four o'clock just to stay with it, and is longing hard for the simple worries of manufacturing.

If the boat shows are so dreary, why do they survive? Who profits from their continuance? Of course, the eleemosynary group that hires the hall and retails the space to the exhibitors shows a profit for its orphanage or old soldiers' home. Some sales *are* made — accidental orders over the counter. The exhibitors get a frightened look at what the competition is up to. Manufacturers' representatives shop for high-discount items to fill out their lines. And the small manufacturer on the tight show budget goes back year after year, led on by the hope that he may meet somebody in the trade with whom he can be reciprocally useful later on. No doubt this sort of contact-making is invaluable—but the cost is very high. One manufacturer said, "We haven't any idea whether or not the boat shows do us as much good as they cost us. But we do know we can't afford to find out by not being there next year."

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Enemy Is Listening

THE EAVESDROPPERS. By Samuel Dash, Robert E. Knowlton and Richard F. Schwartz. Rutgers University Press. 484 pp. $6.50.

Carl Dreher

FOR $2.50 you may have a telephone installed. Thereafter, it will cost you about $5 a month for local service, plus toll charges and federal tax. For this necessity of modern living, you deal with the business office of the telephone company, represented by the smiling young woman pictured in the introductory pages of the directory. Certain unadvertised services may also be purchased—at prices considerably higher than those mentioned above, but free of tax. Perchance you suspect your wife or husband of infidelity? Or you wish to know the plans of your business competitor, or to bust a union or to blackmail someone? Telephonic assistance can probably be arranged. You do not speak to the smiling young woman; nevertheless it is usually a telephone employee, or former employee, who provides the information or technical aid necessary to install and maintain the special convenience desired—a wire tap.

The telephone company frowns on this traffic and engages "special agents" to ferret out employees guilty of illicit tapping. However, if the data of *The Eavesdroppers* are authentic, as I believe they are, the special agents are rarely overzealous. As for the higher officials, their overriding aim is usually to minimize publicity and keep everybody smiling. They are engaged in the great national effort to keep the lid on, thus thwarting the foreign foe. The authors of *The Eavesdroppers* have succeeded in prying up the lid, in what is certainly a matter of valid public concern.

Most of those who help in a research project of this kind—bookmakers, cops, judges, private detectives, wiretappers—are necessarily anonymous, but The Fund for the Republic, which made the project possible with a $50,000 grant to the Pennsylvania Bar Association Endowment, may be publicly mentioned. Once again, and despite some cautious reorientation over the years, the Fund has earned the gratitude of the unbrainwashed American.

The report is not confined to wire tapping. "Bugging"—the planting of concealed microphones—is extensively covered, and there is considerable material on the rapidly growing use of closed circuit television and a variety of photographic, optical and electrical means for spying on employees ("internal security"), apprehension of thieves, bandits and shoplifters, detecting trespassers, and other purposes, legitimate and otherwise. However, the telephonic aspects of modern surveillance practice are probably of greatest interest to the ordinary citizen. Vocationally, he expects some sacrifice of privacy. He is not really injured if a department store trains a TV camera on him. Although, by an ingenious extension of the technique of salesmanship, he may be bugged in the automobile dealer's conference room as he "privately" discusses with his wife the purchase of a car, he has a good chance of escaping bugging in his home. It's just too much trouble, as a rule, for the ends in view. But, especially if he is engaged in certain businesses or holds dissident political views, it is not unlikely that his home or business telephones (or both) have been, are, or will be tapped.

WIRE TAPPING is not a new problem. Telegraph lines were tapped before the Civil War. The modern problem is greatly complicated by the widespread use of telephonic wire tapping by law-enforcement agencies. The Federal Communications Act of 1934 forbids unauthorized interception of communications by wire or radio. The FBI, state, and local police have generally ignored the federal statute on the ground that it was not intended to apply to them, that even if it was so intended it could not be enforced against them, that state laws, which in some cases permit police wire tapping, superseded federal law, or simply that wire tapping was indispensable in police work. The trouble is that, even when it begins as a law-enforcement technique, tapping corrupts the police, much as prohibition did. Most tapping is done, not to apprehend criminals, but to shake them down. This is true particularly of gamblers. In New York City, which is a great plexus of official and private wire tapping, the telephone system provides supplementary income for a large part of the police force and for telephone company employees who work with the police and private tappers. *The Eavesdroppers* contains an interview with a former New York plain-clothes man which should be read in its entirety. The following excerpts throw some light on how the police engage in what a Tammany politician has called "honest graft":

Q. Did you engage in wire tapping as a plain-clothes man?

A. I did any number of illegal taps. . . . Most of mine was what you would call an illegal tap.

Q. You mean a tap without an order?

A. Without a court order. In fact, I wouldn't know how to go about getting a court order. But I can tap your telephone for you.

Q. Were some of the plain-clothes men working closely with some of the bookies?

A. Yes, that's very true—very true. . . . If I'm a plain-clothes man and . . . I go in on a pair and I come up on a hot pair . . . well, that could be worth anywhere from $500 to $1,000 to me personally.

Q. . . . the figure, I imagine, would be based on the amount of business they're doing?

A. That's right. . . . It's a standard practice. If you grab a bookie's worksheet . . . and you're going to court that afternoon with it—which is also standard practice—and he wants his worksheet back, you charge him for his worksheet according to the amount of play he has on his worksheet. If he doesn't come across, as the saying goes, you just pass the word in the neighborhood or just let everybody see him get pinched, and then everybody puts in a winner. He has no way of knowing who plays what and you put him out of business. Then all he can do is pay everybody. So it's cheaper to pay you.

Q. How extensive is that practice?

A. Oh, let me say that any man who is susceptible and needs an extra dollar will do it.

Q. And would that be true of most plain-clothes men?

A. I don't like to say this because

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I like being a policeman, but I think it's true of almost every cop. I don't say all.

Q. To what extent is this practice known by the supervisor of police personnel?

A. Well, let me put it this way. A telephone costs $1,500.

Q. To get a telephone in?

A. No, to keep a telephone would cost you approximately $1,500 a month. And that has to be divided all the way down the line. The division plain-clothes men realize about $10 of that $1,500 individually. Now if you have ten plain-clothes men—now that's $100 . . . believe it or not that's the ratio. Then you have a lieutenant in charge. First you have the two shooflies. They're supervisors in plain-clothes. They could be a lieutenant, they could be a sergeant. They have to be cut in for a share. The borough office has to go in. His boss has to go in—it goes right up the line.

Q. What does the plain-clothes man think about taking this kind of money?

A. Well, sir. I'll tell you. The average policeman doesn't look on bookie or policy money as dirty money. . . . If you take prostitution money, it's dirty money, and a patrolman who's been taking from a bookmaker will look down on you. . . . Or if you take narcotics money . . . or you shake down a degenerate. These are disgusting things to us and believe me, I've never taken a penny from them in my life. You can offer me $100,000 to let you walk away with an ounce of heroin and I'll lock you up. But plain-clothes men are not worried about gambling. . . . Well, as we always put it. They gambled for Christ's clothing and they haven't alleviated it since then, so how am I to knock it out? Maybe it's not the right way of thinking of it, but we're all human.

Although the aggregate is large, such operations fall into the category of small business. Much tapping by private detectives is likewise a matter of climbing poles or hooking into junction boxes in cellars. Some private wire tapping, however, is on a more impressive technological scale. In 1955, a New York City wire-tap plant operated by the lawyer John Broady with the aid of a few technicians, including two employees of the telephone company, was uncovered by the New York Anti-Crime Committee. From an engineering standpoint this was an admirable operation. The headquarters was in an apartment around the corner from a telephone building housing ten midtown exchanges. Ten telephone pairs ran between the two locations. Any one of 100,000 telephones, including those of many of the social and business elite, could be connected at the main frame of the exchange to one of Broady's ten recording machines. When the receiver was lifted the recording machine started automatically. According to testimony at Broady's trial, more than a third of the tapping in this memorable installation was for purposes of commercial espionage.

The authors of *The Eavesdroppers* stress that their investigation in New York ended in 1957, so they have no way of knowing whether the torrent of wire tapping in this area has abated. It may be that big operations have been discouraged, but it scarcely seems likely that total volume has been affected.

OWING to the different approaches taken by the states to the various forms of eavesdropping, the United States provides an excellent laboratory for a study of the problems involved. In some states law-enforcement wire tapping is legal, with certain formalities required, although not necessarily observed. In New York, for example, a wire can be legally tapped by court order, in Massachusetts with the written consent of a district attorney or the attorney general, in Louisiana without any authorization or regulation whatsoever. Pennsylvania, Illinois and California flatly prohibit wire tapping. But the result everywhere is the same. The police tap freely, and so do private detectives and others. Mr. Dash and his colleagues covered New York (Manhattan and Brooklyn), New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Las Vegas, and studied practice in England, where the authorities wire tap through the post office—on a relatively small scale.

In the United States the general pattern is one of cozy co-operation between the police and telephone company employees, and often also between telephone company employees and gamblers, racketeers, or private detectives. Sometimes the technicians operate as double agents, collecting from both sides. Sometimes the police tip off gamblers that other police have tapped their lines.

"For the right amount of money," the authors say, "anybody in Philadelphia could have a wire tap installed on anybody else's phone or a microphone concealed in anybody else's office or home." And Philadelphia is no different from any other city.

The only remedy for the individual is to follow the rule of the military services: assume that every telephone circuit is tapped by the enemy, and say nothing that he can use. Assurance of telephonic privacy—and even it is not absolute—is provided only between two pay stations, prearranged under conditions in which surveillance is impossible. As for precautions against bugging, the section of the book written by Mr. Schwartz, a kind of do-it-yourself treatise, contains some useful suggestions. Special care is advised for patrons of the brothels of Las Vegas. It seems that a "high-ranking law-enforcement officer" installed a microphone in every room of one of the most popular of the pleasure palaces and recorded the conversations of "visiting dignitaries." The records were preserved for sale, presumably to the dignitaries themselves.

Mr. Dash, who acted as director of the *Eavesdroppers* investigation, is a former trial attorney of the United States Department of Justice and former District Attorney of Philadelphia. Mr. Schwartz teaches at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Knowlton, who is responsible for the concluding section on "The Law," is a professor at the Rutgers Law School. The book depicts a thoroughly unpleasant society.

Travels of the Sage Narada

The gods go barefoot, but they do not walk.
Either they stand on one foot or they fly.

I saw them practicing to appear as men:
Stumping about on their bare heels, they smiled.

The legs of gods are too short for their honor,
Although their gold humanities dazzle the eye.

They love their bodies so, as you may too,
And wonder at them tranquilly.

Only flight puts them at their ease,
Or when they sit and let themselves be loved.

JOHN BERRY

The Durable Germans

GERMANY REJOINS THE POWERS. By Karl W. Deutsch and Lewis J. Edinger. Stanford University Press. 320 pp. $6.50.

James Stewart Martin

FOR THE very reason that the authors make no secret of their own highly sympathetic attitude toward Germany and German aspirations, the result of this study should appall the planners of German policy in our State Department. The book itself may not gain a wide readership among general readers, because it is presented as a scholarly study in political science. It makes the usual attempts at objective formulation that we expect to find in modern social studies, with tables of figures, popular opinion surveys, mention of elites and all the rest.

What should jar the "Germany is our bulwark" wing, which has been carrying on where John Foster Dulles left off, is the clear evidence that the West Germany of today, like the united Germany of recent memory, is as ready as ever to play the middle against both ends, and has in fact been doing so with increasing success over the past fourteen years. In this respect the title of the book is misleading. The word "joins" carries a connotation of mutuality or sharing of a common purpose that the facts fail to support; whereas Germany's traditional position of *Deutschland über alles* is one that everybody except the State Department seems able to grasp.

After a brief discussion of the elite concept and its limitations, the authors open with a résumé of popular opinion polls showing the historical memories and present aspirations that set the mold for popular opinion in Germany. They outline the presently popular views on foreign policy issues such as neutralism, national reunification, rearmament and the fear of war; and they point out that opinion on these matters has been relatively stable for ten years.

In the light of this stability of opinion, there is a brief section discussing the established social strata in West German society, concluding with the key point that "the most important underlying cleavage is between friends and enemies of the Republic. . . . In practical terms, this still means the inconspicuous but persistent difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis. . . . The large majority of West German voters is against communism as it is against sin. Nazi sympathizers are alternately vehement in denouncing communism and ready to play with the thought of making alliances with Communists against the West, in line with the old Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939 and with some more recent 'national bolshevist' propaganda themes."

According to the authors' estimates based on the polls, about one German in eight is a "hard core" Nazi; about one-sixth of the younger voters, aged eighteen to twenty-nine, would welcome a new Nazi party and declare that National Socialism was "a good idea." About one voter in four shows up as an emotional supporter of the Nazis on all salient points; and about one in three favors the Nazi position on specific issues, such as anti-Semitism.

WHILE recording this relative stability of the general political philosophy, however, the authors recall many historical examples of drastic, almost overnight shifts in German foreign policy, the switching of alliances, the breaking of commitments wherever German national interests seemed to require it. "These reorientations were more dramatic than many of the policy changes in other Western countries; they were not gradual but rapid and sweeping; they took many contemporaries by surprise, but they were accepted by German opinion." In effect, the stable, permanent backing of opinion in Germany is for the idea that German national interests must be paramount. The choice of the means and the manner of serving that paramount interest is subject to abrupt change, with the likelihood of full popular support for whatever new alignment or orientation.

Having concluded their opening discussion of the "policy images in popular opinion," the authors turn to the institutions and elites which in their judgment actually take part in framing German foreign policy. These run from the formal governmental institutions which are supposed to act, through the political parties and their leaders—described as "key groups for decisions"—to the several legislative and executive elites comprising the "official actors." Then comes the consideration of the important parties behind the parties: the interest groups which act sometimes by gaining direct representation in the *Bundestag* or getting appointments to executive positions, sometimes by approaching officials and lobbying, and sometimes by other means.

AFTER discussing briefly the trade unions and the various groups like the Committee of Christian Employers, the Committee for Refugee Problems, and others which are linked rather directly to political parties, the authors move to the crucial matter of the giant German business organizations. "Big business, tightly organized into national interest associations and dominated by relatively few men, has long been the most powerful effective private interest group in Germany. . . . German banks, corporations, and business associations generously subsidized political parties and leaders who appeared willing and able to further their interests in the executive and legislative branches of the government. . . . Despite allied efforts during the period of occupation to diminish the concentration of German business organizations and the power of their leaders, the German business elite today exercises an influence in national affairs which rivals that of any period in the past."

The authors mention eight national associations of German businessmen as most powerful in this area. An analysis of the ten men who in 1956 controlled these associations indicates that in background and experience they are much closer to the traditional foreign service and military elites than to the political elite that now forms the government of West Germany. They conclude that the support of the Adenauer government by the business groups has been based solely on the fact that their interests for the moment coincide. They cite a study that Gabriel Almond made in 1954 of the political attitudes of German business leaders. Almond "concluded that they supported the Adenauer government 'because it has followed a sound economic policy from their point of view, and because it has been successful in rehabilitating Germany on the international scene.' The 'basic pattern of political irresponsibility' which characterized the business elite in the past, Almond found 'fundamentally unchanged.' "

General Clay's military government, with State Department approval, scuttled the postwar policy against reconcentration of control in German industry and put these same politically irresponsible business leaders back into power. There they have been making a shirt front of the Adenauer government just as surely as they and their predecessors made a puppet of the Brüning government before Hitler.

JAMES STEWART MARTIN headed the Decartelization Branch of U.S. Military Government in Germany in the postwar years. He is the author of All Honorable Men, *the story of decartelization in Germany.*

In the light of the findings, the third major section of the book, depicting "the system in operation," takes on added importance when it shows how the tremendous input of U.S. financial aid, which was so necessary to the "economic miracle" of West Germany's rapid recovery in the late 1940s and early 1950s, is of declining significance today. There follows a subsection on the European Coal and Steel Community, showing its contribution toward the recovery of German influence; and then other subsections leading to the discussion of the growing importance of themes related to German reunification. The handwriting on the wall should have begun to decipher itself by this point. In connection with the possibilities of increased trade and investment to the East, and the need felt for German unification, an about-face, a tying-in with Soviet interests by a future German administration, just as abruptly as in the case of the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, is by no means impossible or improbable.

THE concluding section of the book, on "Prospects and Perspectives," should be studied in the light of the authors' own biases which are quite openly declared at the beginning of their account:

> We cannot think about Germany without a sense of sympathy, of compassion for her tragedies, of warm affection of all that is lovable in her culture and her people. . . . For better or for worse, the authors of this book are committed to the search for truth. Less than three decades ago, German democracy crumbled, and German culture and the German people drifted to destruction, with vast suffering for themselves and for their neighbors. We shall try to identify the influences in Germany which are now working against a recurrence of this tragedy. But where we found evidence of trends or conditions working for instability and another possible catastrophe, we have tried to name them.

The evidence of "trends or conditions working for instability and another possible catastrophe" brought out by the authors appears ample, whereas the influences working against recurrence remain largely to be demonstrated. Thus, the hopeful concluding projections that depict a possibly brighter future, when read in conjunction with this statement of the authors' predilections, are not overwhelmingly convincing.

LETTER from URUGUAY

Vance Bourjaily

AS WE got ready to leave, things were finally cheering up in Uruguay — as they do each year in Florida — because the tourists were coming. For Uruguay, the tourists are the prosperous Argentinians who spend their Australian summer on the beaches they annually make fashionable. Earlier, we had found Uruguay a sad, grasping little country. As it made preparations for the annual fleecing of Argentinians, I was reminded again and again of resort areas at home in similar states of preparation.

We left, perhaps, just as things were getting good, so as not to be fleeced any further. A North American tourist is both a curiosity and a dream here; it is as if the people, who expect our government to solve their government's financial problems, imagine that the coming of individual North American families as clients could solve each Uruguayan's individual financial problems as well.

A few weeks ago, for example, we arranged through a mutual acquaintance to visit a large ranch, an *estancia*, with the notion that we might want to spend several months there as paying guests. It is a remote place and hence necessarily self-sufficient, slaughtering its own animals for meat, growing its own fruits and vegetables, to feed the couple who run it and their fifty hands. To have us there would not increase the overhead much, and we were told that the couple, daughter and son-in-law of the owners, would be glad of some company.

THE house turned out to be large, but disappointingly fixed up with much chintz; the occupants had visited the States and apparently absorbed a lot of interior decorating influence from our bungalow belt.

I talked with the man, and my wife with his wife. I was not his dream of a North American; he was surprised that I spoke Spanish and asked worriedly whether it wouldn't be necessary to supply us with a lot of whiskey. I said we'd drink whatever they did, and reflected

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VANCE BOURJAILY is the author of The Hound of Earth *(Scribner's) and* The Violated *(Dial Press).*

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that this was not my dream, either, of the rough, vigorous and wide-open *estancia* life, a dream I carried with me from reading W. H. Hudson. However, the couple was lonely and seemed to want us; for my part, I thought it would be a good place for the kids, and a quiet one for me to work in. I could hunt there, too, and might learn to accept the fact that W. H. Hudson hadn't been in Uruguay for a hundred years or so.

I had been concerned over what to offer them in payment, and now felt that, in view of how highly-developed the house was, I ought to offer a little more than I'd have had to for the kind of life we'd have preferred. Moreover, I wanted to be generous, and so I said: "Perhaps around nine dollars a day?" Which was the rate for room and meals at the rather nice resort hotel where we were staying.

I had expected him to be elated; instead his face fell. "No, no. Thirty dollars a day," he said, with a kind of awful, naked cupidity which made me feel sad and stupid; I had imagined it was us they wanted.

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I AM willing to believe that Uruguayans have come recently to cupidity, as recently as their nearly total dependence on the tourist business. It has not been long since a comfortable blanket of wool was pulled away from them by, as I understand it, growing self-sufficiency in wool of countries which had been their customers; before that, it was meat they exported. Now there is nothing much to export, and nearly everything they use must come from outside, for there is little manufacturing and no local material for it. The quite tidy Socialist government, which had taken such nice care of the old and poor and, it seems, of half the middle-class population of Montevideo as well, could no longer continue to operate smoothly with its income cut 60 per cent by inflation. And the one key Socialist measure which might have made recovery possible is the one which even this most Socialist of all South American governments has never dared take: the redistribution of land. Accordingly, small farmers and ranchers, who could grow the food Uruguay needs, and who might have the flexibility to convert quickly from wool and meat to crops which would have export value, simply do not exist.

I would have faith in the Uruguayan *campesinos* (the word *gaucho* isn't used any longer) as small ranchers, were they permitted the role, and for a simple-minded enough reason: I like *campesinos*. They are tough, good-natured, generous and ingenious — and they are disappearing into Montevideo at the rate of thousands a year. They are, or so every Uruguayan I've talked to agrees, the country's most important resource when they stay on the land, and the country's most severe problem when they move to the city. But in the country, there is nothing for them; in the city, they can join the relief rolls, compete for jobs as hotel kitchen helpers, or become criminals; they learn to wear the long face of the Montevidean middle class.

I DO not know if Montevideans were always long-faced. There may have been joy in the days when the Uruguayan *peso* was the continent's most stable currency — so true was this that millions were banked here by South America's war profiteers, and one cannot be sorry that the inflation, when it came, wiped out almost two-thirds of these hoardings. On the other hand, one must be a little sorry for the middle-class Montevideans themselves, for they had so little preparation for the scrounge and scramble which is characteristic of other middle-class life in South America.

That things have run out for the Uruguayans, and that they are hurt and baffled by it, accounts perhaps for the present stagnation of what was once a great literary tradition. There's some energy here in the theatre, but otherwise the cultivation of men like Rodó is a half-forgotten memory rather than a live tradition, something which belonged to the fathers of present-day Uruguayans. I could not even buy a copy of a contemporary novel several people recommended to me; it is out of print, and no one considers reissuing it.

Life now takes energy here, and the ones who have it are mostly Italian and Spanish immigrants; and one of the chief uses for the energy is the daily battle with bureaucracy which, established to serve these people, now exists to obstruct them. A man with something in customs, for example, may spend half a year in daily trips to government offices, getting authorizations and rulings to get it out; it is worth telling prospective tourists that Uruguayan customs is the most obdurate, complicated and irritating of all the customs systems I've encountered in South America.

BUT why should there be prospective tourists, if things are as I say? The beaches for one thing. The ocean beaches are really magnificent, and the fishing from them first-rate. The beaches along the Rio de la Plata, on which Montevideo is situated, have, I do not doubt, quite a gay club and casino life in season. But for me the main attraction of Uruguay has been something quite special; I like birds, both watching them and hunting them and, as a man I know there remarked, the whole country is an aviary.

This is a change from much of South America, where there has been so much hunting pressure on game birds that, having recently had an abundance like that of North America in the early nineteenth-century, they are now entering a period of depletion as bad as the one we suffered before the establishment of modern game laws and conservation practices.

In rural Uruguay this is not so; there have been reductions in some species of upland game birds, but there are thousands of doves, and I know at least one waterfowl area, of which people here are generally unaware, which must be one of the world's great concentrations. This, with one or two nice friendships, balanced our stay in Uruguay somewhat but, in sum, we were glad to leave.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FROM those who saw it, I gather that *Suddenly, Last Summer* was not one of Tennessee Williams' most satisfactory plays. But surely it must have generated more speculation, or legitimate suspense, than is provided by the current movie version. Since Mr. Williams, with the help of Gore Vidal, prepared the script, I wonder whether there is something in Joseph Mankiewicz's direction that produces the serial thriller tone the work now displays. He has turned out a polished film, and one that deals boldly with the ugly theme, but he has certainly not wasted any subtlety on the job.

When Katharine Hepburn, playing a rich widow and bereaved mother, makes her first entrance descending in a baroque private elevator and clad in what appear to be rich winding sheets intricately draped; when she takes the brilliant young brain surgeon (Montgomery Clift) into a steaming garden that features carnivorous plants and chained carrion birds, there to tell him—with many an odd irrelevancy and alarming collapse of intonation—that she and her son, Sebastian, enjoyed a spiritual communion unavailable to the run of mortals, the viewer is entitled to suspect that the lady is mad. When she then makes clear that she will pay a million dollars to have a lobotomy performed on a niece whose brain harbors shocking memories of Sebastian's last hours, the film collapses into an issue of medical ethics too naked for dramatic effect. The girl, played by Elizabeth Taylor, is obviously no more in need of brain surgery than she is of bust enhancement, and the hanky-panky as to whether good Dr. Clift will get out his saw and earn the new research institute is flat tedium. Since Tennessee Williams does not write Grand Guignol, the girl's pretty head is never in serious peril.

I had wondered how the screen would handle the now-notorious "off stage" tale of Sebastian's death. This aspect of the work was well done. As Miss Taylor, under hypnosis, relates the story of perversion, turning into pack blood lust; of Sebastian pursued, pulled down and ritually eaten by the Riviera beach boys, the film sketches the episode in the key of a ferocious ballet. Sebastian's face is never shown, but whoever portrays him beautifully demonstrates by gesture and attitude the epicene young tyrant his mother's infatuated monologue has earlier suggested. As a result, this bizarre homosexual nightmare becomes the one artistically persuasive section in an otherwise coldly fabricated melodrama.

BLACK ORPHEUS, made by the French director, Marcel Camus, in Rio de Janeiro, is an example of taste in search of a style. It is full of good ideas and moving perceptions, the performers are naturally alive and often beautiful, the grandiose scenery is worked cogently into the narrative (though the color looks applied) and the poignant tale of found-lost love is appropriate to the primitive urban society from which it is made to spring.

But somehow the film never ignites. In part this is because the direction does not sustain the virtually untrained actors in the difficult task of playing mundane roles with mythic overtones. There is no point in calling your characters Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes, etc. unless the actors can convey something of the implications. These quite charming performers would, I suspect, have worked

Chain

I was chopping wood when I heard it, wild and clear
across the daring interval of snow
like the cry of a newborn child. The axe fell
from my hand. The echoes cracked within my ear like ice
before the wind. I put my snowshoes on
and started out. It took an hour to find him —
a loon, his foot half off, his eyes bleared
with pain. I drew the steel jaws apart.
He slid to the ground. His wings shuddered twice,
and were still. I raised him up, thinking of the warmth
within. His beak fastened like a vice. My cry
rang out in silver links across the dark,
and echoed on the lake, the hills, the wind.

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brilliantly as young men and women of Rio's seething Negro community, if they had not been turned stiff by a quick course in the Greek pantheon. They could have responded sensitively to a tragedy in their own terms, for they show inherent sensitivity at many turns, but the story has been thickened by the attemped allegory.

And the editing is heavy. Carnival in Rio becomes an oppression of noise, with excessive close-ups of fast action and with overlong scenes of the undifferentiated jiggling dance that is apparently the native form. I was grateful for specific scenes—a hilarious, bawdy, yet tender love passage between two of the supporting players, a frightening religious orgy in a crypto-Christian church, a ferryboat (it looks like one of the Fort Lee ferries, sold down the river in its old age) pulsing with hundreds of stomping celebrants--but I felt in the end that the film gave up a chance for simple and tragic beauty by trying to be significant and spectacular. Ambition corrupted the style.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE FIRST program in the New York Philharmonic's Mahler Festival was conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos; it offered Mahler's Symphony No. 5, and with it the *Grosse Fuge,* Opus 133, by Beethoven, in Weingartner's string-orchestra arrangement. Two movements of the featured work were given before the intermission and two after; a splendid way of handling a difficult programing situation and of helping to relieve the weight of length in this inordinately long symphony.

Mahler has always been a controversial figure. He is one of that special breed of composer whose music wraps a mystique about itself like an Arab tent, the inside of which smells like heaven to some people and smothers others. In my experience, the ones in this country who feel most at home on the inside are likely to be expatriate Viennese musicians or critics who find Mahler's melodic style a handy club with which to beat contemporary composers. There are, also, a very few enthusiasts among the composing fraternity itself. These are usually musicians who want desperately to continue the Germanic symphonic tradition, which is supposed to have died after Mahler, and to make warm contact with a mass audience. For the latter purpose, Mahler's sprawling, late-romantic kind of composition appears a likely answer. Shostakovitch, as a particular instance among contemporary Soviet musicians, has shown his affection for Mahler. If the Russian's music had not been harmed by the very diseases of giantism and diffuseness which he caught from the earlier composer, this would be a better recommendation.

I HAVE never stayed with any determination either inside or outside the Mahler tent. Eavesdropping at the flap, much of what I have heard has been attractive. But I do not believe in art which cannot be appreciated or judged except by special, or lax, criteria, and I am resistant to all-night monologues. Mahler, it seems to me, has no real relationship to the mainstream of twentieth-century music. But there is a flawed beauty in his work which I find intriguing.

Of the four long movements in the Fifth Symphony, the only one that really holds together is the Adagietto. This is often played as an independent piece, and I suspect the public has made it a favorite partly because the feelings and form are disciplined sufficiently to achieve coherence. It has a very special mood and a very distinct something to say.

Unfortunately, Mitropoulos did not conduct this movement very tellingly. The pervading difficulty of the *Adagietto* — its vagueness of pulse — was allowed to get out of hand, and as a result there was at one moment no pulse at all, and at another such an excess of rubato that a series of awkward, fictitious pulses were erected.

The other movements of the symphony wander around in the subjective miasma that only a programatic symphony dares entertain. Since Mahler disliked spelling out the scenario of an orchestral work, the listener has one of two choices in his response: either he grants the composer freedom to go anywhere he likes, without respect to abstract musical logic — which is to say that anything at all goes — or he admits to himself that he is lost in a sea of arbitrariness. My response is the latter. The *Rondo-Finale,* as an example, seems to me the absolute apotheosis of the *non sequitur*; its fugal razzmatazz getting nowhere; the music changing direction every few bars, especially toward the end. By almost any standards, it is a very messy job of composition.

BEETHOVEN'S *Grosse Fuge,* on the other hand, is one of the most amazing works in the entire literature. It is the only Beethoven opus which almost seems to bear out the contention of some of the composer's contemporaries that he was mad. He was not, of course. But the *Grosse Fuge* embodies such concentrated demonic force, and moves so boldly beyond the rhythmic and contrapuntal boundaries which, even to the end of his career, Beethoven usually stayed within, that it ends by staggering both intellect and feeling. I was glad to hear the work even in the Weingartner version. But the *Grosse Fuge* does not really speak properly except when played by the quartet of strings for which it was written. Some of the tensile quality goes out; the superhuman concentration of force within a capsule of instruments cannot take place. The *Grosse Fuge* is a bizarre piece, but no feat of orchestral expansion will normalize it.

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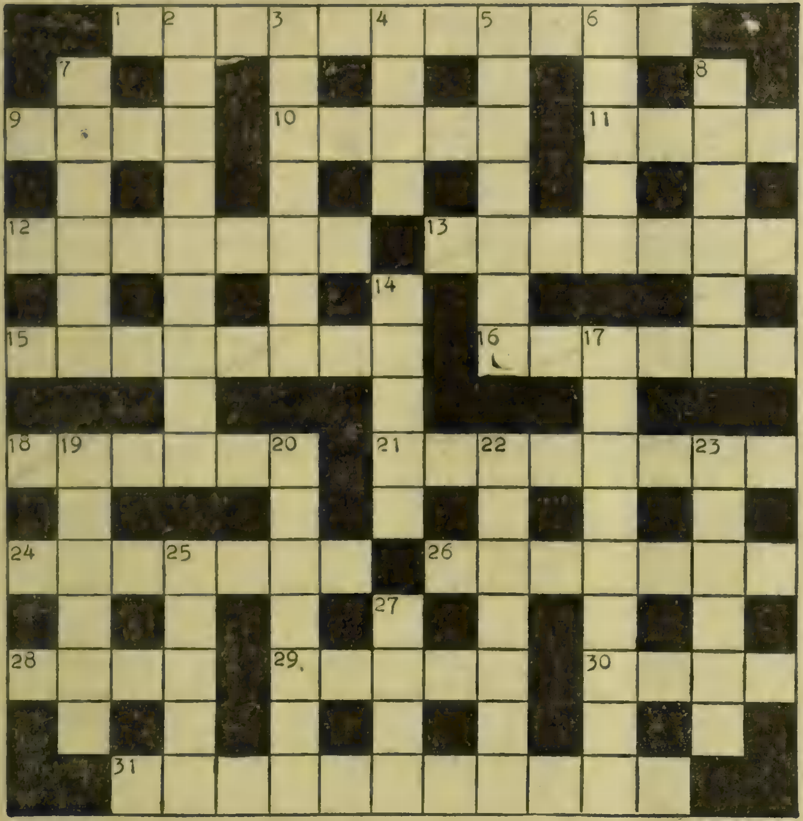
Editor's Note

GORE VIDAL has asked us to state that he did not supply the title used for his essay on Norman Mailer (*The Nation,* January 2).

Crossword Puzzle No. 850

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One way of making a livelihood uses nibs, etc. (11)
10 An article that's best surrounded by a coarse person. (5)
11 Where one might land on the other side of 4 and 14. (4)
12 Put off the track. (7)
13 Mention the wrong branch of learning in it, and get salt. (7)
15 How more than one 10 was taken in by the craft of 30. (3, 2, 3)
16 Put an end to the game! (6)
18 Plot system. (6)
21 When I was born, they showed promise! (8)
24 Eats around the edge of what might keep an 18 from coming off. (4-3)
26 It's wrong to lie, as it is to keep apart. (7)
28 The apterous heart of the music. (4)
29 The part of the match the watchman makes. (5)
30 The grand old man of the shanty. (4)
31 The best diner is not necessarily on the right side. (4, 7)

DOWN:

2 Without power to surround a number incapable of being defended. (9)
3 Strangely enough, it might be the object painted! (7)
4 and 14 What 31 has at the table isn't left. (9)
5 I resent such intrusions! (7)
6 The logical season for a prank. (5)
7 Cohan was a real live one. (6)
8 Its rag can't be paid for. (6)
17 Push over, perhaps, in a winding Cuban lane. (9)
19 and 9 Military order? There ought to be at least one on the Acropolis. (6, 4)
20 Did Andersen imply his clothes meant nothing to him? (7)
22 A knowing one suggests where to look for a hard quality in turn. (7)
23 A good king to humor—archaically, besides. (6)
25 The way one might assume the pot is cracked? (5)
27 Victor, perhaps, deserving an embrace, but nothing more. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 849

ACROSS: 1 Cabbages; 5 Basket; 10 Verse; 11 Impudence; 12 Abalone; 13 Incisor; 14 and 16 Middle-of-the-road; 15 Gascons; 18 Cantrip; 21 Vacate; 24 Templar; 26 Sunbeam; 27 Adornment; 28 Roost; 29 Desist; 30 Crusader. DOWN: 1 and 23 Caveat emptor; 2 Barbarian; 3 Adenoid; 4 Evil eye; 6 Adduces; 7 Kings; 8 Theorist; 9 Spring; 17 Scotland; 19 Relents; 20 Porter; 21 Visitor; 22 Canards; 25 Moods.

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Everything that's happened since this issue appeared confirms its authenticity and makes it more timely than ever . . .

'Shame of N. Y.' Still Valid, Isaacs Tells Local ADA

Stanley M. Isaacs, the only Re
publican on the City Council, las
week defended the authors of "Th
Shame of New York" at a meet
ing of the Greenwich Villag
branch of the Americans for Dem
ocratic Action.

The article comprised the special October 31 issue of the Nation magazine, and led to events which caused its authors, Fred J.
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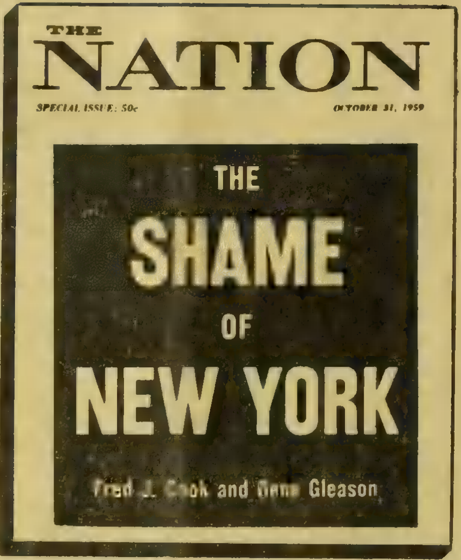
THE NATION
SPECIAL ISSUE: 50c
OCTOBER 31, 1959
THE SHAME OF NEW YORK
Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason

Mrs. Roosevelt Calls (
Sufficient to Discon

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt told 1,000 women yesterday that she thought there was enough proof in the recent magazine article "The Shame of New York" to make "many of us uncomfortable."

The article, which took up the entire Oct. 31 issue of The Nation, gave instances of alleged corruption and collusion in city government.

Mrs. Roosevelt said that "many have hoped that subse-
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INQUIRY BY STATE INTO CITY AFFAIRS WILL BEGIN TODAY

Nelson

Jury Hears Jack 3d Time Today

A grand jury peeping into the "house" that J
built today was to hear testimony for the thi
from Manhattan Borough President

He is to appear
financial

Chief Inspector Out In Butcher Scandal

Weights Official, 40 Years on Job, Suspended After Probe Report

Robert A. Poteete
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no longer wanted in the city
service—on information given
by the Commissioner of

Morals Squad in Brooklyn Split In Test Crackdown on Gambling

By EMANUEL PERLMUTTER

The 200-man Brookl

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City Declares War On 8 Milli Rats

By WOOD
World-Telegra

The Health Department, in an unprecedented move, has thrown 1000 men into the biggest rat hunt in recent decades.

The objective: To rid New York City of eight million rat

In this gigantic effort to con
quer the dreaded rodent
spreadin

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.

Please send me copies of the special issue, "The Shame of New York," as indicated below. I enclose payment in the sum of $............

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☐ 500 copies for $125.00
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THE

NATION

JANUARY 23, 1960 . . 25c

JAN 26 1960
LIBRARY
Calif.

CASTRO'S CUBA

The Picture in Focus

by

Robert Taber

THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE

H. Jack Geiger

LOBBY of a MILLION GHOSTS

John O'Kearney

LETTERS

Trujillo's Troubles

Dear Sirs: I have just read the interesting article on Trujillo by Jimenes-Grullón in your Dec. 26 issue. I will make good use of it when I have an opportunity.

I am reliably informed that Trujillo is in real trouble financially; that a leading New York bank turned him down for a loan and that the Canadian banks no longer will give him any further credit. Recently he was given an 11½ million dollar credit by the International Monetary Fund, but it seems to me that they may have made a bad mistake.

CHARLES O. PORTER
Member of Congress
Washington, D. C.

Another Deportation

Dear Sirs: Today, after having lived in the United States for thirty-one years — since she came here from Canada when she was but six years old — Mrs. Jo Ann Santiago faces separation from her husband, an American citizen born in Puerto Rico, and her three American-born children, the youngest being five years old, under a law which is a constant threat to every family — the Walter-McCarran Act.

There is still a small ray of hope left to appeal this case. Your financial help could transform this hope into reality. Please send your contributions to the Jo Ann Santiago Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1422, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(MISS) RUTH TABAK, Chairman
New York City

Nixon's Candidacy

Dear Sirs: Richard Nixon lacks the very most important and essential qualifications for the Presidency. The President must be devoted to the welfare of the whole country. He must be prepared to place this devotion above any narrow personal or factional interests. This necessary preparation Richard Nixon has never demonstrated. In his notorious campaigns he has shown himself the foulest kind of politician, willing to exploit one man's race, to accuse others of disloyalty, to give and break specific promises. His performance as President of the Senate has not been distinguished by any lesser devotion to personal advantage.

Unfortunately, American newspapers, the overwhelming majority of which are controlled by Republican interests, will continue to try selling Richard Nixon to the American people as the "best-prepared Presidential candidate in. . . ." By its own irresponsibility, the press is creating the very real possibility that a man equally as dangerous as Richard Nixon might one day see fit to interfere with its freedoms. It is in effect writing its own death sentence.

NED K. HOPKINS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Avowal on a Vowel

Dear Sirs: In regard to Fairfield Porter's review of the exhibition at the Zabriskie Gallery in your December 19 issue: It is bad enough to have to put up with Mr. Porter's New Yorkisms about the West Coast. . . . One might expect however, that he would go to the trouble of ascertaining the correct spelling of the names of the artists whose work he reviews. The painter whom he refers to seven times as Wanner is in reality Paul Wonner. Your correction of this error will be in line with Mr. Porter's concern for respect for the individual.

FELIX LANDAU
Los Angeles, Calif.

In the same mail with Mr. Landau's letter was a notice from the Longview Foundation, informing us that they had made a cash award to Fairfield Porter in recognition of his art columns in The Nation.—*The Editors.*

The Last Word

Dear Sirs: The letter of Joseph A. Boudreau in your Jan. 9 issue calls for an answer. Many writers of accepted histories, including F. A. Golder, have attempted to discredit the official records of the two visits of the Russian naval fleets in 1863, when foreign intervention was planned to break the Union blockade.

Franklin K. Lane was Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Woodrow Wilson, and in this office Lane had charge of Alaska. In the *Letters of Franklin K. Lane* (pp. 260-261) we find complete confirmation of the interpretation given in my letter of Dec. 19.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN
New York City

Regretfully, THE NATION *must now put an end to this battle of historians over the significance of the visit of Russian naval fleets to U. S. waters in 1863. More recent events have a better claim to this space.* — EDITORS

Trailing Clouds

Dear Sirs: Teacher victims of the Senate and House inquisitions are still hounded, blacklisted, denied their careers, ten or more years after the disgraceful performance of the McCarthyites and their stalwarts. It doesn't seem to matter that this brutal punishment is meted out to men and women who serve with distinction and rare dedication to the best interests of our society, when they have the opportunity.

When will the slate be wiped clean?

DAVID PERLOFF
Philadelphia, Pa.

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VOLUME 190, No. 4

THE NATION

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EDITORIALS

The Quiet American

The first requisite of a politician is to be noticed. But, like most rules, this one has exceptions, and if the American public looks hard, it can find one right now: the Hon. Richard Nixon, Vice President of the United States. In his quest for the most fiercely lighted job in the world, Mr. Nixon avoids light of any sort: if he could change himself into a mole between now and the official start of the Presidential campaign, the chances are he would do it. What are his views on birth control in relation to foreign aid? Silence. Does he favor federal voting registrars in the South? Silence. Is the country safe from the foreign foe? Silence. Even in his triumphant settlement of the steel strike, the praises of Nixon the great compromiser were sung by Secretary of Labor Mitchell, while the wonder worker himself remained modestly aloof. (There was only one break in the publicity curtain, when the photographers happened to drop around at the end of the heal-the-wounds dinner which was the steel industry's reward for belated industrial statesmanship.)

How long can Mr. Nixon keep it up? Into the spring, one would guess; for, when you come down to it, he really isn't hot news and, in his personal make-up, never has been. And this last point, if it is valid, may be the explanation of why this particular strategy has been adopted by the Nixon brain trust. It is not only the customary caution of the Presidential candidate who is leading, but also a consciousness of the defects of the Nixon virtues. The virtues are that he is an adroit politician, a tireless climber and an opportunist of whom it can be said, as Pasteur said about discoverers, that chance favors the prepared mind. These are the gifts that God gave him, but He did not see fit to endow him with magnanimity or any of the qualities mankind admires more than it rewards. Nixon is only the All-American Boy writ large; not much different, inside, than when he was politicking at Whittier High School. This partial vacuum bothers people somewhat, and makes it necessary for the candidate to tread even more cautiously than would another in his position. It makes him favor press agents rather than press conferences, and he slides his hat into the ring where others toss it. It also dictates efforts to build him up as more of a human being. A TV columnist reports that some of the Nixon supporters are seeking a ghost writer who can provide the candidate with a sense of humor. Something can no doubt be done for him: the public image of the politician is always more or less synthesized, and more so now than ever before in our history. And Nixon needs that kind of help more than any earlier Presidential candidate.

This is not to say that he will be a weak candidate. He does have political acumen and you can fool a lot of the people a lot of the time. All that can be said is that the image-makers will leave the Nixon soul exactly what it has always been and many Americans, even while they vote for him, will have a vague and highly justified sense of uneasiness.

The Swastika Pandemic

Now that everybody has had his say on the wave of anti-Semitism which has spread over the world from West Germany, ranging from the notion that the pogroms are about to be revived to the notion that this is a fad as harmless as Kilroy and the hula hoop, *The Nation* would suggest an approach which at least has the merit of not dealing merely with symptoms. It should be obvious, at the outset, that German anti-Semitism has a special character and must be taken more seriously than swastika-scrawling in countries where the disease never took on an acute form. It is also worth noting that anti-Semitism existed in Germany and Austria long before Hitler and rose to its peak of rapine and murder in exact step with German rearmament. History is now repeating itself, as it must whenever understanding is deficient and earlier conditions recur. And it is clear that these earlier conditions are recurring.

Given a continuation of West German rearmament, this time with nuclear weapons, a return to something like the Hitler era is predictable. There is such a thing as a German character, as there is a French, a British, an American character. It is not that the Germans have an original nature different from the rest of mankind, or that they are incapable of change in the long run. It is only that recent experiences have left their mark on the Germans, and that there has been among them no general contrition, only a pushing out of consciousness of a disagreeable experience — disagreeable only because it ended in defeat. True, the young did not experience the defeat; but the dream and the delirium have been transmitted to some of them, and they are ready to try again.

In consequence, as the Germans are now constituted, they cannot remilitarize without simultaneously turning against elements which, in the Hitler and pre-Hitler terminology, failed to qualify as *"echt Deutsch."* Given the same stimulus they will once more override internal opposition — there was opposition to Hitler, too — and proceed methodically to persecute and finally to murder the remnant of 30,000 Jews left in Germany. Then they will proceed to murder half-Jews, and when the half-Jews are gone they will invent Jews. This is the price of taking in the Germans as full, and indeed dominant, partners in NATO. The British are beginning to see the handwriting on the wall, and it is time we saw it too. If we do not, or if we consider German rearmament as a necessary evil, we must be willing to share responsibility for what is certain to follow.

Is the Fix in on Civil Rights?

The President's political advisers have placed him in a position on the proposal for federal voting registrars which is both intellectually and morally indefensible. The proposal is simplicity itself: it calls for the appointment of federal registrars to enroll Negro voters when state registrars will not do so (see Kenneth N. Vines's article in this issue, p. 71). Asked about the proposal at last week's press conference, the President lamely replied: "I don't even know whether it is Constitutional." But of all civil-rights proposals, this one has the firmest Constitutional sanction; more important, it was advanced by a distinguished commission selected by the President himself, and was endorsed by five of its six members (the dissenter being former Governor John S. Battle of Virginia). In fact, the chief architect of the proposal is the Civil Rights Commission's Vice Chairman, Dean Robert G. Storey of the law school of Southern Methodist University (Texas), and a recognized authority on Constitutional issues.

On the question of enfranchising the Negro, at least, the white South is sharply divided; a substantial Southern opinion supports his right to vote. If, therefore, the President were to throw his support behind the proposal, he would split the opposition and might well succeed in aligning such states as Texas, Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virgina in its support. Not only would this represent a distinct political triumph, but it would insure passage of a measure sounding the death knell of Jim Crow in the South. For, as the Civil Rights Commission has pointed out, "The right to vote is the cornerstone of the Republic, and the key to all other civil rights." Moreover, there is the clearest possible factual basis for federal intervention. On this point the conclusion of the President's commission is unassailable: "Against the prejudice of registrars and jurors, the U.S. Government appears under present laws to be helpless to make good the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution."

The President's problem, of course, is that the Republican leadership has made commitments to the Dixiecrats which it thinks must be honored. To free civil-rights legislation from the Rules Committee by a discharge petition requires a majority of House members, or 219 votes; minus Dixiecrat support, the Democrats cannot muster them. At this session, therefore, primary responsibility for the fate of civil-rights legislation rests squarely on the President, the Vice President and the Republican leadership. As Senator Wayne Morse pointed out in these pages (*The Nation*, November 7, 1959), the Republicans hold the balance of power on civil rights both in the Rules Committee and on the floor of the House and the Senate. The question, then, is this: a hundred years after the election of 1860, is the Republican Party prepared to betray the Lincoln heritage? Or, stated more crudely, is the fix in on civil rights?

The Desperate Season

More and more politicians and experts on the cold war, writes a columnist, are "living in a state of quiet desperation." Most desperate of all are the high-ranking officers of our armed services and their colleagues in Congress. Their agony also has a time parameter which is as predictable as Christmas, and in fact comes two weeks after Christmas. It is in January, the month when Congress assembles and the battle of the budget begins, that the threat to the survival of the United States climbs to a plateau which is then maintained until the funds have been allocated and the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines each knows the extent of its deprivation. Then, except for sporadic outcries, there is a lull until January rolls around once more.

This year they are climbing their Calvary with a heavier cross than ever before. Even Brig. Gen. Thomas

R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Retired), probably the most levelheaded military analyst in the country, heads his column in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "America's Armed Forces Facing the Year Ahead with Feeling of Dismay." "They are waiting out the year in passive desperation," General Phillips reports, and he sounds a little desperate himself. The Army's chief complaint, if one can be given priority in a picture almost totally black, is that the Administration refuses to put Nike Zeus into production. Nike Zeus is the anti-missile missile under development by the most powerful electronics brains of the nation, yet there are those in the Pentagon who say it won't work. The Navy wants more carriers and is so poor that it can't maintain even its existing ships in top-notch mechanical condition. Yet, compared with the Army, the Navy is to be envied: the Polaris submarine program is ahead of schedule. One would think that the Air Force, the rich cousin whose income is as much as that of the Army and Navy combined, would be happy, but such is not the case. "The Air Force," General Phillips finds, "faces the missile gap . . . with a sense of desperation . . . [the missile gap] is becoming a chasm that endangers the world position of the United States. It may never be bridged. . . ."

There is only one thing more predictable than the January ululations, and that is the callousness with which the Administration responds to them, or rather fails to respond. The answer is always: $41 billion, take it or leave it, and naturally they take it. The Commander-in-Chief has spoken, and after all, he is a general himself. He calls attention to this undeniable fact and maintains that he knows more about military needs than anyone else. It takes a general to stand up to hungry generals. If they ever rejoiced that a general was President, they do so no longer. When General Phillips says they are waiting out the year in quiet desperation (it's not so quiet, actually) he explains that he means they are waiting for a new Administration which will not be so merciless. Most problems of the next President are hidden behind the veil of the future, but here is one that can be predicted a whole year before he takes office.

Verdict of the Viewers

The allegation that the private citizen can make no dent on his culture is often no more than buck-passing. When, last month, word spread through the New York area that WNTA-TV considered dropping its sponsor-poor "Play of the Week," 27,000 persons sent letters and postcards of protest to the station. Impressed by this fervent, though by no means overwhelming, expression of enthusiasm for the program, the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), one of the nation's largest corporations, has now assumed complete sponsorship of the show.

We congratulate Standard Oil for having thus responded to public demand and we congratulate WNTA on being vindicated in its belief that television can produce first-class theatre under dignified auspices. Most of all, we congratulate the 27,000 citizens who understood that their opinion *does* matter.

THE PICTURE IN FOCUS:

CASTRO'S CUBA . . *by Robert Taber*

As a CBS newsman, Robert Taber was an eyewitness to the Cuban Revolution during four critical periods: in April, 1957, he spent three weeks with Castro in the Sierra Maestra, and was the first newsman to do a radio-TV interview with the revolutionary leader; he was again in Oriente Province during the "total war" phase of the fighting in the spring of 1958; in the summer of that year, he spent two months with Fidel's brother, Raúl, watching the guerrilla fighting in northern Oriente; and a year ago he witnessed Fidel's triumphant entry into Havana. He has since returned to Cuba several times doing research for a forthcoming book, M-26: Biography of a Revolution. *The following article is based on material from the book.—Editors.*

IN *Our Man in Havana*, novelist Graham Greene wrote a farce about a debt-ridden British vacuum-cleaner dealer in Havana, who was recruited as an intelligence agent for his country. Lacking information of the sort required by his employers, the dealer began to invent it. In due course, he filed a report about a mysterious concrete platform being constructed, he asserted, in the remote, rebel-controlled mountains of eastern Cuba. Then, when pressed by his superiors for more details, he was reduced, in desperation, to drawing plans of a gigantic "secret weapon," which he said was being installed on the mysterious platform in the mountains. His model and source of inspiration: a streamlined vacuum-cleaner attachment among his wares.

Greene presented this, of course, as gentle satire, spoofing the puerile but deadly serious and occasionally frightening preoccupation of the great powers with the cloak-and-dagger fantasies of their "cold war." What the novelist did not consider, perhaps, was that such fantasies can be made credible once they are put in the frame of reference of propaganda to which people have already been conditioned.

Thus, David Sentner, in the Hearst Headline Service newspaper column "Washington Window," of November 12, 1959:

> Are Red Russian military technicians helping the anti-American Castro Cuban government to build a missile base?
>
> There is a gigantic concrete "emplacement" in Camaguey Province in Cuba, nearing completion. It is marked "Off Limits" by the Cuban authorities and it is heavily guarded by Castro soldiery.
>
> This much our intelligence agents know, but no more.

The Hearst columnist goes on to say that there is "evidence" that small arms were smuggled ashore from Russian submarines during the struggle against Batista, adding that there is, however, "*no corroboration to date* of the new Cuban regime having received any missiles," i.e., from the Soviet Union.

The plain inference is that the Cubans *have* received Soviet missiles, smuggled ashore from Russian submarines, and that this will soon be "corroborated."

Presumably, no one has yet plagiarized *Our Man in Havana* to the extent of sending drawings of vacuum-cleaner attachments to our Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. However, much of the reportage on the Cuban scene during the past year supports the suspicion that even this might not be too much to anticipate.

THE FACT is that the "gigantic concrete emplacement" mystery of the Hearst newspapers differs only in degree, certainly not in kind, from the great bulk of what has been reported in the press and on radio and TV in the United States concerning the Cuban Revolution since Dictator Fulgencio Batista's precipitate flight from Havana on New Year's Day, 1959. We have witnessed a virulent press campaign, concocted of ignorance, half-truths, name calling, connotative misdirection and outright fabrication, all tending to erode the first bright image of the revolution and to discredit its leadership.

One must concede at once that the Cuban revolutionaries themselves have provided, gratis, a great deal of the ammunition which has been hurled against them. Fidel Castro's off-the-cuff remark that in the event of United States military intervention in Cuba ". . . twenty thousand *gringos* would die!" was scarcely calculated to endear him to the North American press or people. He has added a great many provocations to this initial one since last January. Oratorical intemperance, a Cuban flair for exaggeration, and a failure to take account of other people's prejudices, have all contributed to damaging misunderstandings.

It is barely possible that a more adroit public-relations effort vis-à-vis the United States might have eased some of the strain. But one must instantly add that no amount of oil spread on troubled waters could have ameliorated the underlying conflict of interests of which the surface storm of propaganda is merely symptomatic. Nor could clever press relations long have concealed this paramount fact: *The Cuban Revolution was and is, above all, a Cuban declaration of independence from the United States.*

This is what made it certain that Fidel Castro's U.S. press notices would be mostly unfavorable. They could not have been otherwise.

IN ORDER to understand the nature of the conflict, one must consider briefly the status of the island before the revolution, and then proceed to review the developments of the past year.

From Cuba's founding as a republic in 1903 until December 31, 1958, when the Batista regime abruptly collapsed, the country was for every practical purpose a United States colony, captive both economically and politically. Its first constitution gave the United States the privilege of intervening in Cuban affairs, both internal and external — a privilege invoked more than once under the detested Platt Amendment, which was not abrogated until 1934. Cuba's trade treaties were written in Washington and Wall Street. The greater part of its resources—sugar, mineral rights, public-utility concessions, cattle lands — were controlled by U.S. capital. In such circumstances, it can scarcely be doubted that the succession of rapacious professional politicos who ruled Cuba during most of the half-century or so of its republican existence were necessarily the caretakers of a vast amount of American, rather than Cuban, wealth. And whatever else he may have been, the dictator who fled to Santo Domingo on the first day of 1959 was one of these — a discredited, dispossessed custodian of the Yankee dollar.

A SIZABLE part of the Cuban business community — the small merchants and the economic nationalists of finance and industry — had opposed Batista and made common cause with Fidel Castro's bearded revolutionaries for reasons of their own. But to the extent that these Cuban businessmen understood the radical *fidelista* program, set forth in all its essential details as early as 1953, they were wary of him. At best, they wished him only a limited success — that is, they hoped that he would serve as a cat's-paw to destroy the Batista regime, but that he would subsequently be forced to accept a "liberal" coalition government representing their interests. If worst came to worst, they felt, it would probably be possible to "do business" with Castro, very much as business had been done with other nominally popular governments in the past.

Fortune magazine, discussing the question of agrarian reform under the Castro government in its September, 1959, issue, put the matter very well:

> If the rich, powerful and normally cynical Cubans began to be disquieted by the realization that giving land to somebody involved taking it from somebody else (i.e., themselves), they didn't raise the point. Some prominent citizens thought that the new hero was merely making appropriate noble noises, and that when the excitement subsided, he would give them the cordial and cooperative government they liked.

That impression certainly prevailed among the rich, powerful and normally cynical Americans with a stake in Cuba, and no doubt was shared by Washington as well.

These cynics were soon disappointed. Even before Fidel had reached Havana, the "noble noises" of the *fidelistas* were echoed by the crash of revolutionary rifles as the first and worst of some 550 war criminals, notorious torturers and mass murderers of the Batista regime died before firing squads.

At the outset, Castro installed a politically "equidistant" government in the Presidential palace in Havana. Only a few of its members were actual revolutionaries. However, any hope that the conservatives of the new Cabinet would soon restore "business as usual" was speedily dashed by the realization that the provisional government was not, in fact, governing. The administration of state affairs, like the trial and execution of the war criminals and the reorganization of the armed forces, remained in the hands of Fidel Castro and his supporters.

A month after Batista's overthrow, Fidel accepted nominal as well as actual authority by becoming Prime Minister. The Cabinet was reorganized, and the long-promised social revolution got under way.

A HORRENDOUS outcry had already arisen in the United States press in reaction to the war-crimes trials, which were seen as a portent of the intransigent radicalism of the Castro movement.

The island of Cuba, of slight interest to the newspaper-reading public during seven years of struggle against the Batista dictatorship, was suddenly rediscovered only "ninety miles off our shores, site of the American naval base that guards our southern defenses, anchor of our defense of the Panama Canal, and key to the future of Latin America . . ." An army of American journalists flocked to Havana, and torrents of sensational, adjective-packed prose — more than had been written during the two preceding years of civil war — began to flow back. Members of Congress took up the cry. Republican Senator Capehart of Indiana perceived "the spectacle of a bearded monster stalking through Cuba." Representative Wayne Hays, possibly better informed about the sugar-beet industry of his own Ohio than about Cuban affairs, demanded to know what the State Department intended to *do* to "calm Castro down, before he depopulates Cuba." *Time* magazine informed its readers that the *fidelistas* were taking revenge on a conquered foe, and listed among "typical victims" the name of Alejandro Garcia Olayon, a naval officer accused of having roasted six persons alive, and of having supervised the slaughter of some three hundred persons, after an abortive uprising in Cienfuegos in 1957.

The campaign abated somewhat as understanding dawned that the revolutionary tribunals, although following a code of Cuban rather than Anglo-Saxon juridical procedure, were administrating strict justice, that there was no slightest question as to the guilt of those condemned, and that all sectors of the Cuban population, as well as the Catholic clergy itself, stood amazed at the furore of foreign criticism. Perhaps it was perceived, too, that the revolutionary government did not seem to be doing anything so revolutionary in its first month in office that it would seriously jeopardize the $850,000,000 of private U.S. investment capital in Cuba.

Bohemia, Havana
Fidel Castro

Fidel's accession to the Premiership in February signaled an important consolidation of power by the *fidelista* movement. To quote *The New York Times* of February 22:

> The action of Fidel Castro in personally taking over the office of the Premier of the Republic of Cuba reflects his recognition of the fact that the people accept him as their supreme leader. The truth is that they regard him as not only Premier in the Government of Dr. Manuel Urrutia, whom he proclaimed President, but as the very Government itself.

Precisely so. It does not follow, however, that opposition to the revolutionary process had ended, as we shall see.

In mid-April, the Cuban Premier made a visit to the United States that seemed, briefly, to promise improved relations with Washington. But friendly gestures were no substitute for deeds; basic conflicts of interest, both economic and political, proved irreconcilable, and the *rapprochement* failed to "take." Cuba had embarked on a revolutionary course from which there has been, to date, no turning.

On the political plane, Castro made it clear that his government had no intention of following, in blind submission, Washington's lead in the cold war. He said that although his revolutionary movement was "not Red, but olive green" (a reference to the color of the revolutionary uniform), it did not intend to persecute the Cuban Communists of the *Partido Socialista Popular.* With regard to the island's foreign policy, he said that Cuba would choose its own path, both politically and in its commercial relations with other countries. United States interference in matters related to Cuban defense — specifically the question of some British aircraft which Cuba sought to buy and the State Department persuaded Britain not to sell — subsequently produced the statement that if the island could not satisfy its needs in the West, it would do so "elsewhere," i.e., in the Communist countries, if need be.

In the United Nations, where Batista's representative, Nuñez Portuondo, had been considered the bellwether of the United States' "solid Latin American bloc," Cuba broke the united front for the first time by abstaining from voting on a U.S. proposal to postpone debate for another year on the question of seating Communist China.

A mere glance at the bare bones of

the *fidelista* economic program is sufficient to disclose the reasons for the attraction that it originally exerted on the economic nationalists in Cuban business and banking circles. The same facts and figures reveal as well, however, the basis of future opposition to the movement on the part of other, larger and more powerful, economic interests in Cuba and in the United States.

The promised diversification of agriculture meant that Cuba could hope to stop spending $20 million annually on Texas and Louisiana rice, and even greater sums on U.S. canned food products and bottled beverages, and produce its own. Protective tariffs and government aid to fledgling native industries promised to create both higher employment and an expansion of domestic markets, based on the increased purchasing power of a more productive labor force. Agrarian reform, to turn half a million squatters and itinerant agricultural workers into prosperous small farmers, held out the same hope of greater general prosperity and a better distribution of the nation's wealth.

And all of these measures, as well as others in prospect, signified something else of great importance: an end to the flight of capital, principally in the form of sugar profits, that had been flowing from Cuba by the hundreds of millions of dollars over the years, never to return.

IF IT seems paradoxical to say that sugar was the island's principal source of income and at the same time an incubus on the Cuban people, it is because a simple fact has not been considered: fully 40 per cent of the nation's sugar production, with an annual value of more than $600 million, was firmly in the hands of U.S. corporations in 1958. (In the past, the percentage had risen as high as 70.) An additional 10 to 20 per cent was controlled by Canadian, Spanish and other foreign interests. Thus less than half of a product accounting for nearly two-thirds of Cuba's national income, and fully 80 per cent of her export, was actually controlled by Cubans. And even the profits accruing to the Cuban sugar barons did not remain in Cuba: most of the return was banked or invested abroad.

The same conditions applied with respect to the great cattle ranches, to the nation's mineral wealth (90 per cent in American hands), to its oil (owned entirely by British and American corporations), to its public utilities (80 per cent American-owned).

The importance of such facts cannot be exaggerated. They are the essence of economic colonialism, which requires neither a Colonial Office nor a colonial army to maintain itself when native politicians gladly serve as overseers at lower wages.

At bottom, economic colonialism has its basis in the same circumstance as feudalism: the monopoly control of a nation's wealth, in the one instance by foreigners, in the other by an oligarchy of one's own wealthy and powerful countrymen.

CUBA suffered from the two afflictions at once. Until the agrarian reform, fewer than 8 per cent of the property holdings in Cuba accounted for nearly 75 per cent of all cultivated land. That is to say, three-quarters of the agricultural resources of an agricultural country the size of England, and with a population half again that of Ireland, was in the hands of a few dozen wealthy Cuban families and giant U.S.-owned sugar and cattle corporations.

The social consequences of such a maldistribution of wealth are obvious enough. Cuba's illiteracy rate was one of the highest in the hemisphere, 33.5 per cent. A million Cuban women and children had never worn shoes. Half a million *campesinos* had never tasted milk, or meat. More than a million had never had even the most rudimentary medical care. Thousands of *guajiros* in the Sierra Maestra were as isolated from the rest of the nation as though they lived on an island in the Pacific, without roads, communications, or any contact with the outside world.

Where was the sound economy, the prosperous nation, of which Batista's American public-relations agents used to boast? The sugar corporations were prosperous. The great cattle ranchers were prosperous. But who was paying the bill?

Felipe Pazos, one of the prominent bankers of the anti-Batista movement, has said that graft on public works alone during seven years of the Batista administration came close to $500 million on a total public-works budget of less than $800 million. Cost estimates were customarily doubled, and the rake-off apportioned among the thieves. Such practices extended into every aspect of the nation's economic life. A report written by Robert Alden in *The New York Times* of January 5, 1958, described "the agent of the government, the man with the outstretched palm who is the key figure in the large-scale corruption in Cuba":

> The owner of a small food store says: "I pay $2 to the 'collector' every time I pull the shutter of my shop in the morning. I pay $2 when I pull it down at night."
>
> The taxicab driver pays the "collector" $1 for the right to stay at his taxi stand for three hours, and, depending on their volume of business, a precise scale of payment is exacted from each of thousands of street vendors.

In February, 1958, it was estimated that nearly 27,000 Cubans lived on the proceeds of gambling; 11,500 lived by or on prostitution; 5,000 lived by begging (Report of the Cuban National Council of Economy, 1958). The "collector" extracted tribute from them all.

The money lost on the Havana gaming tables by American tourists lined Batista's pockets and those of American gangsters in Las Vegas, Cleveland and New York. Corporation taxes were low, for the benefit of foreign investors, and the Cuban *latifundistas* paid more in bribes than in taxes. The tax on an annual income of $1,000,000 never exceeded 10 per cent, and even this was seldom paid. But the middle classes groaned under taxation, and the working classes sweated to pay for imported rice, beans and canned goods; the United States enjoyed a trade with Cuba which ran to more than $10 million a month in its own favor.

Of the total Cuban labor force of 2.204,000, some 361,000 persons were wholly unemployed throughout 1957; 150,000 were employed only part of the time; 154,000 were engaged in unremunerated labor — e.g., as domestic servants, working for their meals and lodgings. Of 1,539,000 Cubans gainfully employed, 954,000 earned less than $75 a month in a nation where the peso was on a par with the dollar and had even less purchasing power in Havana than in New York.

The nation's free gold and dollar reserves, depleted by assaults on the Treasury and an unfavorable trade balance with the United States, were down to $110,000 by the end of December, 1958. The incoming government was faced with a current deficit of more than $50 million and a national indebtedness of close to $1.5 billion.

The revolutionary Provisional Government, coming to power in January, abolished the worst of the abuses of the Batista regime at a single stroke:

¶Thousands of government sinecures were eliminated, along with the subsidies which had been paid, for political reasons, to most Cuban newspapers and to many Cuban journalists.

Revolucion, Havana

¶A ministry for the recovery of stolen property set to work to recover millions of dollars in cash and more millions in property illegally acquired under past regimes. Scores of contractors who had accepted "kickbacks" on public-works contracts were forced to disgorge their illicit gains, and the estates of former government officials, acquired dishonestly, were confiscated by the state.

¶Home and apartment rentals were reduced 30 to 50 per cent, bringing dwelling rentals to what were considered more reasonable levels and at the same time injecting a considerable amount of fresh capital into the economy at the consumer level. The effect was much the same for Cuban wage earners as though they had received a sizable increase in pay, and the benefits were immediately felt, also, by thousands of retail merchants.

¶Mortgage rates were reduced in order to provide relief for the smaller landlords.

¶Under a Cabinet decree, owners of idle property in urban areas were compelled to build on their vacant lots, or to put them up for sale to builders, in an effort to create employment, to end real estate speculation and to provide desperately needed urban space for industrial development.

¶Tax laws were revised to reduce the number of different taxes by about two-thirds and to provide a more equitable distribution of the tax load. Collections were rigorously enforced, and thousands of tax-dodgers now found themselves paying not only current but past taxes, which they had thought to evade. (Of 30,000 members of Havana's twelve most exclusive clubs, it was found that only 6,000 had ever even filed tax returns.)

Although there was some grumbling, principally among landlords whose rentals were reduced, the reaction to the first reforms of the new government was generally favorable. The business classes had asked for honest government, and they discovered that they were getting it "for almost the first time," said *The New York Times* correspondent Herbert Matthews, "since Columbus discovered the island."

It quickly became evident, however, that the provisional government had no intention of stopping at this point.

The big U.S.-owned utility companies were next to feel the effects of reform. Government interventors were installed to oversee the affairs of the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, a $300,000,000 subsidiary of the American & Foreign Power Corporation, supplying 90 per cent of Cuba's electrical power. After an inspection of the books, the company was ordered to extend its rural service and to reduce its rates by 30 per cent.

The books of the Cuban Telephone Company, a subsidiary of International Telephone & Telegraph, representing a $115,000,000 investment, were also examined. Rate increases which had been granted by the Batista government were abolished, and the company was ordered to improve its notoriously inadequate and inefficient service.

The government had already armed itself with authority to impose controls on currency and imports, to halt the flight of Cuban capital and to restore a lopsided balance of payments. Within the first few months of the new administration, imports were reduced by more than 30 per cent, the curbs being applied primarily to non-essential goods—e.g., bottled alcoholic beverages and television sets. Since Cuba had been the world's sixth greatest market for U.S. manufactured and agricultural products, it is not surprising that there should have been repercussions. The worst fears of U.S. investors were confirmed in June, with the promulgation of the Agrarian Reform Law.

THE distribution of idle government land holdings to landless *campesinos* had already begun. *Guajiros* in the Sierra Maestra who had lived for generations on land nominally owned by absentee landlords under ancient Spanish grants had also been assured of title to their plots. The next step—under the Agrarian Reform Law—was to invoke the provisions of the Cuban Constitution of 1940 which, although never enforced, had strictly forbidden the holding of *latifundios,* i.e., more than a thousand acres in a single property.

Exceptions were permitted in the new law to allow maximum holdings of 3,316 acres in rice and cattle lands—where it could be demonstrated that such holdings would be in the interest of more efficient production.

Holdings beyond the legal maximums were subject to expropriation, the land so acquired by the state to be distributed among Cuba's 700,000 landless peasants, with preference to be given to the sharecroppers or squatters actually living on the expropriated property. Each family was assured of two *caballerias* (66⅔ acres) gratis, and the privilege of purchasing three additional *caballerias.*

The law forbade the ownership of sugar-cane holdings by mill owners, the purpose being to break up the large monopolies in the interest of the peasants and small cane-growers. Ownership of Cuban land by foreigners, whether acquired by purchase or inheritance, was forbidden, and likewise the ownership of land by stock companies in which foreigners might hold shares.

THE owners were shocked by the compensation offered for the property to be expropriated: twenty-year government bonds bearing 4½ per cent interest. Although they had for many years enjoyed extremely low taxation as the result of minimal assessments, they were now dismayed to learn that expropriation payments would be based on these same evaluations.

The American press was prompt to denounce the agrarian reform as confiscatory. The complaints of the sugar cartel were translated into the language most familiar to the American newspaper-reading public: the land-reform program was a Kremlin-inspired plot to destroy free enterprise. In Washington, there was talk of reducing the Cuban sugar quota, an idea particularly appealing to the sugar Senators of Louisiana and to those legislators with an interest in Hawaiian and Puerto Rican cane sugar or U.S. beet sugar. (The question comes up for action in the current session of Congress.)

Altogether, nearly two million acres of cane-land owned or controlled by United States interests was marked for expropriation, final action being deferred until after the 1959-1960 *zafra*, or winter harvest, so as not to interfere with sugar production. The first of the big American-owned cattle ranches to be expropriated, the 33,500-acre King ranch in Camaguey, was formally seized by the Agrarian Reform Institute on November 15. The total extent of other American-owned ranches and other holdings marked for expropriation is thought to be about a million acres.

In Havana, the government launched what was viewed as another "shaft" aimed at U.S. business interests: a 5 per cent tax on the value of minerals extracted by mining companies, and a 25 per cent tax on the value of minerals or ores exported from Cuba. A subsequent measure brought the oil deposits of the island under the control of the industrial division of the Agrarian Reform Institute.

When, in November, the Havana government suddenly and without explanation replaced Dr. Felipe Pazos as president of the Cuban National Bank with one of the most radical of the Cuban revolutionary leaders, Dr. Ernesto "Che" Guevara, it was felt that the worst had indeed come to the worst.

IT IS easily possible to trace a rough correspondence between the policy decisions and actions of the revolutionary government and the rise and fall of the decible level of the anti-Castro propaganda campaign in the United States and elsewhere.

The journalistic image of Fidel Castro varied, even during the struggle against Batista, in ratio to the assessment made of his intentions and capabilities in financial and diplomatic quarters. One saw, in succession, the romantic bourgeois hero (supported by the "best elements" of Cuban society), the potentially dangerous fanatic ("Burn the cane! After Batista we will have a *zafra* of liberty!"), the bearded leader of what Senator Ellender called "a bunch of bandits, burning sugar plantations."

By the end of the first month of *fidelista* control, the international wire services and their clients in the United States were in full cry against the new government, and it was difficult to distinguish the "liberal" journals—which had hitherto viewed Castro with cautious sympathy — from the most reactionary. The burden of the wave of criticism was humanitarian concern for the "victims" of the revolutionary tribunals, but the underlying preoccupation was apparent in speculation as to the probable economic orientation of the new regime.

As early as January — Fidel's first month in power — *U.S. News and World Report*, among other conservative journals, was inquiring as to the possibility of a dictatorship taking shape in Cuba, and it may be significant that, during the same period, Associated Press analyst William Ryan, for one, perceived the clear possibility of U.S. intervention to save Cuba from "chaos."

IN MAY, with the beginning of the "Communist beach head" scare, initiated on television and echoed by the Hearst press, there was renewed talk of intervention, this time to save Cuba not from chaos but from communism. United Press International's vice president, Lyle C. Wilson, speculated that Communists *probably* would "take over" the Cuban government, and predicted that in such a circumstance "the United States would promptly apply force to prevent the Reds from getting a foothold in the island Republic," adding: "The United States wouldn't tolerate communism in our back yard."

The attempts of the Havana government to cope with the increasingly disruptive conspiracies of counterrevolutionary elements both inside and outside of Cuba during the summer and fall of 1959 simply provided more fuel for the anti-

Castro press campaign. The technique employed to discredit the revolutionary leadership is illustrated in the following excerpt from *Newsweek* magazine's edition of November 9:

> The revolutionary tribunals are coming back, and so are the firing squads. The mob has shouted its approval of Premier Fidel Castro's plan to arm the peasants and the workers. . . . They are not a bloodthirsty people, these Habaneros who keep crying "To the firing squad!" The trouble is that they've been so brainwashed that whatever Castro says they automatically believe.

Who is trying to brainwash whom — and with what object? To be evaluated properly, the above quotation should be compared with another, published about the same time, from Hearst columnist David Sentner:

> *Washington*: The United States must immediately lead a movement by the Organization of American States and the U.N. for the replacement of the Communist-dominated Castro regime in Cuba. Otherwise within six to eight months, many other Latin American nations will follow the Castro pattern and confiscate all American property.
>
> So predicts Dr. Emilio Nuñez Portuondo, former U.N. Security Council President and distinguished Cuban diplomat. . . .

Sentner does not trouble to identify the "distinguished Cuban diplomat" as Batista's former United Nations representative or as the so-called "intellectual leader" of the anti-Castro *batistianos*-in-exile with headquarters in Ciudad Trujillo. However, he does say that the Castro regime has placed "a big death-price" on Nuñez Portuondo's head, and goes on to quote him at length concerning an alleged plot, instigated by Moscow and Peking, to "communize" Cuba.

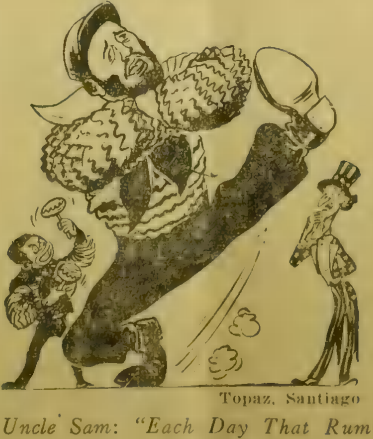
It is not too difficult to see the relationship between the *Newsweek* article and the Hearst columnist's interview with Nuñez Portuondo. The one, painting a lurid picture of an evil, tyrannical, menacing regime, prepares U.S. public opinion for what the other bluntly proposes: an overt military attack on that same regime in the name of humanity, or self-defense, or something equally moral.

Thus it would seem that Fidel Castro's apprehensions with regard to the possibility of foreign intervention, dismissed in the American press as mere ranting or evidence of paranoia, could have some basis. And hence the preoccupation in Havana with counter-revolutionary conspiracies, both at home and abroad. The possibility of a successful counter-revolution in Cuba at the present time is so remote as to be non-existent. On the other hand, the existence of a counter-revolutionary force, small but well financed, with a firm base in Santo Domingo, powerful backing in the United States and a manpower pool of former Batista soldiers, policemen and displaced petty officials in Cuba itself, does pose a serious threat to the revolution.

It was, after all, the *fidelistas* themselves who demonstrated how much confusion could be sown, and how much damage done to an economy, by a handful of fanatics.

But this is to discuss the lesser evil. The real danger lies in the use to which the *appearance* of a counter-revolution could be put — if the United States were inclined to intervene in Cuba. A widespread, lasting campaign of terrorism, endangering American lives and property, would most certainly produce a ringing appeal for outside aid, in which Cuban conservatives would join. And although Washington—recalling the world-wide political repercussions of its thinly disguised intervention in Guatemala in 1954—would not be anxious to follow the same course again, it is easy to see how Nuñez Portuondo's plan might be adopted, i.e., United States military intervention under the aegis of the Organization of American States.

A Chilean View



Topaz, Santiago

Uncle Sam: "Each Day That Rumba Looks More Curious."

HOW MUCH of the sound and fury of the U.S. press campaign, with its incessant theme of Communist "infiltration" in the Caribbean, has been justified by the actual developments of the first year of revolutionary government in Cuba?

From the point of view of the great Cuban landowners, the import-export bankers, the sugar cartel, the immediate dollar interests threatened, no doubt *all* of it is justified. From a more liberal, not to say more humane, position, very little indeed.

The picture of a Cuba dominated by Moscow or Peking is not supported by a nose-count of Communists in its government or in the armed forces. Their number is negligible, their influence minimal. Nor do the results of last year's union elections vindicate the notion of significant Communist influence in the ranks of organized labor. In the 500,000-member Sugar Workers Federation, to cite an instance, Communist candidates were elected in only eight of 243 locals. Not a single Communist was elected to the executive board of the Confederation of Cuban Workers.

The revival of the revolutionary tribunals in October was the Castro government's answer to a series of counter-revolutionary threats dating back to August, when an invasion from Santo Domingo was aborted with the capture of a planeload of arms sent by Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo. The civil courts, rubber stamps for the Batista regime, had not yet been sufficiently reorganized to cope with any large number of trials or to dispense the speedy justice which would serve as a deterrent to further insurrection.

Further conflicts of ideology and interest are inevitable. It would be remarkable if a far-reaching social and economic revolution could be achieved in any country without such conflicts.

Fidel Castro is by no means above

criticism. He has leaned far too heavily on his own political gifts, his personal influence, his oratorical skill, to solve the pressing problems with which he has been confronted. The result has been an appearance of demagogy which has alienated many of his erstwhile supporters and awakened deep concern even in the most liberal quarters.

The question remains whether it would have been possible to implement the program which has given the Cuban masses their first glimpse of hope, and the island the first honest government in its history, by less arbitrary, more conventional methods. One concludes, however reluctantly: no.

THE history of half a century of parliamentary procedure and ballot-box representation provides almost overwhelming evidence of the simple fact that political democracy is meaningless without a generous measure of economic democracy. The introduction of the ballot box in Cuba heralded nothing more than an exchange of absentee landlords, Spanish for American, and the rise of a class of scavenging professional politicians whose hire was the loot of a rampant spoils system and whose ultimate effect was to pave the way for the ultimate disaster: Batista. It is certainly not surprising that Fidel Castro considers a public-opinion poll or a show of hands in the park in front of the Presidential palace a relatively satisfactory substitute for national elections. Nor is it surprising that the great mass of the people in Cuba today show little interest in the subject.

The Cuban conservatives who are presently calling for elections are precisely those individuals who have had the most experience at manipulating the electoral process for their own private ends. It is most improbable that any candidate opposed to the *fidelista* program, or not endorsed by the revolutionary movement, could win an election in Cuba at this time. But there is no doubt, either, that an election campaign would serve as a sounding board for the spokesmen of powerful reactionary interests, would sow confusion and help to revive a counter-revolutionary effort not yet fully under control. It would profoundly dishearten the Cuban man in the street who has learned through half a century to equate the ballot box with the pistol, the dishonest peso, and the privileged few who have been the exponents, practitioners and principal beneficiaries of Cuban elections.

CERTAINLY a great deal is at stake for the Cuban people. The organization of some 500 agricultural cooperatives, the construction of hundreds of schools, hospitals and low-cost housing units, early evidence of a new economic independence signaled by increasing production of rice and other staples, all indicate how great the stake really is.

For the United States, too, the stake is high, regardless of how such questions as the matter of compensation for expropriated U.S. properties are worked out. Cuba is the focal point of a manifestation that seems certain to spread farther in the hemisphere, and the United States can hardly afford to be indifferent. To cite a relevant passage by Herbert Matthews in *The New York Times*:

> About one-quarter of all our exports go to Latin America and one-third of our imports come from the area. United States private investments in Latin America now reach the amazing total of about $9.5 billion. . . . At every point it has to be said: "If we did not have Latin America on our side, our situation would be desperate. To be denied the products and markets of Latin America would reduce the United States to being a second-rate nation and cause a devastating reduction in our standard of living. . . . Latin American raw materials are essential to our existence as a world power. A friendly Latin America is necessary to our military security."

Apparently this, and not the mere dollar investment in Cuba, big as it may be, is the heart of the matter. The question remaining is—what to do about it?

It was the end of World War II that marked the close of the colonial period and the beginning of a wave of profound political, social and economic change throughout the world. In every instance, the essential drives are the same: for independence, self-determination, economic emancipation, social justice.

In the underdeveloped agricultural nations—and that defines most, if not all, of the American republics—the essential first step toward freedom is: agrarian reform. To withhold that is to withhold everything. To attempt to defend a dying feudalism is to face not the risk, but the certainty, sooner or later, of losing—everything.

"Whether history will record Cuba's Fidel Castro as an earnest patriot or a fellow-traveling adventurer," writes our former ambassador to India, Chester Bowles, "is anybody's guess. But one fact is already clear. His land-reform program . . . is indubitably in line with Latin American sentiment."

It is perhaps natural that the powerful interests threatened by social and economic change in Cuba and elsewhere should try to stem the tide. But it is not well-advised, and it would be a pity if their influence were to prevail in Washington.

Talk of punishing Cuba by cutting the sugar quota is nonsense. Cuba is not merely the world's major sugar producer, but virtually the *only* sugar-producing country that does not consume the bulk of what it produces. Cuban sugar supplies the need of the entire eastern third of the United States, and it is a vital supply, price-supported not merely because it is in large measure U.S.-owned, but because it is indispensable, as has been demonstrated in two world wars. To threaten economic sanctions against the Cuban government is to invite retaliation; e.g., Cuba could easily double its sugar production and dump a vast and ruinous surplus on the world market in defiance of all existing marketing agreements.

FIDEL CASTRO remains as much the symbol of revolution—and of hope—in Latin America at large as he was for Cuba during the long struggle in the mountains of Oriente. The same forces that produced the Cuban revolution are at play throughout the hemisphere; the same aspirations that kindled the imagination of the *guajiros* of the

Sierra Maestra and the bank clerks of Havana in 1957 is stirring in the hearts of the cane cutters of Santo Domingo and the bank clerks of Lima in 1960. There is no doubt that the Cuban revolution has accelerated the revolutionary process greatly, and perhaps has given it a shape that it never had before. It was no coincidence, but a warning, that Panamanian rioters storming into the Panama Canal Zone in December should have adopted "Viva Fidel Castro!" as their battle cry.

Former Ambassador Bowles, urging a realistic compromise with the inevitable, advises:

> We can adjust ourselves in advance to the certainty that reason will not always prevail, that injustices will almost surely occur, and that the short-term price paid for long-term stability will often appear exorbitant.
>
> Above all, let us not lose sight of the essential issue. The real choice in Latin America, as in Asia and Africa, is citizenship or serfdom, hope or despair, orderly political growth or bloody upheaval. Our failure to understand this choice, or to support the vital new elements which are striving to assert leadership, would be catastrophic.

What Bowles has to say is worth considering. The Congress, preparing to set the new sugar quota, might well think it over, and so might the State Department, before proceeding to implement the "firmer policy" toward Cuba that was announced only last week.

REGISTRARS: Key to Negro Voting . .

by Kenneth N. Vines

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS debate in this session of Congress is likely to be dominated by a single issue: whether or not federal registrars should supplant state registrars where it can be shown that Negroes are systematically barred from voting.

To all practical purposes, of course, the issue is strictly a Southern one. Voting registrars were originally created in the nineteenth century as a means of keeping down election frauds; today, every state in the union except Arkansas and Texas — the "poll tax" states — maintains a registration system. Southern use of the registrar to bar Negro voters became widespread only after World War II; before that time, few Southern Negroes ever attempted to exercise the franchise.

In all states, registration is administered either by a registrar, or a board of registrars, appointed by the governor or by a special state registration board. Appointments are usually made upon the advice of the local political "machine" from the ranks of the political "eligibles" of the county (or, as in the case of Louisiana, the parish). As a purely "local" representative, then, the registrar is regarded — and regards himself — as a delegate of local interests rather than an impartial administrator of state or federal law.

To put the matter plainly, most registrars perform precisely the way the local courthouse "gang" — the county officials, including the sheriff, the court clerk and the assessor — wants them to act. In some instances, the "gang" finds the Negro vote to be politically useful, and has actually stood guard at the registrar's office to make certain that no potentially valuable voter was turned away. In multi-cultural areas such as Atlanta, New Orleans and Miami, and in other Southern areas where there are few Negroes, the main hindrance to Negro registration has not been the registrar, but the Negro's own apathy. But in many counties of the deep South with large Negro populations, the registrar cooperates with other members of the "gang" to keep the voting registers "lily white." When paternalistic pressure does not work, outright violence or the overt threat of violence does — as shown by recent complaints to the federal Civil Rights Commission from Georgia's Terrell County. Today there are thirty counties in the deep South with not a single Negro registered.

SOMETIMES a registrar is caught between opposing pressures. Last year, the White Citizens Councils of Louisiana began a systematic campaign of "education" and coercion of parish registrars to get them to purge Negroes from the voting lists. Council members appeared at registrars' offices in teams, prepared to challenge Negro registration en masse; State Senator Rainach, president of the Citizens Councils, and at the time a candidate for governor, traveled about the state advising registrars on methods for turning away Negro applicants. In most northern Louisiana parishes, the campaign was eminently successful; in other parishes, it failed. In Winn Parish — home parish of the Longs, where Negro voters traditionally supported the Long dynasty — the woman registrar refused to permit mass challenges. And in Saint Landry Parish, where the Citizens Councils were comparatively weak and the sheriff depended partly upon the Negro vote, the campaign also came a cropper. [In Washington Parish, where the Citizens Council campaign had succeeded, a federal court last week ordered 1,377 Negroes reinstated on the voting lists. — Ed.]

The registrar who resists the dominant community pressure — whether it comes from the "gang," the Citizens Councils or other source — and remains in office is rare indeed. The story of Mrs. Winnie Clement, registrar of Webster Parish, Louisiana, in 1956, is a case in point. Faced with demands that she require Negroes to interpret the state constitu-

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tion in a short manner, she decided that any standard set for Negro applicants should also apply to whites. After she had refused to register twenty-four white applicants who had failed the test on the constitution, the Citizens Councils bombarded Governor Kennon with protests and the local police jury asked that she be removed from office. She decided to resign; one day before the resignation became effective, she was dismissed by the state Board of Voter Registration.

Where local conditions permit, many registrars perform their duties conscientiously. Best estimates are that fewer than one-third of the registrars co-operated with the Citizens Councils in Louisiana, and about one-third exclude Negroes in Georgia and Alabama. In Mississippi, the proportion is much higher. But of course it is precisely in those areas where the Negro cannot vote that he needs the vote most, since it is in those areas where his social and economic status is lowest.

AS THE interpreters of state qualifications for voters, registrars exercize both legislative and judicial powers; they are authorized both to lay down regulations for registration, and to determine whether these regulations have been adhered to. The registrar of Caddo Parish in Louisiana, for instance, demanded elaborate identification procedures of Negro applicants, requiring them to prove "they were who they said they were." The power of the Southern registrar over the democratic franchise is thus a formidable one. It is he who decides whether or not an interpretation of the constitution, in Mississippi, is "reasonable"; there are no objective standards set up to determine "reasonableness." It is he who decides whether a voter has passed the examination required of Alabama registrants; there is no official set of correct answers. It is he who, in Louisiana, decides whether or not to challenge a Negro applicant for a mistake in spelling on his registration form.

DESPITE the crucial nature of their job in the context of the American democratic system, registrars are neither recruited nor treated in office in a manner to encourage professional standards of administration. Only in metropolitan areas is the job a full-time one, and even when it is, the salary rarely exceeds $5,000 a year. In Alabama, registrars serve only fifty or sixty days a year and draw $10 a day. Some rural Louisiana parishes pay the registrar from $1,000-$1,500 annually, although the job is a year-'round one. Minimum educational standards for the office rarely exist; most registrars are women (especially widows), and retired businessmen and farmers active in politics.

As yet, the courts have not held that arbitrary discrimination by registrars to prevent Negro voting constitutes a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. And it is doubtful whether such a ruling, even by the Supreme Court, would alter the situation in the thirty Southern counties whether Negroes have yet to register, or in the thirty-odd additional counties where, according to a Civil Rights Commission listing, Negro registration is limited to minuscule groups. As long as voting qualifications are defined locally, administered locally and subject to local prejudices, the potential for denial of the suffrage remains.

The Civil Rights Commission has recommended that federal registrars be appointed in trouble spots. One of several bills designed to carry out this recommendation is HR 7597, introduced by Congressman Powell. It provides for the establishment of a Federal Voter Registration Commission. This proposal places voter registration on the same level as communications and interstate commerce as an area of the public interest worthy of special protection by an independent regulatory type commission, whose members would be bipartisan and protected from political removal. Armed with quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial powers, the commission would be empowered to "provide for the registration of all persons" found to be disfranchised, but the rights of involved persons would be protected by due process of law and judicial review, and commission actions could be terminated by local referendum after five years.

Ample evidence is now in that the use of peripheral federal power avails little against local determination to deny the franchise. The independent regulatory commission is a proper choice for the protection of this vital right now that local registrars have proven so tragically unable to cope with the problem.

IN SEARCH of ATHENS, U.S.A.

by David Cort

"THE ATHENS of America!" What a boast! What a cultural climax! What a tourist attraction! Before many more years, we may expect a national brawl for the title. In the past, various "Athenses" of this and that have included Cordoba, Copenhagen, Edinburgh, Cork, Belfast and finally Boston, Mass., in tribute to its Harvard graduates. A number of college towns — in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, West Virginia and southern Ohio — actually have the legal name of Athens.

Any American "Athens" has got to have a university, so that our scouting for material must center on the 2,000-odd universities and colleges, senior and junior, in the United States. And these beautiful college campuses are certainly among the least ephemeral institutions in America and may have some survivors even 500 years from now. However, the "Athens" we are look-

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DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has just been published by Macmillan.*

ing for is not one of suitable architecture or ripened ivy, but of dynamic, sophisticated people.

BEFORE we inspect the whole university picture, notice must be taken of the claim of Princeton University that it is already "The Athens of America." The boast was invented by its former president, Harold Dodds, and was repeated as recently as Nov. 14, 1958, in the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*.

Princeton's principal claim to the title is based on an institution — the Institute for Advanced Study, endowed by the Bambergers in 1930 — which is not officially connected with the university, though it is nearby.

Princeton was not yet a university in 1896, when it changed its name from the College of New Jersey. Several things began happening to the institution just before and during World War II that took it off the ground. The most important was the arrival at the Institute for Advanced Study (thus, "at Princeton") of Albert Einstein, fleeing Hitler's Europe. And presently the plainclothes generals from the Pentagon began arriving incognito, and Princeton was involved in the nuclear-research team at Brookhaven, New York.

The second was the installation in and around Princeton of miscellaneous research, industrial and foundation outfits, for mixed reasons. The pioneer was evidently George Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion (polls and Madison Avenue market research). Princeton, connected with the Pentagon, the nucleus and Madison Avenue, began looking in the mirror more often. By now there are over seventy research establishments in the town, including the Sarnoff Research Center employing over a hundred Ph.D.s, the Industrial Reactor Laboratories, the Turbo-Motor Division of Curtiss-Wright, the Electronics Associates' Computation Center, the Applied Science Corp., Aeronautical Research Associates, etc.

The third development that intoxicated Princeton was the settling-in of a mixed bag of writers, journalists, big-thinkers and exurbanites generally, for the university is almost midway between New York and Washington. The significant arrival was the novelist John O'Hara, a non-collegian who had all his life looked to Yale College as the seat of power and posh. His switch to Princeton, since he is known to be hypersensitive in these distinctions, is catastrophic for Yale. To O'Hara's keen nose, the smell of posh now blows off Princeton.

It may be said that the arrival of Einstein scotched the ghost of Princeton's own F. Scott Fitzgerald. It may also be said that Einstein's death and O'Hara's arrival ushered Fitzgerald's ghost back again. Princeton has gratefully given O'Hara the Princeton Tiger watch charm and the Princeton Right Wing Club tie pin and attends his annual big football party. O'Hara brings out the worst in Princeton.

Princeton may yet become the Athens of America, but probably not so long as air generals walk in and out and huge corporations hold seminars in the Princeton Inn and military Congressmen can pillory Princeton professors and ignorant playboys can cuckold the associate professors. Princeton, no more than any other, cannot render to both God and Caesar.

The institution's actual status in the Athens sweepstakes will fall into place, by no means disgracefully, if we enlarge our view to take in the whole splendid and various company of distinguished American universities, once we know which they are.

IF NOT to Princeton, to which of the first twenty or so American universities ought the title to be awarded? And this question brings up the much more useful, preliminary question: which are the first twenty or so American universities?

One would think that any such list would be controversial to the point of multilateral civil war. Just as no one wants his mother classified socially, no alumnus likes his Alma Mater realistically rated. But in fact the list is a commonplace among experienced educators; it is one of the daily reaffirmed facts of life to administrators of the fellowship foundations. Many a man would like to insinuate his own school into the list, but he is prevented on two counts.

The first count is that it would be hard to omit any of twenty-one universities. The second is that the great mass of American colleges, senior and junior, are crippled by a small endowment, dependence on either church or state, a brief past, a small library, poorly paid teachers and a poor ratio of teachers to students. Certainly hundreds of schools boast some fine teachers, fine departments and fine students and alumni, but their limitations are all too well known to their own faculties. If the list of twenty-one is politely suppressed, it is out of a sense of consideration. Yet this gentle conspiracy is no help, and may be a distinct hindrance, to our urgent intellectual advance. It throws the whole matter of higher education into a generalized, hopeless twilight where no names are named, no faces are seen and all the cats are uniformly gray.

ONE booby-trap will be avoided here. The twenty-one will not be named in order of merit, but merely in order of the size of the endowment, excluding the value of the campus installation. The twenty-one are to be taken simply as a group. They are: Harvard (including Radcliff), Yale, Columbia (including Barnard), Chicago, M.I.T., California (at Berkeley), Stanford, Rice, Cornell, Princeton, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Washington (at St. Louis), Dartmouth, Caltech, Tulane, Michigan, Virginia, Wisconsin, North Carolina and Colorado.

Anyone whose university is omitted ought now to consider the parallel list of the twenty-one *richest* schools in America, for fourteen of them are on the first list. The big endowments are (in millions): Texas $287, Harvard $278, Yale $174, Columbia $147, Chicago $123, M.I.T. $88, California $86, Northwestern $82, Rochester $79, Stanford $75, Rice $65, Cornell $65, Johns Hopkins $63, Princeton $62, Minnesota $59, Pennsylvania $56, Washington $48, Dartmouth $48, New York University $45, Vanderbilt and Duke both $41. Caltech is at $37. A sensitive alumnus of many a university could put his school into contention very soon with a gift of $20 million.

Big money, in short, may have qualified two-thirds of our list but failed to qualify the richest of all, Texas, while Rice in Texas, with one-fourth the endowment, made it.

Well, what is wrong with the other seven? Texas' endowment is not solid capital like Harvard's, but consists of the appraised values of oil properties—the gifts are generally hedged and restrictive. The board of trustees, dominated by politicians and the tight Texas community of millionaires, wins every battle with the faculty. The contrast with Tulane is significant.

Northwestern is overshadowed by the University of Chicago.

Rochester is under suspicion of domination by Eastman Kodak.

Johns Hopkins is thought of, most unfairly, by matriculates as exclusively a medical school.

N.Y.U. is overshadowed by Columbia (see Northwestern).

Vanderbilt and Duke remain Southern schools commemorating the dead millionaires, though both have some fine faculty members and Duke a good library.

WELL THEN, what is so good about the other seven that made the twenty-one without big money?

Caltech has an all-male student body of only a thousand on which to spend its $37 million. Perhaps nowhere else are brains so pampered.

Tulane ($28 million) has a beautiful campus with the fragrance of sweet olive, and a cultivated board of trustees who, in New Orleans' Latin-European tradition, believe that brains are aristocratic.

Michigan ($25 million) has a very high even value through all faculties; a handsome, well-treed campus, and acceptance by the Ivy League group as virtually one of themselves.

Virginia ($18 million), which is practically state-supported like Minnesota, Michigan and some others, is what is meant in much of the South by "The University." The real reason is that the late Thomas Jefferson is still in residence. His name is used every day and settles all arguments. Virginia has been a true university since Jefferson planted it in his own native foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Wisconsin ($12 million) and North Carolina ($5 million) once claimed the most progressive elements in their sections. The politics of the McCarthy era cut cruelly into faculty pride and independence.

Colorado sits high in the Rockies and gets status from its annual World Affairs Conference, held without press-agentry. In spite of low salaries, an able faculty is drawn by the fine living quarters. Its character is a tribute to Colorado politicians who have made no effort to ruin the faculty.

The top twenty-one are not named without some criticism.

Chicago has the most rigid faculty caste system in America, giving it a distinctly Madison Avenue tone. It once offered to change its name to Rockefeller University in view of the $170 million received. It doesn't seem to want to be loved.

Stanford, a rich boy's school in red-tiled Spanish Mission, aspires too frankly, like Princeton, to the Athenian, but the weather is right.

Cornell has another overpowering board of trustees.

Minnesota, it has been said quite seriously, would be more Athenian if it were not quite so far north.

Washington, sitting at the center of the heartland where within a radius of a hundred miles a dozen rivers flow together, is listed with no qualifications at all. The extraordinary community of St. Louis believes, like New Orleans, in an elite of brains and manners. A man can safely wear a silk hat on a St. Louis street. Washington has almost as many Nobel Prize-winners as California and Columbia. It has its own TV station, headed by Arthur Holly Compton.

Dartmouth: see Minnesota.

Most of the first twenty-one are too committed to conformism and the search for "acceptability."

IN CASE the Athens of America should turn out to be a primarily undergraduate school, a top list of these is given, with endowments (in millions); Wellesley, $33; Vassar, $29; Oberlin, $27, Brown including Pembroke, $26; Amherst, $24; Wesleyan, $24; Williams, $20; Smith, $20; Bowdoin, $14; Bryn Mawr, $14; Swarthmore, $13; Haverford, $10; Mt. Holyoke, $10; Carleton, $8; Davidson, $8; Hamilton, $7; and, with still smaller endowments, Antioch, Kenyon, Lawrence, Reed and St. John's (Annapolis), plus the three military academies. In this area, the coincidental appearance on one campus of half a dozen fine teachers could be decisive, so that the list is subject to change.

A physically stupendous new candidate is the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. Its site gives the feeling of looking out across all America. The vast buildings appear to float on their walls of glass, a material which has a deplorable way of exploding outward in the steady seventy-mile winds. The place cost nearly $200,000,000, not counting the carloads of fresh glass. Greatness here depends on the future of air power, currently more debatable than the lethal power of flying glass.

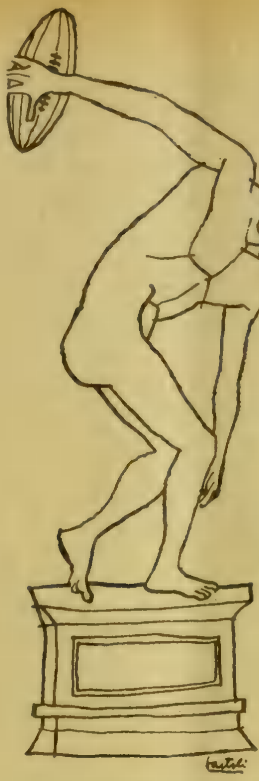
Another test is age, which allows money, ivy and loyalties to grow. These dates of founding also give a series of footnotes to real American history: Harvard 1636, William and Mary 1693, St. John's 1696, Yale 1701, Pennsylvania 1740, Moravian College for Women 1742, Princeton 1746, Washington and Lee 1749, Columbia 1754, Brown 1764, Rutgers 1766, Dartmouth 1769, Salem (N.C.) 1772, Dickinson 1773, Hampden-Sydney 1776. Only six of these are on our first list. Two others are Moravian; Dickinson went in for Indians.

IN the next fifty years, twenty-four more schools were founded, but only three reach our first list: North Carolina 1795, Michigan 1817 and Virginia 1819. There were bursts of college-founding before and after the Civil War and again toward the end of the century, when *nouveau riche* Texas, Stanford, Caltech, Rice and Chicago arrived. One can spend fruitless hours brooding over the effect on a college's ultimate character of the historical period and place in which it began; but there is certainly an effect.

Another factor in a school is the availability of knowledge, crudely expressed in the number of library books and the ratio of faculty to students. The library totals, in decimals of a million, are: Harvard 5.5, Yale 4.2, California 3.5, Stanford 3.0, Michigan 2.3, Columbia 2.1, Chicago 1.9, Cornell 1.6, Minnesota 1.6, Wisconsin 1.3, Pennsylvania 1.3, Princeton 1.2, North Carolina 1.1, Colorado .78, Dartmouth .72, Tulane .6, Virginia .6, Washington .52, M.I.T. .4, Rice, .25, Caltech 09.

The lack of books is sometimes balanced by an excellent faculty-student ratio, as at Caltech 1-3, M.I.T. 1-5, Tulane and Virginia 1-8. The good undergraduate schools are surprisingly consistent at a teacher-student ratio of 1-9 and a library of around 300,000 volumes (though the libraries at Brown and Oberlin are above 800,000, while Antioch, Reed and Davidson fall far below the average). In the long run, the library may be the decisive factor. The future may be shaped by whether a university guessed right or wrong with its books, had good or bad luck. Was Harvard right or wrong in specializing in East Asia, Dante, Montaigne, Tennyson and Keats; Yale in Shakespeare, Boswell, Franklin, Walpole, Meredith and Judaism; Texas in Texas and English literature; Princeton in Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson and diplomacy; Columbia in Joan of Arc, Spinoza, Russia and East Asia? Who can tell? But once such a direction has been set, the university is forever stuck with it. The kind of people who would be interested in that field flock in and if they are dull boys, they stupefy the university. It is amusing to notice that Princeton's interest in Thomas Jefferson is competitive with Virginia's proprietary interest: good, sound, in-fighting, since the two compete for Southern students. This whole matter of university libraries is worthy of review by a critic of the first rank, not me.

STILL another way of rating colleges was presented by the *Scientific American* in July, 1951. It determined which colleges had originally graduated the highest percentage of the male Ph.D.s listed in *American Men of Science*. The first twenty schools on a list of fifty were Reed (Ore.), Caltech, Kalamazoo, Earlham, Oberlin, Massachusetts State, Hope (Mich.), De Pauw, Nebraska Wesleyan, Iowa Wesleyan, Antioch, Marietta (O.), Colorado, Cornell (Ia.), Central (Mo.), Chicago, Haverford, Clark (Mass.), Johns Hopkins, Emporia (Kan.).



This list shows that the use of exact criteria in this matter turns it into farce. Not one Ivy League school is on the entire list; most of those that are on the list suffer from every teaching disability that the American college is heir to. This exhibition of degree-worship, or academomania, could equally be used to prove that the Ph.D. is worthless.

Still another way of establishing a ranking was conscientiously explored by the Chicago *Tribune* in the spring of 1957. Its reporters polled educators all over the country on their opinions of their own and other institutions and somehow averaged out a consensus.

This resulted in a list of ten top universities, given, as even my courageous sources did not dare to do, in invidious order of merit, as follows: Harvard, Yale, California (Berkeley), Chicago, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, Cornell, Wisconsin, Stanford.

All this does is to take our top ten, virtually in order of endowment (with a little juggling), drop M.I.T. and Rice, move up Michigan and Wisconsin. However, the *Tribune* quoted the educators' doubts about Wisconsin as "lacking momentum . . . it is not a dynamic school." Its brilliant past was probably what got it on the list.

THE cautious list of ten, with its incautious ranking, gives the peculiar result of breaking into two groups with a gulf between.

The *Tribune's* sources also gave the first ten men's colleges as Haverford, Amherst, Kenyon, Wesleyan, Hamilton, Union, Bowdoin, University of the South, Washington and Lee, and Williams, and the first ten coeducational colleges: Oberlin, Swarthmore, Carleton, Reed, Pomona, Grinnell, Lawrence, Wooster (Ohio), Kalamazoo and Hope. (I suspect the sources of having believed the *Scientific American* story.) The omissions from these lists are even more astonishing than the inclusions, for some argument can be raised for every little college in America and one would be delighted to listen to it. I am not speaking of the women's colleges, for the *Tribune* gave a ten-best list especially for them, which was impeccably chivalrous.

Some people would have us look, for the Athens of America, to the industrial-research centers, such as Standard Oil's at Linden, N. J., the General Motors Technical Center ("The Versailles of Industry"), the complex of electronic works around San Diego, or that incredible Shangri La, Los Alamos, approached between mountains and over gorges until suddenly there it is in the upper airs, loaded with Ph.D.s whose luncheon conversation is unintelligible. But these are all engaged in applied science and dedicated to anything but disinterested thought.

There still remains the one place in America that superbly has no interest whatever in becoming the Athens of America, that regularly throws away its Athenian assets, that is loved and hated more sincerely than any other, the capital of the arts and professions, of the United Nations, of business and finance, the greatest port in the world, the self-made Acropolis, awesome, preoccupied, dead-pan and irresistible.

And so, of course, in all sensible probability, this has to be the Athens of America—New York City. There is essentially no competition.

On the university level, this would point us to Columbia. It began in 1754 with ministers of five different faiths, including the Hebrew, as *ex officio* governors, on the shore of the Hudson River between Murray and Barclay streets. In 1857 it moved to the heart of modern Madison Avenue and moved out again, under President Seth Low, in 1897, just as the advertising business discovered itself, to the hill of Morningside overlooking the Hudson.

Between these two dates a lot of Americans had discovered in European universities, chiefly German, that their own alma maters were hardly senior high schools. They came home to turn them, by a hundred different theories, into true universities. The practical theory of education had been applied by Benjamin Franklin at Pennsylvania and by Jefferson at Virginia; it was developed by Wayland at Brown, White at Cornell and Van Hise at Wisconsin.

Harvard and Columbia, having been true universities for some time, resisted this influence, though both introduced business schools. Harvard, however, remains in Boston, an enclave of the exhausted Puritan tradition in an Irish Catholic city. Columbia, having shaken off the dust first of Wall Street and then of Madison Avenue, had the advantage of being no one thing.

The Chicago *Tribune* survey, which was of course rooted in the Midwest, was "astonished" by the high quality of Columbia. This quality is indeed not ostentatious; it attracts very little attention even from New York City; the New York newspapers hardly ever mention Columbia. The great peculiar city hardly knows that Columbia University is there, somewhat as modern Greeks hardly ever raise their eyes to the Acropolis.

My biased choice of Columbia* can be opposed by those who remember that the enduring heart of Athens was not really the Acropolis, but Plato's school, which was held a mile to the north of the city in the walled park of Academus. On this analogy, New York's Academe would be sited in Westchester or Staten Island, but surely not in New Jersey.

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*Mr. Cort is Columbia '24.—Ed.

LOBBY of a MILLION GHOSTS

by John O'Kearney

USING A BLOATED title for themselves, and working with a budget of about $70,000 a year, a handful of zealous men exert a more determining influence upon United States policy towards The People's Republic of China than all sanity, unorganized, has thus far been able to counteract. "If there is a China Lobby, we are it," says Marvin Liebman, secretary of The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The handful of men who control this lobby base their claim to express what they call the "grass roots sentiments of all America" towards the Communists of China on 1,037,000 signatures to a petition which for almost six years has lain unriffled in the darkness of a New York warehouse; but though there are not more than 6,000 persons out of the 1,037,000 who ever contribute a dime, and not more than 25,000 names on the committee's mailing list, the weighty name of it will be slung about again in this election year in an effort to silence every politician who may dare to suggest that recognition of China, and trade with her, are essential to peace.

One of the major voices of this lobby, which has its headquarters at 343 Lexington Avenue, New York City, is Senator Mike Mansfield (Dem., Mont.). "Americans who favor the admission of Red China to the United Nations," said Mansfield, "base part of their argument on the false premise that opposition to such admission comes from a minority and lunatic conservative fringe of American politics." He then cited the 1,037,000 signatures, and asserted that millions more have endorsed this petition through the action of national organizations.

But what do they say at committee headquarters about the possibility of there being just such a lunatic fringe? The genial Liebman observes that in '53 and '54, with Korea fresh in the public mind, "anyone would have signed the petition." Since then, he admits, no one knows in what fashion the collective mind of 1,037,000 persons may have changed. "It would cost about 10 cents a head to get in touch with them all, and the committee simply cannot afford that."

Nevertheless, on the authority of all those names, the committee is working to get both the Democrat and Republican national conventions to adopt a joint plank against any move for recognition of China or resumption of trade with her. A propaganda kit is in preparation to be sent out to every person who runs for federal office. The committee plans to poll all candidates. Conferences at the universities will be arranged to give the 1960 anti-Peking campaign the respectability of what Liebman calls a "high degree of literacy." And since politicians and literate people who are well known and also conservative are never ignored by newspaper editors, the issue of China will again appear to have had a fair verdict among us.

JOHN O'KEARNEY is a former Far East correspondent for the New York Daily News.

Let us now consider who they are that rig the jury. A few are old China hands, but among the rest it is difficult to find any common motive beyond that of a fervent belief, as Liebman puts it, that they are acting as patriots whose only concern is what is best for their country. This is true, surely, of Liebman himself, if we may take it that his motives are as pure as his admitted ignorance of the evils of the Kuomintang rule over China is absolute.

The honorary chairman of The Committee of One Million is Warren R. Austin, member of the Loyal Legion of the Sons of the American Revolution, member of the China Society of America, and our first ambassador to the United Nations. After him come the six more or less active brains of the Steering Committee, the executive exploiters of the authority of a petition long years in a warehouse. At the head of the list is Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, one-time professor of economics. (Most politically aware people ask: What's *he* doing there?) With him are Charles Edison, former governor of New Jersey; former Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey; Congressman Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania; Congressman Walter H. Judd of Minnesota and Joseph C. Grew, ambassador to Japan from '31 to '41. Judd was a medical missionary to China from 1925 to '38, a man who knew Shanghai in the Kuomintang days when every dawn revealed more than a hundred human bodies to be carted off out of the filth of the gutters.

The treasurer is Frederick C. McKee of the National Casket Co., an avocational joiner of causes. He was chairman and national director of the Committee for Boycott Against Japan from 1938 to '39; national chairman of the Citizens for Victory, '42-'43; national treasurer of the League of Nations Association, '42-'44; and a member of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding Anti-Communist China, '49-'52. McKee's assistant is Bettis Aiston Garside, missionary to China, '22-'26, bearer of the Order of the Auspicious Star (Chiang regime), executive vice president and secretary of United Services to China, Inc., New York.

The committee got its start in October, 1953, with a statement signed by 212 politicians, businessmen, scientists and religious leaders, intended for the ears of President Eisenhower. It was a protest against the growing pressure from Britain for recognition of China and relaxation of the American-enunciated trade embargo. It was ultimately to be given to the President on his way to the Bermuda Conference "to arm you in speaking to the British"; but it appears that *Time* magazine was the first to call it to his attention. "Congressional signers," said Liebman, "got mail pro and con, and before we knew it there was a spontaneous movement." How spontaneous it was may be better determined, perhaps, by Liebman's admission that the signatures came in pretty slowly because most of them were gathered through channels dug locally out of the membership of the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks also helped, along with the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Catholic War Veterans.

The Stockholm Peace Appeal had earlier claimed to have gotten 11,000,000 American signatures, so it was decided that the committee must get at least a million. On July 9, '54, the committee sent a telegram to the President announcing that it had rounded up its one million. In the end, the Stockholm petitions were denounced by the State Department as Russian-inspired fakery; but President Eisenhower took the 1,037,000 names presented by the committee as supporting evidence that 95 per cent of the American people wished to keep The People's Republic of China beyond the pale. As a document, the full petition had less literary interest than an old telephone book, so it was never read. It was put in a warehouse and the committee closed up shop.

In the autumn of '54, an American assembly of Protestant religious leaders was held and "there was more agitation for recognition of Red China," so it was decided to set up an informal group from within the membership of The Committee of One Million and get it going as a lobby in opposition to the "agitators." Those who had led the previous petition movement became the lobby. The signers of the original petition were not solicited for support. "It would," said Liebman, "have been too expensive." However, in '58, the committee polled 50,000 Protestant clergymen, and of those who responded, 93 per cent were "on our side." The support of these clergymen was taken as a mandate for continued exploitation of the 1,037,000 signatures.

TODAY, the authority of the original number has become dogma: On the basis of the original petition, the committee claims to have among its charter members one-fourth of the U.S. Senate, one-fourth of the House of Representatives and nine governors. The list is impressive, but it is a question how many would be there today if Judd, Smith, Douglas, Grew and Edison were to turn around to look. Newspaper editors still accept the committee at face value, as ready to believe in the existence of an army here as those who were deceived by the 'round and 'round parade of the troops of Henri Christophe. Nevertheless, the committee's executives find it harder and harder to make news as time goes by. To keep itself in the public eye on a shoestring budget, the committee takes page advertisements in the international edition of *The New York Times* and reprints them for mail distribution, buying the aura of the newspaper's reputation for $450 an international page, instead of the $5,000 it would have to pay for a page in the domestic edition. The committee's friends in Congress provide further reprint material, flying the flag of the *Congressional Record*: for example, the speech of Senator Robert C. Byrd (Dem., W. Va.), "Should the United States Change Its China Policy?," *Congressional Record*, delivered June 8, 1959, reprinted (not at government expense) and distributed as committee propaganda. This Byrd speech could have been prompted by Chiang Kai-shek. "Continued support of the Nationalist Republic of China serves to best advance the interests of the United States and the free countries in Asia," Byrd said.

After the resumption of activity

in 1954 by the small informal group which still calls itself The Committee of One Million, "we found ourselves," said Liebman, "with new responsibilities we had not figured on. We were the only responsible organization dedicated to anti-Communist activity, and suddenly we were getting letters from all over the world, particularly from the Far East regions."

Liebman has since been out there to meet the committee's friends. Chiang, a hard man to see, gave him two hours of his time and posed for a smiling, side-by-side photograph. In Bangkok, two years ago, Liebman was told by a cabinet-level spokesman: "If the United States were to recognize Red China, within a week we would have to do so also." Presumably Liebman did his fervent best to reassure his friends in Thailand. Telling of his tour around the area, he said: "We felt it was important to convince them that the United States is not changing its policy."

Out of their new-found sense of responsibility the committee's leading members set up the American-Asian Educational Exchange, with Edison as chairman and Liebman as executive vice chairman. Judd and McKee are vice chairmen, along with Bishop Herbert Welch. This organization, which Liebman says will try to "fill the gap" left by the United States Information Service and other outfits that try to educate Asians, began its work with the publication of *Communism at Work in China*, by Stanley K. Hornbeck, who from 1928 to 1937 was Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department. He was Special Assistant Secretary of State in 1944, at the moment when President Roosevelt was upbraiding Chiang (*United States Relations with China*, The Department of State, pages 66-7-8, 1949) for his persistent refusal to co-operate with General Stilwell in prosecuting the war against Japan, and for letting his anti-Communist obsession bring China to the brink of catastrophe. But Hornbeck still champions Chiang.

The transcendent arrogance of this China lobby was bared by Liebman last November 4 in a press statement attack on Conlon Associates, Ltd. of San Francisco, for having urged the admission of China to the United Nations. The Conlon group had been hired by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to study the China problem and came out for recognition and trade. Said Liebman:

"To the best of my knowledge, Conlon Associates conducted no serious investigation of either the sentiment of the American people or their leaders. . . . We doubt very seriously whether Conlon Associates consulted with either the people or the governments of Korea, Free China, Hong Kong. . . ." Et Cetera.

THE DOCTOR SHORTAGE . . *by H. Jack Geiger*

THERE WAS a wonderful character in *Pogo*, some years back, who was provoked into a week-long frenzy by a weather report warning that a cold front was moving in from Canada. Why, he wanted to know, did we have to put up with all this foreign weather? Why couldn't we get good old American weather—and if there was a shortage, who was responsible? There is a certain rough parallel in the storm that has erupted over the American public's sudden and belated realization, following a bitter incident involving an Indian physician, New York's Knickerbocker Hospital and an emergency amputation, that one in every four hospital interns and resident physicians in the United States is foreign-trained.

The parallel is in the Okefenokee caliber of the subsequent alarums, assignments of blame, assessments of a doctor shortage, and angry demands that "they" or "we" do something about it. The difference is that the doctor situation isn't funny. There is nothing humorous in physicians who are inadequately trained, incompetent, or unable to communicate with their patients. Nor is there anything gay in the plight of foreign physicians who come here in the expectation of a good postgraduate education that will give them first-rate skills—and are fraudulently led into a year or more of unenlightening drudgery as cheap medical labor.

Nor is there anything funny, finally, about the crucial issue — the lack of consistent and effective national planning and national policy on the supply of physicians and health facilities in the face of an explosively changing pattern of population, disease and health care.

IT IS usually helpful to begin with the facts. Ten years ago there were fewer than 2,000 physicians in U. S. hospitals who had received their training in foreign medical schools. Last year there were 7,622; this year there are more than 8,300. In New York City, more than half of all interns and residents are foreign-trained; in the municipal non-teaching hospitals—those not affiliated with a medical school—the figure is 285 out of 293.

Why are these foreign-trained physicians here? For two main reasons. The first is that they want good medical training—that is, to trade their time (up to twenty hours a day) and services as hospital staff physicians for the opportunity to work under, study with and learn from highly qualified senior physicians of every specialist category. The second is that the hospitals are desperate for them. There are 12,000 internship positions open on U. S. hospital staffs each year. The eighty-two four-year American medical schools last year graduated exactly 6,861 physicians.

What's more, the situation is soon going to get worse. A uniform ex-

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amination-and-screening system for foreign-trained physicians already here, or still abroad and planning to come here, will shortly go into effect. Predictions of the failure rate range from 30 to 50 per cent.

It is worth-while to pause now and ask the next question: are all foreign-trained physicians "bad" doctors? Obviously not. There are superb medical schools in Canada, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries and elsewhere. There are also many third- and fourth-rate schools abroad. There are some superb graduates of poor schools. We will not examine the assumption—often implicit in "foreign-doctor" discussions—that any graduate of any U. S. school is a good doctor, except to note that this country has no monopoly on medical progress.

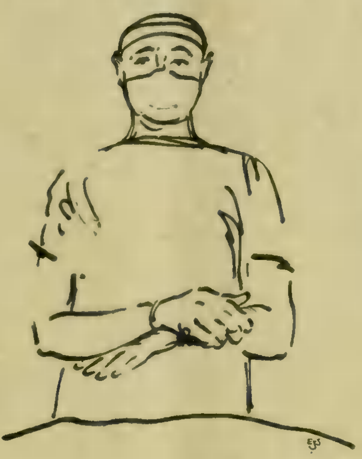
This is not just a "hospital" problem. In 1949 there were 143 physicians for every 100,000 Americans; today the figure is close to 132. By 1975, according to one reliable projection, we will have to graduate more than 10,000 physicians a year just to maintain this ratio; if we don't, the likeliest answer to "is there a doctor in the house?" will be No.

What's happened to the doctors? That's the wrong question. The right one is: what's happened to us? Here, I think, is the heart of the problem, for health—including the supply of physicians—is not a "medical" issue but a social issue, and the new changes and needs are primarily social, though they have profound medical implications.

ONE REASON for the relative undersupply of physicians is simple population growth. But more important is the fact that (1) most of us are demanding, and using, much more medical and hospital care per person and (2) more and more medical care is given in the hospital setting, both because of the increasing complexity of diagnosis and therapy and because of the relative inability of urban families to handle illness at home. In one Hartford, Connecticut, hospital, for example, there were 3,000 emergency-room visits in 1944 and more than 20,000 in 1956—although Hartford hadn't grown 700 per cent in the interim.

Almost all of us are using physicians more (the average number of visits by adults is now five per year) and using more physicians per person. A pregnancy today may involve a general practitioner, an obstetrician, an anesthesiologist, a pediatrician and assorted others. We have much more health insurance, and owners of such insurance consistently make more use of medical and hospital facilities than do the uninsured.

What really tightens the screws, however, is the nature of our population shift. We are becoming increasingly urban—and city-dwellers use far more medical care than rural residents. We are having a baby boom—and children in our society get the most intense and frequent medical care.



At the other end of the age scale, the lowered mortality rate means an explosive increase in the percentage of elderly persons, who have the chronic diseases that require the most medical care. They are also the people most isolated from family, the ones with no place to go—except hospital or nursing home.

By 1980, predicts Professor Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago, the country's population will be somewhere between 230 and 270 million. Most Americans will live in "standard metropolitan areas," a kind of huge suburbia. If the present trends in birth and death rates continue, Mr. Hauser estimates, we'll need twice as many pediatricians, twice as many geriatricians, 50 per cent more obstetricians, many more hospitals than we now have. (Considering the chilling implications of the phrase "standard metropolitan area," we'll probably need a lot more psychiatrists, too.)

WELL, it's said cheerfully, let's expand our present medical schools. And then let's build some new medical schools. The tone of most recent editorial discussions is that "we'll just have to." There was general agreement in Okefenokee on an All-American Weather Factory, too. But there are a few problems. Among them:

Who'll Pay? Expansion isn't cheap. The Association of American Medical Colleges estimates that seventy-eight medical schools need a total of $757 million for new facilities right now. With a considerably bigger expenditure, our present schools might be able to graduate enough physicians to hold the line until 1967. But one four-year school will have to be ready then, and thereafter we'll need *two complete new schools each year* until 1976, when we'll need three. One projection calls for thirty-two complete new schools by 1976. It costs a lot of money to build, staff and run a medical school.

Who'll teach? If medical-school deans weren't frantically busy raising money, they might have time to weep over the bland assumption that money is the whole answer. The schools need biochemists, anatomists, physiologists, all sorts of teachers. We aren't making many. In 1935, 22 per cent of our Ph.D. graduates were in the biological sciences; in 1958 the percentage was 12. And in 1958 there were 619 budgeted but unfilled positions on medical-school faculties. In addition to these vacancies, a mere 20 schools last year reported an average need — for present classes—of 50 more faculty members.

Who'll go? In 1950, there were 22,000 applicants to medical schools. In 1958, although there were more college graduates, only 15,000 applied, and there was some evidence that the drop had been greatest among the brightest students. No one can say with certainty that this reflects another social change—a change in the high relative status of medicine as a profession—but a few hard financial facts may be in the minds of students debating medicine vs. nuclear physics, engineering or business administration.

Medicine means seven to ten years —after college—of school and postgraduate hospital training, at low wages and monastic hours, if the student is to wind up above the unspecialized bottom of the income and status totem pole. Even for the 40 per cent of our current medical graduates who come from families with incomes over $10,000, it usually means being supported by one's wife and isolated from one's children. (It is no accident that 63 per cent of medical students are married by the time they graduate.) And it means going into debt; of the 1959 graduates, 52 per cent were in debt and 6 per cent owed more than $10,000.

ALL OF this is known to the deans, the faculties, the Association of American Medical Colleges, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, at least some Senators and Congressmen, and the American Medical Association and its allied organizations. Most of them agree (in private, at least) that there is only one agency with resources big enough to meet the problem intelligently: the federal government. Some of them even agree that public health, including something so intimately associated with it as the supply of physicians, is an appropriate area of social (meaning governmental) concern. But not the A.M.A.

Several times in recent years, for example, there have been proposals in Congress for direct federal aid to the medical schools to help them meet their teaching and operating costs. The medical colleges have fought for this valiantly—and almost alone. The A.M.A. has been opposed on the grounds that this is—you guessed it—an "entering wedge for socialized medicine," despite inclusions in the bills of elaborate protection against federal policy dictation and despite the absence of any evidence that years of huge federal grants to the schools for medical-research projects had "socialized" anything. The bills failed. The public responded with resounding indifference.

There have been similar proposals for federal scholarships or other subsidies for needy medical-school applicants. Again, the A.M.A. and its sister professional organizations have been opposed, and the measures have gone down the drain. There have been plans — many of them representing hard thinking and ingenious improvisations — for limited federal aid in the medical care of the elderly and other special population groups, for the redesign of hospitals to make them more effective in the new patterns of use, for federal intervention in the shortage of nurses, and so on.

Again, the loudest voice has been that of organized medicine; the softest, the public's; and the talk has usually been of "entering wedges" and "socialization," together with generally unsubstantiated assertions that private philanthropy, industrial contributions and physicians' own efforts can do the job, and that modern therapy means that physicians can take care of more people more quickly than in the past anyway. Whether the eight-minute office visit and the quick needle-jab represents "taking care" of people is usually not discussed.

NO ONE, I think, seriously accuses organized medicine of wanting to limit the number of physicans, or of opposing adequate standards of medical care, or of being totally indifferent to the nation's health needs. If it has, on past performance, had a remarkable tendency to define the social good in terms of its own self-interest (as in its insistence on private-practice, fee-for-service, "free choice" medical care as the only good care), or to resist innovation in the face of social need until the last possible moment (as in its history on prepaid health insurance), this alone hardly makes it unique among professional groups.

But conservatism becomes particularly vulnerable when it operates in such a sensitive social area as health and health needs in a time of rapid social change. The real issue is not "socialized medicine"; it is whether a particular pattern of medical service is needed or not. On a larger scale, the question is to what extent medicine and the public health belong to the public — or to the professionals. If, as one medical historian has said, the practice of medicine is "a treaty with society," who sets the terms?

The provision of adequate medical care — depending as it does on population growth, changes in population distribution, values and attitudes toward health, family structure, costs — is no easy issue. The danger is that the public will default now, in favor of stand-pat answers and easy slogans. There are, of course, many "publics"; the one I mean comprises the consumers of medical care, i.e., most of us.

Unless the public takes a stand, and sees to it that the stand is embodied in legislation, there may be no federal aid and few new medical schools. In fifteen years or less, if the projections and estimates are correct, we'll then discover that we've been painted into a corner. For the choice between different patterns of medical care may be hard, but the choice between a "government" doctor — and no doctor at all — is easy.

Finally, what is happening in this country cannot compare with the magnitude, the speed or the intensity of social change in much of the rest of the world. The increase in our own medical needs is dwarfed by the real and potential needs of the redeveloping areas of the Middle East, Africa, Asia. The United States has an obligation, I would argue, to export our medical skills for service and, more important, for teaching and training — not, as one American psychiatrist recently suggested, because if we don't the Russians will, but simply because what happens in these areas now may well determine the shape of the world three or four decades hence. The obligation is not to ourselves, in national self-interest, nor to them in short-range sympathy, but rather to our common future. This is the real immorality of the "foreign doctor" controversy: that we are preparing neither for our own needs nor for those of others; that we are, in fact, draining their thin resources, on what is all too often the dishonest promise of professional training, to mask our own deficiencies.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Allies of Hope

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. 211 pp. $3.95.

Paul B. Sears

IF SOMEONE asked me to describe Joseph Wood Krutch as briefly as possible I would call him a guardian of human self-respect. His standing as a dramatic critic needs no comment. His recent book *The Grand Canyon* shows that he has become a sound naturalist. Thus he is a disciplined humanist who understands and appreciates science without being dazzled by it. His essential thesis, steadily developing in a series of books and now focused in the latest of them, is that man need not be the victim of his own contrivances.

Our danger is reflected in the present torrent of emphasis on what man can do and have. Ironically for an enlightened age, it has become unfashionable to discuss what man can *be*. Yet this question of personal quality, reflected in its myths, heroes, imperatives and taboos — the whole system of values — has been the traditional concern of every sound culture. Whether the emphasis be on courage, honor, cunning or even less desirable traits, there it is, explicit and implicit in the lives and thoughts of the group. Given no end, means run wild, and the more powerful the means, the wilder the run.

Our own culture, in Mr. Krutch's view, has confused the issue by assuming that, since material advance has been necessary to survival, it is the one essential. This has led us into the belief that prosperity cannot exist without endless acceleration in the production of consumers' goods. Our success in this operation has made us the victims of a new kind of exploitation by which we are induced to desire things far beyond our functional needs. This superabundance, along with our clever death-control, has resulted in unprecedented population increase.

Further, our attempt to apply science in self-analysis has led to a curious confusion between "norm" and normal. The standard of value has become, not an objective toward which we aim, but the calculated average of present patterns of choice and behavior. In other words, the mediocre becomes the ideal and whatever *is* is right.

At this point in his discussion Mr. Krutch reminds us of the power of ideas, and how our ability to reflect is now being dissipated by the relentless impact of our own inventions and devices. This, combined with a growing deference for the mediocre — i.e., the majority — judgment, is creating a new tyranny, tying the hands of the minority that can and does think.

Then comes an interesting reminder that power can corrupt majorities as well as individuals and is bound to do so unless exceptional men have the will and the freedom to ask the kind of questions which science cannot answer. And finally we are urged to believe that the human mind is more than a mere passive instrument, completely at the mercy of experience. Instead, it is the author's vigorous humanistic faith that human nature has the inherent and precious quality of seeking for light as well as substance.

SUCH is the series of steps by which hope is brought face to face with ideas of mechanistic determinism, mediocrity as the norm and pure relativism in ethics. Must hope rely on intuition alone, or can it be reinforced by instruments more in keeping with the present mood of society? Can we invoke the aid of science to justify the humanist's diagnosis or must he fight singlehanded?

No one should be more embarrassed by the current hubbub over science than the devoted scientist himself. He ought to know, if he is anything beyond a nimble tinker, that he is moved to do what he does by the same kind of creative impulse that leads any intelligent man to follow his bent. And he ought further, if he feels obligation to his fellows here and hereafter, to know that his prime duty is not to confer advantage, but rather understanding.

For each of us, the world must hang together. If it does not, the result is neurosis or worse, individual and mass. Science rests upon the assumption that the universe does hang together. Without this act of faith, no scientist would be justified in conscience or the eyes of his fellows. How could it happen, then, that the fruits of science seem to threaten the very humanity of man?

The confusion and frustration arise, it seems to me, not from any scientific examination of ourselves and our situation, but from the fact that we are not being really scientific. Let me illustrate what I mean. During the 1955 New England flood an industry that manufactured precision instruments of high quality suffered enormous damage. Design of plant and product were technically sound, but the plant itself was set up on a flood-plain, as any naturalist could have pointed out.

I USE the term naturalist deliberately because it has gone out of favor—a change which has contributed to our present dilemma. So far have we gone that even naturalists themselves have at times taken cover under titles that sound more professional. Yet what they do lies at the very heart and core of science, for it is their business to study the pattern and process whereby life and the world it lives in form an inseparable whole. The supreme fact about living things, including ourselves, is organization expressed in form. This applies not only to the individual organism, but to the system of living things and the physical environment of which it is inevitably a part—conveniently called the ecosystem.

The study of the ecosystem, both as to form and process, is the business of the naturalist in the sense I have used that term. This is true no matter what his special expertness may be. Yet because of the astounding success of detailed analysis made possible by modern theory and instrumentation, and its immediate application to industry and warfare, such analytical study has become synonymous with science in the public mind.

Life does not exist apart from environment. In any environment it is eliminated if it does not fit. If it does fit it tends, with the passing of time, to participate to an ever greater degree in modifying its environment. The folkways of a particular culture may enhance the capacity of its environment to sustain the culture. Too often, as history witnesses, they may lessen or even destroy that capacity. In any event there are calculable limits, as Brown, Bonner and Weir have shown, to the sheer physical capacity of the environment. Not only available energy, but

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mineral and water supply, to say nothing of space and other factors such as location, form and quality of substrate must be taken into account.

Further, the principles of thermodynamics, those rules governing process which we heed so respectfully in engineering practice and laboratory research, apply to the ecosystem. These principles emphasize that any enduring process must keep itself in repair. It must also keep itself in reasonable balance with the various factors necessary to it. Let us disrupt, by nearsighted activities, the landscape on which we live, and it will revolt against us.

Yet prevailing doctrine favors unlimited expansion of numbers and material goods. To sustain our economy we must have ever more customers and produce things faster and faster. This is the credo of an expanding economy, resting basically upon the faith that "science" has the power to bail us out of any temporary jam we get ourselves into. And to this faith we have seduced not only ourselves, but underprivileged nations around the globe.

If we choose to rest our case upon science, we had better be truly scientific and use all the science we have. On a colossal scale we are doing just what the makers of precision instruments did when they ignored what science could have told them about the hazard of locating their plant on a flood-plain. We are using technology to disrupt and deplete an environment whose rules were functioning long before we got here.

IF WE are minded to go beyond the question of mere survival, science has something to offer as to the basis of the good life. The documents of our own culture assume this to involve the freedom and dignity of the individual and his right to the pursuit of happiness. Pure physics tells us that the degree of freedom diminishes with pressure, and that for any physical object pressure increases with numbers of units in any finite space. It also increases with the energy of the system and the consequent power of movement of the individual unit. Within one lifetime, through the ravenous use of fossil energy, we have multiplied the speed and range of movement of the average American manifold. At the same time we have prolonged his life-span and increased his numbers nearly double, to say nothing of his consumption of material goods. To what end this, and for how long?

Finally, we can apply our knowledge of the ecosystem with profit to the study of history. No great centers of power ever arose before the invention of agriculture. Thereafter none that I know of developed without control of a rich nutrient base. Yet repeatedly the very growth thus made possible has overdrawn its account, as Rome did on the fertile plain about her. Then comes the necessity to expand. Generals do not create their opportunities; these come ready-made for their ambitions. Conquest gets under way, to continue until it encounters the margins of another center of power with similar ideas or breaks down of its own weight.

With our present surplus of food we see little likelihood of being sucked into such a fate, at least for a long time. But food need not be the limiting factor that causes us to cast an anxious, if not covetous eye beyond our present borders. Laying aside conflicts of ideology, our concern is the feeding of our machines rather than our bodies. The United States, with less than 10 per cent of world population and space, is at present using nearly two-thirds of world mineral production. From abroad we must have oil, bauxite and iron ore in large amounts, to say nothing of many critical substances required in lesser tonnage. Are we justified in ignoring the record of other human ecosystems whose problem, based upon food for the body instead of the machine, was otherwise in deadly parallel to our own?

As Mr. Krutch points out, some aspects of the social sciences, with their sophisticated statistical methods, have been used to enhance our present self-delusion that all will be well so long as it continues to get bigger. This again is the unscientific method of using text without context. The demographers, for one, know better. So do the cultural anthropologists and, interestingly enough, many geologists. And even among the economists, from Mill on down, some have worked without blinders. Here and there a bold study shows that, after an urban community reaches a certain optimum size, further expansion represents liability, not asset. Actually one does not have to be too technical on this point—he need only talk to a few taxpayers in one of the numerous dormitory towns of New England.

IN SHORT, the humanist does not have to fight single-handed for his belief that the good life is endangered by our present behavior. The goal of a perpetually expanding economy violates the canons of physical process as well as those of ethics, aesthetics and logic. The humanist's faith in the power of ideas is sustained by the rules of experience that come from anthropology.

We have already demonstrated our concern for the general welfare of contemporary mankind and our skill in using science as we please. If we extend our concern to our successors and our use of science to a thorough understanding of our own ecosystem, we have the basis for ideas that should go far toward insuring the future of the human adventure on this planet.

Paris at Night

(From the French of Tristan Corbière)

It is not a city, it is a world.

— It is the sea — flat calm — and the spring tide,
With thunderings far out, has departed.
It will be back, the swell, in its own sound rolling.
— Hear that: the crabs of night at their scratching. . .

— It is the dry bed of the Styx: Diogenes,
That rag-man, lantern in hand, calm as you please,
Passes. By the black brook perverted poets
Fish, using their empty skulls for worm-pots.

— It is the field: a flight of hideous harpies,
Wheeling, pounces to glean scabby bandages;
The gutter-rabbit, out after rats, keeps wide
Of Bondy's boys, who tread their grapes by night.

— It is death: The police sleep. — Above, love
Has her siesta, sucking the meat of a heavy
Arm where the dead kiss raises its red sign. . .
The single hour. — Listen: not a dream moving.

— It is life: Listen: the living spring sings
The everlasting song on the slobbering
Head of a sea-god stretching his green limbs and naked
On a morgue slab, with his eyes open wide.

W. S. MERWIN

A Little Knowledge of China

IMPATIENT GIANT: RED CHINA TODAY. By Gerald Clark. David McKay Co. 212 pp. $4.50.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN CHINA? By Lord Boyd Orr and Peter Townsend. Doubleday & Co. 159 pp. $3.75.

THE YELLOW WIND. By William Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 424 pp. $6.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

"EVEN a day of personal observation in Peking," states Mr. Clark, "yields more than a year of second-guessing from the outposts of Hong Kong. It certainly tells more than an inanimate stack of Chinese newspapers." This remark appears in a plea for opportunities for Americans to travel in China—a plea which I would heartily endorse.

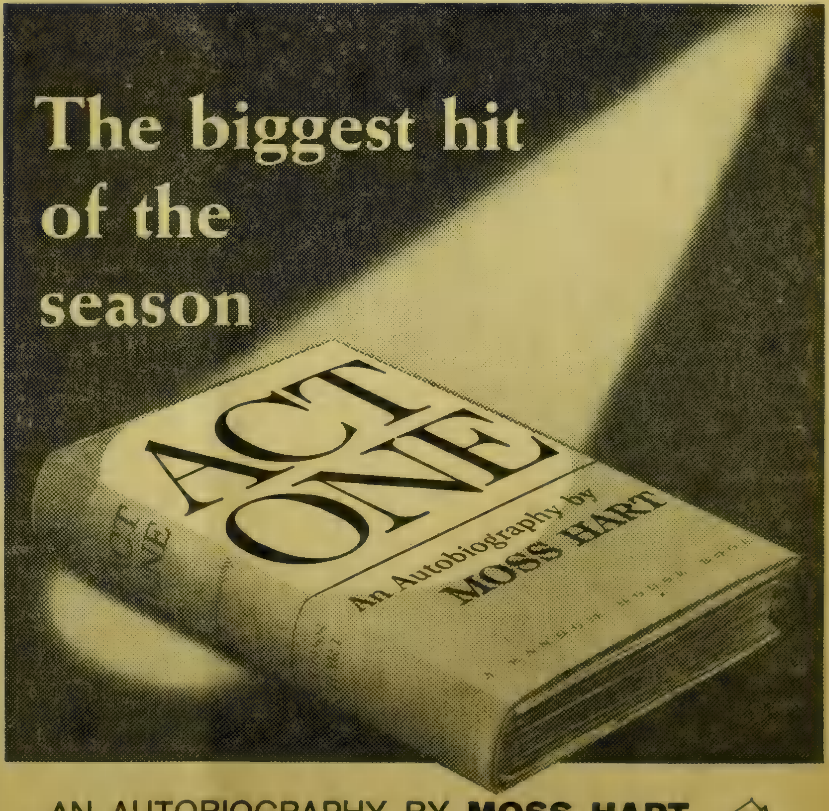
It is true that nothing quite substitutes for the shock of immediate observation, however restricted. It is true that the second-guessings are often poor and the newspapers quite opaque. Yet, having read the three books under review, I remain unconvinced that a day or even a month of personal observation in Peking under present circumstances is any substitute for a careful and sustained reading of "inanimate" Chinese newspapers and periodicals. Except for Mr. Stevenson's book, which tells of travels in such unknown areas as the borderlands of Burma, none of these books contains any surprises for the diligent newspaper reader. In fact, he might be able to correct some of their errors. Furthermore, the image of Communist China which emerges from the reading of Chinese newspapers is much more complex, many-dimensional and problematic than the image which emerges from these pages. Thus, if one wishes to see China in terms of the uncritical official image, a sustained reading of *Peking Review* offers much richer fare than Lord Boyd Orr's cursory pontifications.

THE reader of newspapers misses the sense of a vast historic drama; the crushing emotional impact of what is truly one of the great transformations of history. Even this, however, may not be an unmitigated disadvantage. It is not worse to miss the drama than to lose one's sense of equilibrium in the face of it. The visiting journalist is attuned to drama and finds it in copious abundance. He finds himself caught up by the historic dynamo. He may react with horror, awe, rapture or a mixture of all three. The spectacle would arouse strong emotions in anyone. But what the situation demands, it seems to me, is both the ability to sense the drama and a violent effort to stand aside from it—it should not evoke a hypnotic fixation.

Among six hundred million Chinese there are undoubtedly some millions whose whole beings are completely identified with the historic drama (although in varying intensities). I suspect that there are many, many more millions who are not so much interested in playing historic dramas as in carrying on their personal existences as best they can. In the newspapers and periodicals we can discern the struggles of the regime to cope with these undramatic millions. In the books we get mainly the dramatic image which the regime has impressed over the whole face of Chinese life.

It is not that the image is in any sense unreal. To the extent that there are those who still doubt the awesome power of the regime, its ability to harness physical and mental power, its ability to make China a formidable military power, the books by Mr. Clark and by Mr. Stevenson have a most relevant message. It is only when the image is assumed to represent the whole reality that a high degree of skepticism is warranted. When Mr. Clark, ordinarily a man of good judgment, asks to meet a peasant in what is obviously a visitors' commune; when a peasant is produced who recites a set piece, and when Mr. Clark proceeds to generalize about the inner thoughts of the whole Chinese peasantry on the basis of this performance, we have reason to pause.

LORD BOYD ORR, having seen less, knows more. He tells us that the Chinese peasant, never having heard of civil liberties, "will be content" with a totalitarianism which assures a "rapid rise in the standard of living." How does he know they are content? The lack of eight hours' sleep a night may conceivably be unpleasant even to a peasant who has never heard of *habeas corpus*. One need not assume that the masses are seething with revolt in order to regard with at least suspended judgment the proposition that the surface image



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BENJAMIN I. SCHWARTZ, author of Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao, *is associate professor of history at Harvard University.*

corresponds to the full human reality.

The above should not be construed as a blanket attack on the three books under review. Mr. Stevenson's book, while disorganized, contains many valuable vignettes on some unfamiliar facets of the regime. Mr. Clark writes a good résumé of the 1958 situation, although it seems to me that he oversells his message. But Mr. Boyd Orr, living off his reputation as food expert and official humanitarian, has composed a slight, uncritical tract that might well have been written in London with the help of the *Peking Review*. In all three works, one finds a complete failure to draw a distinction between what is observed and what is surmised, valuable as these surmises may be. Not one of the authors acknowledges the vast areas of the unknown through which they all pursued their carefully guided travels.

Man's Most Dangerous Path

RADIATION, GENES, AND MAN. By Bruce Wallace and Th. Dobzhansky. Henry Holt & Co. 205 pp. $4.75.

Philip Siekevitz

MAN has entered upon the most dangerous path that ever he has trod. In the past, either from folly, ignorance, or mere cussedness, he has laid waste his country, decimated his kin and depleted the natural bounties of his land. But he has survived little changed. Sometimes recovery took centuries, either because his vitality was decreased by disease, or because his virility was directly affected. Nevertheless, he has come back, and it would appear none the worse biologically, and culturally perhaps even improved. But today, and for the past generation in fact, we have been living in a world where it is possible not only to damage individual man, but to impair the recuperative powers of the race as a whole. For we are producing, artificially and in ever greater amounts, the means by which to change the genetic capabilities and evolutionary capacities of mankind. And since we know far too little about the means to control them, the changes can only be for the worse. I speak not only of the radiation effects of nuclear-powered bomb tests, but also of X-irradiation and the like, and the by-products of the materials to be used for nuclear fuels. I hardly dare even contemplate the effects of a nuclear war.

Thus, it is of the utmost necessity that in a democratic society the people know of these dangers, and knowing, come to a decision as to the future courses to be taken with regard not only to bomb-testing and nuclear-weapon stockpiling, but also to the medical uses of radiation and to the industrial application of atomic energy. Wallace and Dobzhansky have undertaken to supply the relevant information: they explain what radiation is, what the science of genetics is about, and what connection there is between the two. Both are well qualified for the task; indeed Dobzhansky is one of the world's great geneticists.

FOR the past five years, we have been bombarded by claims and counterclaims, by figures and counter-figures, about the pathological and genetic effects of past and future nuclear-bomb tests. If you have been confused, as I have, I recommend reading this book. It explains that most of the figures cited in the genetics controversy have been based on guesses; some are fairly good guesses, others are exceedingly rough. Genetics deals in large figures—whether of generations or of individuals. Hence data which have been obtained with thousands of plant seeds, or thousands of fruit flies, or millions of bacteria, over spans of many generations, must be translated into human equivalents. The authors show how this can be done, and how large the error is likely to be. And the book is burdened with but little scientific jargon, and with only the briefest use of that mathematics which is one of the basic genetic tools. It is not written for a scientist, but for a diligent layman, an introduction into knowledge about the future.

The influence of radiation on mutation is not only qualitatively but also somewhat quantitatively known; that so much radiation will produce so much genetic change; that exposure to radiation is additive; that many very small doses have the same genetic effect as one large dose. Because of the invariable sexual intermingling of human populations, genetic damage to a few individuals will gradually spread throughout the world; none of our children are immune, for a deleterious mutation to one individual—a mutation not deleterious enough to cause somatic or sexual death — will find its way to countless other individuals. The sins of the fathers are transmitted not only to their own sons, but to yours and to mine, for most mutations will be as bad for us as artificially-produced mutations have been for fruit flies.

THIS brings up an interesting paradox. For it is believed that "the mutation process is the fountainhead of evolution," and the "adaptation of any species to the environment depends upon the occurrence of mutations." But most mutations which have been studied have proved to be deleterious, resulting in degenerative changes, in hereditary lesions, or in death. So you might ask, if we confine the mutation rate, are we not decreasing our chance of evolving into a race of supermen at the expense of the pains of more defective individuals? This is simply not so; consider that every one of the three billion men on earth is genetically different from every other one; there are more than enough genetic combinations available to sustain future evolution. As the authors say, "Much human mis-

---

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ is a biochemist at the Rockefeller Institute, New York.

The Part

In some special way every person completes the universe. If he does not play his part, he injures the pattern of all existence....

Rabbi Judah Loew

Homer da Vinci
with freckles on your nose
don't hang there

by the heels.
Sad everyman, I mean
let go, or jerk
upright.

They say gooseflesh
is the body's shudder when someone
walks over its grave-to-be,

but my hair rises
to see your living life
tamped down.

Blue mysteries
of the veronica florets
entertain
your modest attention:

there, where you live,
live:
start over,
everyman, with
the algae of your dreams.

Man gets his daily bread
in sweat, but no-one said
in daily death. Don't eat

those nice green dollars your wife
gives you for breakfast.

Denise Levertov

ery is the result of mutations that have arisen in the past; more mutations will mean more human misery." In any case, we are not talking of an end to all mutation—a situation quite beyond our power—but of refraining from increasing the mutation rate by our own deliberate acts.

Now what about atom-bomb tests? That is for the reader—the citizen—to decide. The authors provide the relevant estimates of radiation dosages which have been showered down upon us in the last few years, the estimated genetic changes caused by these radiations, the estimated number of individuals being harmed and the worth of these estimates. Thus far the probable figure for individuals damaged is not large, perhaps a few hundred each year out of a total world population of three billions. Small? But still too many? If not too many, then how many would be too many? That is what we can all be asked to decide. For that is why these scientists wrote this book; to make us think about our own present and speculate upon the future of our children. And they end by pointing to a vision: "the eventual need to control and direct the evolution of our own species. All biological species have evolved, but only man knows that he has evolved. The evolution of all life in the past has been controlled by natural selection. It now seems that man neither can nor need rely on natural selection alone; the genetic effects of radiation are in part responsible for this change. For natural selection, man must substitute a conscious direction based on knowledge. The requisite knowledge will soon be forthcoming; let us hope that wisdom lags not too far behind."

What's Right with Poetry?

Walker Gibson

IN A savage article on a recent front page of *The New York Times Book Review,* subtitled "What's Wrong with Poetry?," Karl Shapiro has called modern verse "ailing," "sick," "a diseased art." He charges it with "a tangle of subtleties and grotesques and the obscurantism for which it is famous," and blames an academic-critical "officialdom" with its "adoration of what is past." There is, he says, some hope from new poets who "are turning away from criticism and the dictatorship of the criticism journals"; "they are seeking to regain spontaneity and the use of the human voice," though they are admittedly also "brutal, illiterate and hysterical."

No doubt there is something in all this. But the violence and publicity of Mr. Shapiro's attack can do poetry no good: people who have never been moved by a poem more recent than "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" can now claim Shapiro, the eminent poet, as their ally. Since a number of such people may be coming forward to tell us once again why they hate modern poetry, someone ought to try saying why he loves it.

In a modern poem, then, we hear the voice of one who has known, as you and I have known, the chaos, discomfort, wonder, joy and inexpressibility of everyday raw experience. In a good modern poem we see, often with amusement, sometimes with sympathetic horror, the wild and weird paradoxes that confront us in our own fast, fierce, everyday lives. But we see them ordered and artful; we hear them expressed. "O wonderful nonsense of lotions of Lucky Tiger," as Shapiro himself begins a well-known poem. The repeated patterns of the poet's music remind us that he is also a singer, an entertainer, one listening to the noises of his own words, with all the modesty as to their omniscience that this implies. Modern poetry is therefore practical, I should think, in the strictest sense, for when we turn from the poem and back to our own messy lives, it is to find there a million sensations potentially meaningful, susceptible to order, if we could only manage it. Quite literally, we must make of life more than we made before.

I UTTER these elementary remarks not to argue with anybody — for how could you disagree? — but only to remind myself of a place to stand in confronting the first six volumes in Macmillan's excellent new series of paperbound books of verse.* I have been reading them with Mr. Shapiro's criticism in mind, and it has become harder and harder to understand, at

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**Graffiti* by Ramon Guthrie, 72 pp., $1; *Scrimshaw* by Winfield Townley Scott, 72 pp., $1.25; *The Self-Made Man* by Reed Whittemore, 79 pp., $1.25; *The Crow and the Heart* by Hayden Carruth, 93 pp., $1.50; *Walls and Distances* by David Galler, 64 pp., $1; *Out in the Open* by Katherine Hoskins, 99 pp., $1.25. All published by Macmillan.

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least from this evidence, what Mr. Shapiro thinks he is talking about.

Take, for instance, Ramon Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie, who, in his sixties, is the oldest poet among the six, teaches French at Dartmouth and does not hesitate to refer to Balzac, Rimbaud, the Visigoths, the Etruscans, baroque architecture and other such learned matters. He has plenty of "subtleties and grotesques" and sometimes he is even obscure, so that he seems—till you read him — to be the very academic poet that Mr. Shapiro so despises. But what a "human voice"! He must be one of those new "spontaneous" poets after all, for the poems in *Graffiti* are filled with excitement, swearing, sex and plain fun. The fact is that, for Mr. Guthrie, learning and liveliness are so rigorously mingled that Rough Tough Life keeps barreling into the library in a way that is characteristic of much good modern verse. If this is academic, make the most of it. Dramatizing himself repeatedly as a clown, Mr. Guthrie takes off against the world with a marvelous madness that only half conceals a serious sensibility. "Were you *there*," he asks, "for Christ's entry into Brussels?"

> *I* was! Oh, the banners,
> Oh, the bunting,
> Oh, the bands! Oh, I
> tiered in bustle, top-hat, feather boa
> and freshly furbished fleer!
>
> The voice of the Lord spoke out of a
> whirlwind:
> I answered Him out of a cyclone
> cellar.

Of these six poets, the name of Winfield Townley Scott carries the widest reputation, and *Scrimshaw* certainly reinforces it. If his poems lack some of the charm of Mr. Guthrie's, they also avoid Mr. Guthrie's excesses, and they do what they do with great skill and a deep sense of personal commitment. Mr. Scott too is no ignorer of life's vulgarity and toughness, as his recent narrative poem *The Dark Sister* amply demonstrated. But his special gift as a lyricist is to concentrate on a single modest experience of everyday life and make it richly significant for us. After the green leaves fell from the tree, he tells us, the tree became "a moment blue," occupied by jays.

> Green the tree had been; then gold—
> For days gold; now a moment blue.

The poet responds with a simplicity of vocabulary and a depth of feeling that are very moving:

> If I grow old—I came to know this—
> The world I die from can never be
> The world most mine.

Finally:

> The tree flies green to somebody's
> other dream.

Mr. Scott is neither an academician nor a wild new voice. We had better call him simply a good poet.

The poems of Reed Whittemore again suggest the difficulties of Mr. Shapiro's handsome categories, for here is a poet who is also (like Shapiro) an editor, critic and college teacher, seemingly a member of the hated academy. But Mr. Whittemore's well-known voice conveys precisely an anti-stuffy "spontaneity" that makes talk of a critical officialdom look silly. For one thing he is a great poet of domestic life.

> The noses are running at our house.
> Like faucets. Wild horses.
> Otherwise it is quiet here;
> There is nothing afoot except
> Lassie . . .

He is autobiographical and personal; sometimes he is learned; above all he is funny. But even when his words are most ironic, we can hear, as in most good light verse, something that tells us he means deeply what he says.

> Here is a beautiful world full of
> beautiful, beautiful
> Unwritten poems (in every ephemeral flower),
> Which, as I understand it, are mine
> to transcribe
> Into beautiful written poems for all
> time to admire.

Like any poet who is being funny a good deal of the time, Mr. Whittemore inevitably slips sometimes. When he does, his difficulty is not that he is too academic or intellectual, but that he is not quite academic enough, and has let himself get away with an effect that his critical self might have saved him from.

The remaining three poets must be briefly dealt with. Hayden Carruth is a particularly skillful craftsman, some of whose lines sound like young Tennyson. ("He eyes November when the hills of umber / In utter autumn sleep, sodden and somber.") Many of his poems are concerned directly with insanity, life in the asylum, and perhaps this is evidence that modern poetry is "sick," but I doubt it. Mr. Carruth succeeds when he controls his subject with consistent literary discipline, as when he forces meanings of "asylum" until "ultimately asylum is the soul / Where reason curls like a nut in wrinkled sleep." David Galler is a talented young poet whose gift of language is unquestioned. This early in his career he seems to me to suffer from unrelieved solemnity, some over-complicated grammar, and a tendency to be more interested in the psychological meanings of his scenes than in the scenes themselves. But Mr. Galler's is a rebellious voice and no joking about it: "My snout cannot stand the stench of milk and honey / That flows dark brown from the big desk of money." Katherine Hoskins' *Out in the Open* contains much religious poetry; an archaic vocabulary and old-fashioned word order are part of her method. She desires "to arrive / Mayhap at its essence" — and I am frankly not always sure where that is, but there is nothing conventional about it. Immediately other vocabulary intrudes: "Cry the Psyche doctors, / Eroticism; / Decry they should not viator / So far come." This is complex and pessimistic verse, composed with considerable passion, and though Miss Hoskins is, I understand, no academic, her poems may be as close to Mr. Shapiro's "academy" as any in this series.

But the point is that none of these poets is easy to classify under Mr. Shapiro's terms, and if we are ready to accept the evidence of "The Macmillan Poets," modern poetry isn't "sick" at all. It is varied, it is deeply felt, it is lively and funny, solemn and passionate. It looks pretty healthy to me.

WALKER GIBSON, director of Freshman English at New York University, is a poet whose work has appeared in two collected volumes — The Reckless Spenders *and* Come As You Are.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SAUL LEVITT'S *The Andersonville Trial* (Henry Miller) provides an absorbing evening in the theatre. It is an account of the case brought in 1865 by the government of the United States against Henry Wirz, a Confederate officer in charge of the prison camp at Andersonville, Georgia, where some 14,000 Union soldiers died because of the hellish treatment to which they were subjected.

Wirz's defense is that he was under strict orders from his superior to enforce inhuman discipline. Lieut. Col. Chipman, the Judge Advocate, or prosecuting counsel, maintains—to the discomfiture of the military men who conduct the trial—that Wirz was morally bound to disobey his commanding officer. Wirz is found guilty and is sentenced to death.

In its stage presentation the case is tried with unusual intensity, intelligence and human interest. What is at stake is the still contemporary issue—as the Nuremberg trials showed—of responsibility in the punishment of men whose brutal acts are governed by state authority.

The audience and certainly a critic ought to hold some firm view in considering such a problem, even when it is raised in the theatre. I am opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances, though I should confess that it has not been easy for me to come to this conclusion. I would not have permitted myself to vote for the death sentence even for Hitler—though I believe he is the only man I have ever in my life truly hated.

For this reason I was inclined to feel, or hope, that what *The Andersonville Trial* was saying represented an echo of my own conviction that the execution of Wirz or any such person in a similar situation is wrong. But the play suffers from ambiguities both in its writing and in its interpretation.

The audience at the end of the play also seemed dissatisfied though not, I believe, for the reasons that troubled me. I suspect that the audience was disturbed by the condemnation of Wirz because it felt that he was an ordinary "Joe," very much like the rest of us, and should not be punished for failing to act as a hero. He was pitied because he appeared doomed no matter what course he took.

THE play is not sufficiently clear on the main point: we do not know whether the court pronounced its death sentence on the moral issue — as the Judge Advocate demanded — or simply because it had to respond to public indignation and a desire for vengeance against an unfortunate symbol of the enemy's war "crimes." In other words, the play begs the question it has raised, leaves it in fact distressingly up in the air.

Another factor contributing to confusion is the intention of George C. Scott's performance — otherwise excellent — as the Judge Advocate. Though the author makes it plain that Chipman's loathing of Wirz arises chiefly from the advocate's abhorrence of the institution of slavery as part of the Confederate cause, Scott plays the part

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with a fanaticism that suggests personal sadism rather than the inspiration of a zealot. It would appear that Chipman hit upon the moral issue, not because he possessed a truly Christian conscience, but because he thought he could devise no surer way of getting Wirz hanged.

The production — aptly designed by Will Armstrong, carefully and incisively directed by Jose Ferrer — is well cast throughout and very convincingly acted by Herbert Berghof, Albert Dekker, Ian Keith and Russell Hardie. It may be objected that several of the actors — Berghof and Scott particularly — force their souls (or strain their muscles) overmuch. One does not usually enjoy seeing actors perspire with effort or bruise their knuckles as they pound the stage properties. But if this is a fault it is one I am prepared to forgive in this instance, not only on grounds of naturalism — people don't always behave nicely in court — but also because our theatre tends more often to err toward a mildness which is unfeeling, as well as undramatic, rather than toward an excess which is at least theatrically expressive. I prefer ham to mush.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE difference between non-objectivity and realism is not so simple as it seems. This shows in the current exhibitions of Elmer Bischoff at the Staempfli Gallery and of Robert Goodnough at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

Bischoff's exhibition of painting is his first in New York. His art is entirely in its performance. He is the most magnificent performer of all the Californians seen in this city who have given up abstraction in favor of realism. Painting as performance is something that he shares with Kline (who gave up realism for non-objectivity), and it relates to Sargent. The paintings are large, many more than six feet square, very broad, as if he used no brush less than two inches wide, and he has a color sense that makes no mistakes. Each area from bright to gray is a thick, wet mixture without a single muddy spot. His subjects are landscapes and interiors with women. In the earlier paintings especially, form is paint determined by courageous control of its powerful flow. *Houses and Hills*, which keeps rocking, is like the successful carrying out of a wager that he will navigate the painting into port through the roughest seas.

My wife remarked that the paintings have an Edwardian dash, as of a glove thrown down upon a table. The challenge that he throws down is this, that he knows exactly where everything is, especially where one thing ends and another begins; in short that he knows where the connections are. However, in the later work the paint does not always lie on the form, and there are sharp dry places of conflict between paint and subject, as though a failure of energy made him slip into unconscious illustration. The conscious feeling may be a wish not to spoil what is already achieved.

The strange thing about his realism is that the "things" in his latest pictures tend to lose their reality — just because they have lost a firmness of form — with the exception of his beautiful skies of liquid light. The figures are less real in so far as they are more actual, and so is the ground. Something trivial has taken over, as in the gestures in *Figures in Vermilion Light*, which are so incidental that the women themselves do not matter any more. *Figure by the Sea*, quite opposite to an Impressionistic painting, looks more like a sketch at a distance than it does close by, and this renders its size meaningless.

IN MY opinion, Goodnough's new show is his best. He is completely "non-objective" (representing no recognizable object), but instead of a continuum where forms flow into each other until their separateness is lost, his paintings are full of concreteness. Spherical triangles swirl in a paper storm, or long, curved vertical strokes detached from each other are set against gray, as in *Odysseus*. Though his paintings are the same size as Bischoff's large ones, they do not look especially large, nor do they look smaller from a distance. Their apparent size and weight do not vary, because their objective (in the sense of external) reality is too fixed. When they are called after classical names the composition is derived from an analysis of a classical sculpture; or else the flow of red, white, blue and gray paper scraps in curve and counter-curve describes the principle of Venetian composition, in a way comparable to the way music describes visual sensations. The paintings called *Summer* have the motion of leaves growing and falling, plus all the stir of weather (as in a movie about plant growth) to make a ballet out of what summer means. Goodnough's colors are conventional, like the colors of a parade. He makes a generality out of what the painting may refer to.

Bischoff takes a specific moment, a finger on the nose, a temporary hesitation and generalizes it; and his generalizations have the weakness, even the unpleasantness, of those plaster casts of human and animal bodies made from the holes in the lava of Herculaneum. The gestures of Bischoff's figures are the gestures of people overtaken. His emphasis on the incidental emphasizes its meaninglessness. Goodnough particularizes the idea. Which painter better makes you feel the reality of the particular? Goodnough, unlike most non-objective painters today, derives from Cubism rather than from Impressionistic performance. He is old-fashioned. Out of concepts he makes equivalents of concreteness. Bischoff's background in non-objective painting could be a background of disbelief in academic humanism. Goodnough describes his belief in the culture of the past with spherical triangles, or Cézanne's or Mondrian's thin strokes, while Bischoff determines the limits of the expressiveness of pigments suspended in linseed oil.

GOODNOUGH is not so sure as Bischoff as to where connections are, and so he makes more sure. Because he is not a virtuoso, he must be clear. If his decisions are ambiguous, it is between definite choices, like, this is before, *or* it is behind. It is the ambiguity of eighteenth-century verse. Bischoff's ambiguities are those of vagueness: it does not matter to him whether something is before or behind so long as two adjacent colors connect. Bischoff is a romantic in the sense that what is real is himself even more than any canvas. He is a personality, celebrating his own good health. Goodnough is full of respect for tradition which he uses freely for new formal ends.

Our Lucy

Small as a fox and like
a little fox but black,
  our Lucy's white teeth grin
  among the rushes green.

The feathers of her plume
flutter in the warm
  winds that fitfully blow
  from the Gulf of Mexico,

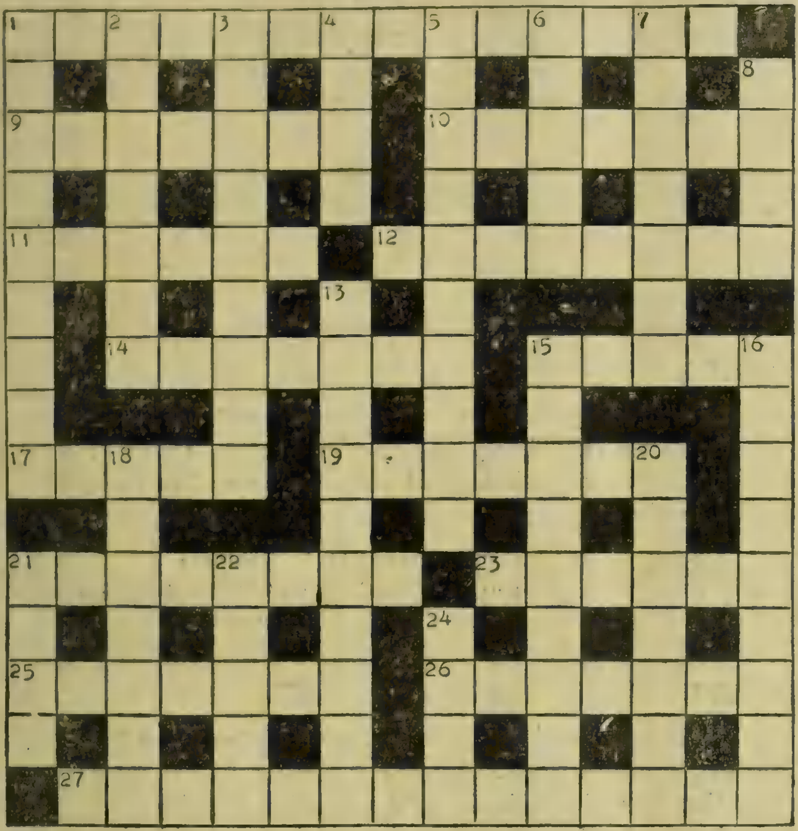
and like a machine-gun
her barking through the pine
  echoes where people have
  set foot in our grove:

"Quiet, Lucy. They
may bring us news today,
  or if thieves they may
  drop something on the way."

PAUL GOODMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 851

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mail from Upper Slobovia's seat of government, but not in case of the lower! (7, 7)
9 Talk about shaking one's fist! It's one way to give you what you ask for! (7)
10 One might not be so frequent as a roller along about now. (7)
11 Our years split apart without proper guidance. (6)
12 The sort of things one doesn't want on one's 5? (8)
14 Does his activity take a religious turn? (7)
15 and 17 Teams confuse a lady's style! (10)
19 Where one might find a broken rib to be like Sputnik? (2, 5)
21 This makes quite an impression, but isn't the only thing affecting the value of collection. (8)
23 A game follower, particularly in tight places. (6)
25 Like Langerhans, rather illiberal? (7)
26, 27, and 6 down Evidently nothing in the game is very colorful. (4, 2, 1, 4,-10, 5)

DOWN:

1 A scar's curved around and doesn't spread good news. (9)
2 Affectionately stroke a species of deer, when exhausted. (7)
3 It's a job for the Church of England, or part of the navy! (4, 5)
4 They might involve old air deposits. (4)
5 Once he cuts it, it should have 12. (10)
6 See 26
7 Playwright as a poor alternative to what Custer had at last. (7)
8 See 22
13 Might be going on back to the harvest, when applied to the side of the mount. (6, 4)
15 Skate, perhaps, and what it did in 3 when used for the purpose. (9)
16 Suggests a misdeal for the words of the dictator. (9)
18 In the trade ads, each should be taken with a lot of salt! (4, 3)
20 Irish or Scotch, for example. (7)
21 Common for prison activity. (4)
22 and 8 A bird with a little money is likely to consider the bright side! (9)
24 Hamlet's home, in or out! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 850

ACROSS: 1 Subsistence; 10 Beast; 11 Port; 12 Shunted; 13 Citrate; 15 Two by two; 16 Squash; 18 Scheme; 21 Rainbows; 24 Slip-ups; 26 Isolate; 28 Emus; 29 Round; 30 Noah; 31 Star boarder. DOWN: 2 Untenable; 3 Subject; 4 and 14 Starboard; 5 Entries; 6 Caper; 7 Nephew; 8. Gratis; 17 Unbalance; 19 and 9 Column left; 20 Emperor; 22 Insider; 23 Withal; 25 Posit; 27 Hugo.

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(Signed) G. K. Romoser
Instructor, Department of Political Science
Ohio State University

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(Signed) Mark Wyman
Editor-in-Chief, The Daily Cardinal
University of Wisconsin

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SURPRISE ATTACK

Fear Could Pull the Trigger

J. David Singer

TOMORROW'S AIR CRASH

Karl M. Ruppenthal

CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL

Dan Wakefield

LETTERS

The Shiny Enemies

Dear Sirs: I read Gore Vidal's review of *Advertisements for Myself* [*The Nation*, Jan. 2] with attention. While I would and do disagree with parts of his piece, I must say Vidal did some good writing.

But in two places, I thought he was out of line. To quote him:

> . . . writers who are unduly eager for fame and acceptance will write novels which they hope might interest religious-minded critics. The results range from the sub-literary bleating of the Beats to Mailer's portentous: "I am the way and the life ever after, crucify me, you hackers, for mine is a ritual death! Oh, Scott, oh, Herman, oh, ancestral voices murmuring, take my flesh and my blood, partake of me and know mysteries!"

The quotation marks are unhappy. I never wrote such a sentence and I never spoke such a sentence. May this be put on the record before the sentence is quoted by others as the stricken heart of my credo.

Point Two is sly. I quote again from Vidal: "I noted with some amusement that, despite the air of candor, he makes no new enemies in this book. He scores off those who are lost to him anyway, thus proving that essentially the work is politic." Only a fool brags of making new enemies, but I was bruised to the bone by this quick assertion, and when Vidal called a few days later to discover my reactions to his piece, I gave documents to the man, page and paragraph, about the new enemies I had made, and by God yes I think even Gore V. would admit this day he was hasty.

My compliments to Ira Wolfert for "Monster in the Mine" [*The Nation*, Jan. 2], one of the few good short stories I've read over the years.

NORMAN MAILER

New York City

Orgies with Chalk

Dear Sirs: Let's not boil them in oil, quite. I mean the local kooks who are having an orgy with chalk, paint and the like, inscribing their crooked crosses and crooked messages on the walls of synagogues and churches under the winter moon's glare, like a band of hell's own poltergeists risen from the latrine.

These shadowy mock assassins have—in part at least—a deep need for projecting their own inner chaos. It can be surmised that another part of their inspiration comes from an easing—at long last—of the worst of the cold-war jitters, that the kooks see political lines of explosion receding and are in a panic to do something about it.

As for the West German branch of the kooks' international—well, we've been feeding that monster with such arrant indulgence of late, we really shouldn't be surprised.

SID BERNARD

New York City

Cross of Blue

Dear Sirs: As a subscriber to Blue Cross, I want to congratulate *The Nation* for its honest and searching report, "Blue Cross: Retreat from Idealism," in your January 9 issue. But what can one do? Perhaps the labor unions, by means of their numbers, could accomplish some reforms.

A. J. KOVAR

Brooklyn, N.Y.

'Diploma Mills'

Dear Sirs: In his article "Diplomas for Sale" [*The Nation*, December 26], Myron Lieberman overlooked the existence and accomplishments of the National Home Study Council of Washington, D.C., an organization of accredited correspondence schools formed in 1926 to eliminate "diploma mills" and raise the educational and business standards of private home-study schools.

Since its formation, the NHSC has cooperated with the Federal Trade Commission, Better Business Bureaus and every state and local agency interested in ridding the correspondence-school field of unethical operators. The council's Accrediting Commission, which includes a former U.S. Commissioner of Education and a Harvard professor, is now recognized by the U.S. Office of Education and so ranks on a level with those bodies accrediting high schools and colleges.

It is true that "schools" still sell "diplomas" through the mail. But, because of the vigorous efforts of the NHSC, an increasing number of students are avoiding these shady enterprises and enroll in reputable correspondence schools.

While Mr. Lieberman charges only correspondence schools with being "diploma mills," he forgets that such "mills" exist among residence schools. What else would you call a state university which grants academic credit for a course in "fly-tying" and those specializing in "sun-bathing and basket-weaving" courses?

Constant and sincere self-policing and the imposition and maintenance of high academic standards are the solution to the problem he outlines.

Naturally public and private agencies should have a role in taking diplomas off the shelves, but the basic responsibility belongs to the institutions of learning themselves.

VENLO WOLFSOHN

Bethesda, Md.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Proxy Fight or Campaign?

Senator John F. Kennedy's earnest contention — promptly seconded by Vice President Nixon — that the central issue of the 1960 election is the nature of the Presidency itself, is a disheartening indication that the major issues will go begging in this year's campaign. A brilliant staff of Ivy League advisers provided Senator Kennedy with some admirable quotes, a series of apt historical references and some first-rate political quips for his "first serious speech of the formal campaign" before the National Press Club, in which he promised a "strong" Presidency if elected. But for all its sparkle and polish, the speech was as empty of content as a high school valedictory. Given the glaring divisions within the Democratic Party — between Dixiecrats and other Democrats, between the Congressional and the national leadership, between eggheads and city bosses, between militant cold warriors and the more pacific Democrats — Senator Kennedy was under an obligation to tell us just how his leadership, as President, could be both "strong" and effective. Only the day before, he had voted with the "regulars" — the vote was 51 to 12 — to sustain Senator Lyndon Johnson's iron-fisted control of the Democrats in the Senate.

Senator Humphrey, joining in the campaign's first major round of debate, also favors a "strong" Presidency, but like Senator Kennedy he does not tell us how any Democratic nominee could reasonably be expected to exert effective leadership without first achieving either major structural reforms within the Democratic Party, or a realignment of the country's political forces. As to Mr. Nixon, every poll and forecast indicates that, if elected, he will have to deal with heavy Democratic majorities in the House and Senate. No more than Senator Kennedy or Senator Humphrey could he exert effective leadership without making cross-party bargains and alliances.

Major issues await discussion in this campaign which, if debated in no-holds-barred fashion, might really make possible a "strong" and effective leadership in the White House. But if this initial exchange in the "formal campaign" is a sample of what is to come between now and November, then we face not a debate on issues, but something more in the nature of a "proxy" fight for the Presidency, in which a number of active, articulate, bright junior executives, all of about the same age, will compete on the tacit assumption that the sole issue is which of them is best qualified to succeed to the Presidency of U.S.A., Inc., a blue-chip corporation with a strong growth potential, huge reserves and a contented army of stockholders, now that the elderly, revered incumbent is about to retire. As in other proxy fights, the stockholders will have a choice of personalities and management skills, but not of basic policies.

Pro Patria Mori

In his discussion of nuclear offense and defense in this issue (see page 91), Dr. J. David Singer makes the point that the inauguration of a serious civil-defense program by either side might persuade the other that the enemy contemplated a first strike and was planning to protect its military and industrial forces against the inevitable retaliatory blow. In his sense, unprotected populations are hostages to peace. The Air Force seems committed to a course of action which will multiply the number of hostages and so convince the Soviet rulers of our peaceful intent — if, that is, our generals and defense officials will refrain from making threatening statements and so spoiling everything. Dr. James E. McDonald, a meteorologist attached to the University of Arizona, has made a careful study of the effects of nuclear attacks on cities, and especially the hazards of fallout on urban populations. He finds that prevailing west-to-east winds may spread radioactive death 200 miles from the point of impact of an intercontinental missile. He also finds that the Air Force is locating its missile bases, which will be high-priority targets in a nuclear war, with little or no consideration of fallout. At Spokane, for instance, out of nine separate Atlas launching sites, only two are located on the comparatively safe downwind (east) side. The other seven are upwind (west) from the city, and if Soviet missiles land on or near them the fallout will engulf Spokane. Similarly at Topeka, all nine Atlas sites lie within less than 100 miles upwind of the million or more inhabitants of the Kansas City area. "Either the Air Force agencies responsible for ICBM site location have not heard of the horrors of radioactive fallout," Dr. McDonald comments, "or else they must think the wind blows from east to west over the United States."

We may hope that the Soviet rulers will take this as an earnest of our peaceful intentions, but of course they may merely conclude that the U.S. Air Force isn't very clever.

The Reformer

Fairfax Cone, chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, the eminent advertising agency, has recently emerged as a critic of the press. This role, unusual for an advertising executive, springs from the Federal Trade Commission's complaints against alleged visual deception in TV advertising. The commission asserts, for example, that when sandpaper, lathered with Palmolive shaving cream, is shaved with a razor before the amazed TV audience, it isn't sandpaper at all, but a "mock-up" of sand applied to glass. Another demonstration which leaves the commission unconvinced involves Lever Brothers' Pepsodent, one of America's great dentifrices. On TV, a "cigarette-smoking machine" deposits yellow smoke stain on a surface which, according to the announcer, is functionally similar to tooth enamel. Pepsodent is applied to the ersatz enamel and the stain vanishes before the eyes of the TV viewer, who lights another cigarette and rushes out to buy the economy-size tube. "This demonstration," the Federal Trade Commission says with bureaucratic stuffiness, "does not actually prove, as purported, that Pepsodent . . . is effective in removing tobacco-smoke stain from the teeth of all smokers. . . ."

It so happens that Foote, Cone & Belding is the advertising agency for Pepsodent. But Mr. Cone's grievance is not against the FTC; it is against the newspapers. At a luncheon of the Newspaper Advertising Executives Association, Mr. Cone complained that the newspapers had prejudged the case against Pepsodent and convicted Lever Brothers, Pepsodent, and Foote, Cone & Belding of "grave crimes against the public." The truth is, he said, that complaints against photo techniques used in TV demonstrations are the work of "headline chasers." The newspapers, he went on to say, should be the last to criticize, "for many of these things that sound so awful were borrowed from the photographic studios where black and white and even color pictures are made for magazines and newspapers . . . almost all black-and-white photographs for newspaper and magazine reproduction are products of the retoucher's art." He called on newspapers to lead the way to more truthful advertising. In another connection, he remarked, "As an advertising agent whose company placed some $40,000,000 in television last year, I didn't know that the quiz shows were rigged."

Mr. Cone seems to be a remarkably trusting and hopeful individual, but it is said that a little child shall lead them, and we wish him luck in his crusade. With the FTC uplifting Foote, Cone & Belding, and Foote, Cone & Belding uplifting the press, the moral tone of the communication arts should be immeasurably improved before 1960 passes into history.

The "Has-Beens"

Representative F. Edward Hébert's Armed Services subcommittee, after completing a first-class investigating job, recommends that former military officers and civilian-defense officials should be barred from soliciting business for defense contractors for two years after they leave government service. The Congress should, and probably will, pass the necessary legislation. Some of the officers who testified complained that as soon as they retired, their influence in the Pentagon vanished; they were "has-beens." No harm will have been done, therefore, if what they say is true; the Congress will merely be legalizing a situation that already exists.

Some of the data uncovered by the Hébert committee does not, however, quite jibe with this low view of the salesmanship of retired brass hats. The mere volume of hiring raises a suspicion that they are not retained merely for their knowledge of transistors or air-frames. No less than 1,453 retired officers are on the staffs of contractors holding 80 per cent of the nation's defense orders. The companies seem to have been intent on snatching engineers just out of college and generals and admirals just out of the services. Jack Steele of the New York *World-Telegram* has done some counting and presents the following totals of retired officers on the payrolls of defense contractors: General Dynamics, 186; Lockheed, 171; North American Aviation, 92; General Tire & Rubber, 66; Martin, 63; Boeing, 61; Ryan Aeronautical, 54. Where such numbers were involved, it is hardly likely that no thought of salesmanship ever entered the heads of the hirers and the hired.

Another fact that may have a bearing is that while the general, or admiral, may be worthy of his hire, in the estimation of his employers he frequently isn't worthy of very much. The Westinghouse Company is listed as paying a full admiral $6,000 a year. Among lieutenant generals and vice admirals, four receive $6,000 or less. Among major generals and rear admirals, near-destitution is the rule rather than the exception. Out of nineteen officers of this rank employed by General Dynamics, one received $4,000, two $5,000, six $6,000, two $7,000, and one $8,000. In all the nineteen, there was only one relatively impressive wage: $33,000. Either General Dynamics is an unmerciful employer and these workers should unite and throw off their chains, or they don't work much and, in that case, what *are* they hired for?

FEAR COULD PULL THE TRIGGER

SURPRISE ATTACK . . *by J. David Singer*

DURING THE current wave of euphoria which seems to have gripped the world in the wake of the Khrushchev and Eisenhower "journeys to peace," it may be in poor taste to speak publicly of surprise nuclear attack, but it may also be that it is just such a period as this which most requires a rather brutal analysis of Soviet-American relations. Even before the journeys — symbolic expressions of the peace-urge — were made, many were contending that military technology had in a sense made itself obsolete, and that the destructive power of the nuclear missile was so great as almost to guarantee that it would never be used. Man's faith in this "balance of terror" is touching, but is also indicative of the basic human tendency to deny the existence of dangers too great to be comprehended and too complex to be analyzed. One is reminded of superstitious villagers living on the slopes of a volcano or in the possible path of an avalanche.

On the basis of a current study of Soviet and Western military strategy, this writer believes that the danger of surprise nuclear attack — in either direction — is as great, if not greater, now and for the next several years than it has been at any time since the cold war began. Let me try to summarize the evidence.

FIRST of all, the two military coalitions are still very much in a state of mutual hostility, and while there is increasing evidence that each desires to restrict the resultant conflict and competition to the non-military realm, little has happened to hasten the elimination of violence. More precisely, as long as each side retains its capacity for military attack, the other must assume that such capacity might be utilized. As I suggested in an earlier article ("New Hope for Disarmament," *The Nation*, Oct. 10, 1959), "each elite will inevitably equate the other's military *capability* with his military *intentions*." Since most Americans find it almost impossible to believe that the Soviet could honestly fear an attack initiated by ourselves, let us first examine the situation as it looks to the Kremlin.

At the outset, there is the orthodox Communist ideology which has consistently postulated that the "capitalist camp" is inexorably compelled to seek the destruction of the "Socialist camp." Sometimes it is argued that the attack will come when the "imperialists" are powerful enough to carry it out successfully and with little fear of retaliation. Other times the argument is that it will come when the West sees that "Socialist victory" is almost inevitable, and strikes out in a last, desperate effort to stave off defeat.

From the Soviet viewpoint, this classic Leninist-Stalinist doctrine is supported by some significant historical experiences. The expeditionary forces — with American contingents — which were landed in Russia following the First World War have been continually interpreted—rightly or wrongly—by Soviet leaders as abortive attempts to overthrow the Bolshevik regime by violent intervention. Similarly, the jockeying of England, France and the United States during the late 1930s was interpreted by the Russians, then as now, as an effort to drive the Nazis and the Soviets into a war of such mutual destructiveness that the Western powers could then step in at the end and divide up the spoils, thus obliterating Bolshevism at little loss to themselves. (That this was not an altogether unfounded notion may be established by reference to Western actions and communications of the period.) Even the delay in opening the second front during World War II has been viewed by the Soviet as further evidence of ill will on the part of their wartime allies.

TURNING to the present, there is an even stronger basis for the Kremlin's fear of surprise attack. Despite our protestations, they see the Western air bases on their periphery not as defensive or even retaliatory sites, but as springboards for aggression. For example, the IRBM sites in England, Italy and Turkey have been and are being built above ground, with little attention paid to their protection. And while our purpose in building them in this fashion was primarily to achieve speed and economy, the Soviet strategist interprets the decision differently. If, he reasons, the West established the sites only for retaliatory purposes, they would have been more adequately protected; since they were not, it must follow that they are designed for launching a surprise, strike-first blow, after which what happens to them becomes unimportant. In sum, if the function of these launching sites is indeed merely to retaliate, would they have been left so vulnerable as to endanger their retaliatory capability?

Furthermore, the entire military posture of NATO is such as to encourage the Kremlin in its suspicions of Western intentions. All of the normal accouterments of a purely defensive effort have been undersupported in Europe and elsewhere;

J. DAVID SINGER is teaching political science at the University of Michigan and is engaged in an analysis of post-World War II disarmament negotiations, financed by the Michigan Memorial Phoenix Project.

no real effort has been made to match the Warsaw nations in ground troops or conventional weapons. Conversely, heaviest emphasis has been upon strategic air power which, the West argues, is for purely retaliatory purposes. But since the same capability can be used for both strike-first and strike-back missions, the Soviet must operate from the less naive interpretation.

Thus, the general outlines of the Western military posture are such as to engender a high degree of fear in Soviet ranks, particularly when coupled with the not infrequent threats uttered by high-ranking U.S. political and military officers.

There is a tendency in the West to discount the fears of attack articulated by the Kremlin as propaganda designed to defame the United States and its allies. But two recent scholarly studies of Soviet military strategy, despite sharp disagreements on other points, come to the same conclusion on this one. In *War and the Soviet Union*, Herbert Dinerstein notes that when Tank Marshal Rotmistrov argues (in *Military Thought*, February, 1955) that surprise attack plays "an important part in the strategy of the United States and Great Britain," the Soviet Marshal is reflecting the "official Soviet appraisal." And in *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age*, Raymond Garthoff likewise concludes that "the dominant Soviet image of American military strategy is a massive, surprise air blow with weapons of mass destruction."

All in all, there seem to be several excellent reasons for Soviet strategists to assume the probability of a Western-initiated surprise attack.

TURNING the coin over, do we find the same sort of fear on the Western side? And if so, is the fear equally justified? Without belaboring the arguments which are all too familiar to Americans, the answers must likewise be in the affirmative. Soviet behavior in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Asia since World War II all lead to an image of aggressiveness. In addition, there are the repeated Soviet references to inevitable "showdown" and ultimate "Socialist victory," coupled with similar assertions in the still unrepudiated writings of Lenin and Stalin. There is also the increasing military power and technical prowess exhibited by the USSR in recent years. The Soviet now has, or soon will have, enough ICBMs to carry out a successful massive attack upon Western Europe and North America. Their submarine fleet is now estimated to be about 500-600 strong, with perhaps a hundred of them able to launch an IRBM from the relative safety of the ocean's depths.

Thus, it would seem that there is at least as much justification for fear of massive surprise attack on the part of Western strategists as among their opposite numbers in the USSR. And we have not yet dealt with some of the more subtle forces that make even greater the legitimacy of this reciprocal fear.

ONE SUCH force today is that of military technology and its dramatic impact upon the role of time in strategy. This takes two forms, each equally ominous. The first has to do with the speed with which one side can deliver a stunning blow upon the other. In the pre-World War I days, a surprise attack of any significant magnitude was almost impossible; reserves had to be mobilized and rail transportation converted to military purposes. Even in the pre-World War II era, destructiveness could arrive no sooner than the 200 or so miles per hour limit imposed by the aircraft of the day, and — assuming a state of near alert — there was always the ability to counter any attack with defensive craft and AA fire. But in the waning days of that war, the German V-2 ballistic missile gave us the forewarning of things to come. Here a weapon of considerable magnitude could be delivered from fifty miles away in a matter of minutes. More to the point, it could not be detected until on its final, downward trajectory, seconds before it landed on its target; and there was almost no way of intercepting it. Had the Nazis been able to produce the V-2 six months sooner, and to increase its range earlier, the Axis might well have come out victorious.

Today, each side has land- and sea-based IRBMs with ranges up to 1,800 miles, capable of delivering megaton nuclear warheads at speeds up to Mach 15 (fifteen times the speed of sound), and the USSR already is believed to possess a "significant" number of operational ICBMs, with about a hundred launching sites, and ranges up to 6,200 miles. The warning time is even less than that for the V-2, interception is currently impossible, and destructive power staggering. Either side could destroy most of the other's industrial and population centers, as well as its retaliatory military bases, with less than twenty minutes' warning time and with little chance of effective defense. The strategic impact of such a surprise attack is so great that it could conceivably lead to military victory in less than twenty-four hours.

The mutual awareness of such a possibility makes the situation more, rather than less, dangerous. Realizing the implications of a successful surprise attack upon itself, each side assumes that the other must be considering it. Thus begins the vicious psychological cycle which leads in turn to consideration of both preventive and pre-emptive attacks. If the planners on one side become convinced that the other is about to strike first, they have little choice but to try beating the adversary to the punch. Suppose that Western intelligence agencies begin to piece together enough evidence to persuade them (correctly or not) that the Soviet is planning such a strike in late October, as soon as the harvest is in. The natural response is to strike first. Suspecting that this is the Western decision, the Soviets (even if they had not originally intended a first strike) must now decide, in turn, to forestall this tragedy by getting in the first strike themselves. And so it goes, until one side or the other precipitates nuclear World War III through a "preventive" attack.

Even more likely, however, is the stumbling into war by what is called a "pre-emptive" strike. Here one side or the other picks up enough radar information (via Dewline or backscatter technique) to convince them that an attack has just been launched. Again, this information may or may not be accurate, but the risks of waiting are so great that a "counterattack" must be launched instantaneously. By error or miscalculation, this "retaliatory" blow may turn out to be, instead, a strike-first rather than a strike-back blow.

This highly unstable situation is made even more perilous by the second form which the impact of technology upon time may take. Here reference is to the fear of major technological "breakthrough."

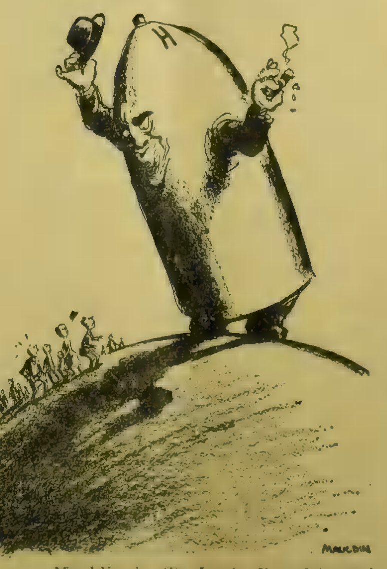
Suppose, for a realistic example, that Western strategists become convinced that the Soviet is on the verge of producing a successful anti-missile device. With such a breakthrough, the Kremlin could be assured of delivering a devastating blow to the United States or Europe while suffering far less damage from a retaliatory blow. This might well tempt Khrushchev to exploit his enormously significant, if temporary, advantage. And even if it did not have this effect, United States or NATO strategists might well *assume* that it did. Thus the West might decide to strike first.

These are not the ungrounded fears of the paranoid, but rather the kind of calculations which do and should take place daily in military and political circles on both sides. Not that either side *wants* nuclear war. To the contrary, each wants desperately to avoid it, but the exigencies of the situation and the way in which the strategists have responded to these exigencies suggest that current and recent Soviet-Western behavior can only make more likely this nuclear holocaust.

AWARE of the dead-end which the constant and reciprocal increase of retaliatory fire power may lead to, those who make and study national strategies have recently begun to explore some new alternatives. This exploration is characterized by a degree of intellectual sophistication which would jar those who still believe in the "military mind" stereotype. The strategist of today, in the West or in the Soviet bloc, reads more, thinks more and writes more regarding the complexities of his profession; and while few can be said to have developed the requisite broad view of international politics, most have become far more rigorous and systematic in their analyses. It may be small comfort for those of us outside the decison-making ranks, but this trend does at least promise greater accuracy in predicting the other side's response.

Having said this, we move on to some of the less obvious and less traditional techniques which are now under consideration.

One approach, currently much in vogue, is to attempt to make one's retaliatory capability not only more powerful, but *less vulnerable*. One way of doing this is to move missile-launching sites underground, with greater protection via reinforced concrete, etc. Such sites could then be capable of launching a devastating counter-blow even *after* a surprise attack, unless they received direct hits. But as guidance systems improve (and they are being improved rapidly) direct hits can be anticipated with increasing certainty, and it will merely be a matter of putting a powerful enough warhead on the missile to penetrate the protection given the retaliatory site. Furthermore, the greater the destructiveness of the warhead, the less need there is for accuracy: a near miss by a five-megaton warhead is just as effective as a direct hit with one megaton. So the underground site may merely encourage the building of bigger warheads. And, of course, installation costs and building time are much greater for protected or underground sites.



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I'll give you population control!"

Another way of decreasing the vulnerability of one's retaliatory power is to shift from fixed to mobile missile sites; trailer trucks, railroad cars, naval vessels and submarines all come under this category (with the last-named getting most of the attention). Again, the idea is that by making retaliatory sites more difficult to *detect*, the potential aggressor will be deterred by the knowledge that no matter how sweeping and saturating his first strike is, most of the retaliatory force will survive to deliver a speedy reprisal. Here the prospects are somewhat brighter, but they should not be exaggerated. Not only do the same arguments regarding fixed "hard" sites obtain, in that the larger weapon can destroy without a direct hit, but other considerations also enter.

IT IS naive to think that, as some have argued, the submarine is "virtually undetectable." Underwater detection techniques are improving quite rapidly, and it is probably only a matter of time before the seas will be just as susceptible to electronic monitoring as are the skies today. And the irony is that the same NATO people who are convinced that the USSR cannot hope to operate effectively underseas against the Western ASW (anti-submarine warfare) system also believe that U.S. submarines can maneuver and fire with near impunity.

Finally, the number of missile-launching submarines necessary to present an effective deterrent retaliatory force is well into the hundreds, considerably beyond what either side has or is willing to build in the next few years. And since only a nuclear-powered submarine can stay underwater for any long period of time — and thus avoid rapid detection — both sides would have to multiply many times over the handful of Polaris or Golem-equipped vessels now in operation.

Thus, a mobile and evasive retaliatory force may have some likelihood of deterring a surprise attack, but it cannot be viewed as even approaching a solution of the problem.

Still another approach to surprise attack, and one gaining increasing prominence, is in the area of passive, or civil, defense. If, it is contended, each side can protect most of its population from destruction by combining an effective early-warning system with a large number of fall-out shelters, the other will be able to do less damage and thus be less inclined to strike first. Here is one of the more fatuous lines of reasoning to emerge from the distorted world of the cold war. For clearly, as long as no serious civil-defense program exists on either side (and this is certainly the case today), there is that much less inclination on each side to believe that the other is planning a nuclear strike. Conversely, such a program, once launched, might well persuade the other that the motivation is to protect industrial and military workers from retaliation *after* striking the first blow. In a sense, unprotected civilians are a highly persuasive indication of peaceful intent, and each side may well regard the other's exposed population as a hostage to peace. Furthermore, almost any shelter system can be partially compensated for by stepping up the size and radioactivity of the warheads employed. There may be a good case for civil defense, but it has yet to be made, and as a deterrent to surprise attack it makes no sense at all.

LET US turn now from the threat-of-reprisal as a deterrent to surprise attack to some less known, but perhaps more promising, techniques. If, as has been suggested, the real danger lies not in a cold-blooded decision to instigate World War III by unprovoked surprise nuclear attack, but in its launching by accident and miscalculation, our efforts should be in the direction of reducing the chance of miscalculation. This in turn requires that each side have *more* information about the other's intentions and behavior, rather than less. The primary objective here is to have each side as certain as possible that the other is not planning a surprise strike, and that any "evidence" to the contrary be quickly and credibly rejected. The same holds true of information tending to persuade one side that the other has already *launched*, or *not* launched, an attack.

Now it is clear at the outset that no amount of verbal protestation by one side or the other will be sufficient for these purposes. The fear and suspicion sown by fifteen years of cold war is too deep. A more reliable and authentic assurance is required, one which can be relied upon to inform not only when attack or plans for attack *are* under way, but when they are *not* under way. That is, any reliable monitoring system must be equally able to supply negative as well as positive *believable* information.

In the present transition period from aircraft to missile delivery, how can these requirements be met? To be more precise, how can each side *know* that those radar blips are birds and not planes, commercial and not military craft, meteors and not missiles? How can each know that those SAC flights are for training and not attack, or that an atomic explosion was a civilian accident and not a military strike? Moreover, not only must both countries know the truth, but there must be assurance that each knows that the other knows it. Otherwise country A, fearing that country B will "retaliate" in ignorance, may itself be tempted to strike first, after all. And what about the so-called "catalytic strike" launched upon one or both sides by a third party which calculates a gain for itself out of a Soviet-Western war? As long as there is no agreement on a test ban, and nuclear weapons threaten to proliferate, this problem will become increasingly pressing.

IT WOULD appear that a combination of techniques is essential if the necessary information is to be communicated rapidly and reliably. First, there must be some form of aerial inspection as originally outlined in the Eisenhower "open skies" proposal. Inspection aircraft must be flown on a round-the-clock basis, at a variety of altitudes, over Western, Soviet and in-between territory. Equipped with closed-loop TV, infrared cameras, radar, stabilized binoculars and long-distance radio-transmission equipment, these craft could provide much of the needed negative information promptly, accurately and continuously. As the national satellite programs (such as Project Samos) develop, satellites could gradually replace the manned aircraft. In addition, the "back-scatter" technique revealed by Project Tepee could be employed. This is a technique for detecting a flying missile by observing the ionization of the air in its wake. There is also under development a promising new "over-the-horizon" radar system known as Madres.

Parenthetically, even if no agreement for avoiding surprise attacks is negotiated in the near future, the West would be wise — if unorthodox — to share its missile-monitoring information with the Warsaw Pact states. This would be one more way of giving them a greater warning time, hence a longer response time, and thus reduce any temptation for them to launch a totally unnecessary pre-emptive strike. Likewise, the side which first perfects a solid-fuel missile propellant ought to make it available to the other. Since the count-down time for solid-fueled missiles is less than for the liquid-fueled, they can be held back for a longer period, giving more time to determine whether the opponent has in fact mounted an attack.

Beyond all this, it would probably be essential to station observers on the ground at some fraction of each side's launching sites, and in their aircraft and submarines. And it may well be that for each side to reveal to the other the positions of its offensive-retaliatory weapons (there is little difference), would actually increase rather than decrease its security: its launching sites would then become hostages to its own good faith.

Regardless of where the observers are posted, they must be provided with an independent and reliable communication network connecting all observation teams with key strategic command posts on each side. It is estimated that at least a thousand observers would be needed; preferably they should be recruited from U.N. personnel of neutral nationality, plus some from each of the two blocs involved.

The problems are great and the considerable innovations, political and technological, necessary for solutions may not be forthcoming. And even the institution of a reasonably reliable scheme against surprise attack would not provide the final answer to the present terrifying armaments race. There is far more to it than this. But any system which can break through the current stalemate, help stabilize the balance of terror, and perhaps set the precedent for a subsequent attack on weapons-testing, production and deployment, can only be welcomed. And as important as the atom-testing ban and political settlement may be, the prevention of surprise attack is by far the most urgent issue. It should be given top priority, both in the political councils and research laboratories of the world. Time is *not* on the side of mankind.

Civil War Centennial: Bull Run with Popcorn .. *Dan Wakefield*

Washington

GENERAL Ulysses S. Grant was gone for the day, but his staff was hard at work in the office of the federal Civil War Centennial Commission. Only that morning, a long-distance phone call had come in from a reporter on a Chicago daily, asking for a reserved seat at the re-enactment of the Battle of Bull Run. Karl S. Betts, executive director of the commission and, roughly speaking, aide-de-camp to its chairman, General U.S. Grant III (grandson of the original), sat at a long conference table, pointing to a large map of the nation and explaining to a visitor the coming campaign. Thirty-eight of the fifty states have now set up their own commissions to cooperate in the centennial, which starts next New Year's Day with a prayer by the President of the United States and will run, God willing, until we reach Appomattox in 1965. Presumably there will be no attempt to re-enact the Presidential assassination that followed the war. Richard M. Nixon is honorary vice chairman of the federal commission, and may be unlikely to want to risk putting ideas in the heads of hostile citizens.

But except for such scattered strategic withdrawals, few events will be missing and much will be added to the longest, most expensive, most elaborate celebration of tragedy in the history of any civilized country. The federal commission's office shares a red-brick, three-story building on Jackson Street with the "Joint Disarmament Study" and, if there were as much serious planning going on about disarmament as there is about the Civil War, we could expect to have every last weapon from the Atlas to the switch-blade beaten to a plowshare by 1965.

THE PLAN to whup us back to the days of Antietam on a national scale was endorsed by Congress on September 7, 1957, and $100,000 of federal money appropriated to get it under way. The original appropriation figure in the resolution was $50,000, but none other than Senator Harry S. Byrd, one of our stanchest advocates of federal thrift, led the drive that doubled the sum. The federal figure is piddling, however, compared to what the states are kicking in for their own Civil War centennial commissions. The Yankee states have granted what seem merely "token" sums (e.g., from Minnesota's $2,500 to Massachusetts' $25,000) compared to the Confederacy, led by Senator Byrd's own Virginia, which has voted $1,750,000 to dredge up the days of glorious defeat. Mississippi is of course near the top ranks with a $500,000 appropriation, and plans for such varied spectaculars as a re-enactment of the bombardment of the town of Rodney (the citizens will no doubt be evacuated with the aid of Civil Defense and the AEC), a commemoration of the siege of Vicksburg, observance of the Confederate Convention of Secession at Jackson, and the staging of two operas based on Civil War themes.

There are, of course, even vaster sums involved in the strictly commercial ventures planned for the centennial, and the federal commission is working to encourage and aid them whenever possible. General U. S. Grant III has bestowed official commendation certificates on the stars of a new movie called *The Horse Soldiers*, dealing with a Union cavalry raid. Most of the big studios and television networks are planning Blue-Gray extravaganzas to be issued during the centennial years, *Life* magazine will be on hand with a full-color series, and record companies are planning to assault our eardrums from hi-fi and juke box with everything from "Just Before The Battle, Mother" to rock'n'-roll variations on the Rebel yell. It seems inevitable that there will soon be a meeting at the summit between Mitch Miller and Bruce Catton.

If there is profit in the Birth of Christ, there is of course profit in the bloodiest war in our nation's history; and now, on the eve of its centennial, everyone seems to have found his own angle. The other day Mr. Betts, as head man of the show for the federal government, told a visitor that he had just returned from lunch with a man from the National Association of Travel Bureaus. "Those people, and the oil companies, predict the biggest travel years in American history during the centennial," Mr. Betts explained. Restoration of battlefields and marking of march routes is now going full speed ahead throughout the land (Arkansas has given $500,000 to restore the Pea Ridge battleground) with the hope of drawing pilgrims in convertibles and station

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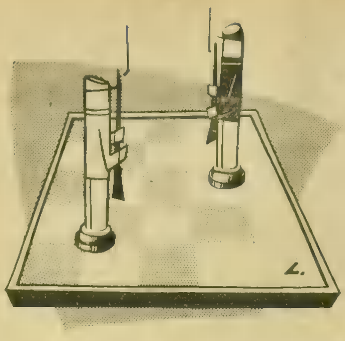
DAN WAKEFIELD, a frequent contributor, has a cousin in the D.A.R. who assures him that he is a distant descendant of Robert E. Lee.



wagons toward the shrines of North and South.

The research of the federal commission has turned up a list of the forty concerns on the New York Stock Exchange which were doing business during the Civil War, and discovered that there was a Worthington pump on the *Monitor* when she was sunk (we are sure the sinking was no reflection on the quality of the Worthington pump), and that Bausch and Lomb lenses were used in many battles. The possibilities of finding commercial connections with the Great Conflict seem endless — for instance, what kind of Bourbon did Robert E. Lee prefer?

ASIDE from the extra bucks to be turned from commercializing the memory of nearly a half-million men who slaughtered each other, what are the reasons for a great revival of the darkest chapter in our national history? The men on the federal Civil War Centennial Commission are not profit-seekers, but sincere citizens who have long been students and enthusiasts of the Civil War. They are among the constantly growing group of Americans who belong to Civil War book clubs or read on their own among the 8,000 volumes already published on the subject (and we can be sure that hundreds, if not thousands, more will be added before 1965), or belong to the more than 500 Civil War Round Table groups which meet to hash over the fine points of obscure skirmishes and exchange views on their favorite subject. The battle of Antietam is to them what the 1946 Army-Notre Dame game is to football fans.

Mr. Betts is a silver-haired, enthusiastic gentleman out of the Washington, D.C., Civil War Round Table branch. He grew up in Abilene, Kansas, where he was a boyhood friend of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the honorary chairman of the federal commission. Mr. Betts seems to have the same kind of genuine sincerity and well-meaning philosophy as his fellow Abilenian, and even the visitor who found his views unsound would find it impossible not to like him personally.

In his office at commission headquarters, Mr. Betts sat across from a fireplace surmounted by silver sabers and vintage rifles, and explained that the purpose of the coming centennial was not to "romanticize" the war, but rather to give Americans a greater understanding and appreciation of this greatest event in their history. As to the possibility that the large-scale rites might reopen old wounds, Mr. Betts said: "Out of the thousands of letters we've received, only five people objected to the centennial. They felt it would be better to 'forgive and forget.' We wrote and told 'em that the people of the United States can *never* forget the Civil War. Some people thought that the South might not like the idea, but they're all for it. That's where the biggest enthusiasm is. The South may have lost the Civil War, but they're sure going to win the centennial."

Just about the only defection from Confederate territory has come from *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, which refused to take any part in the forthcoming rituals on the grounds that it was "tired of the Civil War" and averse to a "centennial orgy of sectionalism." Mr. Betts feels that this won't be the case at all, and that, in fact, one of the continuing purposes of the centennial is the "healing of wounds." The commission's monthly newsletter, *100 Years Later*, has reported in its "Healing of Wounds" department such evidence of Blue-Gray brotherhood as the fact that the auxiliary of the Illinois Sons of Union Veterans recently gave a $150 cash award to Richard Fryxell, a high school senior who is a descendant of several *Confederate* veterans. As if this weren't enough to convince the blackest cynic that at last we no longer are a house divided, there is the letter that General Grant III received from Mrs. Florence Sillers Ogden of Rosedale, Miss., saying she would be glad to take part in the centennial and no longer feels any bitterness over the fact that "your grandfather shelled my grandmother's plantation as he steamed down the Mississippi on his way to Vicksburg. . . ."

It may be a bit more difficult, however, to find much evidence of "healing" in the centennial newsletter's happy announcement of plans such as the following:

> Arkansas, with Governor Faubus personally interested and taking an active part, is working at full speed on its centennial plans. The big interest at the moment is the possibility of a Pea Ridge re-enactment and possibly a small restaging of the capture of Little Rock. This state plans to send a detachment of its National Guard to participate in the program at First Manassas.

No doubt the Arkansas National Guard will be in good shape for the battle of Manassas, having served with distinction in the battle of Central High. And surely the U.S. paratroopers are well trained to participate in a "small restaging of the capture of Little Rock."

BUT WHERE will the Negroes (who, it must be admitted, had a certain stake themselves in these proceedings) be while all this is going on? In Little Rock, they will no doubt be at home with their doors locked. And I doubt that many Negroes will be on the bandstand when the gray-clad troops go marching up the streets of Jackson, Miss. Mr. Betts explained that Negroes have been cordially invited to take part in the centennial, just as have Jews, Irish and Hungarians, all of whom served with distinction in the Civil War. "You'd be surprised," Mr. Betts said, "at the number of

Hungarians who came to this country to fight. They served mostly in the Union Army — two became officers — and they served loyally and well."

So now we know the historical origins of the Freedom Fighters. Their descendants, along with those of other minorities (such as the Negroes) will have "their own" celebrations. Mr. Betts called in some representatives from the Negro History Society. "I suggested," he told his visitor, "that they get the full story and present it to their own people. Negroes of both sexes attained prominence in the Civil War." When asked if either the centennial commission or any Negro groups were planning special observances for Emancipation Day, Mr. Betts explained:

"We're not emphasizing Emancipation. You see, there's a bigger theme — the beginning of a new America. There was an entire regiment of Negroes about to be formed to serve in the Confederate Army just before the war ended. The story of the devotion and loyalty of Southern Negroes is one of the outstanding things of the Civil War. A lot of fine Negro people loved life as it was in the old South. There's a wonderful story there — a story of great devotion that is inspiring to all people, white, black or yellow."

One would guess that if pressed to come up with some commemorative ceremony for Emancipation Day, the commission might have the Clara Ward singers giving out with "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and a devotional recitation by Aunt Jemima on the glories of "life as it was in the old South."

MR. BETTS says that one of the purposes of the centennial effort is the "replacing of legend with fact" about the Civil War. Toward this worthy end, old diaries are being dug up in attics and storerooms across the country to cast new light on old events, the FBI has been called in to recover the cast of an aluminum map of Meade's breakthrough at Fredericksburg that was stolen from the National Museum there last June, and the commission itself is prepared to set the public straight by shattering such time-honored myths as the one which has Farragut saying, "Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead." (Actually, according to Mr. Betts, there were no torpedoes.) In its search for new facts on the Grand Conflict, the commission has also come up with such heart-stirring news as that Harmon Killebrew, home-run hero of the Washington Senators, had a grandfather who was judged "the Union Army's finest physical specimen for the state of Illinois."

All this is fine to know, but does it really "replace legend with fact" and avoid the "romanticism" about the nation's greatest tragedy? It is of course ridiculous to blame Karl Betts and the members of the federal Civil War Centennial Commission for inventing such notions as those that the loyal old darkies loved "the South as it was," that the Gray-Blue conflict was "the last Gentleman's War" (one catches the scent of magnolias and the glint of sabers in the very phrase), and that the death of nearly half a million men was surrounded by a blue-gray haze of glory. Those notions have become a part of our popular heritage, and if the commission doesn't tell you they're so, Henry Luce and Sam Goldwyn will.

For example, in the January 11 issue of *Life*, a spread was devoted to the death of the last Confederate soldier, accompanied by a Bruce Catton eulogy entitled "End of the Gallant Rebs." Mr. Catton tells us that the soldiers of the Rebel army were "lean and sinewy men who liked to fight" (were there no fat ones who would rather sit and smoke?) and that the Confederate infantry "had a savage, inspired ferocity which made it almost unstoppable when it was making an attack, but it also had a dogged endurance which made it equally dangerous on the defensive." The last sentence might easily have been used for a pre-game story of the Syracuse football team on the eve of the Cotton Bowl. Indeed, the whole thing has now become a glorious game, and the centennial will allow us to play it again, with real skirmishes and uniforms, for another five years. The federal commission's pamphlet, *Facts About the Civil War*, has a section entitled "The Starting Lineups."

The Civil War, if we aren't careful, may replace night baseball by 1965.

TOMORROW'S AIR CRASH . .

by Karl M. Ruppenthal

SHOCKED by the high incidence of airline accidents in 1959—"one of the highest in recent years" — Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, chairman of a Senate subcommittee on aviation, last week opened an inquiry. The Senator is concerned because, in the twelvemonth which ended December 31, 329 persons were killed on the nation's scheduled airlines in a total of 103 accidents — twice the fatality rate per million passenger-miles as that of the preceding year. A perusal of the accident reports indicates no simple causal pattern.

Time was when airline accidents were dismissed as inevitable. In the days of the barnstorming pilot, flying was a hazardous business. People who rode planes were daredevils, akin to those who braved Niagara Falls in a barrel. In the earliest days of flying the mail, as many as 25 per cent of all air-mail pilots were killed in a single year. This is no longer true. Flight safety has im-

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proved so much that today you are far safer flying from New York to San Francisco than you are driving in your own automobile. Even in the accident-ridden year of 1959, only .73 persons were killed for every hundred million passenger-miles flown. But even this decimal is far too large.

Too many airline passengers will be killed in 1960. While some deaths may result from conditions beyond control, others will be "encouraged." Here are some of the conditions which may "encourage" this year's accidents to happen:

1. Inadequate airports for the jet age. As of today, there is not a single commercial airport in the United States that is completely adequate to handle jets under all conditions. Most of the runways are too short. Others are obstructed by television towers, apartment houses and high-tension lines.

When new airplanes are certified, they are tested under ideal conditions. Take-offs and landings are made on smooth, dry runways with no slope. Test flights are flown by skilled test pilots under ideal conditions to demonstrate the optimum performance of a new plane. These men have been known to practice for days to perfect a technique which would shorten the landing roll by a hundred feet. Engines are new and in perfect condition. Planes are trim, and their gross weight is calculated accurately. It is on the basis of these maneuvers that a new plane is certified; they determine such things as the legal gross weight for take-off and the type of runway required for landing.

UNHAPPILY, these ideal test conditions seldom obtain in routine airline operations. Many airport runways are pitted, pocked or contoured. Some have humps that might delight a dromedary, but which steal precious momentum from a heavily loaded jet on its take-off roll. Sometimes the runways at a given airport appear to be the product of several rival engineers, each intent on establishing his own individual runway elevation.

And, of course, rain and snow are not unknown. Stopping distance increases tremendously when runways are wet and slick. Today's aircraft are exceedingly dependent upon reliable, effective brakes. But brakes don't always work. Stopping distance may increase a third when runways are wet. If they are glazed with ice, the pilot might prefer a set of skates to his ineffective brakes.

2. Inadequate airport planning. Although designers have indicated for at least a generation that planes would become larger and faster, airport builders have too often ignored the trend. Some airports are conveniently close to cities, but grossly inadequate for the planes they must serve. Busy airports in Chicago, Washington and New York are strained to the bursting point by hordes of planes they were never planned to handle.

Many adjacent areas are inadequately zoned, if indeed they are zoned at all. Some airports were nicely planned in the wide, open spaces, but the builders failed to consider the ambitious subdivider, who frequently plants houses around the approaches. The results are not pleasant for home owners, who must listen to airport noise, nor for the pilot, who continually concerns himself about the houses. Pressures are exerted to change the take-off pattern so that the airport will be a less undesirable neighbor. Older airports like Chicago's Midway are so boxed in that they could be enlarged only at tremendous expense.

3. Inadequate approach lights. As early as 1940, the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA) began studies to determine the most effective type of runway and approach lights. When a pilot completes an instrument approach at night, radio facilities usually bring him within half a mile of the beginning of the runway. From that moment, he is dependent upon his eyes. Within a few seconds he must determine his position visually and decide whether he is lined up or whether he must pull up and go around. Good approach lights can do much to help him make the right decision.

After months of cooperative study by the Air Transport Association, the CAA and the ALPA, the pilots recommended a thorough testing of a "center line" system of approach lights. This system indicates clearly the direction of the runway and eliminates many visual problems associated with seeing a single light in the dark. The test installation was made at the Newark Airport, where it has proved its worth. The ALPA has since advocated that all airports standardize on this excellent system. But in 1960—ten years after the tests—approach lights are not yet standardized. At some airports, they are lined up with the center of the runway; at others they are to the right or left; still others have none at all. Nearly half of 1959's accidents occurred within half a mile of an airport. At least one of the accidents might have been averted had good approach lights been installed.

4. Inadequate traffic control. Today's commercial aircraft are heavily dependent on Airways Traffic Control (*ATC*) for separation. Planes are so built that the pilot's vision is restricted to a very small arc. He cannot see planes behind him, nor those above or below. At high altitude, where there are usually no points of reference, strange things happen to vision, and depth perception may temporarily be lost. And even if an oncoming jet is spotted ten miles away, there may be insufficient time to avoid collision because of the speed of today's craft. All this means that the traffic controllers on the ground must provide traffic separation, allocating each plane its own bit of air space.

BUT THE trouble is that ATC is sometimes inadequate for the task. Our manual system of traffic control was reasonably adequate for the DC-3, but it is less than adequate for the jet age. At high altitude, the jets depend on ground radar installations to separate them from military traffic. But the radar does not always work: for reasons which are not well known, the scopes do not always pick up a certain type of military jet. Sometimes a jet is "lost" on the operator's radar scope. It takes about twenty seconds for the courser to make a sweep around the radar scope. In this interval two jets on a collision course may cut the distance separating them by seven miles. There are occasional conflicts in radio frequencies, so that when one radar controller is warning a flight about oncoming traffic, his voice is blotted out by another installation. At least two near-collisions have been averted because the oncoming plane was seen by the second officer when both the captain and copilot were occupied with other duties.

5. Inadequate copilot training. For many years the Civil Air Regulations have required that airline captains be well trained. Before flying as pilot in command, a pilot must earn a commercial license and an air-transport rating. He must also take the appropriate Federal Aviation Agency's rating test for each aircraft he will fly in airline service. Captains must take periodic checks to demonstrate their continued proficiency.

But these regulations do not apply to copilots. Until recently, all that was required of the second in command was that he have a commercial license and an instrument rating. These he could earn by flying 200 hours in a cub. No regulation demanded that he be qualified in the aircraft he might be asked to fly.

While it is true that on the better lines copilots have been well qualified, on some lines there is a tendency to save on training costs. Overly cost-conscious officials have been known to take refuge in the fact that the Civil Air Regulations have not required that copilots really be trained. Until recently, the government demanded no more than that the copilot make three take-offs and landings every ninety days to be "qualified" in the planes in which he flew. Some copilots were never trained in emergency procedures. Others would have been ill-prepared indeed if they were ever called upon to fly the plane.

Concerned about the inadequate training on some lines, the Federal Aviation Agency has quite recently proposed tougher copilot training requirements. While the new regulations do not provide for a copilot transport license—long advocated by the Air Line Pilots Association—they are a definite step in the direction of safety. Under the new rules all pilot-training programs must be approved by the FAA. The effectiveness of this approach will depend upon the training philosophy adopted by the administrator and his staff in Washington and also on the interpretations given the regulations in the field.

6. Inadequate second officer training. Just as the copilot is an essential man on conventional aircraft, so is the second officer essential on the jets. Recognizing this fact, the employment agreement on every airline flying jets requires a three-pilot operating crew. Yet on some lines the second officer is not qualified.

On conventional aircraft one of the most important functions of the copilot is to relieve the captain in case of necessity. In an emergency situation, one man can fly a Constellation or a DC-7. If need be, he can manage the flight, operate the radio, and land the plane. But such an operation would hardly be safe in a 600-mile-per-hour jet. With today's traffic congestion, these complicated aircraft require two pilots continually in their seats. In busy traffic areas there is simply too much for one man to do.

It is for this reason that the second officer is required. Most of the airlines want him to be well qualified so that he can act as copilot should the need arise. He can supply that extra margin of safety which can prevent disaster in a pinch. In the well-trained crew, the copilot is qualified to assume the duties of the captain, and the second officer can temporarily take his place. Yet on some airlines second officers have only the most rudimentary qualifications. One line gives them only one hour's training in the jet before they are scheduled out on flights! On this line, the captain is the only man on board who is qualified to fly the plane. Should he develop diarrhea, a severe headache or splitting sinus pains (and all these have happened to pilots in the air), the copilot would have a difficult job landing the plane. The second officer would be all but unable to help him, for he has had almost no training on the plane.

THERE IS, of course, no simple course of action which will eliminate accidents in the air. But these are danger areas where fruitful work may well be done. It is not enough to blame the pilot nor to urge him to be more cautious. What is important is that conditions which contribute to accidents be speedily eliminated.

A SPANIARD RETURNS . . *by Antonio Sanchez-Barbudo*

ON RETURNING to Spain I felt myself to be a stranger in my own house.

What before was familiar, I now saw as a tourist. Twenty years had not passed for nothing. In addition, a certain bitterness came between me and what I saw, although there was no difficulty in communicating with the people. I understood well what they said and also a good deal of what they did not say. Perhaps the distance of my vantage point made things clearer.

The old cathedrals—as I could verify—are still there. The silence of many an isolated little square is the same. And on the barren hills high above the fields one can still see the outlines of castles in ruins. Other things also have changed very little. There is now, it is true, the personal dictatorship of Franco; the dominant role of the clergy, the military, and the rich, both old and new. But all this, though now in exaggerated form, is nothing new to

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Spain. What is new is the bloody way in which this situation was arrived at—not only the civil war, but also what followed. In Spain this is remembered well; fear persists.

What has changed most, I would say, is the Spaniard himself. Many no longer think as they once did, and among the young a complete lack of opinion is most common. There is no point in talking of "political ideas." There is rather a general change of feeling.

IN THE first place, there is great discontent, especially among workers, peasants, white-collar employees, etc., resulting directly from the desperate economic situation. This is not a new thing, although the complaints are now more bitter and more frequent. *Some* live better; the upper middle class, though still small, is more numerous; and there have been certain improvements in medical care and the like. But the situation of the majority is wretched. Workdays are longer and hardships are greater. Prices have risen more than salaries since the pre-war era. The discontent is therefore not without foundation. However, it also happens—as it has been happening in so many parts of the world today—that the Spaniard compares his situation with that of others and is becoming less resigned to his poverty. He aspires to what before was out of the question.

But what was most disheartening for me, no matter how foreseeable and justifiable it may be, was to see this discontent linked almost always to a complete passivity, to a lack of fighting spirit. There is only resentment and disillusion, if not indifference, among the people. This, however, could well change in a moment. Under certain circumstances — if bonds become too tight or if fear suddenly ends — resentment might well become rage in spite of the threat, still alive, of a second civil war.

The pessimism of the individual toward his own future is linked to a similar pessimism toward the future of his country. It is as if the awareness of the catastrophic failure of Spain, of its great political and economic lag, so vivid to the intellectuals for more than two centuries, had now passed to the people. Now all sense this failure, and few have any hope of salvation. Nor is there among the common people—contrary to the case of the intellectuals—a longing for the greatness of the past. There is rather a simple belief that in Spain everything is worse than everywhere else. This is not new either; but I heard it expressed much more often. It is a purely negative attitude, the expression of resentment and discontent. Hardly had I crossed the border when a gas-station attendant informed me that "the best gasoline of Spain is worse than the worst of anywhere else." And this with anger and a gesture of disgust.

THIS type of discontent, too, existed before. But a certain political and union activity was common then, and people shared the same hopes. Now such activity is no longer possible, but neither does there seem to be the desire for it. Each one simply gets along as best he can, rather more badly than well, and with more hatred than resignation. This seems to me most dangerous for the future, and more dangerous the longer it lasts. The memory of war and repression is still a fearsome shadow. Terror and disillusion paralyze the will for the moment. However, the profound discontent caused by the economic situation of Spain is a latent revolutionary force now as before, perhaps even more than before.

On the other hand, among certain intellectuals, professional groups, technicians, etc., a quite different attitude is common. A dislike or even hate for the regime is frequent; or, at least, a desire for change. It is, however, a surprisingly anti-dogmatic position. There is a certain tolerance and moderation, a desire for harmony, which is completely new to Spain. (At times, of course, even those associated with the regime, and thus fearful of change, speak of work, peace and the necessity for ending hate.) I noted that most of the time, on the Left as well as on the Right, there is a sincere desire to solve in the best way possible, peacefully and with a certain amount of freedom, the problems of the nation.

There is talk today of Catholic liberalism, scarcely in existence before, and even of many young priests and monks who think along social lines and who favor a change of regime. I do not know if there are as many as reported to me, but clearly there are some. There is today a greater cordiality in human relationships than during the years preceding the civil war. "He is a fine person," is a phrase often heard to explain friendship—once inconceivable—between ex-Republicans and ex-Falangists, Catholics and pseudo-Communists, Don Juan Monarchists and ex-prisoners, between freethinkers and counts. To the great surprise of the ex-refugee, these friendships can be found in the university, the Academy, the literary magazines (even those supported by the government), as well as in many homes, public offices, etc.

THESE two contradictory attitudes of the majority and the minority—an important minority because of its composition—seem to me the most significant factor in today's Spain. And both may be explained in part as the result of what has happened in the last twenty years.

The memory of the war is not only one of slaughter. The war produced an enormous crime wave, especially at the beginning, and on both sides, but it also raised a wave of hopes. What before had seemed beyond solution suddenly appeared, on both sides, to be clearly solvable through the elimination of the other half of Spain. And by saving the country, the whole world was to be saved. This great hope, whose splendor spread through the world, and for which many lived and died, was soon destroyed. But in Spain it has left a great gap which is still felt, a great disillusionment. "So much blood, so much suffering, all for nothing," is the bitter judgment of many.

OBVIOUSLY the Spanish Republicans are disheartened. But the sincere Falangists—and I now believe many were sincere—have for years been as disenchanted as the Republicans, and very close to them. The only winners in the conflict were the military, the clergy and the reactionaries. And many of these are today repentant, insecure and, above all, afraid of "the second round." As for the young, those who have no notion of the civil war, they do not wish to know anything about it. It may be said, then, that after the supreme effort of the civil war, so costly and so useless, the majority of Spaniards have given up all attempts at solving their own and the nation's problems, while others — the educated and the sensitive—are searching for a path different from the civil war: tolerance, harmony between the "two Spains." All know, however, that this will not be easy.

The repression which followed the war had a similar effect. The rejection of fighting by the great majority is due not only to the memories of past terror, but also to the present terror. Although it is now not as bad as it was then, there are still arrests, beatings—especially of workers—and years of prison for anyone who goes from talk to action in even the smallest way. On the other hand, the persecution of leftists and liberals has brought about *rapprochement* between the survivors among them—especially intellectuals—and the rightists who often protected them and saved their lives, and who are now ashamed of the regime they once supported either from conviction or fear. One must hear the tales of those who were imprisoned for years, often for no other crime than for having found themselves in the "nationalist" zone at the outbreak of the military rebellion; one must read in the faces of many the anguished desire for forgiveness of unavoidable human weakness and surrender, and listen to stories, often incredible but true, in order to understand the great drama of the repression, with its silent martyrs, its executioners, its willing and unwilling accomplices, its anonymous heroes. What has remained from all this is an overpowering feeling of horror and a desire, explainable enough, to forget, to forgive and to be forgiven.

With these two attitudes in mind, passivity and resentment on the part of the majority, tolerance and moderation on the part of a minority on the other, we come to the unavoidable question: what will happen next? Before attempting to answer it some other facts must be considered.

THERE EXIST in Spain some microscopic groups of organized opposition to the regime which enjoy the sympathy, though not the active support, of the intellectual minority. Usually these groups comprise a number of friends around some central figure who can act with a certain impunity. There are several tendencies—ex-Falangist, Monarchist, Christian Democratic—but all have one aim: the replacement of the present regime with one more liberal. They are hardly active, and have not the least popular support, although they claim sympathy among bankers, Church and military officials and even, as some optimists assert, among *los Americanos*. There is much talk of uniting these minute parties—excluding, of course, the Communists—and of their great future. This may be possible, after all, for, insignificant as they may be, there is no other organized opposition apart from the Communists and, possibly, a certain latent force of Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists.

One of the most outstanding ex-Falangists assured me that if the Socialists would give up their demand for immediate elections and would guarantee a certain stability for a new regime, there would then be military officers ready to effect a *coup*. To me—and to others—this seems most doubtful. The military bear great responsibility for all that has happened; the brass enjoys lucrative positions on the boards of directors of government-favored enterprises and elsewhere. Most of the military have very little to gain from the fall of Franco. Among them there may be a few liberals, certainly there are Monarchists of varying shades; and undoubtedly Franco has personal enemies among the generals. However, in all probability, none will make a move unless the regime seems in real danger, in which case saviors of democracy will appear on all sides.

A worsening of the economic situation could well provoke a *coup*. Already in 1956 a wave of strikes, which forced the government to decree a wage increase (soon nullified by inflation), and a series of student riots, did bring the regime into peril for the first time. There was even talk, apparently well founded, of an ultimatum from the chief of the Madrid garrison which stopped loyal Falangists (a few still exist) from executing a number of students along with the eminent rector of the university, Laín Entralgo, a liberal Falangist who has since been dismissed.

Later things finally calmed down, and since then new attempts to instigate strikes and protests have failed almost completely. But they may not always fail, especially if unemployment and poverty, the results of the government's economic readjustment program, continue to grow. An explosion could well come about by spontaneous combustion. The government, of course, will do everything in its power to prevent this point being reached. If it is successful, there will be no *coup* and everything will go on just the same *until Franco dies*.

Then it will be different. Everything is prepared for Prince Juan Carlos to take the throne and maintain the *status quo*, but this is far from likely. Many new pressures will arise, many old loyalties will come

(Continued on page 108)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Gray and Agassiz: A Good Quarrel

ADVENTUROUS ALLIANCE: The Story of the Agassiz Family of Boston. By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown & Co. 354 pp. $5.

ASA GRAY: 1810-1888. By A. Hunter Dupree. Harvard University Press. 505 pp. $7.50.

Odell Shepard

THESE SHARPLY contrasting books come together on the reviewer's table at the close of the "Darwin Century" for the reason, apparently, that the two men named in their titles were violently driven apart when that century began. The reason is good and sufficient. As seen from our distance, Asa Gray and Louis Agassiz have the look of ideal opponents. Their conflict, like the synchronous War Between the States, can now be recognized as an event not only inevitable but emblematic and reverberant. Problems that it seemed to solve once and for all are emerging again, now that scientists are beginning to philosophize about their own work, in much the same form that they assumed for the thinkers of ancient Athens.

Good quarrels often spring from wide areas of agreement, and these two men had much in common. Both reared in pious homes—Agassiz as the son of a Swiss pastor and Gray in upper New York as a completely orthodox Presbyterian—they kept throughout life an unwavering belief in a Creator who made the world and all therein with a deliberate purpose and design. Both entered the field of biology through the medical profession, and although we now think of Gray as exclusively a botanist and of Agassiz as an authority on glaciers who paid some attention to fossil fishes, both of them regarded the natural sciences as indivisible, no aspect of which they could afford to ignore. Agassiz's knowledge of botany was extensive, and Gray triumphantly invaded his rival's field by using the theory of glaciation to explain why the flora of Japan resembles that of New England more closely than it does that of any intermediate region—a fact which Agassiz himself could account for only by assuming a duplicate creation of all the plants involved.

CONJECTURES so vast and vague may seem old-fashioned to those who like to believe that science is now swinging free from the trammels of abstract thought and into a realm of cold ascertainable facts about things that can be counted, measured and weighed. Now it is true that in both of these minds there lingered a good deal of that sheer audacity which emboldened young Francis Bacon to say that he had taken all knowledge for his province and made John Milton think that he could justify the ways of God toward men. Gray and Agassiz, who flourished in Cambridge only a hundred years ago, remind us of the seventeenth century no less than do the Transcendentalists of Concord fifteen miles away. To a degree they felt the excitement and enthusiasm of early voyagers, for in their time the flora and fauna of the Americas were not well known. They showed an equal eagerness in the discovery and taxonomic arrangement of species, although they came to differ widely about the nature of species itself.

To these identities and overlappings we should add that Agassiz and Gray were phenomenally hard workers, prolific writers and devoted teachers, always avidly seeking disciples and funds for the extension, not so much of their fame, as of their influence. Their success in that effort is attested by the institutions in Cambridge that still bear their names. To the credit of both these pioneer minds, furthermore, we should set it down that they recognized and fulfilled the obligation to send back clear reports of their findings on nature's frontiers. Agassiz was a highly popular speaker on the lecture platform, partly because he was able, as Gray once said, to discuss zoological topics "in such a manner that ladies might attend." Gray himself was more adept as a writer, and some of his anonymous contributions to popular magazines were attributed, because of their humor and grace of expression, to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

For many years Gray and Agassiz served together on the Harvard faculty with the outward appearance, at least, of mutual liking and respect. To Gray, however, it was more and more difficult to avoid the twinges of envy as he watched the really spectacular successes, in social as well as professional life, of a man who first saw America when almost forty years old. It did not help to recall that when he arrived on these shores this man was famous throughout the scholarly world, and that year by year he had become more so. Agassiz seemed to belong to every club in Boston, and he had easy access there to the homes of wealthy people. It could not be charged that he had married for money, but certainly, in the terms of Tennyson's northern farmer, he had gone where money was.

And how he improved his opportunities! Asa Gray, trying to run his own department on a shoestring, was astonished by the ease with which this foreigner extracted large sums from the bankers and manufacturers of Boston—never on his own account, to be sure, for everyone knew that Agassiz was fantastically ignorant of money, but for his projects, his excursions and the apparatus of his laboratory. Harder to bear than his success in "bleeding Boston," as Gray called it, was the man's way of attracting good students, as though by fascination. There were natural gifts and traits of character in Agassiz which Gray could not hope to emulate and perhaps did not understand. His good nature and *bonhomie,* the ease of his manners—he smoked cigars in the lecture room and let his pupils do the same—his ingratiating and infectious laughter, made people like him in spite of themselves. No doubt his magnificent physique had something to do with the matter, and Gray himself was physically unimpressive.

IT IS by no means certain, however, that Gray's attack upon his colleague was actuated by envy. Far more important to him than any emotional or selfish consideration was his radical disagreement with the principles and methods of Agassiz's work as a scientist. These had not, for some mysterious reason, prevented the Swiss scholar from doing a huge amount of precise and brilliant work, but in Gray's opinion they were utterly wrong. German in origin, deriving from Goethe, Schelling, Oken and Döllinger, backed up also by Cuvier and Von Humboldt with whom Agassiz had come in touch in his early manhood, they composed as a whole a vague and half-mystical *Naturphiloso-*

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phie of which Gray, a man of Scottish ancestry and with little room in his head for ideas that were not clear, could make no sense. What meaning could be extracted from Agassiz's statement that "a species is an idea in the mind of God"? For an ignorant man like Emerson to mouth that sort of nonsense in his book called *Nature* was bad enough, but for a scientist to say such things, and to teach them to young men at Harvard, was intolerable. Gray resolved to attack that scientist where he would feel it most.

The carefully planned strategy of this attack, together with its successful outcome, makes excellent reading in Mr. Dupree's book. In this place one can only say that it was considerably helped by the appearance in 1859 of *The Origin of Species*, that world-shaking work to which Gray had contributed much during years of correspondence with its author. Agassiz called it "poor—very poor!" and, according to Gray, "growled over it like a well-cudgelled dog." A probably apochryphal story is told at Harvard about an occasion when Gray accused Agassiz of being "a deductive thinker" and Agassiz, deeply insulted, replied that Gray was "no gentleman." Agassiz never accepted the Darwinian theory, but Gray had thought his way into it before he knew Darwin. Indeed, he thought beyond it. Perhaps the most beneficent thing he ever did was to declare, repeatedly and with strong emphasis, that it is quite possible to believe in evolution as the means employed by God for working out His divine purpose and design. Thus he maintained for himself and many others a religious orthodoxy which had nothing to fear from the winds of scientific doctrine.

No significant comparison can be drawn between these two books, both excellent in their utterly different ways. It is worth saying, however, that one learns much more about the thought of Louis Agassiz from the book about Asa Gray than one does from *Adventurous Alliance*. Mrs. Tharp, indeed, does not seem to be much interested in anyone's thoughts. Her concern is with people, and here, as in her earlier books of the same pleasant kind, she shows remarkable deftness in presenting them as members of groups. Five families are brought before us in the present work, and the list of "principal characters" totals fifty-six. They all have their entrances and exits and most of them are given a few spoken lines which one feels sure are authentic, but the total effect is somewhat like that expressed by Miranda in her outcry: "Oh, wonder! How many goodly creatures have we here!" And yet one creature, goodly indeed, is most carefully and affectionately drawn in this book. Elizabeth Cabot Cary, who became Louis Agassiz's second wife in 1850, emerges from the crowd of ladies and gentlemen among whom she spent her eighty-five years as a woman courageous and shy (so sheltered in early life that she was thirty when she first learned about prostitution on a trip up the Amazon), a good wife, a wonderful stepmother, founder and first President of Radcliffe College. Mrs. Tharp's book should live a long while on account of this superb portrait alone.

It is strange that we have had to wait so long for an adequate biography of Asa Gray, but perhaps it would have been impossible at any earlier time to assemble the materials with which Mr. Dupree has worked—or, for that matter, to acquire the kind of scholarship he brings to bear upon them. The history of science and, still more evidently, the philosophy of it, is of recent development in America. Here is an important contribution to both of these interests. It represents an amount of research which one can only call enormous, yet the information it conveys is so continually illumined and enlivened by interpretation that the thought is never overwhelmed by the facts. This is a book for people who do care about thoughts, and who realize, with Napoleon, that "ideas rule the world."

The Latin Dictators

FREEDOM IS MY BEAT. By Jules Dubois. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 295 pp. $3.95.

TWILIGHT OF THE TYRANTS. By Tad Szulc. Henry Holt & Co. 312 pp. $4.50.

Carleton Beals

FREEDOM IS MY BEAT is a revised version of the Perils of Pauline. Jules Dubois is the best bullet-dodger in Latin America; he lands among the chattering machine guns just as the gas tank registers zero and the engine coughs; he is beat up by "Communist goons" but escapes; he foils the machinations of police and army bullies (usually with the help of the American Ambassador), wades through the hand-grenades to the cable office ten minutes before the line is cut off.

Not mere facetiousness. A bullet is a bullet; a city that has been razed by an earthquake, with 5,000 dead and food and health facilities cut off, is not a pleasant place to be; military bullies are dangerous creatures when law has broken down; any kind of revolution has its risky moments.

One must also admire, with reservations, Dubois' efforts for eight years as chairman of the Press Freedom Committee of the Inter-American Press Association. He has often been a thorn in the flesh of dictators, gotten various press bans temporarily lifted, as in Batista's Cuba, and has saved a number of newspaper men from painful imprisonment. Dubois' concept of freedom of the press does not include Communist newspapers, whose representatives are now excluded from the Inter-American organization. This year the Conference has whitewashed the recipients of subsidies from the Batista dictatorship while criticizing Castro's intimidation of the press, though thus far no censorship exists.

DUBOIS, who wrote a slapdash uncritical biography of Castro, is now beginning to hedge. He still believes in land reform, but with growing doubts, and asks insistently when Cuba will be made safe for American business.

This book, too, is slapdash, in the style of an ex-Hearst man and a correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*, which since the days of Demarest Lloyd, seventy years ago, has scarcely concerned itself with the noble causes of human freedom for which Dubois is such an ardent spokesman. Dubois is a dramatic window-dresser, often eloquent, but his reporting adds up pretty much to the zigzag official government policy. He still has some of the adroitness of his period as a chief of military intelligence on the Canal Zone. During the McCarthy period, he pretty much based all his explanations of Latin American events on the shindigs of the Communists, so there is not much reliability in his interpretations, which in any case are scant. He has hotly fought all implications that the United States press is not as free as the air. And one wonders how he could see salvation and freedom in a pip-squeak like Castillo Armas in Guatemala.

If there is little information about Latin America in Dubois, this is reme-

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CARLETON BEALS, who has lived and worked as a correspondent for much of his life in Latin America, has reported for The Nation *on Castro's Cuba and other Latin American crises.*

died to a considerable extent by Tad Szulc. His abilities are an asset to *The New York Times*. Though no mention is made of it in the text or the blurb, he, too, has had his brushes with difficult moments. He is the only correspondent who ever had the temerity to send dispatches from the scene in the Dominican Republic. He had to be saved by the Ambassador, and lucky he was. He was tried, dictator-style, in absentia, sentenced to jail, fined and ordered to pay a whopping indemnity for alleged libel. This futile rage testifies to the accuracy of his reports.

Szulc makes few errors, though he falls into some dubious generalizations in his chapter on Perón, the only weak one in his gallery of dictators. Largely it is a rehash of biased propaganda so long dished out in the United States. It is something of a chore, given Perón's popinjay character and his egregious mistakes, to place his movement in due perspective. Szulc has done better than any previous commentator, but he is not well versed in inner Argentine politics.

To call the last election of former Liberal President Hipólito Irigoyen "a completely untrammeled election" is startling; it was the most coercive and corrupt election since the days of Rosas. He claims that Ambassador Spruille Braden provided the "only post-war" instance of the United States "taking a clear unequivocal stand against dictatorship in Latin America." Not at all. Braden meddled atrociously and improperly in the election, supporting the platform of the most reactionary land-holders' party, in behalf of José P. Tamborini, an inept stooge of foreign corporation lawyers, a bumbling, lazy stock-grower who believed less in democracy than in Santa Claus. Why Argentina should owe "an eternal debt of gratitude" to the sanguinary regime of General Pedro E. Aramburu for turning the country back to its traditional feudal overlords, Szulc does not explain. To call Frondizi, who took office in 1958, "the first completely freely elected president in thirty years," is absurd. Is an election in which a general decides which parties may participate in the election, and in which the largest party in the country is outlawed, a free election?

But Szulc's story of Vargas is splendid; he has real understanding of Brazil. His other accounts about Odría (Peru), Rojas Pinilla (Colombia) and Marcos Pérez (Venezuela) are well done and, if not profound, give as much as the average American reader can absorb. Though the over-all yardsticks are mostly those of contemporary United States political thought, which is twice as dreary when it attempts to appraise a foreign culture, Szulc has basic appreciation for the economic and political forces of the various countries.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

ON A RECENT Friday evening about eleven, I was standing in a line of cordial people waiting at the fourth floor checkroom at the New School for Social Research on West 12th Street, after a unique program there titled "What Is Good Design and Planning in New York?" It was unique not only because there were eight intelligent panelists to be heard, but also because there was cheese, fruit, pastry, coffee, brandy and liqueurs to accompany their rationalizing. I recognized no journeyman city planners in the audience, which was not surprising; tickets at $12.50 a head are not pitched at people in that salary range. But neither were there any full-time professional planners among the eight panelists, which did seem strange.

By 11 P.M. I was missing them. Most city planners are quiet, penetrating types, but some I know are given to logical verbal explosions against the insane commercial exploitation which takes the form of very high-priced real estate promotions in the glittering but already overcrowded central sectors of our large, depressed cities.

Also by 11 P.M., I was listening still for a natural voice from the platform. There may have been such a voice earlier, for I arrived late and didn't hear them all, but during my stay something was soaking up the protest. Finally, waiting in line to leave, I heard what it was. In front of me were two stout, pleasant men of about sixty. (I could tell from their haircuts and Sulka neckties that their coats and hats were going to fit just right.) It was a jovial complaint that one made to the other: "So what was it all about? I came to learn about city planning. I know about money already."

Perhaps money *is* what New York City planning is all about. Judging by the program at the New School, it is. On that Friday evening the increasingly desperate subject of New York's decline as a place to live in, commute to, or do business in was all focused on a discussion of the scheme for "Grand Central City," a $100 million office building to be mounted on the broad back of the space just north of Grand Central Station, pushing its steel stems down among the railroad tracks and commuters. The structure will add 2.4 million square feet of space (the Empire State Building contains 2 million square feet) to that already compact neighborhood.

On hand to present the rationalization for this enormous shaft of rentable space (population is estimated at 25,000 office workers in the single building) was the financier of the project, Erwin S. Wolfson, with its architect, Richard Roth, and with Walter Gropius and Pietro Belluschi, who are design consultants for the structure. The articulate, idealistic Gropius is famous as the founder of the Bauhaus in prewar Germany, and he later was chairman of the department of architecture at the graduate school of design at Harvard. Belluschi is dean of the school of architecture and planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and one of the most fluent voices in American architecture today, a cogent spokesman for quality and humanism in architecture.

ARCHITECT Roth had first cut a design for Grand Central City to the pattern of the New York City Building Code, whose system of mandatory setbacks at certain building heights usually shapes New York's jagged commercial structures. The ziggurat which the capable Roth drew did not, it is true, bulk up as tall as the law might allow, but it did contain 3 million square feet of floor space, draped with a commercial curtain wall. In massing, it resembled a disorderly stack of crates.

Wolfson, perhaps appalled by this picture of what he would be allowed to do by law and custom, then engaged Gropius and Belluschi to improve things. They persuaded him to cut the square footage back to 2.4 million in order to open the street level space somewhat, to widen sidewalks and to permit the reshaping of the building into a tall, broad, rather good-looking tower, a flattened-out octagon in plan. Drawings of the new design go so far as to make it look pretty, but in the way—I think—of those towering nightclub showgirls who don't perform, but just stand there and smile.

It was clear at the forum, however, that even with his somewhat shrunken scheme for producing rental revenues, the promoter, a man of intellectual interests (and a trustee of the New School), still feels a little guilty. Or perhaps he merely feels self-conscious. He is a very successful builder who, in previous adventures in New York, has stuck to the commercial last, producing architecturally undistinguished structures. But now he is cramming what will be the world's single largest office building into the already terribly congested Grand Central area—a building expected to draw 200,000 visitors a day. Perhaps this is enough to get any man up on a platform. The professionals he brought with him seemed on the defensive, too—so much so that when the time came for the questioning panel to throw darts at the gargantuan plan, the attack was somewhat anticlimactic.

ARCHITECT Victor Gruen, whose firm does interesting planning as well as buildings, did playfully taunt Gropius and Belluschi for their parts in Grand Central City. He described them as men "rumored to be aesthetically very conscientious," but, in this case, "victims of circumstance." He implied — fairly enough, I thought — that they have operated more or less at the level of the industrial designer, the packager, in rewrapping this merchandise. In the end, Gruen conceded that the building was "good under the circumstance" but asked, "How about those circumstances?" Almost everyone on the platform was to imply the same answer to this question, to sigh: *They shouldn't let us make this kind of building, this kind of money. There should be a law against it. We are strangling our city, victimizing it. But so long as there isn't any law. . . .*

Of the other members of the questioning panel, Thomas H. Creighton, editor of *Progressive Architecture*, added gently that the building might have been blocked by popular protest, even in the absence of law, as was Mr. Moses' proposed depressed roadway through Washington Square. Peter Blake, associate editor of *Architectural Forum*, pointed out how difficult, or actually impossible, it is to build a profitable office building in New York, except on the prestige basis, such as Lever House. Historian Paul Zucker liked the building's new design and its siting, but wondered if anyone would really look at it in New York City.

The critics were depressed, rather hopeless, fatalistic. They had a right to be. As the financial situation of New York, and its transit situation, and housing situation, and school situation become more and more appalling, the only signs of municipal vitality to seize upon and celebrate are monstrous schemes like this one, enormous pieces of finance. They have an unreal glory when they're announced, like the clean white snow when it begins to stick on New York streets — and the effect of all this money is much the same, acoustically, as all that snow — a muffling softness that stifles outcry and makes it sound like acquiescent murmers.

AFTER a break for more brandy, questions came from the floor, some from challengers more aggressive than the invited critics. But the evening could not be pulled back from the gently negative morass into which it had sunk. The printed program had outlined the principal questions, and all but one had been answered in the prevailing politeness. Here, condensed, were the answers I heard:

"Is New York in danger of overbuilding?" *Yes, but that is the only thing that pays.*

"Can aesthetics be balanced with economics?" *Probably not; it all comes down to a calculation of rents and mortgages.*

"What is the future for large urban centers?" *They can be improved, possibly, if drastic methods can be brought to bear — but it may already be too late.*

"At what point should civic consciousness influence building design?" *At the decimal point.*

The only new question raised during the evening was that of outlawing private automobiles in the business center. Everyone, including Wolfson, was for the

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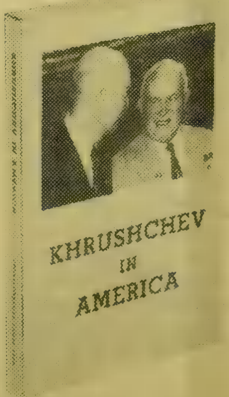

The full texts of the speeches made by N. S. Khrushchev, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the USSR, on his tour of the United States, September 15-27, 1959. These speeches are translated from the authoritative collection entitled LIVE IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP! published and widely circulated in the Soviet Union.

Khrushchev's American speeches constitute an historical document of first-rate importance. They place before the reader Khrushchev the man, the political leader, the master of repartee and wit. They reflect the position of his government on a wide range of issues. But most important of all, these speeches are the principal record of a trip that has already exercised a profound influence on the course of world affairs.

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ban, to cut down congestion. And don't build any parking garages, everyone said, for they only attract people with cars. The following Monday, Traffic Commissioner T. T. Wiley proposed to build fifteen midtown Manhattan parking garages in order to bring the shoppers back in from the suburbs and revitalize Manhattan's waning retail business. Perhaps he should have been invited to the forum.

ONE other somewhat scholastic question had been printed on the program, but it had been skirted in talk during most of the evening, perhaps in order to minimize professional humiliation: "How much responsibility should the architect bear for his product?" At one point Gropius had taken the brunt, with characteristic honesty, when asked about one detail of the Grand Central City design. He said, wearily, "We cannot do otherwise."

But toward the end, when a bold young lady finally paraphrased this question of architectural involvement from the floor, Pietro Belluschi attempted to reply. He was tensely jocular about it, but did not answer the question. He then went on to say: "I'd like to put in a good word for urban congestion . . . the nature of the city is this. . . . It's an excitement you can find only in New York City. . . . You have decay, yes, congestion, but Times Square is a wonderful thing. . . ." He prefers Times Square to Central Park, it seems; he pointed out that there were many muggings and murders in that large open, uncongested space. Still listening, I got in line at the checkroom.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

TO DO justice to Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* on the stage requires the resources of a great European state theatre — which also includes a brilliant acting company — and the imaginative inventiveness of a Reinhardt, a Guthrie or a Welles. Without such a rare combination of advantages, producing *Peer Gynt* is like playing Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with a bull fiddle, a trumpet, a harmonica, a kazoo and a high school glee club.

Having said this, I must admit to having enjoyed the Phoenix Theatre production of the play. For although I am uncertain of the quality of any of the English translations I have heard (the Phoenix uses Norman Ginsbury's 1946 Old Vic version), and despite the apparent unwieldiness of the play's construction, I find this youthful Ibsen work brilliant and beautiful. It has poetic feeling, humor, satiric verve, vigor, intellectual substance. Written in 1867, its implications are not only modern but still entirely pertinent.

Peer is the average sensual man of the bourgeois society which was reaching its apogee in the middle of the nineteenth century. He is a vital individualist of voracious appetite and energy: calculating and eager to amass everything — wealth, women, position, honors. Being the heir of an older society in which the old Adam was tempered by religious faith, Peer still retains enough vestiges of morality to misquote the Bible, of which he has a spotty recollection, at every turn. God too, he is sure, is on his side. Severed from the body of a coherent community, he believes himself unique. "Free," his powers seem to him limitless.

Peer achieves the rewards of his gifts. He seduces women, begets bastards, is loved by a pure girl, traffics in the slave trade, cheats, is cheated only to be favored by miraculous windfalls, makes and loses fortunes and sees the world — a full and adventurous life. He succeeds in his ambition, which is to be himself. What he doesn't realize is that in his splendidly tempestuous career he has compromised at every point and defaulted before every obstacle which has stood in the way of his presumed fulfillment. Unfettered, he is unwittingly an absurd conformist. He is swindled where he imagines he has triumphed, and in most instances he has behaved either as a monkey or a lunatic. He has served no one, his life has been empty of any enduring value and he dies with no saving grace except in the lingering love of the girl he has deserted. *Peer Gynt* is a prophetic legend of contemporary society.

Needless to say, the Phoenix is ill equipped to deal with the overwhelming challenge of such a play. It would be wholly unfair therefore to dwell on the various shortcomings of its production. I prefer to credit director Stuart Vaughan and his company for understanding the point of every scene so that the play somehow emerges. Since it is a masterpiece, it offers more than many a lesser play which is staged with far greater skill and assurance.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE LARGEST and finest exhibition of Gustave Courbet ever got together in this country is on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art until February 14, and will then be seen in Boston. The eighty-six pictures, assembled from museums and collections here and in Europe—four from the Louvre—illustrate the entire range of the painter's work, from the student compositions and self-portraits of his youth, to the Swiss landscapes of his last years.

Courbet's life was long and turbulent. Son of a wealthy farmer from a village near Besançon, handsome and talented, he arrived in Paris in 1840, at the age of twenty-one. One imagines him as a restless and energetic man, intensely ambitious, loudly convinced of his abilities, an intolerant Republican. At first accepted by the Salon, and then bitterly opposed on account of his insistent realism, he eventually overcame all opposition and was acknowledged even by his enemies as a genius. In 1871, having joined the Commune, he was pronounced responsible, as its most prominent and politically active painter member, for the destruction of Napoleon's column in the Place Vendôme, and was sentenced to six months in jail. After his release, his case being reopened, he fled to Switzerland, where he died at the age of seventy-eight, his goods and pictures confiscated. His place in the history of French painting is that of being the first of the Realists and thus precursor of Impressionism.

This celebrated Realism does not appear in the early self-portraits on view. These are rather in the high Romantic tradition: the painter picturing himself as a beautiful and disdainful young man, seated on a hillside with pipe, book, cane and dog, glaring up at the spectator as if annoyed at the interruption of his meditation; as a guitar player in beard and Giorgione clothes; and as a Florentine sculptor, mallet and chisel in hand, poetically relaxed in the midst of nature. The Romantic phase was quickly over. With his stubborn Republicanism and his farm background, he soon evolved a style of painting which, in contradistinction to the liberal Romanticism of Delacroix and to the Tory Classicism of Ingres, became known as Realism. That is to say, he abandoned the Romantic subject matter of the exotic, the tragic and the marvelous (such as Delacroix's *Massacre of Chios* or his *Death of Sardanapalus*), and took instead as subjects for his pictures the commonplaces of life around him (such as his *Burial at Ornans*, his native village, or his famous *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet* in which the painter is saluted on a country road by his richest collector—a picture also entitled, less modestly, *Fortune Greeting Genius*).

Besides giving up Romantic subject matter, Courbet cut himself free from all dependence on the Italian Renaissance and adopted, in opposition to the smooth elegance of Ingres, a downright and much more brutal way of painting. His chief technical innovation was a systematic use of the palette knife, by which he could obtain, with one tone pulled over another, the exact appearance of the textures of nature. The rocks, bark, foam and foliage of his landscapes could not be more convincing. The other novelties of his work, and perhaps the most striking, were his ability to paint landscape without any poetic overtones, and the hitherto undescribed style of female beauty he celebrated.

This style of beauty one finds supremely well expressed in his *Spanish Lady* with her unbound hair and querulous mouth; and in the *Polish Exile* with her aristocratic reserve, her quiet hands and unquiet eyes—so much like Eakins in their psychological projection, but so much better. The two portraits of the Nodler brothers are even more powerful and disquieting as psychological studies, while the standing figure of Max Buchon, with hat in hand, cane and almost ballet-dancer stance, is certainly the inspiration for the similar portraits by Manet. This is all very fine painting. Many of the open landscapes, always empty and curiously lonely, are as convincing as Corot's. The color, however, is seldom as exact. Courbet's eye for color tones is not as nice; and since he almost always employs the academic formula of cool lights and warm darks, most of the pictures, even those portraying the out-of-doors, have the brown shadows of objects painted under studio conditions.

The most curious aspect of Courbet's work, as it is presented here, is its unevenness. It seems impossible that the same painter could have painted both so well and so badly. Perhaps, painting as he frequently did, large pictures for large public exhibitions, he often worked beyond his fatigue level. The clearest suggestion of this is in the *Demoiselles du Village*, shown here in two versions. The subject is a green and rocky meadow in which three town-dressed ladies are conversing with a peasant girl. The smaller picture—called a sketch, though it is in every way complete—could not be finer. The larger version, blown up to standard Salon size of about six feet by ten, is cruder in color, laborious in drawing, spotty in composition, and the exquisite scaling of the figures to the landscape is gone.

Others of the larger pictures with Salon subjects in Salon sizes are even

Two Views of a Cadaver Room

I

The day she visited the dissecting room
They had four men laid out, black as burnt turkey,
Already half unstrung. A vinegary fume
Of the death vats clung to them;
The white-smocked boys started working.
The head of his cadaver had caved in,
And she could scarcely make out anything
In that rubble of skull plates and old leather.
A sallow piece of string held it together.

In their jars the snail-nosed babies moon and glow.
He hands her the cut-out heart like a cracked heirloom.

II

In Breughel's panorama of smoke and slaughter
Two people only are blind to the carrion army:
He, afloat in the sea of her blue satin
Skirts, sings in the direction
Of her bare shoulder, while she bends,
Fingering a leaflet of music, over him,
Both of them deaf to the fiddle in the hands
Of the death's-head shadowing their song.
These Flemish lovers flourish; not for long.

Yet desolation, stalled in paint, spares the little country
Foolish, delicate, in the lower right hand corner.

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less successful. But size does not always seem to be the chief difficulty. Many smaller pictures are just as unfortunate. The lesbian *Awakening*, in which a brunette nude drops rose petals on the eyelids of a sleeping blonde is harsh in color and insensitive in drawing. *A Reclining Nude* of 1858 looks like a particularly poor example of Eilshemius. And two minor forest pictures of stags in snow seem like woolly "buckeyes" done for the calendar trade. Whereas the large *Deer in Covert*, from the Louvre, and the wonderful *Quarry*, from Boston, with huntsmen, horn, dogs, and Courbet himself as central figure, are two of the finest forest pictures ever painted.

Several of the weak pictures here shown are perhaps not wholly Courbet's work. In *Dressing the Bride*, for instance, a large interior with some fourteen figures, the disparity between the well-planned composition and the incompetence of its execution suggest a beginning by Courbet, carried further by another hand. Similarly, the *Hunt Picnic* with its amateurish painting and incongruous scale must be either a pastiche or a remarkably unsuccessful restoration. And is it possible that the portrait of Courbet in prison could be by Courbet himself? It first appeared publicly in 1903 when presented by Courbet's sister, Jacqueline, to the town of Ornans. It is not signed. Perhaps the old lady was remembering badly. It is so uncouth in drawing, color and composition that it seems more likely something done by a visitor or student, a lesson given by the painter to wile away the tedium of jail.

IN AN adjoining room are some of the Philadelphia Museum's latest acquisitions — two Delacroix studies, a figure piece by Corot, a still life of a hare by Chardin and a small oil by Daumier. Comparison with these is not to Courbet's advantage. The Delacroix are more sure in their drawing; the Corot and Daumier have livelier color; even the fur in Chardin is better painted. Not that Courbet lacks skill or talent or invention. He had more than almost anybody. But he seems never to have matured as a painter, never to have gained complete control of his talent. The trouble most probably lay in his taste for celebrity, and in his addiction to party politics. With both a professional and a political revolution to occupy his energies, with so many "great" pictures to execute and so many eager disciples to distract him, how could he always find time for the finer points of his trade? He remains, for all his genius and for all his mental activity, the most uneven workman in the history of French art.

And yet, despite all this, Courbet is a precursor and a modern. Daumier, Delacroix and even Corot, however sympathetic we may find their work, line up with the Old Masters, whereas Courbet is unmistakably on our side of the fence. The palette-knife technique of his forest interiors directed the Impressionists to their theories of broken color and unified surface tension. And his particular version of Realism led straight to their doctrine of the innocent eye and its unprejudiced view of nature. These are still the basic principles of our painting today.

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(Continued from page 101)

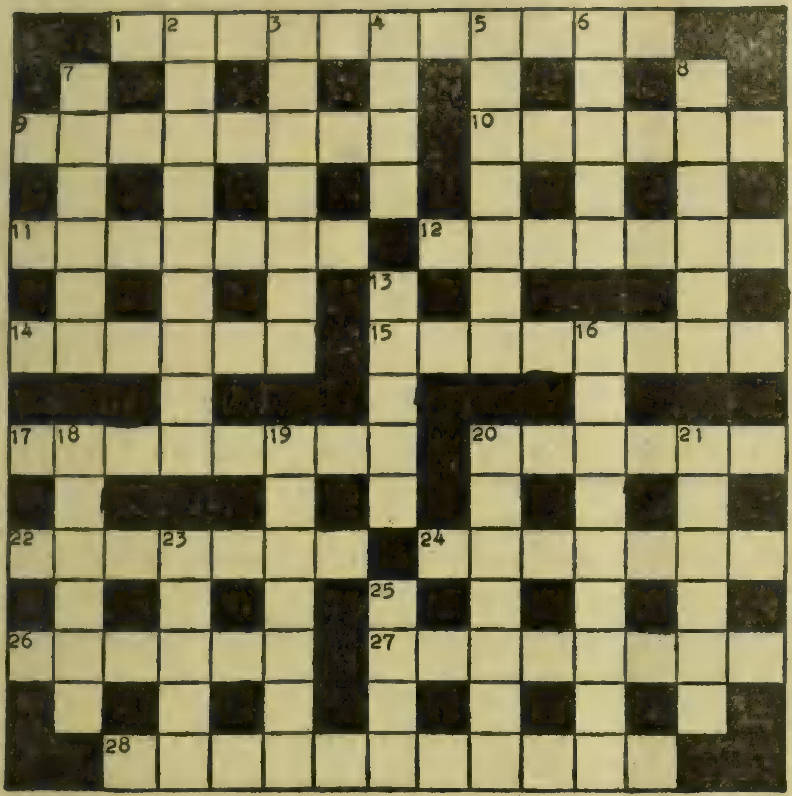
to an end, and, his position threatened by many dangers, popular support for the new king will then be badly needed. Promises will have to be made. The Monarchists, including some generals, will not want to see their king in a suit tailored by Franco. It will be necessary, therefore, to count on what opposition exists today, on the influential minority of intellectuals, and to call on them for leadership and direction. Obviously this will be met with fear and resistance. But once the Army's monolithic support of the regime is broken, it will be even more dangerous to try to turn the clock back. The most probable choice will be the "liberal solution" with the help of the generals.

This, unfortunately, will not be the end, for fresh difficulties will then begin. There will be great pressure from below, as there was at the arrival of the Republic of 1931. Instead of passivity, there will be agitation among the people. The anger now contained will come into the open. Impossible demands for an immediate rise in the standard of living will be made. Once there was a Socialist Party and labor unions to channel opinion, but now, at least at the beginning, there will be none. And the words "republic," "monarchy," "liberty" will sound to many ears less promising than before. There is the danger that after some time the Communists will control a large part of public opinion. The sad experiences of the past will certainly serve as a brake, and there will be talk of moderation. But many will listen to other voices.

"The main movement will be toward the Left," my friend the ex-Falangist, now a sincere democrat, told me, with a worried expression. This seems certain to me as well. It is the law of the pendulum, which has not failed since the first Constitution of 1812. The question is: how far to the Left? Can this movement be channeled along democratic lines? Many will wish it to be so, but others will make it difficult and provoke a reaction. The end result will probably depend, not only on what happens in Spain, but on what has happened by then in the rest of the world.

Crossword Puzzle No. 852

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 6 down
9 How to gather wool on a Hollywood tour? (8)
10 If it is wrong, you'll have a high time around it. (It may not be a very good idea!) (6)
11 What businessmen and conquerors might do when they come to terms. (7)
12 Wandered about with the doctor, if Edward appears. (7)
14 The head of an art form, by the sound of it. (6)
15 See 2 down
17 Not all golf balls are, according to the condition of properly kept records. (8)
20 A story about Singapore, for example. (6)
22 See 2 down
24 and 8 El Greco's wasn't an opinion concerning a fine blade! (1, 4, 2, 6)
26 This might make beautiful music, like a boy at a get-together. (6)
27 Listless and tired? Poe thought so! (8)
28 This place finally comes to earth. (Catch her first!) (11)

DOWN:

2, 22 and 15 Obviously fly-by-night. (4, 5, 3, 4, 8)
3 See a bit of the town or two? (7)
4 Strangely enough, two jacks are one. (4)
5 Certainly not calmly thrown. (7)
6 and 1 An impossible way to get quite honest! (3, 2, 3, 8)
7 See 13
8 See 24
13 and 7 A blow with 8? (Some do not like such an unsettled condition.) (5, 6)
16 If you haven't a clue, this is to blame! (9)
18 Former candidate to settle on? (6)
19 The bean might sprout in the better part of 28. (7)
20 The place where one that made a famous quote brought up the final article? (7)
21 Covered like Feodor? (6)
23 A note of charm (for the Princess?) (5)
25 Hot-headed, for Henry! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 851

ACROSS: 1 Capital letters; 9 Satisfy; 10 Caisson; 11 Adrift; 12 Stigmata; 14 Dervish; 15 and 17 Sidesaddle; 19 In orbit; 21 Stampage; 23 Ferret; 25 Insular; 26, 27 and 6 Love is a many-splendored thing. DOWN: 1 Cassandra; 2 Petered; 3 Task force; 4 Lays; 5 Escutcheon; 7 Rostand; 13 Riding crop; 15 Subserved; 16 Shorthand; 18 Dead Sea; 20 Terrier; 21 Stir; 22 and 8 Pollyanna; 24 Else.

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(Signed) G. K. Romoser
Instructor, Department of Political Science
Ohio State University

A Student Speaks:

Dear Sirs: We feel your magazine is indispensable in our life today, particularly on a college campus. When I attended the Student Editorial Affairs Conference last summer, I heard several student editors discussing the fact that *The Nation* is the only national publication which actually covers the "real" issues in American college life today. I certainly agree with them.

(Signed) Mark Wyman
Editor-in-Chief, The Daily Cardinal
University of Wisconsin

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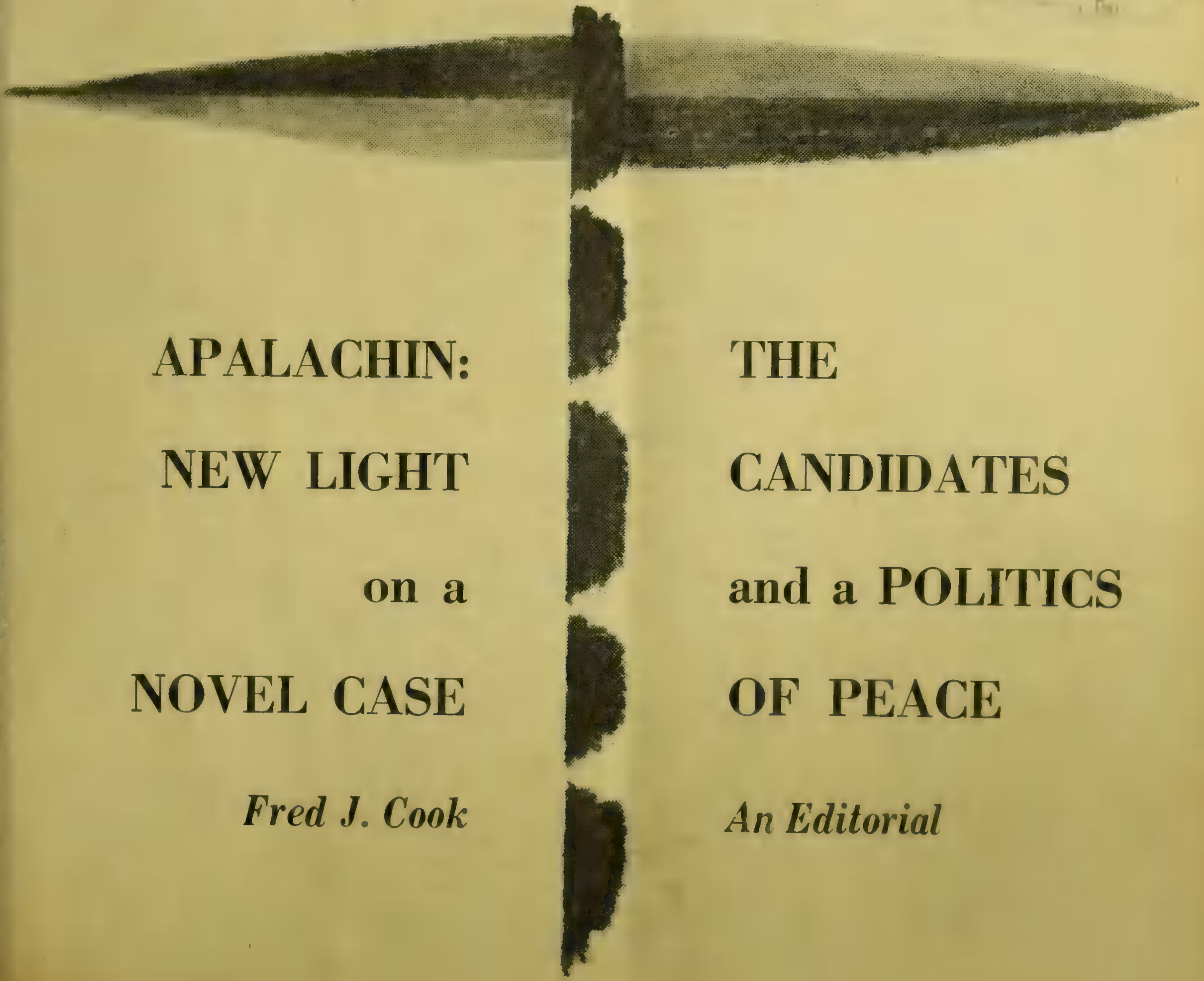
De Gaulle Against the Gangsters

Alexander Werth



APALACHIN: NEW LIGHT on a NOVEL CASE

Fred J. Cook

THE CANDIDATES and a POLITICS OF PEACE

An Editorial

LETTERS

Drug Costs

Dear Sirs: David L. Cowen's interesting article on "Ethical Drugs and Medical Ethics" in your Dec. 26 issue made its point quite effectively, but it contained at least one error. The author states that the cost of a prescription to the patient can be greatly reduced if the physician uses the generic name of the drug rather than the trade name. This is not correct. If the trade name is used, the pharmacist is bound to dispense that brand; however, if the generic name is used, he is at liberty to dispense any brand he chooses, whether it be the most expensive or the least. There is no way to assure that the least expensive form of the drug be dispensed. In addition, the author makes the assumption that all brands of the same drug are exactly equivalent; this is usually the case, but not always. E. g., many physicians will specify a particular brand of thyroid or ACTH to assure uniformity in these hard-to-standardize products.

David C. Stolinsky, M.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

While Dr. Stolinsky is technically correct in his argument, most pharmacists find it good business to use the least costly way of filling a prescription accurately. The lower price will certainly please the patient, will likely please the doctor — and still leaves the pharmacist as great, or greater, margin of profit than the use of an expensive "brand" drug. — Editors

Dear Sirs: After reading David L. Cowen's article, I sent it to my doctor, with particular reference to the author's point that drugs should be prescribed by their generic names rather than by brand names. I think you will be interested in his comments:

"Everything in the article is quite true. . . . The machinery exists, in the Food and Drug Administration and in the Sherman Act, for the control of many of these abuses, but . . . the FDA cannot begin to carry out its responsibilities on the kind of budget it now has.

"Meanwhile, see the poor 'doctor's dilemma.' His prime responsibility is to his patient. He can in some cases write for a drug safely by its generic name. But he has to recognize, in all honesty, that the quality control maintained by such companies as Lilly, Lederle, and Squibb — out of the most selfish of competitive motives — is far superior to that provided by a hamstrung and discouraged FDA. The A.M.A. for many years, through its Council on Drugs, has taken on a responsibility that the FDA has failed to meet. . . .

"The poor doctor, like all the other little fellows, will go to the polls in November and get the kind of government he votes for."

Margaret Flint

New Haven, Conn.

Invidious Frame

Dear Sirs: On rare occasions *The Nation* publishes an article because its concept of freedom of speech seems to compel it to accept material of social protest even though it may be irrelevantly pointed. While "The Boat-Show Circus" (issue of January 16) aptly described one more facet of our gadget and tinsel society, as well as the plight of the little guy in business, the real cry of the article was that "Progress and the emergence of a new leisure class" ("imbeciles") has pre-empted the days when the sport of boating was the sole domain of the wealthy and the gracious.

I may otherwise concur with almost everything that Mr. Whitehill says, but the contrast clearly enunciated in his introduction, and reiterated later with additional remarks, places the entire article in that invidious frame of reference. Many people with a social conscience (and no interest in boats whatever) will resent this approach to a problem.

Jaime Gonzalez Monroy

North Hollywood, Calif.

Speaks for the Patient

Dear Sirs: We agree with Dr. Pratt, as quoted by Laurence Barrett in his article, "Blue Cross," in the January 9 issue, that "the highest quality care at the lowest cost, is retarded by the attitudes of certain segments of the organized profession."

The American Patients Association, dedicated to fully prepaid health care for all, is urging the necessity for public regulation of fees for physician, dentist, pharmacist, optometrist and hospital.

The A.P.A. intends to speak for the best interests of the American patient, much as the medical associations speak for the best interests of some doctors but not always, unfortunately, for the best interests of the American public. Any of your readers who are sick of the high cost of medicine should get in touch with us at 4610 West Myrtle, Visalia, California.

Joseph A. King
National President

Third Alternative

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know the results of a recent Gallup Poll conducted in Norway, a member of the NATO community, on the issue of Mr. Khrushchev's plan for total disarmament.

While 45 per cent of the representative sample of 2,000 had not heard of the plan, a majority of 55 per cent did have some information about it. Among the latter, 43 per cent believe that Mr.

(Continued on page 116)

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EDITORIALS

The Candidates and a Politics of Peace

BENEATH a surface appearance of massive triviality, momentous issues long in the making may yet give shape and content to the 1960 election. Over a period of years, *The Nation* has insisted that "a politics of peace" must emerge as cold-war tensions abated. This is now happening — not because we said it would, but because peace has become the dominant concern of every thoughtful American. Yet it remains the great undebated issue; the candidates resolutely refuse to discuss it unless it is safely encased in quotation marks. The one hope, therefore, of keeping this election from being as carefully rigged as a TV quiz show is to force a discussion of the one issue that matters.

In an effort to disrupt the bipartisan eagerness to keep peace from becoming a major issue, *The Nation* intends from now through November to judge parties, platforms and candidates — and ultimately to indicate its preferences — in terms of this paramount subject. Everyone, of course, is for peace; the problem is to sharpen general awareness of what is implicit in a politics of peace. Keeping the specification as brief as possible, here is what we think peace connotes as an issue.

Disarmament. All the candidates insist that disarmament cannot be pursued as a goal unless we also manage to keep one step ahead of the Russians in the arms race. But the arms race has become much too dangerous to be pursued in the vain twin hopes that (a) we could ever achieve an overwhelming advantage or (b) that once having achieved it, the "enemy" would then obligingly agree to disarm. If war is unthinkable, as it is, then the statement must be taken literally: i.e., nuclear war cannot be thought about.

Production for Peace. In the early phases of the cold war, it was possible to combine a guns-and-butter, a welfare-warfare, economy; that time has now passed. The new weapons are not only much too costly; once they become operational, they are already obsolete and must be replaced by still more expensive ones. We must now be concerned not with "the missile gap" but with the unmet-social-needs-gap which is steadily widening in a period of unparalleled prosperity. This gap will never be closed as long as arms expenditures, with their multiplier effect, constitute from 25 to 33⅓ per cent of the economic activity of the nation. Yet any major reduction in arms expenditures might well be economically disastrous. Every candidate who says he favors disarmament must, therefore, be called upon to specify what he would do to offset its economic consequences.

Cooperation not Coexistence. "Peaceful Coexistence" is not an issue; it is a fact. The two great powers have coexisted, at peace, throughout the postwar period. What is needed is active cooperation between them to maintain world peace throughout the 1960s; they have the power, and the objective is in their mutual interest.

World Community. Implicit in a politics of peace is the clear recognition of the need to evolve a set of institutions adequate to cope with the problems of the world community that is rapidly emerging in response to pressures which are steadily accelerating. This implies support for the U.N., which has served the cause of peace well throughout the postwar years, and for its specialized agencies. It implies economic aid to underdeveloped areas, intelligent trade policies, cultural exchange programs, etc. It implies, too, that American power, resources and influence should be channeled as much as possible through the U.N. and other international agencies.

THE 1960s will require an exceptional measure of candor, courage, integrity and foresight on the part of whoever occupies the White House. At hand are certain "litmus" issues, closely related to peace, which might be used to test candidates for these qualities.

China. The question is not what to do about China; sooner or later, China will be recognized by Washington and seated in the U.N. Rather the question is: who among the candidates has the courage to say what every one knows? Only the other day Secretary of State Herter conceded that China would eventually have to be made a party to any arms-reduction agreement. Yet the candidates of both parties resolutely continue to pretend that we will never, but never, recognize Peking.

Civil Rights. If China is a test of candor, civil rights is a test of honesty. In principle, of course, the case for civil rights is conceded in varying measure by all the candidates; but the fact is that both parties have played shameful political football with the issue since 1948. Politically and morally, both are equally to blame. *The*

Nation is not pushing any particular civil-rights package; we merely insist that the next President, if he is an honest and determined man, can easily put a stop to the familiar biennial bipartisan posturing about civil rights which is about as honest, and as endearing, as professional wrestling.

Civil Liberties. All the candidates have avowed, or will avow, their willingness to die in defense of the Bill of Rights, but none of them favors abolition of the two Congressional committees that have placed the guarantees of the First Amendment in jeopardy. Yet if candidates were tested on the score of political courage, this would be an infallible touchstone. The facts are not in serious dispute. The record abundantly demonstrates that the undeclared purpose of the two inquisitorial committees — the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Senate Internal Security Committee — is to inhibit criticism, stifle dissent, curtail debate; in brief, to establish a kind of "guided democracy" in the totalitarian pattern. Debate on the question would give the national electorate a chance to indicate whether it approves of informal abrogation of First Amendment guarantees by Congressional committees. But here, too, a tacit bipartisan accord has marked the issue off-bounds, so that the candidates will not have to take a stand on it. Only the other day a new appropriation was sneaked through the House for the Un-American Activities Committee as an "emergency measure." Such measures require "unanimous consent" — that is, approval by the leaders of both parties — yet passage was secured without debate, without even a roll-call.

Automation: No issue will provide a better test of foresight, of the capacity to grapple with the tough social issues of the 1960s, than the set of problems usually discussed under the heading of automation.

THE CANDIDATES, of course, will hotly debate their marginal differences on a host of minor issues. But campaigns usually turn on a single dominant issue. The tacticians of both parties know this, and each party has selected its favorite. For the Republicans, it will be "peace" and prosperity. For the Democrats, it will be Richard M. Nixon — or so it now appears. At the recent $100-a-plate "Presidential Campaign" kick-off dinner in Washington, the assembled party leaders were delighted to discover that the Nixon issue unites every faction of the party. Dixiecrats and liberals, city bosses and campus eggheads, union leaders and union busters, old Democrats and new, pounded tables, slapped backs and yelled in ecstasy as first one hopeful and then another took pot shots at the Vice President. Politicians always prefer to substitute targets for issues; it is easier, there is less risk. Given divisions as deep and numerous as those within the Democratic Party today, it is only natural that its leaders should be eager to sublimate their differences under some such slogan as "Nix on Nix-on."

But the decision may boomerang. At intervals, history has a way of inundating politicians, of sweeping them down and under, of making matchwood of their stale rites and formulas. It happened a century ago; it could happen this year. The big floods in politics — when torrents of new forces and ideas sweep aside the old entrenched positions — usually come when the people have moved far in advance of the politicians, when "new politics" are pushing to the surface, when the parties have become virtually indistinguishable on basic issues. If we are not yet in such a period, we are close upon it. It is precisely the fact that a new politics is struggling to find expression that accounts for the sterility of the debate thus far. Candidates are trying desperately to excite voters with yesterday's issues. But the voters refuse to respond; they are "apathetic." Before most politicians will shift from old politics to new, the salability of the new must be demonstrated in a fairly conclusive fashion. In the meantime, the candidates instinctively seek insurance against the risk of new issues by tacitly agreeing not to discuss them.

The issue, we repeat, is peace. Vice President Nixon is not the issue. The Presidency is not the issue. Jimmy Hoffa is not the issue. Separation of church and state is not the issue. The candidates' ages, respective oratorical styles, how they comb their hair, whether they are Catholic, Protestant or Quaker, whether their wives are charming or their children adorable, whether they are millionaires or paupers, "charming" or "reserved," "warm" or "chilly," Ivy League or Bush League, matters little to us. The central issue is peace and it is on this issue that we intend to judge them.

The Vice President intends to "glide" into the Presidency by appearing to be, whether he is or not, the logical person to carry on President Eisenhower's initiative in seeking an end to the cold war. To the extent that the Democrats succeed in making Nixon their one big issue, they will simply insure his self-asserted title to the one big issue that counts. They cannot assume that all those who dislike the Vice President, or distrust him, will therefore feel compelled to vote against him. The circumstance that Mr. Nixon turns out to be the Republican nominee, for example, does not necessarily imply that liberal Democrats and independent voters will support anybody the Democrats name to oppose him.

As long as Mr. Nixon's claim to possession of the one major issue is not challenged in the only way the Democrats can challenge it successfully, namely, by entering a rival claim, he will retain the advantage. If the Democrats are determined to wage the 1960 campaign as Cold Warriors United Against Nixon, the responsibility will be theirs if he should become the next President of the United States.

A Gleam of Sanity

According to accepted statistics, there are 17 million mentally ill persons in the United States; when one observes the annual hysteria over the nation's defenses as the Congress prepares to dole out the billions to the contending services, one wonders that there are not more. This year, however, there appears to be a resolute effort on the part of the Administration to allay the public's fears. Of course this is also a bid for the public's votes, but the results so far have been favorable, not only for the Republicans, but for the nation.

The new Secretary of Defense, Thomas S. Gates, Jr., who has had considerably more experience in the department than his predecessors, is partly responsible for a new approach which makes more sense than the old one. That was to equate the other side's intentions with its capabilities, despite all evidence that the two did not coincide. In addition, it was the practice to equate the other side's capabilities with our own, even when our own had been demonstrated and theirs were only hypothetical. Thus when Stuart Symington, the greatest exponent of air power since Billy Mitchell, was Secretary of the Air Force, he sent American bombers halfway around the world and almost to the borders of the Soviet Union. He then called attention to these flights as signifying the peril, not of the Soviet Union, but of the United States. The Soviets kept their bombers at home, but this in no way weakened the force of the Secretary's argument in the minds of true patriots.

The new look in defense is based in part on estimates of enemy intentions — an evaluation of what they appear to be trying to do — as well as on estimates of their capabilities. This is what every sane person does all the time. If, in our daily lives, we always looked for the worst, we should be as incapable of survival as are those who always look for the best. Life calls for a kind of relaxed vigilance. One does not walk in the park at night, but one does not shrink from every pedestrian as a potential mugger. It may be objected that this is too cavalier an attitude in such a grave matter as the national defense. But any other attitude is paranoid, whether in the individual or the nation. The Soviets have not attempted to take advantage of their present superiority in rockets. Can it be that their intentions are no more aggressive than ours? The thought is almost treasonable: we have been taught so long that only we are the pure in heart and our opponents are murderers by original nature. Yet it is a sensible hypothesis and if the Administration is inclined to test it, the risks are probably less than if we continue to cry havoc every year at appropriation time. "The only way we can deal with this fellow," said General Nathan F. Twining before the House Defense Appropriations Committee, "is not to tell him how deficient we are today; we are prone to do this at times, because it gets us more money. It is the democratic system and I am not bucking it, but I think it is very dangerous." He felt it necessary to apologize for talking sense, yet somehow the words came out.

The Rogers Smoke Screen

Attorney General Rogers' belated attempt to get his dear friend Vice President Nixon off the spot on civil-rights legislation just won't work; as Mark Twain might have said, it is a bit too palpable. Ostensibly Mr. Rogers' proposal for court-appointed referees would go beyond the Civil Rights Commission's federal registrar proposal in that it would apply to state as well as federal elections. But courts are much less likely instrumentalities for enforcing the right to vote than the type of commission which would be established under the registrar proposal. Mr. Rogers' referees would — please note — be appointed and supervised by Southern federal judges. The registrar plan, restricted to federal elections, is constitutionally unassailable; the referee proposal invites litigation.

But it is the timing of Mr. Rogers' scheme that is the real giveaway. Here is the President's Attorney General, at the last minute, attempting to set aside by substitution a proposal submitted to the President as long ago as September 8 by his own Civil Rights Commission. New hearings would be required on the Rogers plan (which means more delay); and, eventually, the proposal would land in the Rules Committee — where other civil-rights legislation now reposes.

The political motivation of Mr. Rogers' action is crystal clear. Recently the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* boasted of the fact that the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition had gone into action on forty roll-calls in the Senate in the first session of the 86th Congress and had won twenty-six of them; of eleven in the House, it had won ten. The over-all percentage of victory was 71. Naturally the Republicans must now pay off to the Dixiecrats on the one issue that matters to them: civil rights.

It is idle to blame the President for this; he has never been a partisan of civil-rights legislation. Nor is Mr. Halleck a worthy target; he is just a party hack. The man responsible is the leader of the Republican Party — Vice President Nixon. A petition to discharge pending civil-rights legislation now bottled up in the Rules Committee would require 219 signatures; 188, including only thirty-two Republican names, have been secured to date. By snapping his fingers Mr. Nixon could get the additional needed signatures. The same result could be secured if the Republicans on the Rules Committee would cooperate with the Northern Democrats in forcing the chairman to call a meeting.

Any way you look at it, the Republicans are squarely responsible and Mr. Rogers' smoke screen will not help them. Send your wires and letters, therefore, to Vice President Nixon.

The Well-Sited Platforms

Waldo Drake of the Los Angeles *Times* European Bureau has come up with a piece of cold-war strategy which is by no means new, but is expressed with refreshing bluntness. Mr. Drake sets out with the depressing observation that in 1959 the American people spent $46,318,000,000 "in defense of their freedom" and in all probability will continue to spend that much, or more, year after year. And about all they are getting for it, he points out, is the ICBM strategic deterrent, "which is useless except for the nuclear holocaust." But there is a less doleful solution. "Standing in readiness along the Iron Curtain, from the Alps to the Baltic, the *Bundeswehr* might provide a more effective deterrent than American bombers and ICBMs, 5,000 miles from their targets." And on the Soviet Union's other flank, Japan offers a similar "well-sited platform to support America's defenses in the Atlantic and the Pacific." Japan, of course, is far from ready for another Hiroshima or Nagasaki, and a nation-wide poll conducted by the *Asahi Shimbun* resulted in a vote of 35 per cent for outright neutralism, while 24 per cent wished to rely on the United Nations for security and only 14 per cent expressed a desire for American protection.

But if Japanese sentiment remains relatively pacific, another platform is available in this vicinity: the island of Okinawa, occupied by the United States and with American military facilities worth about a billion dollars. Mr. Drake does not mention Okinawa, but it is a stout platform just the same, within comfortable IRBM range of a good chunk of Siberia and eastern China and, equipped with ICBM launching facilities, capable of reaching any desired target in the enemy heartland. No IRBMs or ICBMs are emplaced there now, but it doesn't take too long to build them and — perhaps a significant omission — Okinawa is not mentioned in the recently concluded treaty between Japan and the United States.

History, it is said, repeats itself for those incapable of learning its lessons. It may be assumed that the Russians, having lost at least twenty million of their citizens in World War II, did learn something. In that war the Axis had a plan strikingly similar to the one proposed by Mr. Drake, and probably under study in much higher circles. It too involved the East-West pincers; all it lacked were the rockets with nuclear warheads. From a Soviet standpoint, the rockets are scarcely an improvement. The Russians could not be charged with undue sensitivity if they suspected that preparations are being made to repeat history, again at their expense. When they are told that the "safety of the West depends upon preservation of two nuclear-deterrent platforms, in Germany and Japan, on either flank of the Russo-Chinese Marxist bloc," they may wonder what *their* safety depends on, and what assurance *they* have that the platforms will be used only to repel aggression. A Russian, precisely like an American, feels uncomfortable looking down the barrel of a gun; some nasty ideas may enter his head.

The Atomic Sewer

The waste materials from atomic plants present difficulties which seem to baffle the Atomic Energy Commission and lesser brains. One of the most baffled is "Old Bob" Boswell, a respectable junkman of Long Beach, California. In strict accordance with the tenets of the free enterprise system, Mr. Boswell contracted with the commission to dispose of 2,800 barrels of radioactive waste by loading the barrels on barges, towing the barges 185 miles out to sea, and dumping them. The barrels began arriving at Mr. Boswell's junk emporium and when almost 1,000 were on hand, he applied to the Long Beach City Council for a permit to convey them to the harbor for loading. The Councilmen were horrified and ordered Mr. Boswell to get out of the business of disposing of atomic wastes in their peaceful and salubrious metropolis, and to get rid of the wastes already on hand. Mr. Boswell tried to comply with the orders of the civic fathers, but found his warehouse ringed with patrolmen. The police maintained that Mr. Boswell was operating a junk business without a license and in preventing him from moving the barrels they were merely doing their duty.

Mr. Boswell complained that he was losing $2,600 a day. The Atomic Energy Commission flew down experts from San Francisco with Geiger counters. The experts certified that the barrels agitated the counters hardly more than a wrist watch with a radium dial. The wheels of bureaucracy ground slowly, while the free-enterpriser junkman staved off rapidly approaching bankruptcy. Finally he received permission from the Long Beach City Council and the Atomic Energy Commission to load the barrels onto barges waiting in Los Angeles Harbor. But his troubles were not at an end. After about 1,000 barrels had been loaded, the port warden of Los Angeles, Admiral Frank Higbee, called out the Coast Guard and stopped the loading. It appeared that the Admiral had not been consulted, he was no minion of either the Long Beach City Council or the Atomic Energy Commission, and he had no assurance that the barges were seaworthy. As *The Nation* went to press, this is where the matter stood. A possible solution might be to send Mr. Boswell to the Soviet Union as an exchange student. They have atomic wastes, too, and Mr. Boswell is probably in a mood to study their disposal methods.

De Gaulle Against the Gangsters . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, January 28

IN MAY, 1958, the *ultras* of Algiers, with the full support of the Army, overthrew the Fourth Republic and installed General de Gaulle as head of the Government. Twenty months later—on Sunday, January 24, 1960—the same *ultras* rebelled against de Gaulle. The President of the Fifth Republic expected the Army to crush the rebellion, and the Army refused to do anything. Today a part of central Algiers is occupied by the "insurgents"; this part of Algiers is "encircled" by the Army, and relations remain courteous and cordial between the men on the two sides of the barricades erected that Sunday. Food, drink and munitions are being supplied to the "insurgents" from outside, without the Army interfering. The fact that, on Jan. 24, the "insurgents" opened fire on a number of gendarmes who were trying to control a "spontaneous" street demonstration demanding that de Gaulle be hanged, and killed eleven of them (in the shooting that followed some twenty-five people were killed and 150 wounded), has now been conveniently forgotten by both sides. The fraternization between the Army and the insurgents and the exchange of cigarettes and glasses of red wine across the barricades are positively idyllic.

On May 13, 1958, things were differently organized; the guards protecting the Government-General building were not fired at by the rioters and, on mysterious orders from somewhere, they discreetly withdrew, and the building was promptly occupied by the "insurgents"; General Massu's paratroopers then took over, drove the "insurgents" out of the building, and General Massu proclaimed himself the president of a newly formed Committee of Public Safety, whose members—let us recall—included two gentlemen called Lagaillarde (who had organized the storming of the building) and a certain Orthiz, a café proprietor who had been mixed up in the famous "bazooka affair"—the purpose of which was to assassinate the "unduly soft" Commander-in-Chief General Salan—and who spent a good deal of his time at the Villa des Sources, where Algerian and other suspects were being tortured. To make things easier for themselves—and to gain a great deal of support in metropolitan France—Massu, Orthiz, Lagaillarde and the rest of them hastened to proclaim that they were good French patriots, and that they wanted a Government of Public Safety set up in France—under the chairmanship of that great man, General Charles de Gaulle. If not, paratroopers would land in Paris, and a military dictatorship would be set up. Scared of civil war, France hastened to agree to the de Gaulle solution as a lesser evil.

It was as simple as that. No sooner had de Gaulle been invested with practically unlimited powers by the National Assembly in June, 1958, than he went to Algiers and there, in the midst of cries of victory from the Algiers populace, he began a historical speech with the words *"Je vous ai compris"* ("I have understood you").

THE EXPERIENCE of the last twenty months, culminating in the second Algiers *putsch*, shows that de Gaulle made a terrifying mistake when he thought he had "understood" Algiers: he had *not* understood it. Perhaps he had understood the *ultras;* he seemed to know from the start that they were a bunch of thugs and maniacs while many, like Lagaillarde and Orthiz, belonged to the Algiers criminal fringe. During his numerous visits to Algeria, he treated them with unvarying contempt and disdain, usually refusing to see them and, once or twice, telling them just what he thought of them: he was clearly against the Committees of Public Safety, which he regarded as self-appointed bodies claiming to enjoy some kind of authority independent of the central Government in Paris. In fact, he did not bother about the Committees of Public Safety—they were beneath contempt. But he *did nothing about them.* What he *was* interested in was the Army.

AND THE tragedy is that he had not understood the Army either. He imagined that, by and large, it had gone "Gaullist." He often went to Algeria; he dined with generals, colonels and captains. There were certain elements in the Army whom he disliked and distrusted—the "psychological action" men, for instance, like Colonels Goussault and Lacheroy, who had come back from Indo-China with all kinds of phony ideas about "totalitarianizing" not only Algeria, but ultimately also France. So he purged these men, and some others who had been much too closely associated with the May 13, 1958, *putsch.* He is said to have removed some 1,400 such officers from Algeria. Salan, who had played a curious double game of his own, fraternizing half the time with the Committee of Public Safety thugs and half the time assuring de Gaulle of his undying loyalty, was also finally kicked upstairs in December, 1958. In short, de Gaulle mistakenly imagined that he now had the Army in hand.

After a long lull that lasted nearly nine months, de Gaulle—whose prestige was still very great in France—decided that the time had come (and for this there were international, financial and plain common-sense reasons) to make another

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decisive step towards a settlement of the Algerian problem. And so, on September 16, came his famous "self-determination" proposal. No doubt, it was full of ambiguities; it provided for very long delays; it declared in effect that, whatever the vote was, and even if it meant the partition of Algeria, France would still keep the oil-producing areas and the access to them. But despite its ambiguities and obscurities, French opinion as a whole welcomed the plan as a step in the right direction. It was known that it had been discussed with President Eisenhower, and had met with his full approval.

This in itself was enough to make the whole thing highly suspect in the eyes of "Algiers" which, it will be remembered, had rebelled in May, 1958, very largely as a result of the screaming that had gone on for weeks over Mr. Eisenhower's Murphy mission, and the warning given by Lacoste—then "Socialist" Minister of Algeria—that, with the aid of the United States, a "diplomatic Dien Bienphu" was being prepared.

De Gaulle's "self-determination" plan started a new smoldering process in Algeria, and particularly in Algiers. The professional soldiers got nervous. They have a vested interest in *their* war; whole it lasts, these officers are important; they receive high pay, and they can act as the mightiest of all pressure groups in Paris. As *les Echos* wrote the other day: *"There is only one powerful political party in France, and that is the Army."*

THE ARMY was dissatisfied with de Gaulle's plan. The *ultras* were furious. Ostensibly to fight Algerian terrorism, they proceeded to form armed paramilitary units called "patriotic militia"; in October, the notorious Orthiz started a new organization (in addition to a variety of other Fascist and semi-Fascist organizations) called F.N.F. (*Front National Français*), closely associated with a phony Fascist organization in France called *Jeune Nation*, distinguished chiefly for noisy, anti-Semitic *and anti-de Gaulle* propaganda, usually taking the form of thousands of wall scribblings such as "De Gaulle-Mendès-France." The scribbles were acompanied by the *Jeune Nation* symbol, the Celtic cross—a cross with a circle round it, something very like Hitler's swastika.

Now, it has been known in Paris for some time that something was brewing in Algiers. M. Pinay, the Minister of Finance, quarreled with de Gaulle, ostensibly for personal and financial reasons; he did not resign from the Cabinet, he was fired by de Gaulle. In a rather defiant farewell speech to the press, the retiring Minister declared that he wasn't saying *adieu,* merely *au revoir.* Was Pinay, the Little Man, the hero of a part of Big Business, of the *Bourse* and of the shopkeepers of France, the man of stable prices and of the New Franc, who had already, in 1952, busted up de Gaulle's R.P.F. (Rally of the French People), now challenging the authority of the Great Man? There was another card he was playing: he now posed as the man of the American Alliance, of NATO, of Europe. It was said that he was acting with the encouragement of Mr. Dillon of the State Department and of General Noris Norstad of NATO, both of whom were sick and tired of de Gaulle's "independence" and *grandeur française* game, and worried about his coming *tête-à-tête* with Khrushchev.

What tricky game was de Gaulle playing in the international field? Not Pinay himself, but the official organ of the conservative "Independents" was now violently attacking de Gaulle for being not only a bad ally of America's, but also for being a "bad republican." The Great Man was charged with being a "monarchist," a "Louis XIV" who believed in the principle of *L'Etat, c'est Moi.* Coming from an Algiers diehard like Duchet and a bunch of other old Vichyites, the whole thing was rather comic and yet—. There was something behind all this. Pinay was not an Algerian diehard; on the contrary, as Minister of Finance, he was in favor of saving money on Algeria. But now that he was no longer responsible for the Treasury, he made peace with Duchet.

And then, a few days after the Pinay bombshell, came the Massu bombshell. The firing of Pinay had already weakened de Gaulle; the shopkeepers were sorry to see Pinay go; there was even talk of de Gaulle now starting a quasi-Socialist, *étatiste* economic policy.

Despite ambiguous—very ambiguous—denials, nobody doubted for a second that what Herr Kempski of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* published in his paper was exactly what Massu had said at Algiers: namely, that he wholly disagreed with the de Gaulle Algerian policy and that under no circumstances would the French Army quit Algeria. De Gaulle believed the denials no more than anybody else; and that was why, without further ado, he fired Massu.

What was even more serious than the publication of the Massu statement was Kempski's postscript, written from Tunis, which made it clear *that General Challe, the French Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, had arranged the interview with Massu; that Challe had encouraged Massu to say what he did say; and that Challe himself had become an* ultra *under the influence of the Algiers "climate."*

AND then on Sunday, January 24, three days after the firing of Massu, came the Algiers riots. These were no longer conducted "under the banner of de Gaulle"; they were directed against de Gaulle. For months, Algiers had been flooded with anti-de Gaulle leaflets.

After a day of consultation, de Gaulle's reaction on Monday night was the most obvious one: the Army must immediately mop up this "center of resistance." To quote *Paris-Presse:*

> Last night General de Gaulle impressed upon the Council of Ministers his determination to go the whole hog.
>
> He felt both humiliated at having been double-crossed and disappointed at having to play the role of "divider," rather than "assembler." But he decided that the "Algiers redoubt" must be wiped out. Yet, though firm, he was also deeply pessimistic. "If the French," he said, "want a dictatorship, they can have it. But the only way of preventing this is to nip the Algiers rebellion in the bud. To negotiate with the insurgents is merely to ask for more trouble a fortnight hence. It will also ruin every chance of a French solution to the Algerian problem."

The paper also reported that de Gaulle considered the possibility of Algeria's seceding from France altogether. The Government was sharply divided; Malraux advocated the strong stand; others (M. Soustelle among them) were against any attempt to apply armed force to the Algiers "redoubt." They argued that, according to Challe, the commanders of the various army units had said that while their troops would not allow the insurgents to extend their area, *they were very unlikely to obey if ordered to fire at them.*

THAT WAS why de Gaulle ordered Premier Debré to go on a lightning visit to Algiers on Monday night to appraise the situation. He arrived there in the middle of the night, making sure that he would not be seen by the Algiers crowds who probably would have lynched him; he conferred with Delouvrier and Challe, and returned with the conclusion that the Army had decided to remain "neutral" in the conflict.

What can General de Gaulle do now? French opinion is, in the main, behind the President. But the fact remains that the Army in Algeria has clearly rebelled against him. Where does the Army stationed in France stand? Where do the police stand? In May, 1958, both were on the side of "Algiers."

France is in no mood for a Fascist revolution which Orthiz, Lagaillarde and a large part of the French Army in Algeria would like to start here. Life has been comfortable under de Gaulle. But today de Gaulle is beginning to look more and more like Coty in May, 1958, and Debré like the luckless M. Pflimlin.

And one cannot help recalling the words de Gaulle once uttered, back in 1953, in a moment of deep discouragement:

> Think of how very many failures have marked my public life! . . . If these failures had been mine, they would have been of no importance. But they were also the failures of France. . . .

Is what is happening now going to prove the last and supreme failure of de Gaulle? He is a man who easily gives way to discouragement. But one hopes he will remember that, not so long ago, 80 per cent of the people of France voted for him; that perhaps as many—or more—would vote for him again if they believed in his authority. But what if de Gaulle has lost faith in his own authority? Or what if, as is whispered, he is already thinking of a successor?

At this writing, on the eve of an expected public statement by de Gaulle, everything seems inextricably tangled. Algiers, which overthrew the Fourth Republic, is threatening to overthrow the Fifth. Will de Gaulle be able to assert his authority, or will he surrender to the gangsters? For Orthiz and Lagaillarde are both gangsters, and the terrifying thing is that Algiers and a large part of the Army should be in sympathy with them.

And if de Gaulle surrenders to the gangsters, what kind of figure will he cut at his meeting with Khrushchev, or at the Summit Conference in May?

APALACHIN: New Light on a Novel Case . . *Fred J. Cook*

Many important facts hitherto not generally known about the Apalachin case are disclosed in the following account of what was undoubtedly the top crime story of 1959. The genesis of the article is itself of interest. In an editorial in our January 2 issue, we stated our belief that the case could set a disturbing precedent from the point of view of civil liberties. This prompted Milton R. Wessel, chief prosecutor at the trial, to offer us certain background material which he hoped would clarify the complex issues involved. The result is this article, written by a top-notch reporter whose qualifications are well known to *Nation* readers.

Among other things, there is revealed here the actions of a truly conscientious prosecutor seeking a conviction on the facts, and not on appeals to prejudice or emotion. But however much credit Mr. Wessel is entitled to on this account, we find nothing in the new material to warrant a change in our editorial opinion. We still think the Apalachin case sets a dangerous precedent.—EDITORS.

ON DEC. 18, 1959, twenty gangland figures were convicted of participating in a Mafia conspiracy at the town of Apalachin in upper New York State. The Mafia is the secret terroristic society of Sicilian origin that has become a vital cog in the American underworld, and to convict just one of its members has always been considered an extraordinary triumph of the law; to bag twenty at one sitting is an accomplishment for which, quite literally, there is no precedent.

Yet the verdict drew no universal cheers. It was received, on the contrary, almost with apathy by press and public; and from civil libertarians it met with criticism on the ground that it might establish a dangerous precedent leading to a further invasion and weakening of individual rights. More important—and generally unrecognized—was one ironical fact: the conviction of the Apalachin twenty, a novel achievement that could have charted a new pattern in law enforcement, is not likely to be repeated, as things stand, because the federal government, even before the victory, had scuttled the means by which it was achieved.

The Apalachin conspiracy trial was the crowning achievement of a unique task force created on April 10, 1958, by U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers to concentrate on the problem of top-level crime. The task force lived as a unit for barely one year. In April, 1959—before the Apalachin trial began—it was ordered broken up and its personnel folded back into the various sprawling bureaus and local offices of the Department of Justice. Only the boss of the special unit, Milton R. Wessel, and his immediate staff stayed on the job to prosecute the conspiracy case; and with their victory just a week before Christmas, the last vestige of the special unit simply curled up and died. Mr. Wessel himself resigned about a fortnight ago. (Details of the dissolution of the special task force were described by Ronald May in *The Nation*, June 27, 1959, in an article entitled "Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops.")

THE EXTINCTION of the Wessel squad, especially in the afterglow of Apalachin, is an issue of public moment that might well inspire at least a look by Congressional committees. Such a Congressional probe almost certainly would reveal that Apalachin was only a first-act victory, and that other equally vital prosecutions—some of them actually started by Wessel and his aides—remain to be fought to conclusion. For example:

¶New York City residents, already intrigued by the charges of Representative Adam Clayton Powell (Dem., N.Y.) that police have harassed small-time Negro policy operators in Harlem and ignored the white big shots of the racket, might be interested in the picture of the big city's policy racket developed by some of Wessel's former investigating crew in a six-month probe. The picture showed a well-organized syndicate operation involving bets estimated at some $500 million in just 100 working days—a possible over-all total, if projected on an annual basis, of some $1.5 billion. So dominated from the top is the racket that policy operators work on a commission basis. When they run afoul of the law, lawyers and bondsmen—men often personally unknown to them—automatically pop up in court and put up the bond or pay the fine. The key links in the chain appear to be the legal mouthpieces, who alone have contact with both the underlings and the higher-ups. The real masterminds, the probe showed, control the racket from safe retreats in Florida and Nevada. Prosecution of this colossal ring, with its power to bribe and to corrupt, was nearly ready to get under way last summer when a decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, reinforcing one a year earlier, threw up a roadblock. The court decreed that to convict even a policy runner, physical contact must be proved, a stipulation which makes it doubly difficult to get at the real brains who operate at a distance, insulated by a screen of lawyer go-betweens. Still, investigators familiar with the case believe the evidence is so good that the legal attack could successfully be recast along different lines.

¶Just as vital and even more sweeping was a probe undertaken by the Southern regional office of Wessel's unit into a nation-wide bookmaking operation. Thousands of telephone call slips were examined and tolls were tracked down, a laborious process that ultimately pinpointed lay-off centers for the multi-billion-dollar bookmaking racket across the nation. The telephone network was found to link eight major cities, including Miami, Chicago and Los Angeles; and it was the hope of Wessel's special unit before it was disbanded that a conspiracy case might be developed that would jail the masterminds of this truly mammoth operation.

The significance of this unfinished business — and the overriding importance of the issue that it poses—become apparent when one realizes that the axing of the Wessel task force destroyed the agency with the best potential for prosecuting syndicated crime on a national basis. The Justice Department contends that the job can be done by its original crime and racketeering section; but if that is so, why was it necessary to set up the special Wessel squad in the first place? We have come, it would seem, full circle; and we are left with just what we had before—separate local, state and federal jurisdictions limited to specialties such as income-tax evasion, narcotics violations and the transporting of stolen cars across state lines. This is what Wessel calls "splintered" law enforcement, helpless to weave together the complex strands of national criminal conspiracies that know no boundaries.

THE APALACHIN case is a perfect illustration of the problem. On Nov. 14, 1957, a New York State trooper, Sergeant Edgar L. Croswell, spotted an unusual number of high-powered cars around the hilltop mansion of the late Joseph Barbara, Sr., in the rural community of Apalachin. Croswell set up a roadblock, and as soon as this was discovered, cars began to roar down the road and darting figures could be seen taking to the fields and brambles in frantic flight. The final roundup showed that sixty-three men had met at the Barbara manse. Most had long police records; a great number had been identified by authorities previously as Mafia members; several had attended similar crime conclaves in the past.

The reverberations of Apalachin were tremendous. Grand juries, state crime commissions, federal agencies broadcast subpoenas like snowflakes in a blizzard. Like a cancer cell, every participant at Apalachin was placed under the high-powered scrutiny of multiple microscopes. But the result at first was complete frustration. The Apalachin delegates either claimed the Fifth Amendment and refused to talk; or they talked and told, with various degrees of plausibility, essentially the same story—they'd heard that their old friend Joe Barbara was ill with heart trouble and they'd just dropped in to see him and were surprised to find that a lot of other men had had the same idea at precisely the same time.

In the white heat of the furor aroused, Attorney General Rogers

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

Khrushchev's disarmament plan is realistic and can be carried out, while 34 per cent are skeptical and the remaining 23 per cent undecided. On the independent issue of whether the plan ought to be tried, 61 per cent of those who have heard about it answer in the affirmative, only 13 per cent in the negative, and 26 per cent are undecided.

Though the American press seems far more inclined, compared to the press of other democratic NATO countries, to discourage intelligent criticism of basic cold-war premises, one wonders how a similar inquiry would come out in this country.

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announced the formation of a new group within the Justice Department. It was called the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. It was headed by Wessel, a short, stocky, energetic lawyer of thirty-five who gathered about him a young and enthusiastic staff, eager to go out and slay the dragon.

Dragon-slaying was, indeed, their proclaimed, official purpose. American crime, which went big-league on Prohibition millions, had roared unchecked for thirty years, bankrolled by literally billions of dollars from illicit liquor, policy, bookmaking, casino gambling, narcotics, and labor and industrial rackets of every kind. It had become a monster, bribing and corrupting until it undermined the official fabric of many cities and even of entire states; a secret of its strength was that it knew no boundaries and no restraints, and so could sneer at local jurisdictions. At Apalachin, delegates came from the East, the Midwest, California, Cuba and even, so it was reported, from Italy, where a couple of the boys had had recent contact with foreign syndicate leaders. To meet a challenge so sweeping, Wessel's group was to operate against syndicated crime on a broad national scale, correlating and putting to use every scrap of information that could be gathered from agencies everywhere.

This was the dream. It endured for some eleven months.

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1959, Wessel urged before a Congressional committee the establishment of a permanent Office on Syndicated Crime. He stressed the splintered nature of law enforcement; emphasized that nowhere in government does there exist any permanent body capable of unifying, and acting upon, the discoveries of thousands of local, state, federal and special law-enforcement agencies; and he detailed the structure and nature of the modern crime syndicate. He pointed out that crime is a well-organized big business; its management is often far removed from actual operations; it is insulated and protected by an organizational structure that operates on separate levels, with the links between the levels well hidden. Key figures in the hiding process are expert accountants and lawyers, who help to keep the men at the top from any easily traceable contact with the work of their underlings.

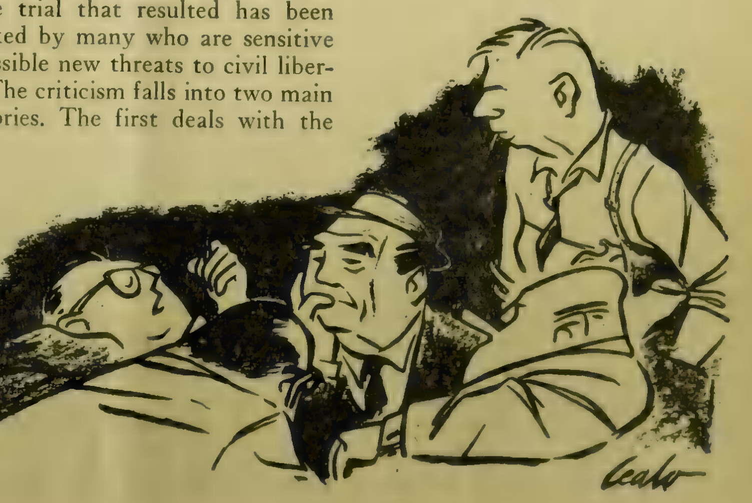
The only way to combat such well-organized criminal syndicates, Wessel felt, was to establish a permanent unit to serve as "a true catalytic agent . . . a nerve center or clearing house" for law-enforcement agencies across the country. The reaction of the Department of Justice to this idea came quickly. A month after his presentation, Wessel was informed that his special task force was to be broken up; and in April, in a move sugar-coated with praise for Wessel's work, the formal orders were issued. All that was left of the dragon-slayers of the previous year were Wessel and his own immediate staff. They continued on the job to attempt a prosecution of the Apalachin case along experimental lines that seemed to many older and wiser heads in the department to have little chance of success.

THE BASIS of the prosecution was the contention that the Apalachin delegates had joined in a conspiracy to thwart and obstruct justice. While no investigative agency had been able to get a definite account of the agenda at Apalachin, Wessel and his aides were convinced that conspiracy could be proved by exposing the stories told by the mobsters as concocted in common to conceal the truth. What the prosecution was doing, in effect, was to attack a conspiracy hatched to hide the purposes of the Apalachin meeting, which may itself have constituted a conspiracy.

The trial that resulted has been attacked by many who are sensitive to possible new threats to civil liberties. The criticism falls into two main categories. The first deals with the legal problems arising from Sergeant Croswell's impromptu roadblock. After all, no arrests were made at the time; Croswell preferred no charges against the defendants. Is it just, then, that information obtained from them without arrest, without the lodging of any formal charge, should be turned against them? The issue was thoroughly argued before the trial, and Judge Irving R. Kaufman issued a two-part ruling. He held that the prosecution could not make use of any documentary evidence (some of it quite significant) that had been found on the defendants. On the other hand, he took the position that police officers had a right to testify orally about what they had learned during the course of an investigation, even though no immediate charge had been filed. Otherwise, indeed, how could legal action ever result from lengthy, complicated investigations?

The second major issue in the civil-liberties area has been raised since the trial, but was never, significantly enough, argued by the defense itself at the time. This problem can best be expressed by a question: How can men be tried for conspiring when the government does not know the details of the conspiracy? What proof is there that there was a conspiracy? The patter about visiting a sick friend certainly sounds preposterous, but not even a gangster should be convicted on the *presumption* that he has told a preposterous story—only on *proof* that he has.

The answer to this objection is



that the prosecution, in dealing with one after another of the twenty defendants, showed that they had lied and that each had agreed to back up the lies of the others in order to hide what really went on at Apalachin. This proof of oft-repeated perjuries was the essence of the government's case that here was a colossal conspiracy to obstruct justice.

A FEW examples may help to explain the whole.

John Montana, a businessman who once was designated Buffalo's "Man of the Year," had claimed his car broke down near Apalachin and he just "happened" to go to Barbara's home looking for help. But a maid in the Barbara household testified that she had heard Montana apologize to Barbara for being late.

Russell A. Bufalino, a power in the Pittston-Scranton area of Pennsylvania, said that, quite by accident, he had met another of the defendants, Frank A. DeSimone, in New York on Nov. 13, 1957. Bufalino said he had suggested to DeSimone that they take a ride out into the country the next day, and the ride just happened, by chance, to land them at Apalachin. It was not a plausible story, but it was a hard one to disprove until the government produced the register of a Scranton hotel which showed that Bufalino had been in Scranton, not New York, on Nov. 13. He had appeared personally at the hotel, as testified by a hotel clerk, and had made reservations for three Apalachin-bound cronies.

Another revealing sequence dealt with Dominic J. Alaimo, a power in the Pittston-Scranton labor field, named in the trial not as a defendant but as a co-conspirator. Alaimo, according to police, was in the first car to speed from the Barbara mansion after the roadblock was discovered. Sergeant Croswell, not yet decided on a course of action, let the car go but radioed its license number to a prowl car on the highway. There Alaimo was stopped. Later, in the roundup and questioning of others leaving the mansion, James Osticco told authorities that he had driven to Apalachin with Alaimo and Angelo J. Sciandra. At the time, this didn't seem like an important admission; it only became so when Alaimo, evidently figuring that he was in the clear because he hadn't been stopped at the roadblock, calmly denied that he had ever been at Apalachin. But after Alaimo and others involved came together at a New York hotel to await testifying in one of the Apalachin probes, the discrepancy in stories was eliminated. All now vowed that Alaimo had never been at Apalachin. The government contended that this sudden and uniform switch in testimony—a switch that conflicted, moreover, with the detailed accounts of responsible police officers—obviously had been concocted as part of a conspiracy to thumb noses at the operations of justice.

So it went in case after case. The 6,000-page trial record seems to show clearly that this was a conviction based on hard-won evidence, not on any loose presumption of guilt drawn from the fact that men with unsavory backgrounds happened to be discovered consorting together. Indeed, there is abundant evidence that Wessel, in prosecuting the case, leaned over backwards to avoid any guilt-by-association or guilt-by-past-record taint.

BEFORE the trial, Wessel wrote all New York newspaper publishers asking that they avoid any sensational articles, any feature stories dealing with the defendants' pasts and records, and that they confine their coverage solely to the developments in the courtroom. A similar request was made of television and radio stations, and as a result some projected television programs, one scheduled over a nation-wide network, were postponed.

Equally revealing are the tactics followed by Wessel in the pre-trial maneuvering. He made available to the defense some 4,500 pages of proposed prosecution testimony. In one pre-trial document sealed by the court until after the legal battle was over, the prosecutor voluntarily limited the government's case in several important areas and even suggested to defense counsel what topics they should avoid in cross-examination to keep the criminal pasts of their clients from being brought to the attention of the jury. One of his stipulations dealt with the term "Mafia." The defendants had indicated they might contend that no such organization exists. Wessel told them bluntly: "Defendants are hereby advised that the investigation charged *did* establish the existence of an organized criminal conspiracy, the name of which is unimportant but is generally known as the 'Mafia,' and that the present indictment is an indictment of some persons belonging to that organization for their criminal conspiracy to obstruct and defeat law enforcement." However, he said, use of this evidence was not vital to the government's case, and he hoped to avoid all reference to the Mafia and all references to investigations, like narcotics investigations, in which some of his official witnesses had been involved when they uncovered some of the evidence to be used at the trial.

During the trial itself, government witnesses were cautioned not to be drawn, even during cross-examination, into any reference to the criminal pasts of the defendants; they were warned to refrain from mentioning sensational investigations, like the Albert Anastasia murder probe, during which some of the evidence that they were testifying to had been uncovered. The result was that, as far as the jury knew officially, most of the defendants might have been men with spotless backgrounds, absolute paragons of virtue.

All of this made for a trial much duller than it otherwise might have been. Sensation was lacking because sensation was so deliberately avoided, and this explains in part the relatively scanty treatment the trial was given in the press. And in the end, the incompleteness of the news coverage was undoubtedly responsible for the controversy that has since arisen over the civil-rights aspects of the case.

One widespread and erroneous impression is that the government is completely in the dark about the organization and purposes of the Apalachin parley. Actually, quite a bit is known about it. Apalachin was in reality a two-day convention, so planned that the major big shots would be at Barbara's mansion for only the briefest of periods on the second day. On Nov. 13, there was a large rally at Barbara's home, and on the same day there were peripheral gatherings of other mobsters, like Russell Bufalino's meeting with his three cohorts in Scranton. The groundwork for final decisions was apparently laid in these conferences, and the decisions themselves were to be made by the real czars of crime between the hours of noon and 1 P.M. on Nov. 14—the day the parley was broken up by the police. The tight time table is established by such hard evidence as airline arrival times and scheduled departures for that day; some of the top powers landed at noon and were due to leave by plane by 2 P.M. Piecing together such data, investigators concluded that the crime bosses who were to come, decide and leave quickly, included: Vito Genovese, often called the kingmaker of gangdom; Gerardo Cateno, who since Apalachin has fallen heir to the departed Longie Zwillman's New Jersey empire; Joseph Profaci, of Brooklyn, often described as "the olive oil king"; and Michele Miranda, a Long Island hood long known as a powerful Genovese henchman.

While all of the matters up for final decision at Apalachin are not known, government investigators feel positive that one of the most important decisions was to take this particular Mafia mob out of narcotics smuggling. Drastic new federal laws, the startling success of agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in cracking narcotics rings, and public revulsion against the racket were all factors believed to have been involved. (Incidentally, this was a decision of the top command that did not meet with universal favor; younger elements of the mob rebelled against it, and at least one murder has been carried out since Apalachin by the old order seeking to enforce its ban on narcotics trafficking.)

THIS, then, is the background of the Apalachin trial and the story of the greatest triumph of the short-lived Wessel unit. Most of the evidence that Wessel used in the eight-week trial was not new stuff dug up by his investigators; on the contrary, it had been available all the time, but so scattered from one end of the nation to the other as to be valueless until brought together. In a two-day sequence that established links between several of the defendants, Wessel called to the witness stand the police chief of Dallas, a police sergeant from Los Angeles, a detective from Cleveland and another police witness from Highland Park, N.J. Without a focusing agency like the Wessel group, many of these links might never have been forged.

When they were forged, the result was an ironclad case—how ironclad may be gathered from the fact that not one of the twenty defendants took the stand in his own defense and only two called any witnesses at all. Joe Profaci put one of his own attorneys on the stand to establish a technical point; and Montana, the Buffalo businessman, called a string of character witnesses. The effect was that the government's case stood uncontroverted; it is perhaps the only instance on record in which an entire squad of Mafia leaders were struck absolutely speechless when their turn came to proclaim their innocence. That fact in itself should argue powerfully for the virtues of Wessel's ardently advocated, but rejected, plan to create a permanent lawyer-investigator unit in the Justice Department to deal with the ever-growing intricacies of big-time, syndicated crime.

1960: Failure of Social Imagination . . *by James Reichley*

THE REMARKABLE ideological similarity among all of the serious candidates for the Presidency in 1960 has been noted in several learned quarters during recent months. Messrs. Nixon, Johnson and Kennedy, it has become clear, are jostling for the honor of being identified as the administrator best qualified to maintain the security of the existing Establishment. The latter two gentlemen do not say so in so many words, but their bids for the White House, like that of the Vice President, are based on the expectation that, if installed there, they will do like Ike, though possibly with slightly more dash.

Senator Humphrey has sought to present himself as a "candidate of issues," but whatever distinctions may exist between his program and those of his rivals have been thoroughly obscured beneath a mass of indecipherable verbiage. Senator Symington actually has developed two points of sharp disagreement with the *status quo*: he has placed himself on record in favor of a massive expansion of the war machine, and has contributed a plainly worded statement in favor of the distribution of birth-control instructions to the inhabitants of overpopulated foreign lands. The daring of these two expressions of dissent has failed,

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however, to shake the widespread conviction, among conservatives as well as liberals, that the concealed portion of the Symington iceberg is shaped in rocklike similarity to the dogmas of the Establishment.

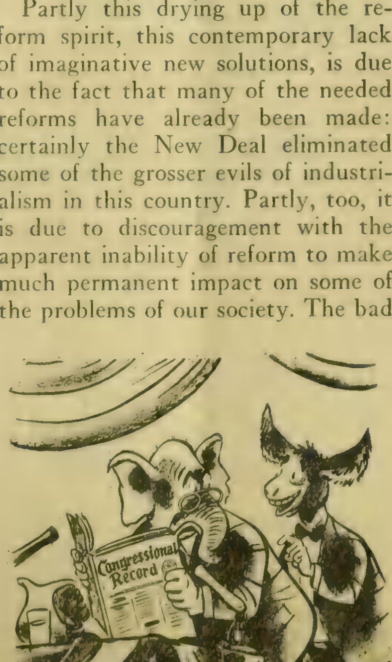
This leaves Adlai Stevenson and, until a short while ago, Governor Rockefeller. Both have shown some disposition to take issue with the Eisenhower Administration at a number of doubtful salients, but the former has not yet become, as the latter has ceased to be, an actual candidate. The truth is, too, that both Stevenson and Rockefeller have brought cultivated criticism rather than fundamental dissent to bear on the assumptions of the President and his advisers.

THE IMMEDIATE reason for this singular lack of dissonance is, of course, not hard to find. Politicians are understandably reluctant to disagree with success, of which the Republican Administration just now is giving at least an unrivaled appearance. It is all very well to groan about inadequate national growth and to warn that the United States is slipping dangerously far behind the Soviet Union in the arms race: the facts are that, for the moment, the economy *is* booming and the tensions of the cold war *are* easing. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Democrats are following the lead of the Vice President in implying that they will do no more than jazz up slightly the formulas now in operation. It is not surprising, that is, unless one reflects that support for the Republican program is unlikely to result in Democratic victory at the polls. The Democratic candidates evidently count on the overwhelming majority of registered voters that their party now commands to offset this disadvantage. The fate of Governor Rockefeller, in any case, has no doubt been accepted as evidence of the reaction to be expected to any attempt to develop a line even mildly critical of prevailing policies.

The developing tendency toward unanimity in opinion among leading politicians in both parties during the last decade, however, has roots that go deeper than the current good fortune of the Administration. It is in part traceable to the cold war itself, which by its immense danger has made dissent seem a luxury perhaps no longer to be safely enjoyed in a nation even so strong and prosperous as the United States. "Don't rock the boat" has gained respectability as a slogan in the measure that the boat actually appears to be in some danger of sinking.

BEYOND this there seems to be a sort of drying up — perhaps only temporarily — of social imagination in America. The cranky academic plans for quick salvation, the radical blueprints for comprehensive reform, the evangelical solutions to all economic and social dilemmas are no longer very common. Most of the recent social theories produced in American academies have been designed to show that there has never been much genuine clash among ideologies in the United States, a conclusion which is probably as true for the postwar era as it is false for many earlier periods in our history.

Partly this drying up of the reform spirit, this contemporary lack of imaginative new solutions, is due to the fact that many of the needed reforms have already been made: certainly the New Deal eliminated some of the grosser evils of industrialism in this country. Partly, too, it is due to discouragement with the apparent inability of reform to make much permanent impact on some of the problems of our society. The bad effects of machine politics on state and municipal levels, for instance, have resisted the assaults of generations of reformers, and it seems simpler now to maintain that "the old-time machines are dead" than to attempt to displace their flourishing and thoroughly corrupt offspring.



"Mind if I use the same text?"

Behind all of these explanations for the lack of current dissent lies an odd series of accommodations that have been worked out in American politics during the last thirty years. (At this point, it is necessary to define the special sense in which certain common terms are hereafter used. Thus, the term *democrat* is meant to apply broadly to persons seeking to achieve equality in the distribution of wealth; the term *progressives* includes all persons whose primary goal is the improvement of the *quality* of life available to citizens — i.e., civil rights and liberties, education, health, cultural standards, etc.; the term *conservative* denotes persons whose first consideration is the maintenance of the security of the Establishment.)

THE FIRST of the accommodations, made during the New Deal, was between democratic politicians and progressive technicians and publicists. During the thirties, the two groups had much in common. The progressives were willing to agree that quantitative prosperity for the masses must take precedence over qualitative problems like health, education, genuine suffrage, moral and cultural environment, international order, and even individual freedom. The products of the alliance were therefore gained chiefly in quantitative terms: wages, subsidies, progressive taxation, public works, protection for labor unions. The combination of votes supplied by the democrats and the brains supplied by the progressive technicians and publicists, was able for the first time in many years to overthrow the dominance of the conservative business community in the United States.

The conservatives, temporarily paralyzed by the depression, were not slow in reforming their lines and setting out to regain their lost eminence. Though in the past conservatives and progressives had often worked in harness (the Constitution, the Civil War victory, and the reforms of the progressive era were all achievements of such alignments), the events of the twenties and the thirties had led to deep estrangement between the two. In the late thirties, therefore, conservatives began to form new combinations with susceptible democrats in order to win their way back into power. From about 1938 onward, an alliance between conservatives and democrats held practical control over the legislative branch of the federal government, absolute command of most of the state and municipal governments, and gradually growing influence in the federal Executive.

Since that time, democrats have continued to extend their political dominance, and conservatives have settled ever more securely into their privileged positions in the social and economic hierarchies. Much as they did in the latter part of the nineteenth century, conservatives have used political patronage to buy off the democratic leadership; to a great extent, they have abdicated responsibility, while democrats, in turn, have consented to the *status quo*. It has been pointed out that in England since World War II conservatives have paid the price of the welfare state in return for their continuation as directors of the political system. In the United States, conservatives have preserved the economic system at the expense of allowing political control to fall into the hands of the democrats.

THE progressives, meanwhile, have clung blindly to the alliance with the democrats which won them such gratifying results during the New Deal. The fact that from the progressive point of view the results have slowed to a trickle during the last twenty years has seemed not to matter. Progressives in politics have grown "practical," "mature," "moderate." Those among them who were elected to Congress in the huge Democratic sweep of 1958 seemed willing enough to accept "Go along to get along" for their motto. "My first job is to get re-elected," said a Democratic freshman who was then being hailed as one of the most promising of the young liberals. The result has been a Congress rather more conservative than the Republican 80th that was elected in 1946.

Only two groups have seriously challenged the conservative-democrat coalition since the end of the war. One was the faction of conservatives that followed the leadership of Senator Taft, and later, in its more disreputable moments, accepted Senator McCarthy as a symbol. These intransigents, who scorned to bargain with the democrats, were without responsible leadership after the death of Taft in 1953, and were virtually exterminated at the polls in 1958.

The second group of dissidents has been a band of progressives who emerged from a number of municipal reform movements in the years immediately following World War II. Their most notable representatives on the national scene today are Senators Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania. Stressing the problems of urban expansion, this group of progressives has called attention to the indifference with which the conservative-democrat alliance has reacted to the revolutionary growth of the nation's metropolitan areas. But the group has been handicapped by the fact that Humphrey, its natural leader, has devoted much of his energy since becoming Senator to the task of building bridges between himself and other factions in the Democratic Party. Clark has proved less willing to compromise, but has not as yet made much dent in the power of the "go-along" Democratic leadership.

Under these circumstances, it would seem that conditions are ideal for the development of a progressive movement within the Republican Party, such as occurred at the beginning of the present century. The personnel for such a movement, however, appears to be lacking. The young Teddy Roosevelts, Lodges, LaFollettes, Borahs, Elihu Roots, Hiram Johnsons, Gifford Pinchots do not seem to be present today within the GOP. Governor Rockefeller might do as a leader, but the result of his recent drive on the Presidency does not indicate much current enthusiasm among Republicans for the progressive cause. This is due partly to the fact that few progressives are willing to work with the conservatives in the GOP. The overwhelming majority of liberals, particularly young liberals, remain convinced that only a strengthening of the existing alliance with the democrats can restore the nation to the path of social progress.

Since the democrats, meanwhile, have yielded the power of veto to the business community, progressives are in effect submitting to conservative dictation, as well as to democratic tastes and prejudices, while getting very little in return. The progressives' imagination, as a result, is subjected to bewildering frustration, in which friends behave strangely like foes and foes are found to be disconcertingly good-humored. Baffled, progressives have usually passed up evangelism in favor of the "first job" of getting re-elected.

THE PRODUCT of all this has been a new Era of Good Feeling among politicians, expansively liberal in rhetoric and unflinchingly conservative in practice. The candidates for the Presidency have come to sound so much alike that the electorate seems called upon to choose among them in much the same way that the owners of a modern corporation select a new chairman of the board—on the basis of character, experience, ability. It is only hypocrisy to suggest that a choice be made on the basis of "issues."

This unanimity is not likely to endure for very long. If the cold war continues to relax, it will begin to lose its power to maintain a coerced unity; if it should take a turn for the worse, it will force a divisive exploration for new strategies. Moreover, progressives surely will not suffer forever beneath the yoke of democratic politicians. This does not mean that progressives will, or should, become undemocratic. It does mean that within the foreseeable future, brains will begin to protest their role as tail to the kite of the party of numbers which long since has attached itself to the guiding hand of special privilege.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Canada Is Really There

CONTEMPORARY CANADA. By Miriam Chapin. Oxford University Press. 332 pp. $7.

Mark Gayn

FOR MOST Americans, Canada remains terra incognita. Among the few Columbuses to discover this domain are the United States oil, steel and lumber barons, from Murchison to Cyrus Eaton, the NORAD generals in Colorado, and a few politicians in Washington. But even the last of these can be pretty obtuse. Lionel Chevrier, one of the fathers of the St. Lawrence Seaway, recalls a visit he paid to President Eisenhower some years ago. After a look at the globe, the President turned to his guest and said: "You know, it seems ridiculous. We both speak the same language. We think alike. We behave the same. Don't you think you would be better off as the 49th state?" Chevrier finally decided it was a joke. But — as subsequent press reaction in Canada demonstrated — the joke was as offensive as it was puny.

There are many reasons for the general ignorance in the United States. Some of the fault probably lies with the press, which finds Canadian news dull. Some can be traced to the shortage of useful books. Thomas Costain's jazzed-up history, Mason Wade's studies of French Canada, Bruce Hutchison's chatty works are all satisfactory in their diverse ways. None of them, though, supplies what is needed the most — a careful and broad record of facts coupled with solid analysis.

The great void, it seems to me, has now been filled by Miriam Chapin's volume. For here one finds a rich collection of facts, supporting a body of interpretation and enlivened by wit and an inner warmth. The reason for the warmth is that Miss Chapin, a Vermonter by birth and loyalty, has been romancing with Canada ever since 1932, when she first settled in Montreal. Since then, she has covered Quebec's doings for the *Christian Science Monitor*, written two useful little regional books, and contributed to *The Nation* and other magazines. *Contemporary Canada* is her major work — a survey, a distillation of everything she has thought, and, decidedly, a labor of love.

THE FACTS are all in this book — the lay of the land and the history, the people and the crops, the government, the unions, the free-wheeling U.S. investor, the parties (which combine the U.S. and U.K. political patterns, and sometimes infuse them with Biblical tones), the bosses and the war of the sexes. (For a typical Chapinesque touch consider this about the busy, ugly and Slav-manned nickel city of Sudbury: "This barren-looking place is said to be the best market for pianos in Canada. The mark of the new-world citizen is the pigtailed little daughter practicing her scales in the parlor. Czerny comes into his own where the Slavic peoples bring their heritage of music.")

But once the detail is set down, Miss Chapin turns to a thoughtful look at the trends, portents and moods at play. The two prime issues before Canada, she feels, are the division of the nation into its French- and English-speaking parts, and the steadily growing erosion of its independence.

One-third of Canada speaks French, two-thirds speak English. Between the two there is a chasm, not of language alone, but of culture, religion and of suspicion carefully nurtured by the politicians of Quebec. In Montreal, a professor will talk bitterly of "The Conquest," and if the *habitant* of the Quebec small town cannot put it as articulately, he is just as vehement in speaking of *les Anglais.* No American state battles federal encroachment one-tenth as fiercely as does French and clerical Quebec. As a result, its universities go ragged rather than accept federal grants; the province is the only hold-out in the national hospitalization scheme; and the involved haggling over the division of the tax dollar takes on aspects of medieval ferocity.

Yet, Miss Chapin argues, no matter what the Quebec nationalists say, the province is part of Canada, economically, if not yet politically and culturally. And that, too, must come, with the powerful pulls exerted by TV, the flight of youngsters to the cities, the growth of the unions, the spread of literacy.

The other vital problem is that of Canada's relations with her great neighbor. The attitude here is "compounded of admiration and distrust, jealousy of success and doubt of its permanence, uneasiness about being dragged into war or economic disaster by some unconsidered move, and unwillingness to be swallowed up in a wave of industrial expansion. . . . By arousing resentment, the United States tends to unite Canadian feeling. . . ."

THE undercurrent of anti-American feeling is always there, and it is constantly refueled by such episodes as the attacks on Lester Pearson and Ambassador E. Herbert Norman (who killed himself), by trade restrictions, by U.S. ignorance of things Canadian and, perhaps, by a sense of inferiority. There are good reasons for the last. Canada sells 60 per cent of her exports to the United States, and buys 75 per cent of her imports there. This produces a dangerous dependence upon the U.S. trade winds. Moreover, U.S. capital controls a huge area of Canadian economy — from more than half of the pulp and paper industry to almost 100 per cent of the auto-making. Royal commissions issue regretful reports, the press writes angry editorials, a banker here and there urges the nation to use less American money — and the American hold tightens. What makes this especially unpalatable for the Canadians is that the Americans concentrate on the primary industries — iron, lumber, oil — thus dooming Canada to the permanent role of a hewer of wood. There are, of course, no easy solutions to these problems, for to halt the flow of U.S. billions is to slow the fabulous Canadian growth.

Miss Chapin, however, does champion a view that has many adherents in Canada. She urges a thaw in the cold war: "So long as Canada fears the USSR, so long as, being a small nation, it must depend on the U.S. for defense . . . , just so long must it submit its air force to American command, must receive American military, air and naval bases on its soil, and must bow to American direction — it cannot be free. If the terror were lifted, then the ties between the two nations could be loosened to let Canada stand as independently as any nation can in our day. No one in his senses wants them to be cut. But Canada should be able to make its own decisions. . . ."

All in all, an informative, thoughtful, well-written and witty book.

MARK GAYN is an editorial writer and columnist for the Toronto Star, *Canada's largest daily.*

Anti-Artist or Prophet?

MARCEL DUCHAMP. By Robert Lebel. Grove Press. 192 pp., illustrated. $15.

Matthew Josephson

AS LONG ago as the early twenties, when we were desperate young (aesthetic) nihilists in Paris and New York, Marcel Duchamp was already becoming enwreathed in legends. In our advanced circle he was regarded as the man who had put the modern into modern art; he was one of our favorite *artistes maudits.* The normal precondition for such mythopoesis is that the hero-figure should have the good taste to die young, like Rimbaud, Seurat, or Alfred Jarry; or that he should vanish into some exotic land. Duchamp did neither — he persisted in living on in a style that is both original and elegant.

That he had been one of the most highly endowed painters of the prewar period was generally understood. But, at the very season of his international triumphs, in 1912-1913, when his "cubo-futurist" canvases were being exhibited to a huge public, he had stopped producing pictorial works, so far as anyone knew. Thereafter, when one saw him occasionally in what used to be called the high-Bohemian society of Paris or New York, he would be reticent about his activities to the point of mystification. Was he working on some Unknown Masterpiece needing decades of labor? Or was he doing nothing, eccentrically, in the way of a Baudelairean "dandy"? All that we heard was that he occasionally offered for public exhibition certain artifacts, objects of common use such as one could order through the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, objects which he solemnly signed and declared to be beautiful and "modern." These actions, like the shock-tactics of the Dadas, outraged respectable art lovers. Nevertheless Duchamp's influence continued to permeate advanced groups, by whom his least sayings, puns, "readymade" artifacts and hoaxes were carefully preserved. Periodically, André Breton, the redoubtable chief of the Surrealists, would proclaim that Duchamp was "the most intelligent" and "the most disturbing man" of his era. More conservative commentators singled him out as the great anti-artist who renounced and ridiculed the basic media of art.

The alleged anti-artist chose to live most of his later life in America, perhaps as a more favoring environment for his nefarious purposes of overturning everyone's preconceived notions about the fine arts. Thus his iconoclastic ideas have exerted a subversive influence for many years on both sides of the Atlantic. In this country, the rejuvenated movement of non-figurative artists looks on him as one of the pathfinders leading the way to "action" painting. There is, indeed, a striking resemblance between many of Duchamp's ideas, as originated in 1912, and the statements recently made by Pollock, Motherwell, Gottlieb, et al., about their program for liberating art from the model, the object, the paintbrush, and even the poor old public.

THE literature about Duchamp has been rather sparse and unilluminating, save for some spirited essays by Breton. Now, with Robert Lebel's comprehensive and finely illustrated volume, having 129 plates in monochrome and color and a wealth of biographical detail, this enigmatic and disturbing man comes more clearly into view. Lebel's study seeks, in the spirit of the master, to be at once informative and entertaining. It is plain that the biographer-critic is somewhat overawed by the famous charm and wit of his subject. He might, as he hints, have presented Duchamp as a successful neurotic who, suffering from a sense of "separation from the world," broke with traditional forms of art in order to destroy them. Instead, Lebel has been reverent and has preserved the legends that make Duchamp a sort of Magian figure of modern times.

He was born near Rouen seventy-two years ago; his was a cultivated bourgeois family, four of its six children becoming artists, and two of Marcel's brothers — Raymond Duchamp-Villon and Jacques Villon — winning renown in their own right. In such a clan of sharp-witted Normans one had to be either very clever or very outrageous to gain attention; Marcel could be both. At twenty-one he had completed his education at the *lycée*, finished with art school in Paris, and begun to paint acceptably in Post-Impressionist style. Then, toward 1910, came his momentous encounter with the newly arisen Cubists, headed by the young Picasso.

That prewar decade of fifty years

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, biographer and social historian, was editor of Broom *and American editor of* Transition. *He has written biographies of Zola, Rousseau, Hugo and Stendhal. His latest book is* Edison *(McGraw-Hill; see* The Nation, *November 7, 1959).*

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ago, like our mid-century period, was filled with the excitement of sweeping change in the knowledge of science and technology. Even the artists were becoming "scientific"; the Cubists felt themselves daring explorers of the unknown, engaged in aesthetic experiments never tried before. The question of volume and the geometric analysis of objects concerned them most of all, and they undertook to dissect and decompose everything into planes, cylinders and cubes.

Duchamp, very much the amateur of science, threw over the pictorial formulae used by his contemporaries, and centered his attention on the problem of dynamics, of depicting energy and movement. Within a year or so he had executed several canvases that went beyond anything achieved by the Cubists. Although he used multiple perspectives and other Cubist devices, he managed to give an abstract representation of the movement of the subject within the picture, rather than that of the painter around the subject. In one of his typical canvases of that period, *Sad Young Man in a Train* — whose title seems autobiographical—the several static postures of that abstract young man suggest the jolting movement of the train itself, furnishing an imaginary creation of its movement. Moreover, by juggling with light effects and displacing volumes within the contours of bodies, Duchamp gave the objects in his canvas the illusion of interpenetrating one another in an ambiguous kind of space. Duchamp, it was confidently asserted, had "introduced the Fourth Dimension" into art.

At twenty-five Duchamp was considered so disturbing — was he not leading art to some point of no return? — that even his fellow-artists urged that his pictures be withdrawn from official showings of the Cubist group. They were shown independently, however; and soon appeared with the works of the other French Cubists and Fauves at the first great exhibition of modern art held in America, the Armory Show of 1913 in New York. Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* aroused more curiosity, bewilderment and anger than anything else there shown. About 100,000 Americans came to behold his invisible nude, and the show became an international scandal.

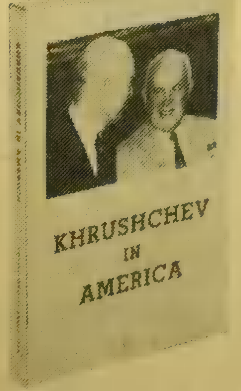
Guillaume Apollinaire, the fervid oracle of the artistic modernists, ventured in 1913 the strange prophecy that, because of his anti-aesthetic spirit and his concern with dynamics, Duchamp might be destined one day "to reconcile Art and the People." Nothing seemed less likely for so esoteric a man. On the other hand, his ideas were to win over crowds of young artists by the 1940s.

IN FRANCE, though an artist may have blasphemed the bourgeois, it is his usual lot, after some years, to gain their acceptance and end up in the national Pantheon. Soon the once daring Cubists were painting tasteful still lifes and guitars, were becoming tame lions, and aesthetic at that. It was to escape this dire fate that Duchamp is supposed to have sought "solitude" in New York, where he devoted himself mainly to chess, mathematics, word-games and the invention of non-operational machines and "readymades." At the time he described himself simply as "an unfrocked artist."

From 1915 to 1923 he also worked intermittently at a large "glass picture," executed in oil and lead wire, and entitled *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even.*" It resembles an old-fashioned restaurant window, but has, in place of the usual advertisements of food, an organization of mechanistic and erotic imageries — the "bride-machine" and the "bachelor-machines" are caught in a momentous interaction — whose composition and color were determined by "the laws of chance." They were communicated to the artist by the settling of dust, or by his shooting matchsticks at the glass with a toy cannon, as he reveals in a series of fragmentary, mystifying notes written while meditating this work (and published in facsimile in 1934). Various attempts at analysis have suggested that this hermetic work, Duchamp's *Unfinished Symphony*, is an amalgam of modern myths and chimeras. One is forcibly reminded of Henry Adams's hallucinations about the Virgin and the Dynamo.

THE typical products of Duchamp's later years, however, are his "readymades," chosen from the *disjecta membra* of our mechanical culture. Old gunnysacks, coat-hangers, bottle-racks and weathervanes were good enough for his purposes, and were kept hanging from the ceiling of his studio in New York. On being invited in 1917 to exhibit at the Independent Artists' show, he selected a cast-off urinal, inverted it, signed it "J. Mutt," and submitted it as a piece of sculpture entitled "The Fountain." Earlier there was his bicycle wheel mounted on a kitchen stool, and presented as mobile sculpture, the pleasures of which spectators could participate in by giving the wheel a turn. Attaching a pair of mustaches and a beard to a cheap lithograph of the *Mona Lisa*, he signed it and offered it for exhibition as an art object. Like the writings of the Dadas, Duchamp's "readymades" communicated the humor of the absurd. At the same time, they constituted an impassioned protest against old aesthetic fashions and traditional practices which tended to glorify only the hand of the artist.

The "Dada conspiracy" is now viewed as a reaction to the horror and despair evoked in men during the years of World War I. It proposed by destructive action to wipe the slate of old social conventions and cultural traditions. The Dadas employed shock methods, or sought to arouse feelings of dis-



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gust, and invented a kind of dismal jesting or "black humor" in which Duchamp excelled.

The generation that arose from World War II has known a similar passion to destroy old forms and push on toward unknown frontiers. To the American "action" painters of today, Duchamp is no enemy of art, but a far-sighted precursor. Fifty years ago he kept saying that the art of the Schools and the fashionable Salons had got too far away from the actual dynamic life around us. His spirit of corrosive irony has led Sir Herbert Read and Albert Camus to rank him with the destroyers of civilization. However, Duchamp and the Dadas, in their own estimation, were not anti-art; they were attacking what was only supposed to be art.

The ideas of Duchamp, and others who were of his mold, took root slowly. The whole domain of art has been widened immeasurably. The new breed of non-figurative or "action" painters uses an immense variety of material for its art, and uses it with unparalleled freedom. Even the metallic automobile graveyards are not safe from them. The new freedoms will undoubtedly raise up new dangers and more clichés — but that is a challenge best left to the artists and historians of the future.

Quixote Slept Here

THROUGH SPAIN WITH DON QUIXOTE. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Alfred A. Knopf. 279 pp. $5.

Jane Stolle

THE LINE between fiction and non-fiction is so blurred in the case of Don Quixote that young readers, encountering the Knight of the Rueful Figure for the first time, must be hard put to decide whether they are dealing with fact or fancy. Almost 300 years after Don Quixote's "death," the ninth edition of Richard Ford's classic and delightful *Handbook for Travellers in Spain* (published 1898) contains this authoritative passage: "Argamasilla de Alba. The village was the birthplace of Don Quixote. The prison in which the earlier chapters of his life were written stands in the Calle Cervantes, and is shown to strangers. The church contains several portraits of the Don, his family, and the Licentiate."

Rupert Croft-Cooke, in his *Through Spain with Don Quixote,* does nothing to dispel the illusion. As he follows the trail of Don Quixote on his three sallies from Argamasilla through the barren, rock-strewn plains of La Mancha and the rugged Sierra Morena to gay Barcelona and back to Argamasilla where, forced by a well-meaning friend to face facts, the Knight died — "unable to bear the melancholy burden of sanity," as the Spanish scholar Salvador de Madariaga writes — Croft-Cooke talks with the flesh-and-blood "descendants" of the Knight and his Squire. He is directed by a gnarled farmer to the site of the inn where Don Quixote stayed the first night — now a farmhouse but still called the Venta de Quesada. The second inn, where Sancho was tossed in a blanket and Don Quixote beheaded the giant by cutting a wine-skin in two, is now rubble. The author gets into heated discussions with local Cervantes savants as to the location of Don Quixote's windmill. He camps near a farm called Granja de Dulcinea. He traverses, at midnight, the cobble-stoned road by which Don Quixote entered El Toboso, and, as in the sixteenth century, "A profound Silence reign'd over all the Town, and all the Inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretch'd out at their Ease."

ONE wonders how it is possible, in sad and dictator-driven Spain, to enjoy oneself as lightheartedly as Croft-Cooke does, camping on the trail of the non-existent knight. Perhaps, with his eyes fixed on Rosinante's hoof-marks, he missed Franco's giant footprints on the backward, wooden-plowed countryside. When he finally does take note — half way through the book — it is to repeat the conversation of a farmer who parrots the repetitive clichés of the government: The Reds (the Spanish Republicans) were to blame for the Civil War, for the burning of churches, for all death and destruction and atrocities. But the farmer also sounds a warning for those who think Franco has resolved the economic and political problems which led to the Civil War, that he has even attempted to heal the jagged wound through the heart of a people inflicted by a war in which they fought their brothers. "You think it is peaceful, you think all that is forgotten? Some of us will never forget. Yes, yes, I agree. It should be forgotten now, whatever it was. But how can it be?"

Croft-Cooke might have suggested that Franco could help dull memory by putting an end to annual victory parades, doing away with courts-martial in which former Republicans are charged with "war crimes" committed twenty

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JANE STOLLE, who is The Nation's *U.N. correspondent, lived and worked in Spain from 1951 to 1956.*

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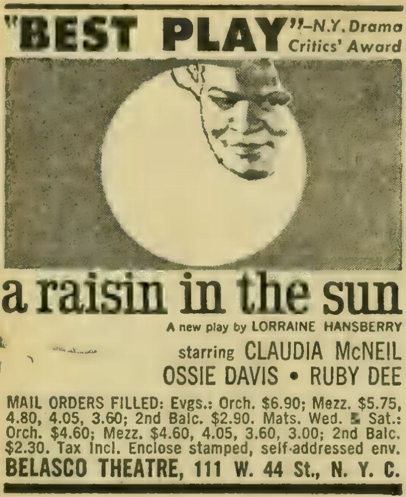

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years ago, releasing the remaining political prisoners, initiating healing social reforms.

However, Croft-Cooke was not on a journalist's journey, but a sentimental one and, as such, it is a delightful junket for author and reader alike. The back roads of Spain have changed little in 300 years; nor, in essence, have the people. Tourists who ply the Madrid-Toledo-Seville-Granada route miss the soul of Spain which is as earthy, as gentle, as ribald, as somber — in a word, as quixotic — as it was in the days of the Errant Knight.

ART

Fairfield Porter

A SAMPLING of the art of Giacometti is on view at the World House Galleries. It expresses artistically the extra-artistic statement that there can be a view of the world and man's place in it. That is what one would expect of religious art. But religious artists today are seldom as serious as Giacometti. Religious art much too frequently illustrates religion archaistically. Rouault, who is a Catholic, uses conventions recalling stained glass windows. Religious sculptors like to go in for Gothic elongation, as if a starved look infallibly stood for spirituality. In such cases the religious artist, through his sentimentality, patronizes religion; he makes religion belong to a romantic view of the past. Or when he tries too hard to give religion contemporary validity by the device of clothing his saints in overalls, the effect is often ludicrous, like a minister telling heavy jokes. It makes excellent anti-clerical, even atheistic, propaganda. On the other hand, by using modern art forms, the artist patronizes art, as though art were chiefly a matter of fashion.

In addition to religious art, as a way of placing man in the world, there is art as sociology. In order to be as objective as a scientist, the sociologist puts himself outside the world; if he is an artist, he treats art as though it were raw material for a factory that produces a commodity called understanding.

I know nothing about Giacometti's beliefs; I do not know whether he belongs to a church, or if he is agnostic. But his paintings and sculpture show an overriding concern with placement. This is a modern concern, one of the practical aesthetic concerns of artists since Cézanne. However, it is usually relative and ungrounded — the painting can go any side up. Giacometti's concern is to place the relationship of man and landscape with the ground. And he further considers man and everything else as having a dual relationship to the environment as a link between the earth and infinity. His standing figures have enormous feet, and they taper somewhat, thinly upward, to a very small head that seems ever so far away. He expresses sculptural volume in planes vertical to each other: a head mostly in profile is placed at right angles to shoulders expressed mostly in breadth. If the figure is female, the breasts are again in profile parallel to the head and vertical to the shoulders. The stance is an awkward flow, like a much extended African idol. And the texture is rough and complex. The thinness makes the volume of the figure secondary to the volume of infinite space: the figure places infinity as much as it places itself. Infinity, in short, has the single limit of its beginning; it is actual, it exists, and one can experience it, in the way one experiences the sea by looking at it from the beach. The roughness of the modeling can be thought of as the beating anything takes in an assertion of its existence against the vastness of the universe. It is its dignity, its payment for existence against the weight of indifferent adversity. The complications of the surface are, as it were, the scars of battles of limited assertion. They make shape a very serious thing.

AS Giacometti expresses volume by planes, so in paintings and drawings he expresses space by linear co-ordinates. His drawings are full of parallel lines that reinforce position. The pencil drawing of a woman stooping over in her chair (perhaps she is sewing) between two tables and in front of a window with its repetitive and partly erased lines makes physical existence and spiritual existence (where a thing is and what it is), its displacement and its position, its relation to the horizontal and to the vertical — it makes all these things inseparable, as mind is inseparable from body. The lines of the window sill partly continue across her shoulders and across the chair-back, and are erased in the gap between her back and the chair, where in nature one could see them. This says that the reality of their behindness (expressed as if she were transparent) is greater than the reality of their appearance to one side. To the side, the erasure of these lines between her back and the chair makes this space, which is in front of the window, more real than the window.

Giacometti's paintings are full of lines that connect. These, however, are not decided in advance, but organically arrived at. The eaves of the house connect with the slope of the mountain across the valley floor. Giacometti expresses the large by the small; he expresses volume by planes, and planes by lines. He expresses the vast in concentrations, and space by direction. Horizontality and verticality are not about the plane of the canvas, but about the horizontality of the ground, against which existence is vertical, or defined in co-ordinates. When he paints or draws a head, he places it below the middle of the paper or canvas, because he never forgets the space around, but chiefly not the space above.

Of all artists living today, Giacometti has perhaps the most profound imagination. As his figures, in their relation to all of space, place the beginning of endlessness, and as his interiors and landscapes take their measure and position from the small things they contain, so for him art itself is placed in the world, and by graphic compression does itself place the world.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE THIRD and final concert in the series by Columbia Records, featuring the person and music of Igor Stravinsky, proved to be an entirely happy affair, despite the fact that it ended with another of those mortuary references which had been sprinkled through the opening program. As it happened, the J. S. Bach Funeral-Ode, *Lass Fürstin, Lass Noch einen Strahl,* contains some of the happiest, most Italianate music I have ever heard from the workshop of that composer. I can't imagine what stimulated him to provide this kind of music for a memorial service, but it is lovely and anything but dispiriting. Robert Craft gave it a good performance.

The important item on this last Town Hall concert was the world première of Stravinsky's *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* (1958-1959), conducted by the composer and with Margrit Weber as pianist. In the program notes for the work, Stravinsky made both a number of fascinating biographical assertions and a few almost impenetrable technical comments. Among them, I found the following especially stimulating, particularly in view of the type of music the *Movements* turned out to be:

> This new work is the most advanced, from the point of view of construction, of anything I have ever composed. . . . Perhaps the most significant aspect of my new work is its "anti-tonality." I am amazed at this myself, in view of the fact that in *Threni,* triadic references occur in every bar. . . . Every aspect of the composition of the *Movements* was guided by the forms of the series—the sixes, the quadrilaterals, the triangles, etc. . . . The *Movements* have made me see that I am becoming not less but more of a serial composer. Those young composers who already claim to have gone beyond, to have exhausted, serialism are, I think, making a great mistake.

And finally, in a remark almost, but not quite, incomprehensible, Stravinsky wrote:

> The fifth movement (which I rewrote twice) uses a construction of twelve "verticals"; the listener has to get down and look up through the series, so to speak. The *gamma* and *delta* hexachords are more important here than the A and B. And, five orders are rotated instead of four, with six alternates for each of the five, while at the same time, I see the six in all directions, as though through a crystal.

So be it! I include this sample of musical numerology, not because I think the reader will find it any clearer than I do, but to illustrate the intellectual and technical complications which abound in the serial method of composing, and which are obviously a prime fascination to Stravinsky's mind at this moment. A paradoxical aspect of all this is that, whereas Stravinsky has through his entire career firmly led a portion of the *avant-garde* by means of the intelligent, non-systematized products of his genius, in this latest period, despite the fact that he has adopted some of the most "advanced" composing methods in existence, he seems to be falling behind, to be treading in other people's footsteps. *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* seemed to me, unequivocally, a good piece; and so it seemed to almost everybody else. But I missed the Stravinsky of old, whose every composition broke some kind of new aesthetic ground and pricked the ears into life. *Movements* could be judged good, so easily and universally, only because its basic idiom and message were already familiar. Essentially, it said nothing which has not been said just as well by others. It was an odd experience to hear the première of a Stravinsky work which sounded slightly old hat.

It is possible, of course, that the composer has uncovered new technical pos-

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sibilities within the serial method of composition. If so, the exceedingly vocal and well-organized contingent of American dodecaphonists will soon let us know. Word will come from Princeton. But the proof of a pudding is still in its flavor, not in chemical analysis. I have a strong impression that Stravinsky's latest *oeuvre,* though tasty, has been on the market for some time under other trade-marks.

The remainder of the program, conducted by Robert Craft, comprised Heinrich Schütz's *Es ging ein Sämann aus zu Säen seinen Samen* (1650), for a quartet of solo voices, chorus and instruments; three works of Gesualdo and one by Monteverdi, dating from between 1603 and 1620. All of them were lovely music. Mr. Craft is not a very interesting conductor, but he did a workmanlike job on both the Schütz work and the Bach Cantata, mentioned above. With the *a cappella* vocal works, he ran into difficulties which I would blame on the singers were it not that vocalists of such quality do not, under other conductors, make the major mistakes in intonation and rhythm which marred this occasion. There were moments when the proceedings seemed headed for absolute disaster. And that can be blamed only on a conductor. He is the man in charge, both before and during the concert.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

A YEAR or so ago, a successful Frankfurt trollop added financial espionage to her regular work and, underestimating the passions of big money, got killed for her enterprise. This affair, soiling some important names in the overfed, rehabilitated Reich, was a lip-smacking scandal. It provided the theme for an opportunistic little novel which was subsequently made into a movie, and that movie is now on view here.

Rosemary, thus, is two removes from reality, and looks it. The action moves stiffly on entirely visible strings and the performers signal their satiric intent with flat-footed earnestness and a dolorous absence of wit. A Teutonic respect for thoroughness dictates that every telling jest be repeated at least three times, and the sour-jaunty background music drives home the point that there is no one like Kurt Weill.

Yet, for all the solemn lack of talent, it is heartening that the Germans have been queuing up to see this picture. What it says, in its lumbering way, is that the Germany of George Grosz is back in the saddle again. This is America's cold war Germany, and the really biting joke is that a German film should rub our noses in the mess.

Status note: the seven or eight nouveau-financiers who comprise Rosemary's most lucrative customers wear identical black homburgs, carry identical brief-cases and drive identical Mercedes sedans. Americans who have seized on this car as a genteel device for informing the neighbors that business is good, may thus learn that it is an object of mockery in its home country.

THE FULL-LENGTH *Swan Lake,* performed by the Bolshoi Ballet, is less a screen version of Tschaikowsky's great work than it is a film about how much the Russians love this reliable classic. It was filmed in the Bolshoi Theatre during what purports to be a public performance. Cameras were placed at vantage points in the auditorium and backstage and were used more to show off the sumptuous occasion than to record the performance. So much is this so that midway in any corps de ballet passage the viewer's position is apt to shift abruptly from a good balcony seat to a point upstage of the dancers, and at almost every moment of climax the cameras desert the action to register the rapturous faces of the audience. The effect recalls the frustrations of those prize fight newsreels which are forced by law to cut before a blow is landed. This picture boasts in the way that Khrushchev boasts—it is an appealingly naive trait, perhaps, but it is also tiresome.

I am not competent to discuss the quality of the Bolshoi company in any technical detail (even supposing that I had been able to see it without the distractions of cultural propaganda). It looks to me enormously competent, lavishly endowed with talent and money and at least a generation behind the times in the evolution of stage taste. This is a "gorgeous" *Swan Lake*; it calls for toasts in pink champagne.

Maya Plisetskaya, the ballerina of the occasion, makes it clear that the rigors of this very demanding choreography are child's play to her brilliantly trained body. She could, I would suppose, race the high hurdles with similar contempt for the obstacles in her path. She is superb, but I am not sure that she is good. The whole company made me feel that it was ready and eager to take on any other ballet group in the world in a *Swan Lake* contest.

N. Y. Provincial

1.

Tucson, Arizona

It's a desert.
It's a desert.
It's a desert.
And it's *in* a desert.

2.

Hammond, Indiana

Horrible Hammond, Indiana,
More horrible than Passaic, New Jersey,
I pity you your hateful landscape,
I pity you your hideous houses,
I pity you your hamstrung inhabitants,
Dreadful Hammond, Indiana.

3.

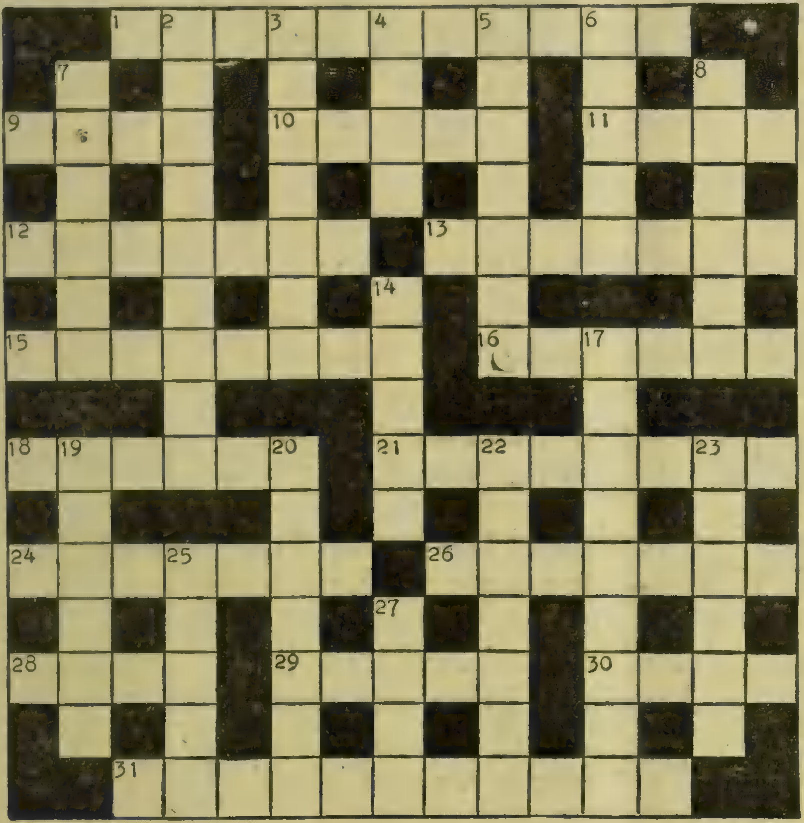
New York, New York

James Durante said it:
It's da heartada woild!

M. RIDDLE

Crossword Puzzle No. 853

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 You put your name down, if I am unable to be important. (11)
9 and 10 Show approval for meals on the side? (9)
11 See 7 down
12 Little sally port out of which the troop is assembled. (7)
13 A little heroine is no great shakes at ducking. (7)
15 The first of 23, in the past. (8)
16 In Germany, I could be surrounded by things of wealth. (6)
18 The health of one who is paid to pose? (6)
21 Does one break the rule concerning the guard? (8)
24 See 7 down
26 Supposedly human to cook a mixture of the last of the animal in it. (7)
28 See 20 down
29 A die usage unwise with the last word, perhaps. (5)
30 The only thing she didn't lose was her voice. (4)
31 Witness the fact one of these has made his mark in the world! (11)

DOWN:

2 I am, through what I owe, rather like Nero! (9)
3 Like Laplace's hypothesis. (7)
4 The way one might sanction a little mode of travel? (4)
5 It takes a heel to prove a body this way! (7)
6 The habits of such posers are not evident. (5)
7, 11, 23 and 24 Should be an unnecessary warning to the offspring of Carnivora. (6, 4, 3, 3, 7)
8 Certainly not the first number, but the half-size type at heart! (6)
14 Suggests a temporary expedient to round out your store of old wine! (2, 3)
17 A sort of a sort of diary mop, more than several feet long. (9)
19 Right thinking concerning a branch of the family tree. (6)
20 and 28 He's supposed to come along in the operetta. (3, 3, 1, 4)
22 H2O as an example. (7)
23 See 7 down
25 Relieve a worker of what might be cast? (5)
27 Not heavy punishment. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 852

ACROSS: 9 Stargaze; 10 Notion; 11 Dictate; 12 Drifted; 14 Leader; 17 Playable; 20 Report; 24 and 8 A View of Toledo; 26 Sonata; 27 Pondered; 28 Netherlands. DOWN: 2, 22 and 15 Here today and gone tomorrow; 3 Quarter; 4 Eyed; 5 Tantrum; 6 and 1 Out of the question; 13 and 7 Steel strike; 6 Reprehend; 18 Landon; 19 Beneath; 20 Ravenna; 21 Roofed; 23 Grace; 25 Spur.

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When Is Truth?

"Ex-Officers in Defense Jobs Listed by House Group," reads a headline in **The New York Times** of January 18. And beneath there is an Associated Press listing of sundry admirals and generals who have discarded the brass of the military for the gold of private defense industry.

This is old stuff for readers of **The Nation.** For on January 21, 1956 — four years ago almost to the day — we ran precisely such a list under the title "Generals Don't Fade Away." And if the list distributed by the Associated Press was somewhat longer than ours, it simply goes to prove that the trend we pointed out four years ago is still operating in high gear.

For **The Nation** reader, truth almost always comes a little earlier.

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Pie in the Sky

Scramble for the Space Dollar

Carl Dreher

SQUAW VALLEY SNOW JOB

Richard Meister

SUGAR AND SYMPATHY

Congress, Castro and Quotas

Boris C. Swerling

LETTERS

New Look at Castro

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the fine job on "Castro's Cuba," by Robert Taber, in your issue of January 23. It is the greatest article of your many recent greats.

PRESS BROWN

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Taber's article on Cuba was splendid! It does, it does indeed, put the whole story in focus, and with remarkable skill and control—although more perhaps could have been said about the extraordinary character of Castro and his associates.

WALDO FRANK

New York City

Mr. Vidal's Achievement

Dear Sirs: Book reviewing is about as much of an art these days as advertising. But Gore Vidal's review in the January 2 issue of *The Nation* was an honorable—indeed a memorable—exception. Besides attracting the reader with his own evident literary ability, Mr. Vidal engaged the reader's interest in the book under review, the author of the book, and the reviewer himself. I do not mean to imply that book reviewing should become a vehicle for autobiography, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why a review should leave the reader with the impression that it has been untouched by human hand—or heart. Other reviewers—*Nation* reviewers not excepted—would do well to study Mr. Vidal's achievement.

R. D. LAKIN
Kansas State College

Pittsburg, Kan.

Seminar on Latin America

Dear Sirs: Readers who have followed with appreciation your frequent perceptive articles on Latin America will be interested in an important conference on "A New Look at Latin America" to be held in Cambridge, Mass., February 19 and 20. Among those participating will be Carleton Beals, long-time authority in this field and a contributor to *The Nation;* Lincoln Gordon, professor of International Economic Relations at Harvard and a member of the Ford Foundation Mission to Latin America in 1959; Charles Griffin, of Vassar College, authority on the social and cultural history of Latin America; Congressman Charles O. Porter of Oregon, and Ambassador Vicente Sanchez Gavito, representative from Mexico to the Organization of American States.

We would be happy to send a detailed program of the conference to anyone writing us at P.O. Box 247, Cambridge 38, Mass. Registration for adults is $3.00; for students, $1.50.

RUSSELL JOHNSON
Peace Education Secretary
American Friends Service Committee

Moment of Truth

Dear Sirs: J. David Singer's article, "Surprise Attack: Fear Could Pull the Trigger," in your issue of January 30, struck me as so true and important that I would like very much to obtain reprints to distribute among my friends.

WALTON H. CRAIG

Jamaica, N.Y.

Extra copies of the issue containing Mr. Singer's article are available at moderate cost. Requests should be addressed to The Nation.—ED.

The Cause Is Just

Dear Sirs: The New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment will be in the midst of the fight to get bills against capital punishment passed by the New York State Legislature this year. We are hampered by lack of funds, among other things. New members and/or contributions are always welcome. Since we do not have tax-exempt status, we must rely on relatively small contributions from as many people as we can reach.

Information can be obtained at and contributions mailed to: New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment, 2 West 64th Street, New York 23, N.Y.

JAMES B. OSGOOD, Secretary

Wrong Question

Dear Sirs: David Cort, in his "In Search of Athens, U.S.A." (Jan. 23 issue) lists the twenty colleges and universities most successful in preparing students to get advance degrees in science.

Mr. Cort belittles this criterion of their candidacy for the academic Acropolis because "not one Ivy League school is on the entire list." I happen to teach mathematics at one of the colleges so unceremoniously ditched. My conviction is that the logical question suggested by the facts is "Are the Ivy League schools doing their share in producing scientists?" and not "Is this a fair criterion?"

The author seems to place great stock in the number of books in Ivy libraries. I suggest that in addition Mr. Cort should find out how many are actually read and digested by Ivy League students.

I would suggest that perhaps a disproportionate number of Ivy League undergraduates have drifted into the fields of stock manipulation and Madison Avenue sloganeering—but all too few into the fields of basic science, engineering and moral philosophy.

C. E. DENNY
Central College

Fayette, Mo.

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Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

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The Nation, Feb. 13, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 7

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 7

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Eisenhower and Other Generals

General Eisenhower is the ninth general to occupy the Presidential office, and probably the first to encounter recurrent difficulties with his military brethren. During his predecessors' terms, the country's defense was not a major or continuing problem. In other countries the military have constituted a more dangerous force: aside from Latin America, in France General de Gaulle has had his difficulties with the Army, and the end is not yet. It may well be that President Eisenhower's successors will also be under the necessity of carrying on a running controversy with disaffected officers.

The President has not gone out of his way to court trouble; on the contrary, he tried hard to avoid it. Mr. Truman's Joint Chiefs of Staff, headed by General Omar N. Bradley, had become obnoxious to certain leading Republicans, in particular Senator Robert A. Taft. Senator Taft did not precisely appoint the new Joint Chiefs, but the list was submitted to him and he approved the appointees. In this manner President Eisenhower showed his awareness of the mischief inherent in an enormous military budget, the classic insatiability of admirals and generals, and the alliances that are inevitably formed between dissatisfied commanders and Congressional partisans.

Admiral Arthur W. Radford became head of the new Joint Chiefs, and General Matthew B. Ridgway represented the Army. Within two years, General Ridgway was beating his breast before Congressional committees and crying that General Eisenhower's manpower cuts jeopardized national security. When the President persisted in his course (which, by special divine dispensation, has not brought about the predicted disaster), General Ridgway resigned and wrote *Soldier*. He made a charge which has since become familiar through reiteration — that not military considerations, but economic and political ones, dominate Executive policy in regard to the country's security. Less than three years later, Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, the Army's chief of research, likewise resigned in protest against Administration policy and likewise vented his patriotic fears in print: his book was called *War and Peace in the Space Age*.

In the meantime, General Eisenhower had appointed Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor as Army Chief of Staff, possibly in the hope that a scholarly general might be less precipitate in his reactions. The hope, if such it was, proved vain; General Taylor's book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, is even now vying with works on the woes of the suburbs and the proper feeding of dogs. Still more topically, Maj. Gen. John M. Medaris, commander of the Army Ordnance Missile Command, has just resigned, amid the tears of the former German rocket scientists who served under him, and everybody takes it for granted that in due course of time *he* will blast General Eisenhower with yet another book. Nor are future candidates for auctorial laurels lacking. Generals Thomas D. White, Thomas S. Power and Bernard A. Schriever, all of the Air Force, are standing in line.

It does not seem, however, that our Army, Navy and Air Force will ever be as much of a pain in the body politic as the Army alone has been in France. At any rate, General Eisenhower has done his best to avert such an affliction. He has met all comers, defeated each in turn, and perhaps not even read their books with the care they deserve. It is a good augury for the future of democracy.

The Mysterious M. de Gaulle

Paris

The Fascist insurrection at Algiers petered out almost as suddenly as it had started, with several of the insurgent leaders brought to Paris and interned in Santé prison. How did it all happen so quickly? Some reasons are clear; others less so. The clear reasons: the insurrection had aroused French metropolitan opinion much more effectively than it had done in May, 1958, when the issue had been complicated by de Gaulle himself. Secondly—and most important—the Moslem population of Algeria absolutely refused to have anything to do with the revolt, and the conscript part of the French Algerian forces was, in the main, hostile to it.

But why did the professional soldiers, who had fraternized with the insurgents, finally "rally to de Gaulle"? Perhaps the answer lies in de Gaulle's broadcast of Jan. 29, in which he made two concessions to the Army: (1) he promised that there would be no political discussions with the leaders of the Algerian rebels, and (2) the voting on Algerian self-determination would be supervised by the Army. Do these promises mean that the projected Algerian referendum will prove to be a farce like the Algerian elections in the fall of 1958?

Such questions trouble forward-looking French opinion. And de Gaulle's assumption of plenary powers adds to the vexing nature of developments. It has been suggested, in behalf of de Gaulle, that he needs the powers because a really big Fascist plot was originally planned for April, and that the Algerian uprising was a premature manifestation; thus, it is said, the President's objective is to purge the Army and his administration of all involved in the projected April insurrection. But if de Gaulle has asked for what amounts to dictatorial powers to clean up the Right, why, during the week of the insurrection, did his government seize not only several Fascist journals, but also a number of left-wing newspapers which had opposed the *ultras*?

In general, the Left supported de Gaulle as the defender of France against the open Fascist revolt of the Algerian *ultras*. As a defender of true democracy in metropolitan France, and of the policy of genuine self-determination in Algeria, French liberals remain suspicious of him.—Alexander Werth.

Certain Allies, Such As . . .

Last summer *The Nation* [issues of July 4 and July 18, 1959] demurred editorially against the proposed agreements to furnish nuclear information and materials to West Germany and other NATO countries. Seven Representatives likewise demurred, with their votes, and some forty others abstained from voting. The bill passed, of course; anything that is touted as contributing to national security is a sure thing in Congress. Thus another link was added to the long chain of hypocrisy and subterfuge with which this Administration and its predecessors have handled the problem of furnishing nuclear weapons to our allies. At the outset, in the face of all technological experience, Congress in its collective wisdom held that nuclear know-how must remain forever American: not a word was to be breathed to even our closest ally, Britain.

But incredibly, the Russians came up with atomic weapons on their own and even beat us in the race for a transportable thermonuclear weapon. Once more the Congress drew on its statesmanlike resources and agreed to share certain "secrets" with countries that already had nuclear capability, i.e., Great Britain. Next the circle of the elect was enlarged to all of NATO, but only as far as information was concerned. Congress decreed that the weapons themselves, though based on foreign soil, were not to leave American hands.

The military absurdity of a law which ostensibly kept the warheads, which might be needed in fifteen minutes, in a kind of safe deposit vault, at length became evident. Now the Administration proposes that we give to "certain allies" such nuclear weapons as are already possessed by the Soviet Union. Thus the military pressures have prevailed, but the hypocrisy remains. Britain of course would receive the nuclear arsenal — *de facto* she already has it. The newspapers also point out that the proposed change in the law would enable the United States to supply France with nuclear information and weapons, thus placating General de Gaulle. They even mention the likelihood that nuclear missiles will be placed in the custody of Turkey and Italy, which have shown such warm hospitality toward our IRBM installations. But, from newspaper comment, no one would ever suspect that West Germany is in line not only for American nuclear assistance, but in the not distant future for a nuclear industry of its own. It is a German proverb that he who says A, must say B. The godly West Germans, the "dike against Bolshevism" as Mr. Adenauer calls them, will be among the "certain allies" to whom we will give our nuclear all.

Speak Out, Men!

A score of independent-minded Americans appeared briefly last month on a British commercial television program called "We Dissent." The views of these Americans—the group included Norman Mailer, Robert Hutchins, Alger Hiss, J. Kenneth Galbraith, Dalton Trumbo, Jules Feiffer, Norman Thomas, Mort Sahl, C. Wright Mills—were taped by Kenneth Tynan on a recent cross-country trip.

The stunt was clever journalism, and excited the English, who have been taught that dissent has all but disappeared from the United States. Unfortunately, the statements made by these self-styled mavericks will do little to change that view. Almost without exception, they employed the time given them not to dissent, but to complain that the opportunity and courage for dissent have vanished from the American scene.

Here at home, this is not news. There perhaps has never been a time in this country when more men and women have arisen in public to protest against the absence of protest in the society around them. Far from there being no voice of dissent, it sometimes sounds as though that voice were outcrying all the others. But for the most part it is just crying.

Men of the stamp of those whom Tynan interviewed do not lack courage, and there is little substance to the complaint that there is no platform for their views. This magazine will accommodate them, for example, and there are a dozen others that will do the same. There are radio stations that will air their voices and newspapers that will quote their statements. But these outlets, they will complain, are not the channels of mass communication, they do not command the believing millions held in thrall by the Luce complex and the television networks. Of course not. Dissent is not a mass phenomenon—there is no such thing as a *nation* of dissenters—and our protesting prophets have themselves been caught in the fallacy that the only success is a high Hooper rating. In fact, our minority today is as noisy as any, and brilliantly successful at spreading the news that the truth is going unspoken. Now that we are listening, what is it that cries to be said?

Show of the Week

The show of the week — in politics, that is — was unquestionably a high comedy entitled "Watch on the Hudson," starring Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York, supported by sundry bit players, script by aides unknown. With scandals bursting to the right of him, and to the left of him, in fact all about him, the intrepid Mayor — characterized by *Fortune* in its current special issue on New York as "an amiable, well-informed, and hard-working (if somewhat disorganized) executive" — has at long last provided New Yorkers with a rationale for the city's "shame." And it must be admitted that the Mayor and his aides have come up with a nifty. The "shame" of New York, a special city committee on corruption gravely assures Mr. Wagner, is attributable to "the age-old and ever-present possibility of corrupt alliances between members of the public and city employees" (no intermediaries are mentioned). The Mayor's committee is "firmly convinced" that if New York's eight million citizens would cease to offer bribes to municipal employees, "corruption could be stamped out in short order." It is as hard to quarrel with this so-gravely-put proposition as it was to dissent from Mr. Coolidge's dictum: "When large numbers of men are out of work, unemployment results."

But the Mayor must realize that the rationale offered by his committee can only strike the average citizen as being extremely droll. For if Mr. Wagner wanted to guard against the recurrent scandals which are making a shambles of his second administration, he should first of all liberate himself from the python grip of a wildly corrupt Democratic political machine known to the average citizen, if not to him, as Tammany Hall. It would not, of course, be an easy task, but he could make a start by simply demanding the resignation of Carmine De Sapio as Democratic leader.

SCRAMBLE FOR THE SPACE DOLLAR

PIE IN THE SKY . . *by Carl Dreher*

With this article Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, continues his survey for The Nation *of the political and social implications of the technological-arms race (see* The Nation *for Nov. 16, 1957; Feb. 1, 1958; Sept. 6, 1958; Dec. 13, 1958; May 9, 1959; June 20, 1959). — Ed.*

THE Aerospace Industries Association represents, in its own words, "the designers, developers and manufacturers of aircraft, spacecraft, their propulsion, navigational and guidance systems and their components." This takes in practically everything needed to get around the galaxy, whereas only a year ago they modestly called themselves the Aircraft Industries Association and, even more modestly, "tin knockers." The primary reason for the transformation is that in 1959 the government spent about $11 billion for aircraft, missiles and spacecraft; in 1960 it will spend about the same, but aircraft will be about a billion less and missiles and spacecraft about a billion more.

A billion, though only 2.2 per cent of the defense budget, is still a bit of money and, shifted this way or that, can spell prosperity for one company, distress for another, with corresponding gyrations in careers and livelihoods. In space, however, the opportunities are magnificent and easily outweigh any temporary inconvenience or hardship, especially when endured by others. The opportunities will not be overlooked and if the Eisenhower Administration expects to hold the line on that $41 billion (really $45 billion) defense budget, it had better be prepared for a stepped-up barrage from the aerospace industry and its coadjutors in the services (especially the Air Force) and, of course, from the Democrats.

A few preliminary shots have already been fired. On December 21, 1959, Richard Witkin, *The New York Times*' technological scout, decried the notion that space exploration was a matter of national prestige rather than military urgency. In a dissertation decorated with the handsome features of the Air Force's most photographed officer, Lieut. Gen. Bernard A. Schriever, Witkin described Project Midas, for which the Air Force holds out high hopes. Midas is an infra-red or heat-ray detector carried into a 1,600-mile orbit by a Discoverer rocket. Once aloft and "rotating anxiously in space," the detector, it is hoped, will pick up the exhaust of a Soviet rocket a minute or so after it leaves the pad. By means of an array of other instruments, it will transmit this information to a ground station, and also give a rough idea of where the missile is headed, so that our newest and most powerful radars ($400 million apiece when they are operational in 1962) will be able to find and track it. The President of the United States will then have "precious time to study the situation and decide what to do"—twenty-nine minutes, not allowing for time elapsing between Midas' pick-up and getting the President's attention in Washington, Augusta, Paris or Moscow, or wherever he may be. Still, twenty-nine minutes is better than the fifteen minutes' warning of the unassisted long-range radar, and should be worth a few hundred extra millions.

Two weeks later (January 5, 1960), the same reporter made the front page of the *Times* with Project Samos, a happy combination of provocation and profit. Instead of waiting for the Soviets to launch missiles at us, Samos carries the reconnaissance war to the Soviets. Rotating in a polar orbit, camera-carrying satellites will crisscross the Soviet Union, taking pictures which will be ejected from orbit in capsules and perhaps be recovered. Thus, with a certain amount of luck, the United States will have photographs of all Soviet rocket installations (at least of those they haven't buried or camouflaged). Witkin relays the complaint of "alarmed high-level planners" that the program is being retarded by what seems to retard all space programs—lack of funds. Only $300 million will have been spent on Samos when the 1960 fiscal year ends on June 30.

Both Midas and Samos are Lockheed projects. Convair has not been favored with such breaks from the *Times* but, under government contract, is planning an as yet unchristened system which, if anything can stagger the modern imagination, will surely stagger it. Where Midas and Samos contemplate a dozen or so satellites to do their modest little job, Convair is thinking in terms of 500, and not just "recon" satellites either. Some or all will be prepared to deal summarily with Soviet missiles, instead of keeping the President on five-minute alert. The alternative functions for these self-assertive satellites will be "confusion capability" (also known as "spoofing") and "destruction capability." A satellite (or missile) endowed with "confusion capability" emits signals calculated to deceive the hostile missile's guidance system and deflect it from its target. (Of course, the hostile missile is likewise sowing confusion.) "Destruction capability" involves arming the satellite with a missile of its own with which to bring down the Soviet missile, presumably by infra-red homing on the rocket exhaust. The satellite itself might be hydrogen war-headed to make a Kamikaze-like attack on the enemy missile. This type of defense is under a $600,000 "detailed study" contract by the Radio Corporation of America. It may be that by 1965, the hopeful target date for these marvels, the Russians will have ICBMs that will fly a zigzag course, or veer from the ballistic path predicted by radar. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Moonstruck Missiles

ALL THESE are earthbound schemes and rather too conservative for the more advanced conquistadors of space. For some years the Air Force has been planning to establish a manned missile base on the moon. Recently its director of advanced technology, Brig. Gen. Homer A. Boushey, declared that the United States must own the moon because, being "high ground," it dominates the earth. He pointed out that from the moon missiles could be launched (once you were up there with the necessary equipment) with only 20 per cent of the thrust required on the earth. The moon garrison would then track and guide the missile to its earthly target. Possible complications can be envisioned, but these don't faze the aerospace industry, which tends to like an idea in direct proportion to its potential complexities.

Not all the experts are as sanguine about the military potentialities of space as Generals Schriever and Boushey and the well-publicized scientists and engineers of the aerospace corporations. There is a certain amount of silent skepticism, even in the Air Force and among Air Force suppliers. It seems unlikely that the Russian recipients of Boushey's moon-to-earth projectiles (or we, should the Russians get there first—which is unfortunately conceivable on the basis of cislunar and translunar navigation to date) will wait patiently for the monster to descend on them. The warning time will be much greater than Midas' twenty-nine minutes, and Mr. Khrushchev, or his successor, or Mr. Eisenhower's successor, will be able to confer with his technical advisers in rather leisurely fashion. As the projectile leaves the vicinity of the moon and approaches the earth, it will become ever more difficult for the moon-based garrison to give it effective guidance; conversely, it will become easier for their earth-based opponents to take countermeasures. The latter might even be able to deflect the missile from its original target and plump it down on the country which had sent its scientists and astronauts all the way to the moon to launch it. Such a diversion might convey a valuable moral lesson to all concerned.

Directly contrary to an impression which appears to be gaining currency, time and space have not been annihilated. If one wishes to strike a spot on the earth and another spot on the earth is available for firing, why, at great expense, effort and risk, go out into space? Suppose we reverse the sequence—assume that the earth has been bombed heretofore only from space ships or the moon, and means were devised for using the earth itself as a base. Would it not be hailed as a great improvement, as superior as nuclear explosives over TNT? If General Boushey did it, his place in military annals might be more secure than it appears to be on the basis of his present contributions.

Vice Admiral John T. Hayward, the chief of naval research and development, exemplifies this anti-space attitude. "Who's kidding whom?" he asks. "Space is a place, not a program! What is the military interest in great rockets and huge boosters? What do you do after you get there? What is the need for such a 'way-out' military space program if we can do better close to earth? Before there can be any real military mission in space, it must be proved the job can be done better than in the atmosphere."

Spaceman's Troubles

MEN ARE going into space, but it does seem that the first ones to get there will have their hands full to keep themselves alive and observe what is observable, with instruments and their unaided senses. They will not control space, launch bombs, or engage in any of the noble destructive activities dear to the military soul. Combat in space is conceivable; in human affairs no folly is ruled out. But the odds against this particular folly are long, at least in the calculable future. Combat, like love, requires a certain margin of safety before it can be essayed. First the environment must be mastered, and this particular environment is only in the study stage.

Clumsy Vehicles

AMONG civilian skeptics on the utility of space vehicles for bombing are the eighteen members of the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. James R. Killian, who discussed the subject in an *Introduction to Outer Space,* issued on March 26, 1958. The committee granted that unforeseeable military applications might be developed, but concluded that satellite and moon-based bombers were "clumsy and ineffective ways" of doing the job. It is impossible to "drop" a bomb from a satellite; since the satellite is itself falling (orbiting is a form of falling), the bomb will simply travel with it and, if detonated, will blow up the satellite. One must propel the bomb away from the satellite into a path which will lead it to the target. But this requires a large amount of propellent, which means a bigger booster to get the satellite and bomb into orbit, and far higher accuracy of aim than the most sophisticated controls now available can provide. For similar inconvenient physical reasons, embodied in Newton's laws of motion, a satellite, tearing along at five miles per second, is one of the least maneuverable vehicles conceivable. Prof. S. F. Singer ("The Use and Uselessness of Outer Space," *The Reporter,* June 11, 1959) has calculated that five orbital changes of only 10 degrees each would use up about as much energy as it took to send the satellite into orbit.

But while it is hard to do anything from a satellite and thus to "control" space from such vehicles, it is not as hard to prevent someone else from exercising control, since the satellite itself is quite vulnerable. It moves in a predictable course and is more susceptible to radiation damage than a ground target, because of the absence of an atmosphere. A two-megaton bomb in the vacuum of space, or on the moon, will produce lethal radiation dosage over a sphere of as much as a hundred-mile radius. This alone should give pause to the D'Artagnans of space. A manned satellite, or an enclosure on the moon, must be airtight and the least puncture will disable it. Singer is similarly bearish on the use of satellites for reconnaissance. He points out that camouflage and decoys would be effective against a spy satellite. As for putting men in orbit, the Russians are likely to do it before we can but, whoever does it, the military significance will probably prove to be so slight that it would not be worth while to shoot them down. "Probably," Singer concludes, "man's real function in space is simply to explore the universe he lives in."

Dr. John R. Pierce is director of communications-principles research for Bell Telephone Laboratories. In this department, he deals with radio, electronics, acoustics, vision, mathematics and group behavior. In "The Dream World of Space" (*Stimulus,* Scientific Research Publishing Company, Chicago, 1960), he complains that "when corny and long-disproven fallacies of space travel appear and reappear in seemingly respectable newspapers and journals, no one so much as lifts an eyebrow. Indeed, the way to fame appears to be the propagation of the big error, and a fantastic story suffers only from the competition of one still more fantastic." He then takes apart space travel at the speed of light, which is discussed in some of the trade papers as if it were just around the corner, and a few other pop-eyed projects. He doesn't think much of manned space vehicles either. Even modern manned aircraft travel so fast that a pilot can't detect, much less shoot down, an enemy aircraft without the most elaborate electronic aids. But these vehicles are slow compared with spacecraft. In space, ultra-advanced guidance, beyond anything we now have, will be necessary just to get from one place to another. "All we need to louse things up completely," Pierce suggests, "is a skilled space pilot with his hands itching for the controls."

The real need, in Pierce's estimation, is improvement in the reliability of conventional intercontinental missiles. Even if they are as accurate as President Eisenhower says the Atlas is, their failure rate is terrible and that is what the engineers should be working on. "From a military point of view," Pierce asks, "who wouldn't give away all the rest of space if only he could have twice as many reliable intercontinental missiles as any potential enemy?"

At the American Rocket Society's convention in November, 1959, G. P. Sutton, chief scientist of the Advanced Research Products Agency, suggested that the Soviet military space effort might be only a very minor one. He noted that the Russians had not launched any satellites since May 1958, that they had little need for spy, reconnaissance or communications satellites, and that they would probably concentrate on "scientific exploration and the psychological-political effects that accompany new space achievements." For our part, therefore, "military space vehicles should not be as urgent as intercontinental ballistic missiles, Polaris submarines or new anti-tank weapons."

The Aerospace 'Personality'

YET THE warnings of national ruin if we don't beat the Russians into space grow louder and louder. Congress is in session and the public, being told over and over again that it has reason to be agitated, may finally supply the popular demand for all-out spending which the aerospace industry yearns for. We have seen that scientific opinion is divided, to say the least, on the military value of space exploration, but nothing critical ever filters down to the public. It is time, then, to ask some questions. What were the space salesmen of today saying and doing five, ten years ago? If their prescience is so great, why are we behind in space? Why is there a "missile gap," not only the publicized one in ICBMs, but at all ranges? According to the noted military commentator, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Retired), General Lauris Norstad lies sleepless at night because the Russians "have hundreds of [400-1,100 mile] missiles zeroed in on NATO's bases, troop concentrations and infrastructure facilities," while Norstad has nothing to fire back with. Why? Where did the money go—over $38 billion on missile projects since World War II? How much credence should we give to the fantasies, prophecies and extrapolations of Air Force and aerospace spokesmen, when these conditions must be at least partly the fault of organizations that are still charged with responsibility for the expenditure of enormous sums and the incurring of grandiose risks?

These are not rhetorical questions, nor are they unanswerable. When one studies the record, one begins to see that the aerospace personality, so to speak, has marked schizoid tendencies, with part of it taking off into the science-fiction realm and another part clinging to the techniques of the past. They profit both ways. Their earnings would be less if they confined themselves to the possible and phased out faster on the obsolescent. Admittedly, the choices are not always easy, and to stay in the middle ground, in which you are not left behind by the competition on the one hand or indulging in fantasy on the other, requires constant and often painful readjustment. But for this there is no help, nor should this particular field be exempted from the long-accepted standards of scientific technology merely because it is relatively new. A certain level of insight, foresight and probity is required of the professional. Lacking it, he has no title to the name, the honors, distinctions and rewards, and the power to dispose of the lives and fortunes of his countrymen.

One cause of our difficulties is that in the early stages of aerospace development the Air Force and its suppliers bet on the wrong vehicle, the Russians on the right one. The error, per se, may be condoned. Anyone with experience in industry is slow to criticize the technical mistakes of engineers and administrators. He can remember a few of his own, unless—the greatest mistake of all—he never took a chance. All that can be expected of a healthy technology is that it should not persist in its errors.

Yet this is precisely what the aerospace industry has done and, as far as possible, is still doing. At the outset, the principal weight of deterrence was thrown on the manned bomber, partly as a result of an overestimate of Soviet strength in this type of weapon. Nevertheless there were—there are even now—arguments in favor of manned bombers. But then, in the missile field, the Air Force invested heavily in airborne, air-breathing types, such as Navaho and Snark, aptly called "semi-missiles." These had all the faults of the airplane—low speed and vulnerability to interception and anti-aircraft fire—except that, lacking a crew, they were expendable. But here also engineers and administrators have a defense which is at least half-valid. If the air-breathing missile has the demerits of the airplane, it also has its merits: in particular, ability to carry a heavy load. When nuclear bombs were very heavy, the pilotless airplane seemed to be the only answer to the delivery problem. The inexcusable mistake, and the culpability, lay in continuing the development and manufacture of these weapons after it was clear that the bombs could be lightened to such an extent that the ballistic missile would inevitably win out. It had the necessary carrying capacity and a tremendous advantage in speed.

But the aerospace industry, which was then mainly the airplane industry, clung to its aerodynamic techniques and its sure profits (while constantly complaining the profits were too small) and the Air Force played it safe and indulged the industry in its technological lag. Billions of dollars were wasted, and time too, for, as Dr. Pierce says, "Every dollar foolishly spent ties up the time of someone who might be making a contribution to national defense."

Brothers Under the Skin

REMARKING on our tendency to procrastination, General John B. Medaris declares, "We seem to lack faith in the resiliency of our economic system." The underlying truth is more doleful. The manufacture of armaments under the free-enterprise system is a dual-purpose activity, the avowed aim of which is national defense while the unavowed aim is to sustain the free-enterprise economy. Silence cloaks unanimity. Every Senator from an airplane-missile-producing state, every Representative from a district in which a single electronics factory is located, acts as a watchdog for the interests of his constituent corporations and their employees. It makes no difference whether he is liberal or conservative, Republican or Democrat: a contract cancellation is like opening one of his arteries. Likewise, labor and management may fight on other issues, but when it comes to government business they are brothers under the skin. Whether the equipment is useful or useless is not their concern. A plant might be turning out an item which is already being sold as surplus; no matter, it makes work and profits.

A partial explanation of this phenomenon is that everyone assumes that the weapons thus ambivalently produced are intended for use only in the war of test and demonstration which, it is hoped, will by tacit agreement of the contestants be kept from flaring into the war of combat. Thus, when a weapon development fails, it has still been a partial success. As long as its inefficacy remained unproved, it served its turn in the war of test and demonstration, it generated employment and profits, and in almost all cases it reproduced itself in more complex and expensive form before dying. There is no call for the generals, businessmen, legislators and labor-union officials who stayed with it to the end to feel any pangs of remorse, and they don't.

Ride of the Valkyrie

THE CURRENT example of trying to be the last to set the old aside is the B-70, a proposed 2,000 mile-per-hour (Mach 3) bomber which the Air Force had selected to replace its present generation of manned bombers. Like the defunct Navaho, the B-70 was a development of North American Aviation. Never did a non-existent aircraft enjoy a better press. In 1958, an editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, after extended briefing by the Strategic Air Command, wrote an article entitled, "Who Says Pilots Are Obsolete?" He asked a subsidiary question, "Does the intercontinental ballistic missile have a future?" and concluded that it did, but so did the manned bomber, and in particular the B-70, "the plane that has all SAC men clucking. . . . Here is a bomber so fantastic in concept that mere words cannot do it justice." The words were nevertheless poured out. North American's public-relations department sponsored a contest among SAC officers and airmen at bases all over the world to name the upcoming aircraft, which were to cost, when in production, $50 million apiece. Among 20,235 entries, Valkyrie was finally chosen. Valkyrie continued to get good publicity until she was ungallantly cut back and stretched out by the Department of Defense on December 1, 1959, after $550 million had been appropriated for her (all of which has been, or will be, spent, together with $75 million in fiscal 1961 and probable further funding in later years).

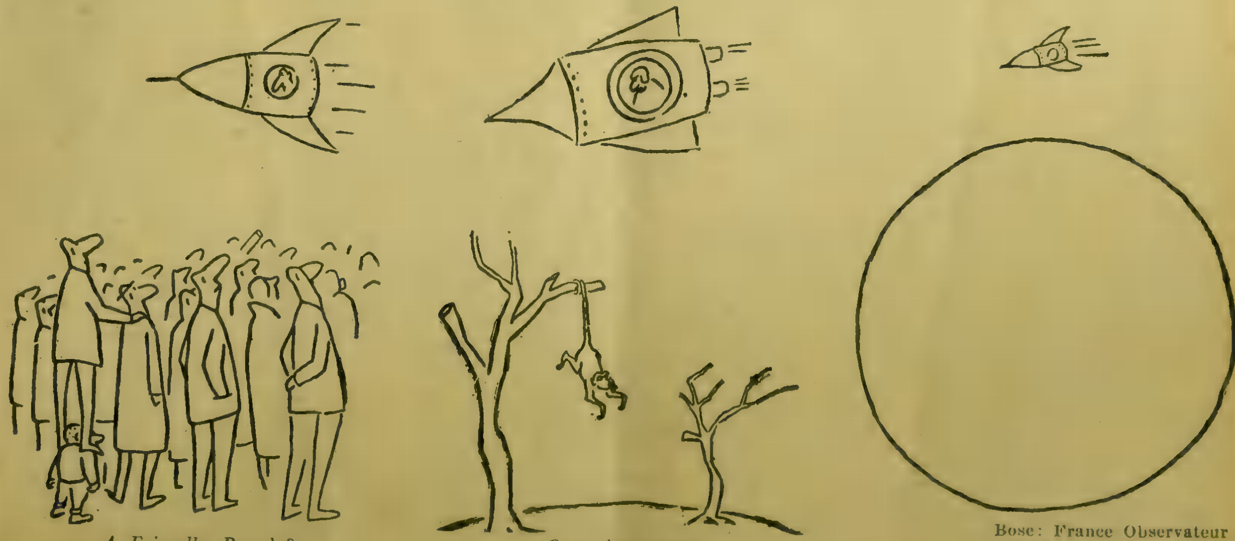
In Pentagon parlance, to "stretch out" a program means that, not daring to cancel it, you keep on spending at a reduced rate. To "cut back" is to reduce the amount of the order which you should have canceled a year or two ago. In Valkyrie's case, the cut-back meant that North American would build two prototypes instead of the thirteen which had been planned. It also meant that North American itself would do much work that had been subcontracted.

Cancellations of something like $100 million followed, with more to come. In Seattle, where Boeing, preparing to build Valkyrie wings under a $200 million subcontract, faced cancellation, Senator Henry M. Jackson issued his usual statement: "This is another example of reducing our security for purely budgetary reasons." California's Senator Clair Engle likewise foresaw "grave consequences for national security." There were repercussions all over the country among major subcontractors and innumerable sub-subcontractors.

But it did not seem that North American, although it immediately released 2,000 employees at its main plant in Hawthorne, California, would suffer too grievously. Its sales in the current fiscal year are expected to top $1 billion, its last-year profit after taxes was almost $31 million, its backlog was over $660 million. Nor did it take the Department of Defense's action very seriously. On Christmas Eve, it ran half-page newspaper advertisements extolling SAC and "SAC's B-70 Valkyrie multipurpose bomber, a 2,000-mph manned weapon system with global striking power." The Air Force and the rest of the industry were likewise skeptical or recalcitrant. General Thomas D. White, Air Force chief of staff, announced his intention of testifying "honestly and according to my convictions" in his forthcoming appearances before Congressional committees. Valkyrie may have life in her yet.

If this aircraft could be operational this year or next, there might be some argument in favor of production, but by 1967, when it might be combat-ready in significant numbers, ballistic missiles will have eclipsed bombers entirely. There is, to be sure, another point on the side of continuing research and, if possible, salvaging the more than half-billion already committed. With some modification, the B-70 will make a Mach 3 airliner capable of carrying eighty passengers from New York to London in about an hour and a half. Very well: if we really have a free-enterprise system, let the airliner be developed by the airline and airplane industries. Of course, we haven't a free-enterprise system: we have a government-subsidized private-profit system, and the aerospace industry has neither the money nor the inclination to embark on an enterprise of this magnitude. Since the transport should be built (the Russians will build one and probably before we do), the necessary funds should be included in the federal budget—and identified for what they are, not camouflaged under military necessity. The accepted practice has been for the aircraft manufacturers to profit by de-

What Will We See When We Reach the Moon?



A Friendly People? *Our Ancestors?* *Nothing?*

Bose: France Observateur

veloping military aircraft at government expense, then to profit again by building them (largely with government financing, tools and materials), then to share in the operational experience gained by these aircraft in military service, then to profit a third time by selling the civilian versions of the same aircraft to the airlines, and to continue to profit by selling spare parts for the entire life cycle of both civil and military versions. This arrangement may no longer be feasible in its full beauty and perfection.

The Lure of Space

NONE THE LESS, the days ahead can be pleasant for the aerospace boys, both in and out of military service. Space projects are a perfect solution for an economy suffering from a deficiency of mass purchasing power and seeking new outlets for capital investment—conditioned, of course, on government sharing without government ownership. Where once military necessity was confined to defense against physical assault, now it takes in technological prestige, of which the present focal point is the space race. The magnitude of space spending is limited, in theory, only by the national resources and the proportion of them the taxpayers refuse to divert from gracious living. If they were patriotic enough, the entire national economy could be reduced to a subsistence level and the balance shot off into space. Unlike terrestrial projects, space has no technological limits. All space projects are difficult and hence expensive. Many border on the impossible and can be realized only by pushing outwards the boundaries of the existing art in computation, propellent chemistry, telecommunications, metallurgy and numerous other technologies. Still other projects, presently in the study stage, may actually be impossible, but they nevertheless have a good chance of getting the green light. Opposition is difficult; in a time of technological frenzy even the normally level-headed individual tends to be frenetic with the others. Everyone agrees that we are trying to pursue too many space projects, but nobody wants to sacrifice his own or to give up any funds. In sum, every space system is a package in which national security, which may be illusory, and profits and careers, which are real, lodge snugly together. To make a dent in a setup of this sort is like trying to cut down a sequoia with a hatchet.

The ordinary rules of business, in which some sort of relationship exists between what you pay and what you get, are irrelevant in the space race. Take the "exotic" fuels. A gallon of petroleum-based jet fuel costs the government about 20 cents. A gallon of some "zip" fuel may deliver 40 per cent more energy. The cost—in quantity production—may be $50 a gallon. The energy yield has been multiplied by a factor of 1.4, the cost by a factor of 250. Yet the government and industry—mostly, of course, the government—have poured hundreds of millions into research on exotic fuels and, given the premises of the arms race—that it is a race for national survival and of good against evil—who will cavil at the expense? Once this belief has been sufficiently drummed into the population, the merchants of space may face the future without fear.

But the country may not fare as well. I am not one of those who are convinced that we must win the space race to survive. If I were, I would be exceedingly pessimistic, for it seems to me that the administrative confusion and general inefficiency which have marked the aerospace program are inherent in the free-enterprise system (as construed by those presently running it) and hence are incurable without a drastic and unlikely overhaul.

The Russians' Troubles

THIS IS not to say that the Russians are invincible and will win every round. They have their troubles, too: never doubt it. But it may well be that for the purpose in hand the defects of their system are less retardative than the defects of ours, and that their virtues are more propulsive than our virtues. Exhortation has very slight effect in such circumstances. The circumstances themselves are not brought sharply into focus, because of the idiotic assumption that the way to preserve the system is never to question its principles or criticize its practices.

A single factor, such as the interaction between profit-motivated suppliers and the military, scientific and administrative government bureaucracy, may in itself constitute a severe handicap. It is no less debilitating when some petty functionary exacts the last ounce of flesh and blood from some small contractor as when the contractor, big or small, succeeds in cutting a corner. When it involves suspicion, ignorance and buck-passing on the part of high-level bureaucrats banded together in interlocked agencies, departments, committees and councils, it is known in the present context as the "space maze." It is said that sixty-one governmental groups are concerned with the space and missiles effort. But there are sound as well as unsound reasons for the tiers of decision-makers and decision-avoiders in the Pentagon. The most able people tend to go into business. If one of them accepts a two-year tour as Secretary of Defense, everyone feels he has done his duty. At lower but still important levels, if a man is third-rate, or merely lacking in specialized knowledge, he necessarily takes more time and needs more corroboration. Nor are the delays entirely unconnected with the fact that the Pentagon is beset, within and without, by the snake-oil salesmen of space, and that a sizable proportion of contractors are prepared to swindle the government at every opportunity and—as the reports of the General Accounting Office attest—often succeed. A cheek-by-jowl relationship between the suppliers and the military men who depend on them for holidays in the Bahamas, sports cars with blonde chauffeurs in Las Vegas, and other perquisites of rank, is even less conducive to efficiency than the obstructive caution and negativism of some government agencies.

Some improvement in the over-all efficiency of aerospace development might be effected by curbing the expansionism of the military, the Air Force in particular. The Air Force was opposed to sharing space with the National Aeronautics and Space Agency and tried to keep so many projects that a spokesman for the National Advisory Council for Aeronautics, NASA's predecessor body, remarked that "the only thing left for a civilian agency is the production of butter for the Navy." General Schriever said that a civilian agency should be limited to research and in particular to projects that might be classified as "screwball—long-range non-military projects that the Defense Department might be criticized for attempting." Since, in recent months, NASA has been given more funds and scope, the Air Force is described as increasingly restive under White House directives, and of course it is not without friends in Congress.

Space and Sanity

TO THE EXTENT that we need to have a space program, it should be turned over entirely to NASA, as advocated by Dr. William H. Pickering, director of the California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratories. Since there is no valid reason for a major military space program, the Air Force should not be allowed to undertake one on its own initiative. The Administration has, on the whole, done a good job in controlling the military, but constant vigilance is called for, particularly where the Air Force is concerned. For example, it is reported in the trade press that the Air Force, although it is represented in the inter-service group of astronauts of the NASA Mercury training program, is engaged in training its own group in a parallel program. For its part, the Air Force accuses the Navy of "bleeding out" information on Air Force space projects, such as the Dyna-Soar manned space bomber, with the intention of carrying on a rival program. Maybe so, but the truth is they will all bear watching, and the Air Force not least.

In general, the military are usurpers in the numerous fields of technology in which they have succeeded in establishing themselves. It is as if the state executioner pressed for appointment as head of the state police while continuing to hang or electrocute miscreants. He might conceivably be qualified, but one job is enough. There are many capable and ambitious men in the military services, but if they want to do something else, let them do it in the proper way and place.

At the moment, all the indications are that the best we can hope for in the space race is a draw. It would seem only prudent, therefore, to consider the alternatives. We must not neglect any opportunity to come to terms with the Soviet Union in disarmament negotiations. The only crash program that makes sense is one in the direction of disarmament. One promising avenue of approach would be to try to establish a collaborative relationship between East and West in space exploration and research. The offer of Dr. T. Keith Glennan, head of NASA, to make the United States tracking network available to the Soviet Union for its manned space-flight program—if and when it has one—is a sensible step. The spatial environment is excruciatingly difficult, dangerous and expensive to get into, and even worse to get out of. As to living in it, we have no solid information at all as yet. The astronauts who make the first attempts, whatever their nationality, surely deserve the support of a concerted international effort.

The United Nations General Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution on December 12, 1959, creating a permanent twenty-four-nation committee to encourage and regulate the peaceful uses of outer space. The resolution also authorized an international scientific conference for exchange of "experience," to be held in 1960 or 1961. Such a committee could have been formed a year earlier. The present committee is composed of twelve "Western" nations which were previously appointed to a 1958 *ad hoc* committee, together with the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and three neutrals, India, the United Arab Republic and Sweden. The Soviet Union demanded four seats instead of three for its bloc, and when this was refused, boycotted the committee. The United Arab Republic and India thereupon also withdrew. After a year, a compromise was reached on the basis of the original three Soviet bloc members plus four others—Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania. The neutrals are now five in number, Austria and Lebanon having been added to the original appointees. The twelve "Western" members remain. The West still has a heavy preponderance, since the Soviet bloc can at best achieve a tie vote if all the neutrals vote with it.

Because of the United States' unwillingness to give the Soviet bloc four votes out of a total of nineteen in the *ad hoc* committee, action was stalled for a year. This is an example of how not to behave in the U.N., outer space, or anywhere else. We can no longer rig international committees as if they were quiz shows.

Outside the U.N. there is a newly formed body composed of representatives of national scientific groups. Its purpose is to co-ordinate the exploration of outer space. Known as the Committee on Space Research (COSPAR), it is a successor to the International Council of Scientific Unions, which sponsored the International Geophysical Year. It was first set up in November, 1958, but the Soviet Union demurred at its representation of a single seat among a total of sixteen. A compromise was finally arranged on the basis of an executive bureau with six members, three from the Soviet bloc and three from the West, giving each side veto power over decisions. Again there was unnecessary delay.

The Way Out

THE First International Space Science Symposium took place in Nice, France, January 11-15, under the auspices of COSPAR. A total of more than 100 papers was presented, and 300 persons from seventeen countries participated. The countries included Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, China (Taiwan), Union of South Africa, USSR, United Kingdom and the United States. Among individuals participating were Richard W. Porter, the United States delegate representing our National Academy of Sciences, and sixty-three other Americans, including the Nobel laureates Joshua Lederberg and Harold C. Urey. Daily dispatches from Nice indicated harmony among the participants, despite the presence of the representative from Taiwan.

If such efforts are continued, we may find more in common with the Russians than either they or we suspected. A cooperative effort would give the astronauts a better chance for their lives and have a salutary effect in both camps. The difficulties are great, but the stakes are worth striving for. The Soviets could industrialize more rapidly if they were relieved of some of the burdens of the war of test and demonstration; to that end they might be amenable to disarmament controls and dependable agreements in other areas where interests conflict, or seem to conflict. For our part, we should have to switch our surplus productive capacity from armaments to welfare, but if we succeeded we would be better off both morally and economically. All hands would be tranquilized and find it easier to live together on the same planet which, dull as it it may be, does offer air, food, water and manageable temperatures.

If the pressure to blast off into space were relieved, it would be no calamity for the human race, and even the aerospace people might be happier in the long run. Realistically, what does space offer? Adventure, a new form of sport: exciting, but warranting only a limited budget. Scientific information: likewise of great interest, but we don't have to get it all by 1970. Possibly new raw materials on the moon or Mars, but exploitable only at inordinate expense: no bank would lend a plugged nickel on that prospect. The military potential, as we have seen, is small. The private profits are immoral and demoralizing, and sooner or later will bring on another "merchants of death" revulsion. If any residual capacity for sanity exists among us, now is the time to draw on it.

SQUAW VALLEY SNOW JOB . .

by Richard Meister

Sacramento, Calif.

ANY RESEMBLANCE between California taxpayers and the "peace doves" to be sent aloft to open the Olympic Winter Games February 18 is purely non-coincidental. The uninitiated might even say it's downright intentional.

The birds, it turns out, are merely Pageant Director Walt Disney's substitute for doves; they're really pigeons.

But restrain the sympathy, please; California brought much of its problem on itself. The Golden State wanted Olympic Games financed in the style to which it has been accustomed. That's just what California is getting, and it's too late to climb out of the $8 million hole it so avidly began digging six years ago at Squaw Valley in the High Sierras. Actually, that $8 million figure is a rank understatement. Among other dollars supporting the Games, there's $3.5 million tossed in by federal taxpayers, approximately $2.5 million from private industry (guess who'll eventually pay that bill?), and $363,000 coughed up by Nevada.

Although hardly the caliber of support you might hope for from a nation providing billions to equip the playing fields of Cape Canaveral and White Sands, upwards of $14 million for an eleven-day athletic contest is going some. As a matter of fact, it may yet go further. Just like the spectators at Canaveral, Californians are holding their breath—slow ticket sales being just one of several worries which prompted Games officials to request a $1 million "emergency fund" recently.

And though not certain their $8 million-plus investment will return them a successful Olympic Games, Californians are reasonably sure of this: they'll have to shell out millions more if they expect to get much benefit from Squaw Valley after the Games close on February 28. It would cost the state something like $3 million to buy out the private owners whose property is essential to any comprehensive public-park development in the beautiful little valley, a natural amphitheatre a half-mile wide and two miles long, surrounded by 9,000-foot peaks. Or, at the least, California would have to spend a million or two on additional facilities for its own land, should it decide to lease the property to the neighboring private operators and let them run the park.

Under optimum conditions, a park at Squaw Valley would nick the state for a yearly operational loss of about $175,000. But, of course, you don't judge public recreation in dollars-and-cents terms. If you did, however, you might find it curious that California, faced with a constantly expanding urban population, spends as little as $1 million a year to develop its grossly underdeveloped park lands, yet tosses million after million into one ski area.

Ah, but note what they're getting for their money. To cite news reports, "Film producer Walt Disney is planning to turn the Games into a fitting spectacle, one of the most elaborate in Games history." The Khan of Disneyland, donating his great creative talents, plans "a choir of thousands, a daytime fireworks, 20,000 balloons, 2,000 pigeons symbolic of world peace and unity, a skier racing down a mountain with a torch," and more, including thirty-three $2,000 statues of athletes—presumably for those spectators who can't afford the price of an ice-arena ticket to see the real thing close up. There'll be an Olympic Queen, naturally, and Art Linkletter, who's in charge of providing nightly entertainment. All this and Richard Nixon, too, who will open the Games.

LEST we forget what this Olympics business is all about, there'll be some 800 athletes and 300 officials from thirty-three nations somewhere in this mass of spectacle, competing, as usual, not to win or lose, but just to play the game. Also as usual, everyone will be keeping score, thanks to 600 newspaper correspondents.

Given cooperation from the weath-

RICHARD MEISTER, a California newspaper man, describes himself as an "after-ski enthusiast specializing in hot buttered rums."

er, which has been known to appear in the form of nasty blizzards at Squaw Valley, California's bottomless appropriation pot should assure athletes the best of everything. Spectators can get the same thing—providing they can afford it.

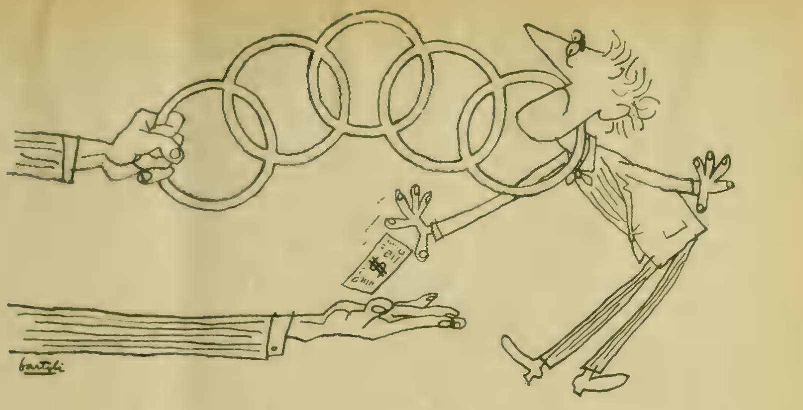
For the minimum ticket price of $7.50 a day, or $60 for the eleven days, they can wander around the valley, but see only a few of the skating events (most are held in the 8,500-seat arena) and get only a glimpse of the start and finish of most outdoor events. For a $15 to $25 ticket ($200 to $250 for eleven days) a visitor can get an arena seat.

Then there's an arena charge of $1 a day per car plus $2 an occupant, or $5 a day to stand in line behind athletes, officials and newsmen for use of a chair lift—should the spectator want to get a good look at things. There are plenty of accommodations around Squaw Valley, which lies 200 miles from San Francisco and forty-six miles from Reno. But even at lodges cooperating with Olympic officials, prices range from $10 to $15 a night, and in most you'll have to stay more than one night.

All of which makes it understandable why officials have scaled down their original estimates of capacity crowds of 35,000 daily. Their optimism has faded in the face of a situation in which, as of three weeks before the Games, not many more than 150,000 tickets had been sold—no more than 15,000 for any particular day. And should the weather act up, many may never make it. A heavy storm could close both highways leading from San Francisco. Too, visitors should have fun driving over narrow, twisting and steep Donner Summit, one lane each way and 7,135 feet high on U.S. Highway 40; and there's the similar dangerous Meyers Grade on U.S. 50.

A PRUDENT man might ask just how California got into such a mess.

The lion's share of credit must go to Alex Cushing, who left a position in New York society twelve years ago to build a plush lodge in the heart of Squaw Valley, install a chair lift and establish a lucrative retreat for the weary coupon clippers of San Francisco's smart set. However reluctant Cushing was to admit "two-bit skiers" to his lands, in 1954 he invited the U.S. Olympic Committee to try getting the 1960 Winter Games staged in his wild and isolated valley.



The Games could be put on for $1 million in public funds, said Cushing. So the Olympic committeemen picked Squaw Valley, and the California Legislature followed with an appropriation of $1 million.

Off went Cushing to Paris, armed with a state booklet noting that California had pledged "whatever money may be required" to stage the Games. But the lodge-owner emphasized to the International Olympic Committee that California was planning to "restore the Olympic ideal" by staging a simple operation stressing athletic competition to the exclusion of commercial sideshows. No sooner was the committee sold, however, than the great push began. Out came the politicians and promoters with talk of "tremendous advertising and promotional value," led by State Senator Harold T. Johnson (now a Congressman), whose district encompassed Squaw Valley.

California was on the make, and Goodwin Knight, Governor at the time, was, as usual, reluctant to oppose such pressure. Meanwhile, Cushing, head of the state's Olympic Organizing Committee, was revising his estimates of just how to "restore the Olympic ideal." He lost his job in 1956, but by then everyone realized it would take something more than $1 million to stage the Games. Squaw Valley just didn't have the facilities for an international competition, and naturally the pressure was for the very best development. Forcing California's hand, International Olympic Commissioner Avery Brundage warned the state to put up or lose the Games. The result: another $4 million drained from California's shrinking beach and park development fund.

Pushed into a face-saving position, trapped by previous commitments, and unable or unwilling to stem the pressure of super-promoters, politicians in California, Nevada and Washington, D.C., continued with more appropriations, until $10.2 million had been spent on construction alone (partly because of U.S. Olympic Commission insistence that facilities be made permanent).

Periodically breaking into print with internal squabbles, Olympic officials finally developed what they call "the best-equipped sports area in the world," including the usual accouterments, as well as the first covered and artificially-iced arena in Games history, built with federal funds. Perhaps the greatest expense went into building a little city for the athletes, complete with four dormitories, dining hall, bank, post office, drug store, theatres, and the like. (The Lake Tahoe area four miles away has all this, including living accommodations for 20,000 persons.)

Yet at most, a total of $3.5 million—cost of the ice arena alone—will be returned from the Games themselves (including $50,000 paid by CBS to televise the events—which might have something to do with those slow ticket sales).

This doesn't matter, though. Staging the Games in California has brought millions of dollars of publicity to the state, given it $11 million in buildings for an $8 million investment, and will make Squaw Valley a skier's paradise. The factory worker down in Los Angeles without a nearby park to call his own can be happy that the sportsman is being served. But wait. There's a devil in this paradise of the affluent—Alex Cushing, by name.

THERE are his holdings, cutting off from the valley center $11 million worth of buildings and other developments on state land, and there's his control of the chair lifts. Some winter park, with no chair lifts or free access to the heart of the good skiing area!

And buying out Cushing would be a bit complicated, thanks to state legislation which authorized another $3 million for state-park development in the valley. Because of previous court battles, this law—passed in 1957—prohibited the state from condemning any more lands there. The action could be overturned by the legislature "in the interests of harmony," of course, but this isn't likely. For the legislature would be approving, in effect, another expenditure of millions—to buy out Cushing (an estimated $3 million job).

Although he "won't sell at any price," Cushing has an offer just in case: $4 million for his $1.5 million operation. Wayne Poulson, the pioneer land developer in the area, is equally tenacious. He's not interested in selling his flat land, needed badly for parking areas.

Instead of buying him out, Cushing suggests the state should lease the whole thing to him and split the profits. The state, however, is not eager to afford him more means for profit, especially since all other state-park leases are given a share of gross revenues, not just of the profits.

Meanwhile, the state plans another $1 million in developments on its own land, and soon the Games will be over; people will be visiting state-developed lands, and drifting over to Cushing's diggings next door to spend their money.

And what does California's long-suffering populace think of all this? The ski enthusiast, it must be presumed, is quite happy; certainly it's been sweetness and light on most sports pages—except perhaps for one columnist who warned spectators against possible thievery. "Sports fans are always honest," said he, "but some non-athletic people may sneak in during the Games."

As a matter of fact, there should be quite a contingent of non-athletes around, including some politicians given entree through a monumental stroke of public relations by the Olympic Organizing Committee. Right on the heels of its request to the California Legislature for that $1 million "snowy day" fund, the committee sent two $200 tickets to each of the 120 legislators who were to vote on the request. At least a few lawmakers took offense; they turned back their tickets.

Worse, the sleeping populace was aroused. Belated explanation that the tickets were paid for by private industry didn't do much good; protests were raised not only against the ticket-giving but also against the Games in general. "Monstrosity," "fantastic expenditure," they cried.

The politicians weren't far behind. One went as far as to say: "If we had it to do over again, I don't think we'd appropriate the money."

[For more on the Winter Olympics phenomenon, see "The Ski Ball" on page 151 of this issue. — Ed.]

MARYLAND'S JOLLY JACKPOT . . *by David Hume*

Mt. Eagle, Maryland

IN CHARLES COUNTY, Maryland—somewhat exaggeratedly referred to in the past as the "Sin Capital of the East Coast"—there are some 2,338 licensed slot macihnes in more than 200 establishments. Of these, about 100 are grocery stores, filling stations, drug stores and the like. The rest are casinos of varying categories which like to advertise themselves as little brothers of the more lavish Nevada establishments.

Until the Maryland General Assembly first lowered the boom on the casinos in 1958, one establishment known as "little Reno" rested on piers in the Maryland-owned Potomac River just off the more puritanical Virginia shore. It had a "cocktail lounge" seating 1,500 persons, featured name dance bands and had 385 slot machines lined up row on row to exercise the arms of their seemingly tireless fans. Little Reno stayed open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

When out of respect to Virginia's wishes, the Maryland courts and legislature ended the river casino business, some of the operators moved inland. Today the biggest of the casinos is Pot of Gold, with 233 machines in one building and forty-two in another. The newest is the Wigwam, which features forty machines and big slabs of rare roast beef. Unlike their Nevada counterparts, the only gambling offered by these casinos is the slot machine.

The slot machine, of course, is a real boon to the tavern. Charles County has 185 places licensed to sell whiskey—about one for every 160 men, women and children. The rest of the state has to get along on one tap room for every 442 persons.

The other three gambling counties—St. Mary's, Calvert and Anne Arundel, which houses the state Capitol and the U.S. Naval Academy—have 2,300 machines among them and a somewhat lesser ratio of saloons per person.

Maryland has been cited by its neighbors for what they consider a rather cavalier approach to life. It has been said, for example, that a weakness for beautiful women, fast horses and rye whiskey never has

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cost a politician a vote in the Free State.

In Charles County, however, the presence of questionable elements attracted by the legalized gambling has begun to arouse considerable vocal opposition—and not only on moral grounds. Many persons are coming to the conclusion that the slots represent an economic luxury which the state cannot afford. In reaching this conclusion, they have had to hurdle some formidable statistics to the contrary:

1. The fact that the four gambling counties have tax rates well below the state average. Charles County's rate is $1.35, down from $1.50, while nearby Montgomery County (no slot machines) has a rate of $2.48. The state average is about $2.00.

2. The fact that Charles County received $399,190 in revenue from the slots in 1958.

3. The fact that in some instances, slot income of small waterfront stores is an important margin of profit.

4. The fact that without the revenues, the county's tax rate probably would have to be hiked to at least the state average and possibly higher.

BUT there are countering factors on the balance sheet. Charles County is a natural suburban area of Washington, about the same distance in travel time from the Capitol as Montgomery County, which boasts such institutions as the Congressional Country Club, President Eisenhower's home golf course, Burning Tree, and a dozen others, plus hundreds of well-manicured estates.

Without slot machines, land values in Montgomery County are among the highest in the area. With slot machines, land values in Charles County, whose physical assets surpass those of Montgomery, are the lowest in the state. Conservatively estimating the difference at $100 an acre, Charles County's 30,000 residents could be forfeiting over $32 million in reduced land values in return for a total of some $390,000 a year in tax benefits.

In addition, local residents contribute heavily to the take of the slot-machine owners. Last year's gross slot receipts amounted to more than $4,544,000 in Charles County alone. The receipts, however, are determined in such a way that no one really knows the amount accurately. Once a week, the owner of the tavern or casino and the machine distributor open the machine and count the take, usually splitting it down the middle. They report the results to the state and the figures are accepted. How accurate are they?

In 1950, the Special Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce, headed by Senator Kefauver (D., Tenn.), estimated the average take for a slot machine at $50 a week. On this basis, Charles County machines would produce more than $5.7 million instead of the reported $4,544,000.

Ironically, slot-machine receipts, like food and drugs, are exempted from a 3 per cent sales tax. It may come as a shock to many Marylanders to learn that the state tax on slot-machine receipts is only one-half of 1 per cent.

The slot-machine business is taxed somewhat differently and controlled differently in each of the counties in which it operates. In Charles County, for instance, no establishment can "own" more than three machines; the rest it gets from one of nine licensed distributors who service them, provide the silver coins needed, and split the take with the operator.

The biggest Charles County distributor by far is the Southern Maryland Novelty Co., headed by the widows of two brothers who founded the firm. In recent years, however, there has been a growing belief in the county that outside interests, particularly from Philadelphia and Camden, are muscling in locally.

As a result of wide public concern, a new Democratic State House delegation last year successfully got a bill through the legislature to limit the number of machines to thirty-five in any one establishment, to require fuller disclosure of financial interests in the saloon and slot-machine operations, and to lift the three-per-business ban on ownership.

But the slot-machine interests are powerful and they have plenty of folding money to pass around. After failing in attempts to have the bill vetoed, they went to work on a petition to forestall its effect until a referendum was held on the measure. Among those circulating the petition were three special deputy sheriffs, all on the payrolls of the casinos—their uniforms, by the way, match button for button Charles County's regular deputy sheriffs—as well as two top leaders of the Republican Party, and a member of the Board of Election Supervisors.

AN Anne Arundel County anti-slot leader, the Rev. Charles F. Kirkley, recently put it gently when he said that gambling interests are always generous to political candidates. Actually, the slot-machine interests are forced to go into the political arena, since their business can be abolished by simple legislative fiat. The danger of this situation is obvious in a small state such as Maryland, where it is generally conceded that a campaign covering both the primary and general elections can be run successfully on $400,000 for the four major statewide offices.

Over the years, gambling interests and their "fronts" have succeeded in having slot-machine tax and license revenues in the four counties committed to such public purposes as hospitals, fire departments, libraries and the like. In Anne Arundel County recently, the slot-machine interests pledged $275,000 toward construction of a new hospital. Just a few months ago, it was disclosed by Maryland newspaper men that the same interests had been contributing to two non-public anti-crime groups: the Maryland Criminal Justice Commission and the Maryland Crime Investigating Committee.

What makes people prefer to pay

tribute to the click-whir-bang machines rather than provide necessities, or even luxuries, for their families is a question, one supposes, for the psychiatrist. Certainly the majority of players know the odds they are bucking are roughly equivalent to finding a $20 gold piece in the middle of the street in the dark of night. Occasionally, one may read of a player breaking the bank at Monte Carlo or earning a pile at the gaming tables in Las Vegas, but no one has ever read of a slot machine going broke. As a matter of fact, the operators, in a convincing display of cynicism, say that playing the slots is really not gambling at all, since the machine simply can't be beaten.

The biggest problem facing the gambling counties as they begin their clean-up campaign is to find a way to compensate for the loss of slot-machine revenues. In Charles County, the revenues account for nearly one-fourth of the county's budget. One answer, I believe, is the establishment of committees to study the fiscal problem and to gear the ending of the slot-machine era to a practical, economic solution.

Meanwhile, the neon continues to flash and the suckers continue to play and new establishments continue to open. The machines are "screwed up tight" and the pay-off is small. One establishment boasts "the finest in slot-machine entertainment" and adds enticingly, "where fortune smiles."

Charles County residents, totting up the balance sheet and seeing the red ink, are beginning to suspect that it's not on them that it's smiling.

SUGAR AND SYMPATHY . .

by Boris C. Swerling

EXTENSION of the Sugar Act will be an item of Congressional business once again in 1960. This periodic ritual, customarily performed in the spirit of happy bipartisanship, would seem hardly to rank with the burning issues of the day. Yet matters of commodity policy which are of only minor concern to the United States often affect vital interests of foreign countries. At the present moment, relations with Castro's Cuba place sugar policy in a particularly dramatic setting. The situation is complicated by ultra-nationalistic manifestations in that Caribbean island, by gross inequality in the respective bargaining power of the two trading partners, and by collateral importance for producers of other Latin American commodities. Even with the best of intentions on the mainland, Cuban-American relations may continue to deteriorate badly, and Congressional action could easily intensify current tensions.

Pivotal in the political economy of sugar is the character of American producer interests. Although sugar crops provide an insignificant fraction of American farm income, a complex of circumstances provides the commodity with much political leverage. The list of states in which sugar beets are grown, albeit as a minor crop, is long and extends to such weighty units as California and Michigan. Beets have played an important role in carrying the overhead costs of irrigated agriculture in the American West, particularly in regions opened up by federal reclamation projects. Ironically, Congressional representatives from these regions can be strongly liberal in their general political leanings, yet firmly protectionist on commodity matters; like silver and wool, sugar beets are among the more acceptable devices for redistributing income in their constituents' favor. Sugar cane, as opposed to beets, is important in only two mainland states, but has a pronounced local impact in a number of parishes in Louisiana, which can also claim the chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. The broad Congressional representation of sugar-crop producers is reinforced by metropolitan strength in centers like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, which have large seaboard refineries in their immediate vicinity.

The interests of offshore sugar-producing regions also have their domestic defenders, though on a somewhat more tenuous basis. California residents have important investments in Hawaiian sugar, and the Islands' plantations reinforced their position by locating a jointly owned refinery near San Francisco. Major sugar properties in Cuba were developed by American refinery interests explicitly as an economical source of supply for their key raw material. To the extent that the national interests of Cuba diverge from those of United States refineries, Cuba may appeal to the Department of State. The Department of the Interior has been involved in sugar affairs via the reclamation route and by virtue of historical responsibilities in offshore territories.

Apart from the crudities of producers' political strength, a number of other factors must be accommodated through sugar legislation. Because Cuba is a major commercial market for American farm products, Cuban trade is important to the Kansas wheat-grower, the cotton farmer of the Southeast and Southwest, and the corn-belt raisers of hogs (though effective means for bringing that reality into political focus have yet to be devised). The food-processing industry — with its substantial numbers of bakers, canners, makers of candy and soft beverages, and the like—seeks adequate supplies of cheap sugar, and goes to some effort to make its collective voice heard. In two world wars, moreover, it has been to Cuba that the Western Alliance has turned to compensate for supplies unavailable

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from customary sources. Even if a major expansion in domestic beet-sugar output were possible, considerations of security would set a high value on Cuban supplies, with their close proximity to major deficit centers along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States.

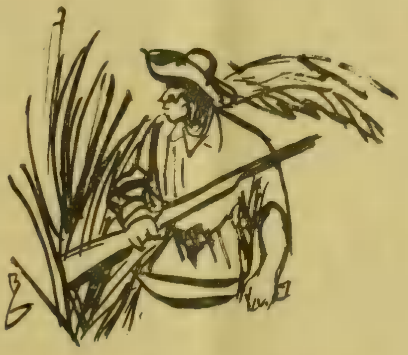
THE OPERATING mechanism of the Sugar Act is simple to describe. The Secretary of Agriculture decrees the total amount of sugar required by the American market each year. This aggregate figure is divided among major producing regions according to various statutory provisions. At present, about one-third is allotted to mainland beet and cane sugar; one-third to Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines; and most of the remainder to Cuba. When necessary, marketing allotments are assigned to individual sugar factories in the American territories, while country quotas limit the total permissible imports from foreign nations.

The whole purpose of restricting total supplies is to support artificially the sugar market, and ordinarily a "quota premium" prevails; that is to say, sugar shipped for sale in the United States will earn Cuba a considerably higher return than sugar sold to other countries at the "world-market" price. Sales by U.S. producers, of course, are at the high U.S. price, and it is for the most part by this quota system, rather than by such customary price-support devices as non-recourse loans or commodity-purchase programs, that the "farm" side of the sugar program operates.

While some virtues claimed for the Sugar Act turn out to be illusions, the program has had some definite merits. Foreign sugar recovered a considerable share of the market lost as a result of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. The gain, to be sure, was at the expense of the Philippines and Puerto Rico, rather than of mainland producers. But President Roosevelt, in calling for enactment of the sugar program, had aid in mind for a domestic industry of limited size; and a degree of restraint on domestic expansion has in fact been exercised.

With quota restrictions on sugar imports providing a highly effective means of market protection, the U.S. sugar tariff has become of quite secondary interest; but successive reductions in tariff rates have in effect permitted duty-paying countries to retain a larger portion of the favorable U.S. price. The direct subsidy enjoyed by domestic growers of sugar cane and beets is applied so as to discourage the use of child labor in the fields and is graduated downward as the scale of farm operations increases.

Among foreign areas of supply, Cuba has been the most favored, and by a considerable margin. An assured volume of sugar sales to America has been a mainstay of her economic life. A quota premium so high as to exceed the world-market price briefly in the summer of 1959, is certainly more advantageous to her than to the U.S. consumer; and even the normal price differential makes it easier for her to make price concessions on sales to other export destinations. Sudden increases in U.S. requirements, even if temporary, have brought her important windfall gains.



In return, Cuba has made a major contribution to the program's success. Availability of Cuban sugar has assured the American market of almost unlimited supplies at an extremely stable domestic price. As consumer takings or inventory requirements have fluctuated, or output has fallen short in other producing areas, Cuba has been called upon to fill the gap. A strong point is made of the need for maintaining large stocks of such American export crops as wheat, cotton and corn for unforeseen contingencies; because of Cuba's large stocks of sugar, our inventories of this commodity are held to be relatively low.

THE COSTS to Cuba have been heavy. In her experience, war is a condition almost to be welcomed, for it activates her enormous productive potential. At other times, the burden of carrying excess capacity for the United States and the world has been largely hers. Moreover, successive peacetime extensions of the Sugar Act, while benefiting mainland interests, have whittled away her own quota privileges. Tight restrictions on the volume of sugar that may enter the United States in direct-consumption form deny her a degree of processing entirely suited to her natural economic advantages, and have cut short some earlier experimentation with improved forms of ocean shipment. Tariff reciprocity with the United States complicates her trade dealings with foreign countries, to whom she must sell close to half her crop if she is not to limp along at an even slower gait. With cane monoculture have come problems of large land-holdings, heavy seasonal unemployment, extra-territorial control, economic imbalance and periodic stagnation.

Corresponding political burdens are also heavy. The single most important decision to the Cuban economy, the size of its American sugar quota, is determined by legislative authorities with whom Cuba has no official standing. The affront to national sovereignty inherent in this satellitic relationship should be particularly obvious to a people for whom "no taxation without representation" was a rallying call. Cuba's sense of injustice and the frustration of any efforts to improve her position through economic efficiency and agricultural productivity must explain some of the economic irrationality she now displays.

The clock on the sugar quotas runs out as of December 31, 1960. As a commendable act of patience, Congress delayed extending the legislation last year. Uncertainties which then existed have yet to be resolved and the cooling-off period has not accomplished its purposes. Since then, almost every official action of the Cuban authorities has been likely, if indeed it was not intended, to arouse Congressional ire. Immense opportunities for further misunderstanding and positive mischief attach to Castro's land reform, expropriation of American property and regulation of local scales of payment for Cuban labor or sugar cane. If Cuban-American sugar interests, as a natural reaction to present uncertainties, take a cautious approach even to current maintenance of mill equipment, their conduct may appear in Cuban eyes as a form of economic sabotage, triggering outright nationalization of the mills.

AN impatient Congress, a recalcitrant Castro, give grounds for very serious concern over the future course of events. Cuba has avoided pressing for maximum gains in past periods when she enjoyed considerable bargaining advantage; at this time, a test of strength involving limitation of shipments to the United States would backfire. The United States could get alternative supplies from stocks on hand in other exporting countries; inflationary pressures in Cuba would mount; and a penalty in the form of a reduced quota is automatically called for even under the existing Sugar Act. As retaliation breeds retaliation, and violence foments violence, the peril of major economic catastrophe does arise. Should, nevertheless, irresponsible conduct bring on the burning of cane fields, wrecking of cane mills, and destruction of stored sugar, it would not be the first time in history that a major sugar island had destroyed the basis of its own prosperity. In the unhappy but not inconceivable event that the current harvesting were disrupted, or if the 1961 Cuban crop were put in serious jeopardy by subsequent events, the United States would be compelled to bid against other importing countries for scarce sugar supplies.

Instrumentalities of reconciliation are hard to find in a tense situation, but they need assiduously to be sought out. While open Congressional debate will inevitably have some inflammatory impact within Cuba, extension of the Sugar Act affords legislative opportunities as well as risks. Yet the auguries are not particularly hopeful. Never have the mainland interests had a stronger case to make on the potential unreliability of foreign supplies. The production of sugar beets, moreover, has undergone considerable mechanization during the last two decades, and very considerable expansion of output would be possible if market outlets were assured. Foreign suppliers other than Cuba, among them Mexico and the Dominican Republic, are eager claimants to that portion of the American market that is not met from domestic supplies. Some liquidation of American sugar investment in Cuba is in clear prospect, and the funds might be shifted to alternative areas of supply. (Hawaiian statehood might appear to increase the political leverage of another domestic producing interest. On the contrary, capital investment in Hawaiian cane fields seems clearly to have passed the point of diminishing returns and Hawaii has recently failed to fulfill its assigned share of the American market.) To date, the administrators of the present legislation have taken a balanced approach, establishing a high consumption requirement for 1960, while increasing the permissible beet acreage that will furnish sugar marketable in 1961.

COOLLY appraised, the range of statutory alternatives must be considered to extend merely from the seriously ill-advised to the only slightly promising. If Congress were to reduce the Cuban quota, or to impound a portion of the quota premium as contingent compensation for damages to Cuban-American proprietary interests, a chain reaction of retaliatory measures could confidently be expected. On general grounds, there would be genuine merit in steps to reduce the degree of American insulation from the world sugar market. This might be done by lowering the domestic price target, reducing the volume of subsidized sugar, and providing a more open competition for shares of the American market. Moves toward economic liberalism would increase incentives for productive efficiency and reduce the role of sheer political fiat, but under present circumstances they might nevertheless be interpreted by Cuba as punitive. On the other hand, cheap sugar might make some contribution to a broad "Food for Peace" program, but dollar aid in this form at this time suggests blackmail. It would be entirely consistent with Congressional behavior in 1959 if the Sugar Act were merely extended for a short term without change, an alternative that has some considerable present support.

BUT holding actions are no substitute for measures that might conceivably afford some positive escape from the present impasse. Trade relations between Cuba and the United States have brought significant benefits to both parties; unilateral action on either side does not serve the needs of the moment. The State Department has not been quick to protest Cuba's attempt to reform the internal basis of its major industry, but important American interests are entitled to protection. Unlimited sales of Cuban sugar to the United States are not feasible, but the limitations should not be imposed unilaterally. The relationship between two nations, vastly unequal in economic status, inevitably brings its difficulties. A degree of mutual accommodation was provided when the principle of reciprocity in tariff matters was introduced in 1902. Current relations between the two sovereign states might similarly be dignified by a commercial treaty covering the quota and incidental sugar matters. A 1960 Sugar Act might specifically provide enabling legislation.

Action, as well as inaction, entails risks. The suggestion of a treaty assumes that Castro genuinely wishes current difficulties to be resolved amicably, and is not merely seeking opportunities for making political capital at U.S. expense. A Congressional offer to engage in international negotiations would put the good will of the United States on record before the Cuban people. But the negotiations themselves would afford an enviable forum for displaying the propaganda arts on an international scale. No private citizen is competent to judge whether the requisite degree of good faith can be taken for granted.

Notes on Khrushchev's Russia . .

by Alexander Werth

This is the second and concluding article (see "Russia: from Terror to Incentive," The Nation, *January 16) by* The Nation's *European correspondent, who recently visited the USSR for the first time since 1948. Mr. Werth, who covered World War II from Moscow, is the author of three books on the USSR:* The Year of Stalingrad, Leningrad *and* Musical Uproar in Moscow. — *Ed.*

WHAT WITH sputniks and moon rockets, the Russians no longer fear, as they did in 1948, an attack from outside. Khrushchev's visit to the United States was fully exploited to demonstrate that Russia has been accepted by America as an equal, and that the United States has had to abandon the Dulles policy of "brinkmanship." The President and Secretary Herter were classed among the reasonable Americans who understood these simple facts of life; others, who did not understand them, would (one hoped) do so in time. Sixty thousand copies of *For Peace and Friendship,* describing Khrushchev's visit, have been printed, and thousands of cinemas are showing the *Khrushchev in America* film. In both, the less pleasant aspects of the trip were toned down or deleted altogether.

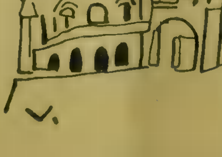
Understanding (if not friendship) with the United States is the real cornerstone of Soviet foreign policy. If any progress is to be made in disarmament, it can only be done if America wants it; and, though skeptical, Russians believe that some hard thinking on the subject is going on in the United States. In this connection, speeches by American business leaders are carefully scrutinized. And if, let us suppose, America were to produce a vast plan for pooling American, Russian and other resources for helping the underdeveloped countries, there seems little doubt (so Soviet diplomats have assured me) that the Soviet Union would play ball.

But, pending such joint action, the Russians consider that the underdeveloped countries—and particularly, all the "colored" countries—are looking more and more their way—even South America. An enormous fuss was made of Sekou Touré's visit to Moscow; similarly, the ceremony attending the signing of the cultural agreement (which I attended) with the United Arab Republic was far more cordial than the similar ceremony with the United States a few hours before; and one day I heard the Moroccan Ambassador on Moscow TV fuming over French colonialism.

The attitude to Britain is curiously favorable and the Russians were greatly relieved at the Conservative victory; Macmillan, in their view, had started the ball rolling, and had done much to prepare Khrushchev's visit to the United States. Also, as one Soviet diplomat bluntly put it to me: "We prefer the honest Conservative whores to the ugly old Labour spinsters with their intolerable humbug." Another example of Russia's hatred of the "reformists" in the West: the most-hated American in Russia remains Walter Reuther.

CHINA is indeed a sore subject with the Russians. It is clear that Khrushchev would like China to enter more wholeheartedly into the "Camp David spirit" and he is deeply worried about "the most regrettable" Indian-Chinese friction. And yet any suggestion made by a Westerner in Moscow that there is a good deal of disagreement between Russia and China, and that there may be a conflict between the two in the future, is deeply resented. "Don't kid yourselves," is the usual reply.

And Russians who have been in China invariably tell you the same two stories: (a) that birth-control propaganda is in full swing in China and (b) that, in any case, there are still boundless untapped resources in Western China, and that the "demographic pressure" of China is no menace to the Soviet Union. Any suggestion that the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan were recently settled by Russians in order to keep the Chinese out is dismissed as malevolent moonshine.



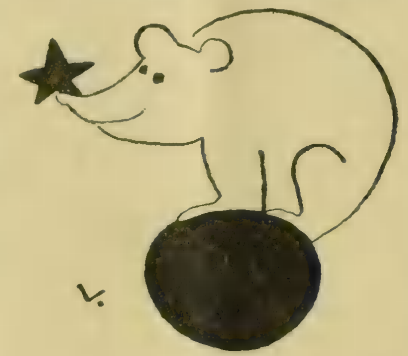
Even so, I find in the ordinary Russian a slight uneasiness about the Chinese; they were *too* conscientious. One Russian was telling me how a bus driver, outside Peking, stopped the bus until he had killed a fly; and how Chinese students in Moscow work eighteen hours a day to get through their exams with top marks — an "unsociable and pretty fanatical lot." One bunch of Chinese students went so far in their revolutionary conscientiousness as to declare that they did not want their 300-ruble monthly subsidy, as they could live on 200. "We Russians wouldn't do such a crazy thing."

But, for the time being, China is no major worry to the Russians, whose only real and immediate worry continues to be Western Germany. Russia lost twenty million people in World War II (the figure quoted at the last meeting of the Supreme Soviet, which I attended, but which was deleted from press reports), and no Russian family has forgotten about it. And the young generation is being constantly reminded of the horrors of the German invasion. Films and TV dwell daily on the bestiality of the German invaders, and books in millions of copies are published on the same subject. The Ministry of Defense, in particular, has been publishing and reprinting countless war novels, in all of which the Germans figure as fiends. True, there is Eastern Germany, but even the attitude to East Germans remains generally reserved. At the hotel where I stayed, there was a bunch of East Germans. One day, in the restaurant, they broke into song; no sooner had they finished than the Russians at the next table started singing a good old anti-Nazi war song. The Germans smiled sheepishly and, when the song was over, applauded.

THE QUESTIONS one inevitably asks in Moscow these days are: "What *is* communism?" and "Is there such a thing as 'Soviet Man'?" Lately, Soviet theoretical journals have been describing what it is going to be like "under communism." Monetary-commercial transactions will have disappeared; automation will have reached such a high degree of development (unattainable under capitalism) that people will only work a short time, and do it with joy; they will be provided for according to their needs, not according to their work; the rest of the time they will be "developing their personalities" with more and more culture and education; inequalities will disappear and, above all, everybody (except a few hardened criminals) will have developed a wonderful sense of citizenship. Only in this way will Communist society be able to steer its course between the Scylla of bureaucracy and the Charybdis of anarchism. The state will not necessarily wither away with the establishment of full communism in Russia; it will remain, so long as there is a danger of an attack from an outside world not yet converted to communism.

When you ask a Communist in Russia these days when the present transition from socialism to communism will be completed, the reply is usually vague, though one or two people have ventured to suggest: "In twenty-five or thirty years." But what they invariably stress is that the present Socialist society is already Communist in many respects. They will point to the very low rental, free education, free medical service, the enormous extension of kindergartens and creches and canteens, generous old-age pensions, and so on. Also, they will say, bread and urban transport may soon be completely free. When you then suggest that these "Communist" elements in Russia today are merely an advanced form of what in England is called the "Welfare State," they get rather annoyed and say that there is also the Communist education of the masses, and the creation of a new type called "Soviet Man." They admit, it is true, that not every Soviet citizen is yet a perfect Soviet Man; there are still "past survivals" — lack of conscientiousness, graft, laziness, drunkenness, sexual immorality, religion, "toadying to the West," etc. But they claim that these "survivals" are rapidly disappearing.

New measures are being taken to speed up the process, most important being the coeducational boarding schools which will, by 1965, be educating 2.5 million children out of a total of 30 million and will ultimately educate *all* children. These schools were recently described as "the high road to communism" since, thanks to them, all children will acquire the kind of true "collectivist" spirit which is difficult to develop while they continue to live with their parents—an attitude curiously incompatible, by the way, with the present "cult of the family."



OTHER harbingers of communism, you are further told, are the various forms of "public-opinion pressure" exercised on individuals by the "collectives" — by party and Komsomol cells, by trade unions or other professional groups. The power of the "collectives" is being extended to other fields: thus "comrade courts" will more and more frequently deal with cases hitherto dealt with by civil and criminal courts; similarly, auxiliary police forces, formed by the "collectives" themselves, are already largely replacing the regular police for dealing with drunkenness and other forms of disorderly behavior.

Many Western observers have dismissed all this as so much eyewash, arguing that human nature remains the same the world over, and that man is, by nature, selfish and unethical. This seems an over-simple view and just as in England, for example, certain standards of citizenship and ethics have been developed over the centuries, so the Soviet system has, by more intensive methods, been developing amongst its citizens its own standards. No doubt in a large city like Moscow, there are "beatniks" and "hooligans" and "teddy-boys" and "spivs," but there is general agreement that their numbers are diminishing, largely as a result of intensive campaigns in which the various "collectives" play an important part. I should say, from first-hand experience, that the great majority of young Russians are extremely hard-working and earnest people, genuinely interested in their work, very ambitious to get on and, in the main, believing in a reasonably orderly existence. They are profoundly patriotic, convinced that they belong to a system which is in good working order, and one from which they can derive substantial personal benefits. The working class, which has greater rights of "democratic criticism" than it had under Stalin, is pampered, flattered and reasonably contented. Food is plentiful, consumer goods are more widely available than they were; the reduction of the work day to seven hours (and in some trades to six) is welcomed as a triumph of the system; the crowds one sees in Red Square on November 7 are genuinely happy crowds.

Altogether, living conditions are much better than they were and even the housing problem is being overcome, though not as rapidly as it should be. Millions of young people are passionately interested in science and engineering, and nearly all who fail to get into a university try, while working, to improve their status with the help of evening classes or correspondence courses. There are some young people thinking along highly nonconformist and pro-Western lines, but I think it would be a great mistake to overrate their numbers or their importance.

The whole emphasis among young Russians is on science and technology, and they feel that they belong to a very superior, go-ahead civilization, and they are very conformist Soviet patriots.

A question often asked in the West is what the "private morals" of young Russians are. I think it may be said that, except in many villages where there are, since the war, far more women than men and where, as a result, some very odd things still go on, Russian life is marked by an almost Victorian sense of propriety, not to say prudishness. A ridiculous little example: twice in the Moscow subway I was sitting with my legs crossed, a few inches of bare leg showing; both times a man sitting opposite got up and, with a shocked look, drew my attention to this indecent display. As for young people kissing or necking in public, it's just never done.

This Victorian attitude is quite generally shared by the working class and by the enormous body of young technicians (though perhaps rather less so by the intellectual and artistic sets—a few of which are even known to practice homosexuality). Conventional morality is encouraged by the genuine spirit of comradeship existing among young men and women (often working together in the same school, factory or laboratory), by the "collective" which keeps an eye on them, as well as by the better chance that a married couple has, compared with a single person, of getting a new apartment. Divorce, of course, is allowed, and the present extremely stiff divorce law is shortly to be relaxed. Nevertheless, the "cult of the family" is very genuine (even though it seems somehow in conflict with the ideals of the boarding schools, as described above). Along with this goes a reluctance to treat sex as something highly complicated. Freud is dismissed as a fraud, worthy of the decadent society to which he belonged: according to the standard Soviet textbook on psychiatry, Freud merely tried to turn social discontent under capitalism into an imaginary sexual frustration!

In short, apart from birth control, there is little in Communist ethics to which the Pope himself would not subscribe.

I met many young Muscovites in their twenties whom I had known as mere children before. Now all of them are very earnest and ambitious young engineers or technicians, highly patriotic, pleased with Khrushchev, and generally optimistic about their own future and the future of their country. Most are married, and some have moved into standard new apartments—usually two small rooms, kitchen and bath, with central heating. Others are still living with their parents in old *izbas* or shabby, badly overcrowded old houses. These young people are passionately interested in science and technology, and, in their own way, they enjoy life to the full: they love TV and other gadgets; they play chess; they go on vacations to the Crimea or the Caucasus; many have spent six months on the virgin lands. On the other hand, their interest in books, films and the theatre is only "secondary."

I FIND that this cult of science and technology among the young (and with it goes, in most cases, a complete departure from religion) has had some curious consequences. Students of history or literature, as well as writers and artists I met, all seemed to suffer from a certain inferiority complex. The great hero in Russia today is the scientist, not the writer. There have been some feeble attempts to strike back: in a newspaper discussion on the subject, one girl wrote that "even in the Cosmos we shall still need love and branches of white lilac"; but she feared that the young "technological" generation was likely to be unromantic.

I have the impression that Russian writers are a little bewildered. The only ones who still seem to enjoy life to the full are the authors of children's books, who do not have to worry unduly about new trends, despite the great boom of science fiction. Small children are still small children, and, like earlier generations, they love the fun and nonsense of Kornei Chukovsky (now seventy-five, but still hale and hearty), Marshak, Barto, Mikhalkov and several others — though no one has yet equaled Chukovsky in popularity, with his curiously "English" nonsense poems (published in many millions of copies) about very human crocodiles, cockroaches, bears, spiders and hippopotami.

NOVELISTS, I should say, can be divided into three groups: (1) those who take a "functional" view of literature and who stimulate, for example, the pioneering spirit among the young generation by telling them about all the excitement of exploring the Arctic and Siberia (Boris Polevoi is perhaps the most important of this group); (2) those who deal mainly with the recent past and touch, in the process, on some tricky, formerly taboo subjects, such as the chaos at the front in the early days of the German invasion (Simonov's *The Live and the Dead*), or the human problem of people who had been forced to collaborate with the Germans, or the misdeeds of the KNVD (Nilin's *Cruelty*) or the "personality cult" of Stalin (Nikolaeva's *Battle on the Road*) etc.; and (3) a smaller group of young writers, more experimental in their style and choice of subjects. Both the Dudintsev and Pasternak affairs have scarcely encouraged any highly critical, individualist or introspective writing. Nevertheless, young writers like Yuri Kazakov, Vladimir Tendryakov, Yuri Nagibin have all written short stories of a new type—*contes cruels* about Soviet reality, stories written with a kind of Chekhovian shrug and detachment. Their invocation of Chekhov as their model is actually severely condemned as a distortion of Chekhov who, according to Soviet ideology, was a great revolutionary fighter. Yet this *pléiade* of young writers (who sometimes combine "Chekhovianism" with an almost Proustian subtlety of observation—this is specially true of Tendriakov) is the most interesting new development in Soviet literature, apart from some new items by *hors-concours* Sholokhov.

Everyone considers Pasternak a major poet, and hundreds of Muscovites have read *Doctor Zhivago;* but people have been conditioned in such a way that nearly all have been at

(*Continued on page 156*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

'The Plains of Madness'

1859: ENTERING AN AGE OF CRISIS. Edited by Philip Appleman, William A. Madden and Michael Wolff. Indiana University Press. 320 pp. $6.75.

George Dangerfield

THE YEAR 1859 in English history was no more an entrance to an age of crisis than any other year, except in the special and highly important sense that Charles Darwin precipitated (it might be more accurate to say *constellated*) a critical situation by publishing his *Origin of Species*. The present collection of essays, bearing that year as its title, is only a sampling among the many available aspects of mid-Victorian English life. It is (rather surprisingly) silent on the reaction of traditional Baconian science to Darwin's speculations. It says nothing about the beginning or development of social Darwinism. Its most pointed and pregnant efforts devote themselves to the realms of religion and of literature: but here they certainly make 1859 a valid year and the cultural implications of Darwinism a valid theme from which, as from a tent pole, to stretch their arguments forwards, backwards and around.

As Noel Annan emphasizes in his brilliant essay, "Science, Religion and the Critical Mind," Darwinism was one force among many. The foundations of orthodox religion had been shaken long before he appeared upon the scene. The Higher Criticism of the Bible, for example, was more apt to outrage and bewilder the clergy of England than any perusal of *The Origin of Species* could do. The geologist Lyell had already spoken his piece. There was the tragic comparison between Christian morality and Ricardian economics, which caused so many men to lose their faith. But Darwin, by asserting that *process* was the ruling principle in any valid conspectus of our world, made a deadly assault, not only on the literalist interpretation of the Bible, but also, and more so, on dogmatic theology. One can find a Deity in eighteenth-century Progress; in mid-nineteenth-century Process, which depends so much upon blind chance, He is more difficult to discern.

Yet one certainly gets the impression from Basil Willey's "Darwin and Clerical Orthodoxy" that the response of the churches was not nearly so ferocious as Darwin himself feared that it would be. The Catholic Church, which was not dependent on the Bible and which had only lately (1822) officially reversed its position on Galileo, was disinclined to enter upon another scientific dispute: it was, one might say, as nearly indifferent to the issue as any church could be. Nor was it, as yet, an intellectual force in Protestant England. The Protestant churches, although they emitted a good deal of sound and fury, came quite early in the game to the decision (if I read Basil Willey correctly) that Science *or* Religion, or the duel *à outrance*, would be less agreeable than Science *and* Religion, or truce. That is the position which they hold today, although whether or not they will always be able to hold it is questionable. As for the positivist attack upon theology, has it not been answered in Paul Tillich's famous: "It is as atheistic to affirm the existence of God as it is to deny it"? Abstract theology has become so alienated from the world that it can only be discussed in non-worldly language, which is impossible. One way to answer a question is to beg it.

RELIGION and theology, in short, came out of the ordeal with their façades unimpaired, no matter what extensive structural alterations they were forced to make behind the scenes: the cultural crisis, which was constellated in 1859, was of a more sweeping character. "The most important fact about mid-Victorian England," William A. Madden writes in "The Burden of the Artist" — and his words constitute the pervading theme of the religious and literary essays in this collection — "was that at the very moment when great political, social and technological changes both furnished the material basis for and placed a premium upon greater mutual understanding, the necessary cultural basis for such an exchange was disappearing." As Matthew Arnold put it in the late 1870s, "there is not a dogma that does not threaten to dissolve, not a tradition that is not shaken, not a fact which has its historical character free from question." In other words, if mutual understanding may be defined (the words are Madden's) in terms of "shared assumptions which had once provided the common consciousness (an unconsciousness) indispensable to ready understanding," these shared assumptions no longer existed.

In the eighteenth century such cultural "assumptions" had been shared by a relatively small group of people who made the country's laws, wrote and read its literature, created and contemplated its works of art. The artist's life may have been a hard one then, certainly the writer's was, but at least he knew, or thought that he knew, that he would be understood. What the nineteenth century brought, and brought long before the mid-Victorian intellectual had grown into manhood, was a new middle class which was both puritan and Philistine, and a growing "populace" (to use Matthew Arnold's later euphemism for the so-called lower classes) which threatened to learn to read and would one day insist upon its right to vote: in other words (the words are Richard D. Altick's in his essay on literature) an *imminent* democracy.

Oddly enough, the fact that there was no longer a fund of shared assumptions does not seem to have worried the mid-Victorian intellectual in any public way. It is true that there were men like Arthur Hugh Clough to whom loss of religious faith was an unmitigated tragedy, but Clough and his kind were distinctly exceptional. The more usual experience was that of James Stephen or James Anthony Froude, who made no public fuss about loss of faith, who seemed to take the collapse of traditional assumptions for granted, and whose private sufferings were in the realm of neurosis, where the historian cannot follow them. Neurotic they certainly were. As Gertrude Himmelfarb pointed out, in an essay written some eight years ago, Victorian intellectuals dwelled, for the most part, not upon the heights but "upon the plains of madness—that deceptively peaceful countryside. . . ."

It was not only deceptively peaceful, it was deceptively hopeful. Once Matthew Arnold, in many ways the most representative of the Victorian intellectuals, had more or less abandoned poetry for criticism, he became almost an optimist. He made the noble prediction—

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, author of The Era of Good Feelings, *is now completing* The Culture of Laurels, *a life of Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York (1746-1813).*

and it is one which we still accept—that society would be delivered from cultural anarchy through the medium of serious poetry; just as John Ruskin (in every other respect as different from Arnold as a man could well be) preached that deliverance would be accomplished by spreading the values of art through every class of society. Exactly how it was to be done they were not quite able to explain, and Ruskin was under the additional burden (which drove him mad) of maintaining that the values of art were *moral* values: but they *hoped* that it could be done.

ARNOLD might have observed — although, as far as I know, he was kind enough not to observe—that the effort at deliverance through poetry had already been made. Tennyson in his worst, or mid-Victorian, period supposed that he could deliver the Philistine public from its prison by rousing it to a sense of Higher Duty and of Noble Action. Tennyson had the truest ear of all Victorian poets, and is in general a poet whom we ridicule at our peril, but he did sometimes make the ridiculous effort to get poetry to do the work of the recruiting sergeant and the town crier. There was something of the journalist *manqué* in him. It is hard to believe that a serious and important poet could have produced lines like: "Form! Form! Riflemen form!/Ready, be ready, to meet the storm!/Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!" (These lines were written for the Volunteer Rifle Clubs the members of which, with the blessing of the War Office, met every Saturday afternoon all over England and endeavored not to shoot one another.)

When Tennyson asked poetry to perform as poetry, and not as jargon, and at the same time requested it to deliver mid-Victorian England from its crass Philistinism, the result was the *Idylls of the King*. This was an intensely serious effort. The fact that he later dedicated his Arthurian cycle to the Prince Consort—though nobody was so brash as to carry the analogy all the way and assume that there was some relationship between Queen Guinivere and Queen Victoria—shows how serious he was. Today, we think this particular set of poems particularly distasteful; it seems to be a mirror in which the mid-Victorian bourgeois saw himself reflected and glorified in all his complacency; and I feel very grateful to Mr. Madden for suggesting another solution. The *Idylls*, he says, concealed a quest "for a self that might function in a universe to which the traditional spiritual norms represented by the Grail no longer seemed relevant." But the quest was a tragic failure, and "the heroes of the *Idylls* go one by one down to defeat." The *Idylls* were not salvation, after all: they were damnation by *sous-entendre*.

Confronted by an indifferent universe, the contemplation of which caused him real agony, Tennyson was trying to substitute for the loss of religious faith some magical certainty he was never able to find. We agree, I should hope, that the modern poet could deliver us from our cultural anarchy; but is he in any better shape than Tennyson? In many respects, he is in worse shape, since Tennyson had at least a public which was prepared to listen to him. The modern poet is faced with an indifferent public, and he is expected to deliver it from its indifference: his burden is truly appalling. Indeed, if there is a prevailing theme in the essays on literature in this book, it is the theme of mass culture and its dubious future. It is not surprising that such a theme raises more questions than it can answer. All Mr. Altick can say in "The Literature of an Imminent Democracy" is that the most conspicuous difference between popular literature in 1859 and 1959 "is less qualitative than quantitative: it is the altered structural proportion of the total audience." If this is all, our situation is dismal indeed.

Matthew Arnold never dared to foresee that, in an actual, fully enfranchised, literate democracy, there would be an enormous, powerful and vigilant financial investment in the vulgarization of culture. Comparisons between popular taste in one period of history and another are probably unworkable and certainly invidious; but, if they can be made at all, the advantage would seem to be all with the mid-Victorians. It is a truism to say that never was such pretentious and fraudulent bad taste deliberately imposed upon a consuming (and complacent) public as is now imposed through our advertising media: the worst excesses of the mid-Victorian era are mild by comparison. All one can say is that this state of affairs would be less distressing to Mill's Liberty than to Arnold's Culture. This is not much consolation; but it is all you will get from *1859*, a valuable and suggestive collection of essays, but not a hopeful one.

Always Swinging Away

LA GUARDIA, A FIGHTER AGAINST HIS TIMES, 1882-1933. By Arthur Mann. J. B. Lippincott Co. 384 pp. $6.

LA GUARDIA IN CONGRESS. By Howard Zinn. Cornell University Press. 288 pp. $5.50.

Fred J. Cook

IN A TIME when history seems to be repeating itself, when the era of fun-loving Jimmy Walker is finding its modern twin in the tribulations of nice Bob Wagner, it seems especially appropriate that the pint-sized, tempestuous, rowdy fighter who last wielded the broom of reform in New York's City Hall should have inspired two new books. Reading them, one reflects sadly that, while the times seem to have come full circle, Fiorello H. La Guardia remains unique. There is not on the horizon, at this moment at least, a man of the hour even remotely like him.

At one point, Arthur Mann describes the zany world of the twenties in words that could be applied equally well to the fifties. He writes: "America was indeed run by boobs, bigots, idiots and hypocrites. The only recourse for a man who really cared was dissent, exposure and ridicule." La Guardia, a man born to battle, relished his only recourse.

Though they deal essentially with the same period of La Guardia's life, the long years of his rise through the political ranks and his service in Congress before he became the Fusion Mayor of New York, it would be hard to find two books dealing with the same subject matter that contrast more in method and focus. Howard Zinn, professor of history at Spelman College in Atlanta, is preoccupied with La Guardia as the Congressional dissenter, virtually the lone gadfly nettling the political Babbitts in the House. But his focus is almost entirely on the record of issues and debates, and the result at times is one-dimensional. Arthur Mann, associate professor of history at Smith College, is concerned as much with the man as the record. He gives in full and dramatic detail the first half of a projected two-volume biography. The advantages of his method are obvious. In these pages, La Guardia springs to life again — a wayward, often contradictory, always fascinating character.

Mr. Mann, in one of the most vivid

FRED J. COOK, for many years a New York crime reporter, is co-author of The Nation's *special issue, "The Shame of New York." His most recent book is* What Manner of Men *(Morrow).*

dissections of the complex and baffling La Guardia personality one will find, writes that he was "a marginal man who lived on the edge of many cultures, so that he was able to face in several directions at the same time." Half-Jew, half-Italian, son of an Army musician and reared on a military post where he lacked the caste of officers' sons, La Guardia had the further handicap of being barely five feet tall at tallest maturity. All of this almost inevitably made him an underdog, a resentful bundle of battling complexes. From his earliest boyhood in Arizona, he was always fighting the taller and stronger ones, the secure ones, the well-placed ones. In one vivid anecdote, Mr. Mann describes a typical La Guardia schoolyard battle. His opponent was so much taller that La Guardia couldn't possibly land a punch on his face. "Sobbing," Mr. Mann writes, "Fiorello broke off, ran into the building, returned with a chair, got up on it, and began swinging away."

THE grown man was always climbing up on chairs and swinging away at Goliaths. A Republican in a Democratic stronghold, he got his party's designation for Congress the first time simply because no one else wanted to take a beating. Used to beatings, La Guardia battled with all his fierce combativeness, slashed the normally heavy Democratic margin, and the next time out he did the unheard of — he won. It was the beginning of a political career in which La Guardia took on all comers, including the bosses of his own party.

Such un uphill battler can hardly be counted upon to abide by the rules in the political ring. La Guardia, in the heat of a campaign, slung mud with the muddiest and no knee-and-gouge tactic was beneath him. As he once remarked complacently, he could out-demagogue the best demagogues around. His saving grace was that he was a demagogue for the right. He was always acutely aware that he belonged to a racial minority. His boyhood resentment of the better-placed, the more powerful, was reinforced by one unforgettable, tragic experience — his father's death, resulting from the eating of rotten beef sold to the Army by unconscionable contractors in the Spanish-American War; a death for which the government later compensated La Guardia's mother with a munificent pension, a total of $12.80. As Mr. Mann writes, "injustice less flagrant than this has made anarchists and traitors out of some men." But "Fiorello blamed only the Interests. . . ."

These were the strands that made La Guardia the most colorful champion of the underdog that modern New York politics has produced. Almost inevitably, he identified himself "with uprooted people against idiotic laws and insensitive officials." He did not have, at the outset at least, any well-defined theories of economics or of politics, as did many of the liberals of his generation; but he was "guided by an ineradicable suspicion of powerful men and an undeviating sympathy for poor people. Temperament, rather than a social blueprint, made him a watchdog of democracy."

Temperament led him to commit some colossal bloopers also. He helped to cheer on the Red scare after World War I; he wanted to storm down to Mexico, offering help in one hand, hand grenades in the other; he insisted that the consular service should be staffed entirely by Americans, that if Americans couldn't be found to fill the jobs at the price the government was willing to pay, the offices should be closed. At times, he became insufferably cocky and opinionated. At one Washington dinner party, he quarreled with everyone in sight and finally challenged the opinions of a distinguished-looking man who was discussing the troubled Balkans. "What do you know about Croatia and Dalmatia?" La Guardia demanded truculently. Came the mild but deadly answer: "I am the Serbian Ambassador here."

Only a battler as colorful and courageous as The Little Flower, as Fiorello came to be called by his loving Italian constituents, could have survived the kind of mistakes that must inevitably have tripped up a lesser man. It is a measure of the greatness of La Guardia that he could and did survive, that he always came back from shattering defeat to greater victory. Thrown against his wishes into the race for president of the old New York Board of Aldermen because the party needed him as a candidate, La Guardia displayed his enormous capacity for work and his mastery of detail by quickly familiarizing himself with the city's infinitely complex municipal life. His orientation with the little people who always need a champion stood him in good stead. It was an orientation that led, inevitably, to his break with a Republican machine that did not stand for the little people at all. It turned The Little Flower, a party regular until that time, into one of the fiercest of rebels — a man at last with a purpose and a program.

This is the story that Mr. Mann tells in all its full-bodied detail. While Mr. Zinn's book is just as carefully and exhaustively researched, it lacks the bounce and the flavor of The Little Flower, something that Mr. Mann conveys so well. In his *La Guardia, A Fighter Against His Times*, Mr. Mann has produced a book that has the breadth and scope of an outstanding biographical work, and if his second volume lives up to the promise of the first, he will end by giving us as full and satisfying a biography of that incomparable figure as we are ever likely to read.

Enraptured by Maritain

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ARTIST. By Jacques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons. 120 pp. $2.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS little book is a reworking, in four short chapters, of six lectures Maritain gave at Princeton in 1951. It is also a reworking of other books — his own as well as the standard Thomists and their putative founder. As such it is a good introduction to Maritain, and to popular Neo-Thomism. Maritain is a master of the gracious tone and the lucid surface and the appearance of order. He is a fitting last representative of an old and elegant French tradition, the *salon abbé*. His American analogue is Fulton Sheen, but since we import him *outremer* he seems to the average American greatly more civilized. He isn't, this is just the illusion that foreignness gives. We are enraptured by his airs and graces and we never notice that Fulton Sheen has his own American-Irish airs and graces too. So we are misled and if we are not Roman Catholics, but worldly intellectuals, we accept M. Maritain as a philosopher, and put down Fulton Sheen as a demagogue. In this we are hardly just. When Fulton Sheen is angry about war and corruption I often find myself agreeing with him. I doubt if he is an ill-intentioned man. On the other hand, I find it difficult to convince persons easily intimidated by the "logical" lingo of Neo-Thomism that M. Maritain is not a philosopher, but a religious journalist, differing only in degree of polish from the battered Irish newspapermen who write for the local "holy paper" — the diocesan weeklies you can find on sale in the church lobby. There isn't a thing

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

in the world wrong with this. I am all for civilized religious journalism, but it is well not to be confused.

This book is concerned with the thorny problems of the interrelation of the responsibilities of vocation and the responsibilities of life, man as man and man as artist, the work of art as a noble artifact and the work of art as social communication. As such it is completely orthodox. In fact, behind his ingratiating and sophisticated façade, it is the voice of the conservative party amongst the orthodox. Reading Maritain and his friends, the unchurched would never dream that there are plenty of Catholics, especially in France, who are far from being Neo-Thomists, and who, outside of dogmatic matters of faith and morals, agree with him about very, very little.

LET US quote: "Art by itself tends to the good of the work, not to the good of the man. . . . A human action is good, purely and simply good, when it is formed by reason, or measured according to reason. . . . We cannot want to be bad, we cannot want to do evil insofar as it is evil. . . . There is a primary principle in moral matters, which states that it is always bad, and always forbidden, to act against one's own conscience."

Where are we? What have the last two thousand years been for? These sentences are widely separated, but they do not misrepresent M. Maritain, and of course they land him straight in the midst of the Socratic Dilemma. And of course, it is precisely the dilemma of all Greek rationalistic ethics that Christianity, especially Pauline Christianity, attempts to solve. Men do, alas, choose evil in full knowledge of the consequences. Why? M. Maritain appeals to revelation. He ends "philosophy proper" with Aristotle's Prudent Man, "Life proportioned to the intellect is better than life proportioned to man." On this terrible sentence hang all the politics of horror, the Albigensian Crusade, the Moscow Trials. Following St. John, M. Maritain escapes: "Therefore it is in charity, when there is no longer any obstacle to its expansion in the soul, that the perfection of man consists." But why should anyone suppose that this is supernaturally revealed knowledge? It seems to me, and to the whole non-Aristotelian tradition, inside the Church and out, an eminently reasonable notion, and the sentence from Aristotle unreasonable (that is, rationalistic) nonsense of the most vicious sort.

Again, the sentence about conscience subverts the whole structure of Thomistic ethics, the sentence about art, following Plato and Aristotle, confuses art and artisanship, and so paves the way for all art for art's sake-ism. This is only the appearance of logical rigor. It is impressive, the first time around, to listen to a formal dispute in a philosophy class in a Jesuit seminary. A machine gun fire of technical Latin: "I accept your Minor but deny your Major." Once you get used to Latin as a spoken language you realize that this is a delusional scaffolding which will support the most incoherent illogicalities.

When he gets away from his foundations, especially when he is talking in evangelical terms — of his "revelation" — M. Maritain is entertaining and even illuminating. Sometimes, though, he is simply hilarious. Here, behind a buzz of lucidity, he is really talking about Galileo, the Index and the Legion of Decency: "As to possible accidents — I mean the possibility (in those cases where the infallibility of the Church is not at play) of having right ideas mistakenly opposed — such a possibility has proved for centuries to be, as a matter of fact, more often than not a stimulus for research." We can guess where M. Maritain read that — in Toynbee. Stimulus and Response. But it won't do.

The Ski Ball

CALIFORNIA WINTER SPORTS AND THE 1960 VIIIth WINTER OLYMPICS. By J. E. Carpenter. Fearon Publishers, San Francisco. $4.

Stephen Mahoney

THE Winter Olympics will be run off, starting February 18, in the hills just inside California that overlook Reno and Lake Tahoe. A trial run held in November at the Coliseum in New York was a hit. There was a prefabricated ski lodge, a prefabricated ski run and group yodeling. Recorded how-to-ski courses were for sale. (Make "progress right in your own living-room.") One of these was "designed to appeal to the conscious mind on side one and to the subconscious mind on side two. Meets the needs of busy people."

There is no doubt of it, skiing in the United States has come of age. This California Olympics makes it official. [See "Squaw Valley Snow Job"; page 138 of this issue.]

The other Winter Olympics in the United States was what first got skiing

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STEPHEN MAHONEY is a graduate of Dartmouth, the original ski campus of America.

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noticed here. This spectacle was held in 1932 at Lake Placid. There were no tows or lifts in the country. Such skis as were available were imported from Norway. The films taken at Lake Placid then whipped up the enthusiasm for skiing, ice shows and Sonja Henie, of which the Olympics in California will be a result.

To an Austrian, say, very little skiing in the United States is worth while. We don't have the right mountains or snowfalls for it. That is why the American men racing this month are not up to the competition. (The American women will do better against their competition. Only very recently have European women, influenced by the American example, taken to competitive skiing.) The Austrian who won the gold medals at the Olympics four years ago in Italy (Tony Sailer, now of the movies) has swooped down the course for the downhill race at this Olympics and passed judgment: "It's not long enough, not steep enough and it's too straight."

The Austrians and Russians will take a good share of the gold at this Olympics, but the real triumph (for which the ceremonies in California will be the trophy) will be that of America over an unaccommodating nature. With showmanship, gadgetry, the mass production of equipment, and the expensive mass importing of Austrian instructors, we have transformed the sport into a national industry that (according to *Printer's Ink*, which keeps an awed eye on this new market) grosses more than a billion dollars annually — and that (according to *Ski*) annually cripples, temporarily, tens of thousands of people.

Four million Americans now ski; in five years it will be ten million. Eighty-some new lifts are going up this year. There are ski centers, each with its snow-making machines, in Virginia and North Carolina. There are ski departments in stores in Texas, there are ski clubs in Louisiana. The Austrian instructors are replaced two-for-one as fast as they are carried off by yodeling Texas oil heiresses.

WHAT a story! What a book this might have been! The site of the Olympics is a resort called Squaw Valley. (Indians once pastured their wives in the valley before going to the hills to hunt.) Twelve years ago a lawyer from Wall Street struck into the wilderness west of Reno with a pack on his back and selected a place to errect a lift. He went into business with the native who owned the land.

Before the lift was in operation, the native was outside looking in. The lawyer's press agent read an item in a newspaper and put in a bid for the 1960 Olympic Games. "It was a way of getting some newspaper space," the lawyer explained latter. But politicians got interested, a publicity machine was set up, pitchmen were hired and Mount Olympus came to the lawyer.

California, Nevada and the federal government have conveniently picked up the tab for necessary jumps, lifts, rinks, roads, a stadium, parking facilities, etc. When the Olympics are over even the native ousted by the Wall Street feller — he didn't sell all his acreage, and what he retained is now as valuable per inch as Fifth Avenue — will be a millionaire.

Mr. Carpenter schusses nimbly past this success story. Too bad. What he discusses at length — resorts, techniques — is obsolete, for the most part, since his information is a couple of years old. Planned obsolescence plays as big a part in the ski industry as in the automobile industry. Each spring, new revolutionary skiing techniques for the following winter are hacked out of the thin mountain air at ski instructors' summit meetings.

These Olympics may be expected to arouse new enthusiasm for this strenuous use of leisure. Certainly the conditions making for the growth in popularity of skiing will not change soon. Weekends, the organization man who skis is on his own, soaring. In weightless freedom, he skims, he glides. He is in perfect understanding with nature. He is what he imagines is himself.

Debate with the Rabbi

You've lost your religion, the Rabbi said.
    It wasn't much to keep, said I.
You should affirm the spirit, said he,
And the communal solidarity.
    I don't feel so solid, I said.

We are the people of the Book, the Rabbi said.
    Not of the phone book, said I.
Ours is a great tradition, said he,
And a wonderful history.
    But history's over, I said.

We Jews are creative people, the Rabbi said.
    Make something, then, said I.
In science and in art, said he,
Violinists and physicists have we.
    Fiddle and physic indeed, I said.

Stubborn and stiff-necked man! the Rabbi cried.
    The pain you give me, said I
Instead of bowing down, said he,
You go on in your obstinacy.
    We Jews are that way, I replied.

Howard Nemerov

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Harold Clurman

SAMUEL BECKETT's *Krapp's Last Tape* and Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story* (Provincetown Playhouse) have this in common: both are studies in loneliness. Beckett's play is a sort of marginal sketch in the body of his more ambitious work; Albee's play is the introduction to what could prove to be an important talent on the American stage.

Some may consider it ironic that, whereas Beckett's far more accomplished plays — *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame* — were generally received here with skepticism, indifference or hostility, this new rather slight piece has been greeted with considerable sympathy. One reason for this is that Beckett's reputation and the respect shown him by many European and several American critics have grown. It is no longer easy to shrug him off. A more immediate reason for the cordiality toward *Krapp's Last Tape* is that a thread of sentimentality runs through its dismal fabric. The play's "story," moreover, is simple, realistic, unelusive.

A solitary old man sits in abject poverty doing nothing but feed himself with bananas that are hoarded in drawers like precious possessions; periodically he washes the fruit down with deep draughts of alcohol. This old man was once an author. He has among the few miserable relics of his past some copies of a book he wrote, a book which sold eighteen copies at the trade rate. "Getting popular!" he mutters.

In the half light the old man listens to tapes upon which he once recorded events now long past. One of these tapes is a memory of love — set down when he was thirty-nine — an apparently sincere love which for some unexplained cause never resolved itself into anything beyond its fugitive existence. The old man, absorbed and yet impatient with himself, listens to the tape, curses and mocks himself — we are not certain why — broods, possibly regrets, suppresses a sob and subsides into what is probably an endless silence.

The atmosphere of the play is grotesque, deeply bitter and yet tender. Beckett is here with something of his sardonic mutism, his mastery of concentrated dramatic image, the determination to wring the neck of his passion. . . . The play is well acted by a young newcomer from Canada, Donald Davis.

THE ZOO STORY is flawed by improbabilities and perhaps needless notes to provoke shock or outrage — comic and horrifying by turn. Yet the play gives ample evidence of genuine feeling and an intimate knowledge of certain aspects of the contemporary scene, especially of our metropolitan area. If there were not some danger of being taken too superficially, I should say that in *The Zoo Story* certain tragic and crucial factors which have contributed to produce the "beat" generation have been brilliantly dramatized.

The young man in *The Zoo Story*, who intrudes on a respectable and modest citizen sitting on a Central Park bench, is isolated in his poverty, his self-educated ignorance, his lack of background or roots, his total estrangement from society. He has no connection with anybody, but he seeks it — in vain. When he succeeds in approaching an animal or a person, it is always through a barrier of mistrust and in a tension of disgust, fear, despair. When he breaks out of the emotional insulation of his life, it is only by a violent intrusion into the complacent quiet of the mediocre citizen on the park bench; and that unoffending bystander is then forced into effecting the mad young man's suicide. To put it another way: the derelict finally achieves a consummation of connection only through death at the unwitting and horrified hands of society's "average" representative.

This story is conveyed with rude humor — very New York — a kind of squalid eloquence and a keen intuition of the humanity in people who live among us in unnoticed or shunned wretchedness. We come not only to know the

The Banging Boards

Hoped a blues was playing
In the rattled weeds of noon;
But the tipple of that old mine,
Boards, half-boards, graying,
Creaked and corrected the tune
 Of the wind's whine,

Shattered my doubtful silence
And bade my knees unhinge
With a rapid-beat dangling rave
That bet my boots their eyelets
The best jig known begins
 In Echo's grave.

And, urged by such fandangos,
My heart, too, found a measure
At odds with that dying place—
Past even the hoarse bonanza
[illegible] Ruin's inventive gusher
 Quickened its pace.

Until, though ragtime led me there
And ragtime was my spurning,
Past all the torments of my will
The laughter-crowned despair
Those ragtime boards were turning
 Regaled me still.

Louder, louder, the thistles!
But when those tall up-ended
Slap-sticks rilled their mirth,
Down trembling six-by-sixes
Enough of death surrendered
 To square this earth.

FREDERICK BOCK

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pathetic and arresting central figure as well as the astonished stranger he "victimizes," but through them both we also meet the unseen but still vivid characters of a lady janitor, a Negro homosexual neighbor, a dog and other denizens in the vicinity of both the West and East Seventies of Manhattan.

The Zoo Story interested me more than any other new American play thus far this season. I hope its author has the stuff to cope with the various impediments that usually face our promising dramatists.

The play is perfectly cast. George Maharis and William Daniels give admirable performances. Maharis, as the play's interlocutor, is truthful as well as intense. His acting is both economical and gripping. He seems possessed by all the hurts, resentment and compressed hysteria of the bewildered youth we hear so much about, but who is rarely made this real in newspaper reports, editorials, sermons or fictions.

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE Davis Gallery fosters a conscious and openly declared belief in realism and tradition in art. The most expert painter in its stable of artists, Seymour Remenick, is now exhibiting cabinet-sized landscapes, still lifes and interiors, in hand-carved frames of the best workmanship, in a setting of antiques on the ground floor of the Davis' house; all of which serves to emphasize this gallery's belief in art as an appurtenance of civilized life. Remenick's landscapes of Philadelphia illustrate those aspects — domes, spires, masonry bridges and museums — that connect the city to, say, Rome; the copper kettles, fruits and roses, the curtains screening golden or cool light, recall a nineteenth-century bohemian grace; and the interiors have a realism of the total visual effect combined with indistinguishable or unidentifiable details whose specific actuality is that of the artist's gesture more than of the natural object, recalling the drawings of Rembrandt.

The paintings do two things: first, it is as though in Remenick the nineteenth century achieved a belated success, as sailing achieved a belated success in the clipper ships, just when steam was first applied to transport; secondly, his paintings, with their apparent old-fashioned qualities, compete successfully with the most *avant-garde* painting in the terms of the *avant-garde*. Though he may not mean to do this, Remenick expresses as well as it it expressed today, the idea that the ends of painting are to be found in its means. His realism is partly a realism of reference to the objective world, but it is just as often the realism of what he has made, without reference to what it is supposed to represent. At least one of his interiors could be exhibited among non-objective paintings, where it would stand out as one of the best of them all. In this show it is only the large paintings (24 x 30 inches) that lack intensity. Though the details are usually completely identifiable as things in nature, they have less "reality" than the details in his smaller paintings; these latter may not be identifiable, but they have much more presence, and much more "color" in both the metaphorical and ordinary meaning of the word. In the large works, it is a matter of inaccurate relative variation, an unconvincing proportion of intensity to size, a difficulty, in short, about scale.

As the "line" of the Davis Gallery is that art is something that must be conserved, the "line" that dominates the Rubin Gallery downtown is, roughly, anti-art. Anti-art has often produced art — the art of the succeeding generation. And one of the artists who shows here, and has a painting in the current show, Red Grooms, has a great deal of vitality, and what he produces is alive. However, the present exhibition is strangely conservative, perhaps a little disheartened. The anti-artistic radicalism is reminiscent of German Expressionism, and it dates to the twenties. The Rubin Gallery is in a loft; on the stairs up to it is a winking red and blue light, and the exhibition is dominated by shabbiness, instead of, as Red Grooms has done, dominating it. But in spite of the present show, the Rubin Gallery is worth visiting, partly for Red Grooms, and partly because anti-art is a serious idea.

AROUND the corner on 10th Street is the Tanager Gallery, whose "line" is different from either of these. For one thing this line has not been put into verbal form. It is apparent, though, in every Tanager show. This gallery deeply respects art. The Tanager was the first cooperative gallery, and the artists who founded it believe in themselves and in what they do, without any feeling that it is necessary to rationalize.

This becomes apparent in their presentation, which is without qualification the best that can be seen among the two hundred-odd galleries of New York. Because of the way things are arranged and paintings are hung, so that each single exhibit shows to the best possible advantage, every exhibition is a pleasure as a whole, in the same way and for the same reason that the Cloisters are such a pleasure to so many New Yorkers. The Tanager Gallery is a room 14 x 28 feet; one of the 14-foot walls is all window on the street. This window and the doors divide the space into three walls of 28, 22 and 10 feet. It is a plain white room; nothing is "pushed." It has the look of a well-scrubbed farm kitchen; the most crowded shows never seem crowded; each exhibition is a work of art. The current exhibition has paintings by Irving Kriesberg, who is well known; John Button; Leatrice Rose; and two artists hitherto unknown to me, Devon Meade and Jehan Shaley. Button is a realist, the others non-objective; and since I started this column with the discussion of a realist, I will write of his work only. His two paintings are of a factory building in front of a huge pinkish cumulous cloud, and another of a bather with the sun behind him, coming up the beach from the sea. Button is neither conservative out of the certainty of his sophistication, like Remenick, nor is he anti-art out of competitive ambition, like many of the artists of the Rubin Gallery. Such problems do not seem to exist for him, and since he entirely ignores them, they disappear. He does not make you feel, as does Remenick, that art should follow precedent, and that he can do anything that has been done before; nor does his assertiveness take the form of a proud rejection. He is a realist, and you do not feel that comparisons with past or present traditions are relevant. Though his ability to make light shine out of the darkest shadows is hardly innocent, still, since originality is not proclaimed, the only way to regard his painting is as though here painting begins again. This attitude is, by the way, much more fruitfully anti-art than one of constantly looking over your shoulder in order to see what not to do.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Moscow State Symphony, after giving a series of all-Tschaikowsky concerts at Carnegie Hall, finally, in its last pair of programs, scheduled two works of contemporary interest (Shostakovitch's *Eleventh Symphony* and Prokofiev's *Seventh Symphony*) and broke an otherwise chauvinistic formula by programing Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* and the Saint-Saëns *Second Piano Concerto*. The variety was not daring, but it was at least variety. Since Emil Gilels, who was scheduled to play the concerto, had impressed me on other occasions, I decided it was perhaps worth sitting through the Rachmaninoff *Second Symphony* in order to hear what he would do with Saint-Saëns. I was also curious to know what a Soviet orchestra and one of its conductors, Kiril Kondrashin, would do with the Prokofiev *Seventh*.

As it turned out, the concert was pretty dull. The Moscow State Symphony, by comparison with the major orchestras of the world, is not a first-rate instrument. With the exception of its oboists, who make some of the strangest woodwind noises I have ever heard, all the players seem good. And no non-professional orchestra could play the repertory it does, nor keep up its pace of performances. Nevertheless, a peculiar atmosphere lingers about the group; an aura of the music school. All through the evening I kept trying to repress this association, and all through the evening it kept returning. I have not encountered this kind of playing since I left the conservatory.

It is difficult to say just what makes up an atmosphere of the academy. Flaws in performance; lagging percussionists; censorable oboe sounds; or an inability of the ensemble to achieve a really climactic dynamic level, may contribute. But such lapses occur in the playing of many orchestras, and one is not automatically reminded of school days.

I suspect that the ingredients in this case are subtle and pervasive, having to do with a kind of permissiveness and fraternalism on the part of a conductor, who takes it for granted that little mistakes will happen, and scarcely seems to notice when they do. One of the fundamental differences between a conservatory orchestra and a professional one is that, from the former, nobody ever gets fired. Conductor and musicians simply go on working together, day after day, as a *gemütliche*, protected little group. Could this be the case with Soviet orchestras?

Kondrashin's approach to the Prokofiev *Seventh Symphony* and, for that matter, to everything on the program, was lyric, rather than dramatic. This was basically proper, since the *Seventh* (one of Prokofiev's weaker symphonies) inclines quite strongly to lyricism, and the Rachmaninoff does so almost entirely. But dangers are inherent in symphony performances which too completely rule out dramatization. Things tend to blur into a gentle stream of sound which finally dulls one's attention. It may all be very pretty, but since significant events along the way are not pointed up, they tend to blend into the landscape. It was my impression that the Moscow orchestra does not attempt to "project" as, in varying degrees, most other orchestras do. I cannot say whether this is a national aesthetic preference or the interpretive manner of Kiril Kondrashin. But throughout the evening, in every movement of the two symphonies, I found it required a major effort to keep my ears engaged.

In the Saint-Saëns concerto this was less of a problem, because of the physical vehemence of Emil Gilels. There was

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no doubt at all that he wanted his ideas to get across the footlights. I have seldom heard such thunderous sounds come out of a Steinway. Unfortunately, after the introduction to the first movement, which was an almost hair-raising exhibition of brute force guided by intelligence, the pianist neither continued in the personalized spirit of this beginning, nor did he gain access to the gracefulness which is the concerto's prime, though fragile, asset. His tone was huge, and in an occasional passage he began to accumulate the kind of force which had marked the introduction. But this concerto will not really support a performer for very long in a demonstration of personal power. In its totality, Gilels' interpretation came off seeming only rather cold and lacking in charm. And this impression of estrangement is not at all offset by his openly hostile platform manner.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE CLOSEST I can come to a definition of *Our Man in Havana* is reluctant satire. Espionage, which I strongly suspect to be a whole-cloth invention of the entertainment industry, is very effectively spoofed by four very knowledgeable spoofers: Ralph Richardson, Noel Coward, Ernie Kovacs and Alec Guinness. But Graham Greene, who wrote the original story, evidently has some compunction about jumping up and down on the institution that has supported him so long and so well. He will not swing around all the way to the position that international snoopery is ludicrous and he makes a lot of unnecessary fuss about one of those morbid physicians (Burl Ives) who brood over so many of his stories. Three people (and a nice little dog) get killed in this yarn, and that is either too many or too few for burlesque. The plot is frivolously fantastic, but the bodies are awkwardly real. This is satire that never quite takes flight from the reliable earth of melodrama, and I doubt that Mr. Greene has any intention of resigning from the Buchan-Ambler club.

Still, topical wit is at a premium right now and Mr. Greene may be granted the feat of having his cake and eating it. He is wonderfully abetted by Carol Reed, who directs the picture in a fluttering succession of moods that prevents the pathos and brutality from settling down on the fun.

Notes on Russia

(Continued from page 147)

least *slightly* shocked by it (for instance, by Zhivago deserting the partisans: "Soviet people don't do such things!"). Nevertheless, several writers have told me that it was a mistake to prohibit the book: "They should have printed 10,000 copies, and it wouldn't have mattered a damn." That may happen yet.

There is not much scope for satire. That most brilliant and witty of all Muscovites, Sergei Obraztsov, head of the famous Puppet Theatre, continues to produce some extremely funny shows—but all of them poke fun at Hollywood, Wild West and gangster films, Paris night life and the West generally, rather than at anything Russian. Another very funny man, Arkadi Raikin, head of the Leningrad Miniature Theatre, makes exuberant fun of lower-grade, red-tape-ridden officials; thus he has a brilliant sketch in which he shows what would happen if fire brigades were to "adopt the methods of some of our government offices." It's great fun, but doesn't go very deep.

The present conformism among writers and artists is not as rigid as it was in the late forties, but Khrushchev is certainly not encouraging that "excessive" independence some writers began to show in 1955-56—an independence now identified with the venal sin of revisionism, a first cousin of Titoism. Not that writers don't produce some semi-clandestine prose or poetry (actually not very much of it), just as some painters and sculptors go in for abstractions which are quietly bought up by private collectors.

As for official painting, it is not quite as "ham" as it used to be under the Stalin-Gerasimov dictatorship, and Chinese and other Eastern influences have had a salutary effect.

Architecture (mostly four- or five-story apartment blocks) has become sober and functional under Khrushchev, and the building of "Stalin-Gothic" skyscrapers has been discontinued. The building of new apartments, by the way, is proceeding rapidly, though not as rapidly as it might; as Mr. Rodin, technical head of the Glavmosstroi, Moscow's main building organization, told me, there was still a serious lack of co-ordination between the actual—and highly mechanized—builders and the plumbers and electricians, with the result that a block which could be completed in four months still takes eight or nine months to finish.

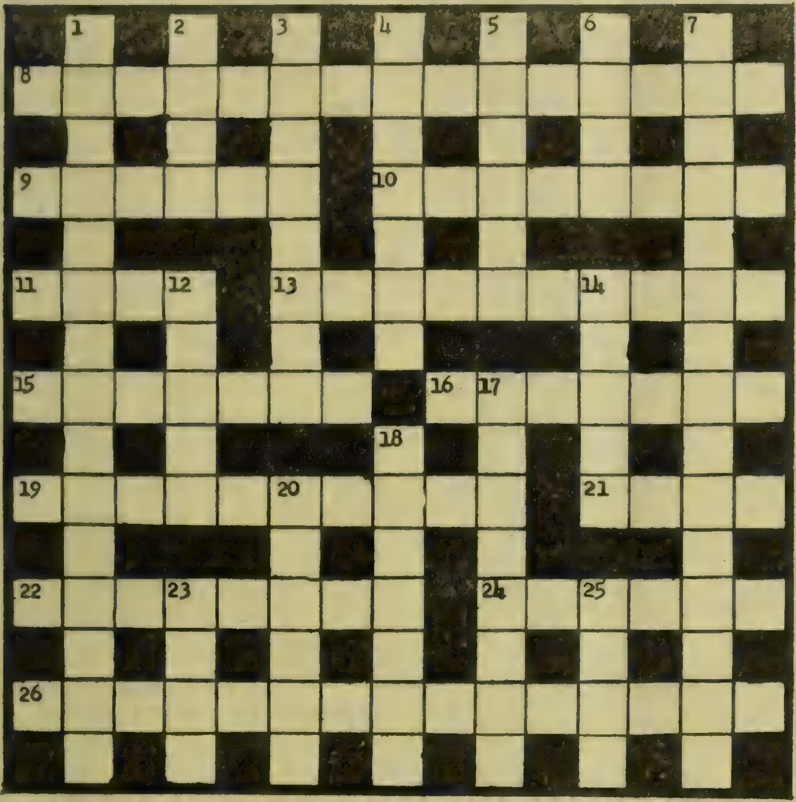
The most uninhibited of the arts in Russia today is music. Brooding, experimental and sometimes plainly neurotic Dimitri Shostakovich, who was grossly ill-treated as a "formalist" back in 1948, is now loudly proclaimed by everybody as Russia's No. 1 composer—which, since the death of Prokofiev in 1953, he undoubtedly is. Last year, the Central Committee went out of its way to repudiate as "unjust" large parts of the notorious Zhdanov decree of February 10, 1948, in which all of Russia's best composers were denounced as "formalist."

PARTLY as a result of this, music is flourishing. New names are cropping up all the time—those most talked about are Paris-born (Prince) Andrei Volkonsky, Sidelnikov, Ovchinnikov, Schedrin and a few others. Much of this new Russian music is highly original and "modernist" up to a point, though it is seldom, if ever, unmelodious or anti-melodious. On the most modernist trends in Western music, Shostakovich (though no great Socialist-Realist himself) launched a violent attack recently in the *Soviet Music* magazine, warning Russian composers against having anything to do with the "sterile Schönberg tradition" and with twelve-tone music generally—which could only produce gloomy pessimistic noises, suitable perhaps to the capitalists' mood, but out of place in Soviet society. All dodecaphonic music was "a blind alley," he said, and he regretted that some young Polish composers had fallen for this technique.

In all the arts something of a war is going on between the "conservatives" and the "progressives." In music the "progressives," with Shostakovich at their head, are obviously winning (until further notice); in literature and the other arts, the "conservatives"—though no longer the absolute diehards—appear still to be the predominating influence.

Crossword Puzzle No. 854

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

8 The rasher S. S. leaders might make for better openings this way. (5, 10)
9 A terrible finish for at least part of the race, perhaps. (6)
10 A bad man's sort of bar (with windows, probably). (8)
11 Does poetry, supposedly? (4)
13 So much for the French, when put on a horse or the equivalent! (10)
15 A snake, according to the way St. Patrick may have spoken of slander. (7)
16 This might be kept even in a broken truce. (7)
19 Her fringes might be cut in rather new and different style. (10)
21 Certainly not an urban-sounding river. (4)
22 Part of the sincere Brummel type, but standard equipment for the Thinking Man. (8)
24 The way of a very quiet Scotsman? (6)
26 At the summit, an old French Marshal might meet another officer in the cabinet. (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 Parts of a department store's manners I'd change. (15)
2 Every employer is bound to be one. (4)
3 Prepares matches, perhaps, but not against dust. (8)
4 One objected to a snail's pace, and used to make silver polish. (7)
5 and 25 All that's left of the bunch, perhaps, that might have been responsible for the slipper. (6, 4)
6 15, ere departed, like something lately remembered. (4)
7 At least part of it represents the way to a man's stomach. (10, 5)
12 The way 15, without ultimate direction, comes to the point. (5)
14 Is there nothing on the governors minds? (5)
17 Strange I shouldn't be invited to the Thanksgiving party! (8)
18 Takes the heart out. (7)
20 Hang this up, and kid this along. (6)
23 Variety of rose, according to Cupid. (4)
25 See 5 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 853

ACROSS: 1 Significant; 9 and 10 Clapboard; 12 Patrols; 13 Evasion; 15 Devoured; 16 Riches; 18 Prosit; 21 Offender; 26 Frailty; 29 Adieu; 30 Echo; 31 Illiterates. DOWN: 2 Imperious; 3 Nebular; 4 Fiat; 5 Cadaver; 6 Nudes; 7, 11, 23 and 24 Please Don't Eat the Daisies; 8 Encore; 14 Ad hoc; 17 Centipede; 19 Reason; 20 and 28 The Man I Love; 22 Formula; 25 Spell; 27 Fine.

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LETTERS

Politics of Peace

Dear Sirs: In your leading editorial of February 6 ["The Candidates and a Politics of Peace"], I believe you have assessed correctly the temper of the American people. They will judge the candidates in 1960 in terms of their feelings about each one's capacity to lead the nation toward peace. For too many years our candidates and our campaigns have been dominated by what we were *against*. This time I think the people will want to know what we are *for*.

Before we worry ourselves about Communist intentions, we ought to give a little more thought to our own intentions. Our intentions are measured not only by warm-hearted speeches at Christmas-tree ceremonies, but also by cold, round numbers in budget documents and appropriation acts. Instead of criticizing the so-called missile gap, we ought to be criticizing the budget for its *moral* gap. We all know deep in our hearts that we can afford what we *want* to afford. If we want to afford an all-out war against man's ancient enemies of disease, hunger, poverty and illiteracy, we know how to win such a war, and we can mobilize the resources to do it if we have the will.

I think the people want candidates who show such a will. Our capacity for working out peaceful solutions to our disputes is not so well established. Whether or not *The Nation* judges the candidates on the peace issue, the nation will.

Byron L. Johnson
Member of Congress
(2nd Dist., Colo).

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I am in general agreement with the views expressed in your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," although I think the paragraph on civil rights is not factually correct because there *has* been a strong group in the Democratic Party (actually, a majority) which has *not* played politics on civil rights and has consistently worked for legislation. Further, the editorial does not point out that there is a coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans which *has* played politics and has kept us from making solid progress. This time I hope we have them beaten.

In the section in which the problem of Mr. Nixon and peace is discussed, I think you fail to grasp the importance of the effort to create a false image to the public — an effort which is well financed, well planned and subtly executed. Therefore, effective efforts must be made to destroy the image, and to create a more truthful or more objective one.

It is easy to say that the issue is peace—but the attempt is to make Mr. Nixon and peace synonymous. For *The Nation* and any others who really don't want Mr. Nixon, I think your other editorial in the same issue, "The Rogers Smoke Screen," should be sound reason for such a position. It is my feeling there is a real need now to begin showing the way as to how the true public image can be created.

James Roosevelt
Member of Congress
(26th Dist., Calif.)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* is among the first-class American publications. For this reason, it is particularly unfortunate that a fundamental error has appeared in a number of editorials of recent issues. This error is easily identified from a quotation from the lead editorial of your February 6 issue: "The issue, we repeat, is peace." Peace is not an issue. Neither is it a policy nor a program. It is a goal, but like happiness, it is a goal which cannot be made the object of a direct search. . . .

Peace is not an issue since everyone desires it. Wars are fought only because people become convinced that the result of the war is worth the sacrifice. . . . If Americans valued peace more highly than they valued anything else, it has always been theirs for the asking. In the past, the price for obtaining it without fighting has been chains and slavery. At that price it can be had today. Whether they are right or not, it is quite plain that Americans do not want peace that desperately, and it will be a sad day for a proud people if they ever do.

The real issue is the *means* to peace. Peace is not a policy; it is a *result* of a policy. It is the result of a political philosophy enforced upon the weaker by the stronger, or the result of a shared political philosophy entered into on a voluntary basis. Until this is understood, we will continue to be besieged with meaningless slogans like "Pray For Peace" and "Universal Disarmament," which create the psychology of Munich and which invariably have paved the way to disaster.

Justin Blackwelder

Washington, D.C.

Monstrous by Design

Dear Sirs: *Perhaps* those assembled at the "architectural" meeting described so vividly by Walter McQuade (*The Nation*, Jan. 30) deserved to get more than brandy and the feeling of impotence induced by the discussion: after all, they paid $12.50 admission. The business of excluding the common people from hearing what Walter Gropius has to say

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The News Behind the Headlines

A public preoccupied with the elaborate month-long press coverage of the murder trial of Dr. R. Bernard Finch and Miss Carole Tregoff, and the story-book romance of Miss Gamble Benedict, would hardly suspect: (1) that the Administration is sharply divided on key policies involved in the Geneva test-ban talks; (2) that the faction which has talked longest and loudest about the so-called "big hole" theory, namely the AEC and the Defense Department, is "openly and frankly stating" (Washington *Post*) that nuclear tests must be resumed; (3) that at the last day's session at Geneva in December, the Russian and British delegates pleaded with the United States delegation to issue a joint report; (4) that the Soviet delegation, subsequent to Premier Khrushchev's visit in September, made significant concessions (for example, after months of refusal, the Soviet delegates agreed to hold a scientific conference with the United States and British scientists on the problem of detecting underground tests); (5) that in direct contradiction of statements issued by Chairman John A. McCone and Commissioner John F. Floberg of the AEC, the Soviet scientists — this on the authority of Dr. James B. Fisk who heads the American delegation — did in fact make "good contributions" to the discussions; (6) that the American delegates, as a matter of political policy, and on instruction, feigned an unawareness at the discussions of new methods of detecting low-yield underground tests; (7) that while it may be possible to reduce the tremors from an underground explosion by a factor of 300 if the hole is large enough — the so-called "big hole" theory — the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey reports that a "well-placed and well-chosen array" of seismic detectors with filters to reduce the background "noise" would enhance detection capability by a factor of 100 or more.

In the meantime, we are proceeding with preparations to resume tests in Nevada; the weapons have been readied, the tunnels have been dug. Additional tests will only speed the process, already well advanced, by which nuclear arms will become conventional arms. And if the Administration's proposal to make nuclear weapons available to our NATO allies is approved, the conventionalization of nuclear weapons will be universal. Once that point is reached there will be little chance of securing an agreement to suspend tests.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the press would be performing a public service if it were to emphasize the importance of the test-suspension negotiations and throw some light on the double-dealing and in-fighting that is going on behind the scenes in Washington in relation to these talks. Headlines on murder trials and society scandals can wait; there's never any lack of either.

Schizophrenic Industrialists

American industry continues to spawn new social types — witness the emergence of the hybrid capitalist-socialist type in the post-Korean, or accelerated amortization, era. Currently the commercial airlines are concerned about reports that the Soviet and British governments are preparing to subsidize the development of 2,000-mile-an-hour airliners. "If this happens," warns James R. Durfee, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, "the favored position enjoyed by American civil aircraft manufacturers might be lost for decades." The thought that it might happen confirms "the worst fears" of Senator Warren Magnusson, who with Senator Jackson represents the Boeing constituency, that "America's leadership in commercial and cargo jet planes is in grave jeopardy." The commercial airlines could, of course, go in for supersonic planes without delay, but they need a little time to amortize heavy commitments in subsonic jets they are now building.

C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, Inc., and the industry's most influential spokesman, has a solution for the problem: let Congress subsidize the research and development of supersonic commercial airliners. "Surely," he says, "we would not want to read that some other country has taken the lead in making supersonic transportation a reality." Here Mr. Smith speaks with the bland assurance of the free-enterprise industrialist turned socialist. But he is still enough of the old-style capitalist to couple this plea for subsidies with the poker-faced warning that federal regulation, particularly on "the amount of duplicating competition and the level of earnings allowed," poses a serious threat to the industry. But if the government is to finance the development of supersonic airliners for the socialist airlines, the capitalist airlines certainly ought not to object to a little regulation. After all, they are the same airlines.

The AEC's Can of Worms

A handful of alert citizens have given the Atomic Energy Commission its come-uppance on the matter of off-shore dumping of atomic wastes. Since 1946, the AEC has dumped some 45,000 drums of radioactive wastes into the sea. Now, ten years later, it has suddenly suspended further ocean dumping, indefinitely postponed a public hearing on the safety issue which had been demanded by a group of citizens in New Britain, Connecticut, and has requested additional funds from Congress to finance research into better storage methods. Why this sudden reversal of position? When *The Nation* first disclosed two related aspects of deep-sea dumping — "Test Case on Atomic Waste" by Gerald McCourt (August 1, 1959 — the New Britain story) and "'Hot' Dumping Off Boston," by Grace DesChamps (September 19, 1959) — the big guns of the AEC's public-relations staff boomed with self-righteous indignation and bold contradiction. But additional protests were soon voiced, including a sharp protest from the Mexican Government against dumping in the Gulf of Mexico. These protests were happily reenforced by Professor Auguste Piccard's statement — he is the inventor of the deep-diving bathyscaph — that "radioactive waste buried in the deep sea could contaminate the entire body of water around the globe."

Faced with mounting protests, the AEC now frankly admits that the drums which have been used are not indefinitely leak-proof under the great ocean pressures at 6,000 feet. A spokesman told *Newsweek*: "As things are today, we are holding a can of worms." And so they are — hot radioactive worms. But if it had not been for alert citizen groups, the dangers implicit in deep-sea disposal might not have been brought to public attention even after ten years of reckless dumping. The Lower Cape Committee on Radioactive Waste Disposal and New Britain's Committee on Radiation Information are entitled to high commendation for their resolute refusal to be overawed by the AEC. Now and then, Davids still manage to slay Goliaths.

Buster's Bluster

When, last December, Senator Stephen M. Young addressed Neil M. Wetterman, Americanism chairman of the Hamilton County (Cincinnati) Council of the American Legion as "Buster," we suggested editorially that the jig might be up for the Legion's witch hunt. Events of the last few weeks in Hollywood, where the voice of the Legion has often been mistaken for the voice of the people, if not the voice of God, show how the jig is going.

This time the man in the blue overseas cap is Martin B. McKneally, National Commander, and he is shooting off anathema at a terrifying rate. Stanley Kramer has hired Nedrick Young, who was once rude to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and both Otto Preminger and Kirk Douglas have hired Dalton Trumbo, who was jailed by that committee. Paramount will distribute here *Chance Meeting*, a murder mystery made in England by a whole slew of movie people who were hounded out of their jobs in America. Mr. McKneally has protested every one of these deals and the picture people remain massively unconcerned.

How can this be possible? Granted that the worst of the Red hunt is over, doesn't the American Legion represent the will of millions of veterans, and isn't the rebuff of their most exalted leader going to cost Hollywood dear? The answer to both questions is no. The American Legion speaks with the voice of its executives and represents the will of its executives, and its mass base is as reliable as a bowl of marbles. Thousands of veterans don't even belong to the club; thousands more belong from inertia; not one in a thousand takes the publicized utterances of its leadership with the solemnity that the entertainment industry once accorded the "word." Of course, when the Legion echoes the shouts of the lynch mob, it seems to speak for the lynch mob; but at present the mob is largely dispersed and the producers of Hollywood are enjoying the remarkable American privilege of hiring whom they please without concern for the hollow blusterings of such as Messrs. Wetterman and McKneally.

Total *Apartheid*

A sweeping defense of the South African Nationalist policy of *apartheid* — enforced "apartness" of the different races — has just been written by Dr. Piet J. Meyer, chairman of the board of the South African Broadcasting Company. In his new book, *Further Journey: The Afrikaner in Africa*, Dr. Meyer calls for not only the strictest kind of *apartheid* in South Africa itself, but "extension" of the system throughout the continent. According to *The New York Times*, Dr. Meyer is bitter toward fellow South Africans who may hold some reservations about *apartheid*:

> He asserts that even without domestic intellectuals to contend with, South Africa's Afrikaners have a horde of enemies. He lists Soviet and Chinese communism, Indian imperialism, the Moslem world, Western European liberalism, American capitalist sentimentalism, and inflamed anti-white African animism.

Congratulations, Dr. Meyer! By your own reckoning you have achieved *apartheid* from practically everybody except John Kasper and maybe Orval Faubus.

FEDERAL NARCOTICS CZAR . .

by Stanley Meisler

IN THE world of U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics H. J. Anslinger, the drug addict is an "immoral, vicious, social leper," who cannot escape responsibility for his actions, who must feel the force of swift, impartial punishment. This world of Anslinger does not belong to him alone. Bequeathed to all of us, it vibrates within the consciousness of twentieth-century America. Anslinger, however, has been its guardian. As America's first and only Commissioner of Narcotics, he has spent much of his lifetime insuring that society stamp its retribution into the soul of the addict.

In his thirty years as Commissioner (Anslinger is now sixty-seven), he has listened to a chorus of steady praise. Admirers have described him as "the greatest living authority on the world narcotics traffic," a man who "deserves a medal of honor for his advanced thought," "one of the greatest men that ever lived," a public servant whose work "will insure his place in history with men such as Jenner, Pasteur, Semmelweiss, Walter Reed, Paul Ehrlich, and the host of other conquerers of scourges that have plagued the human race." But some discordant notes, especially in recent years, have broken through this chorus. Critics — mostly social workers, doctors, lawyers and judges — have cried, often out of their frustration, that Anslinger is a despot, a terrifier of doctors, a bureaucrat single-handedly preventing medicine from ministering to the sick, aimless addict.

These critical views reflect the philosophy expressed in *The Nation* in 1956 and 1957 by Alfred R. Lindesmith, Professor of Sociology at Indiana University. "The addict belongs in the hospital, not in the prison," Lindesmith wrote. "If we recognize that punishment cannot cure disease, if we want to take the profit out of the illicit traffic, we need to return the drug user to the care of the medical profession — the only profession equipped to deal with him" ("Traffic in Dope: Medical Problem," April 21, 1956). Lindesmith said the country's stringent narcotic laws stem from "conceptions of justice and penology which can only be adequately described as medieval and sadistic" ("Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic," March 16, 1957).

Anslinger has replied to such critics with more scorn than argument. Confronted with a recent medical proposal to set up government clinics where doctors would treat addicts and, in some cases, allow them to continue their drug diet, the Commissioner announced: "The plan is so simple that only a simpleton could think it up." When this plan began earning support from influential men within the American Bar Association, the Commissioner answered their logic by telling a national radio audience: "Certainly the A.B.A. should have hired a lawyer to read the laws and find out what it is all about." Warming up to the debate in an issue of the FBI *Law Enforcement Bulletin*, he added his clinching argument: "Following the line of thinking of the 'clinic plan' advocates to a logical conclusion, there would be no objection to the state setting aside a building where on the first floor there would be a bar for alcoholics, on the second floor licensed prostitution, with the third floor set aside for sexual deviates and, crowning them all, on the top floor a drug-dispensing station for addicts."

A PENNSYLVANIA Dutchman, Harry J. Anslinger was born in Altoona on May 20, 1892. It was the era of unlimited traffic in narcotics. Cigarette smoking irritated public morals more than did opium eating (to shush their babies, mothers bought 750,000 bottles of opium-laced syrup a year). Drug manufacturers mixed laudanum, heroin and cocaine into their tonics and pain-killers. "The more you drink," one tonic advertised, "the more you want." The fashionable bought gold hypodermic needles, studded with diamonds.

By 1914, when Anslinger was a student at Pennsylvania State College, the New York *Sun* estimated that 4.45 per cent of the population was addicted to narcotics. "Cocaine and its allied intoxicants . . . ," the New York *World* said, "are seemingly cheaper than whiskey, cheaper than beer. . . ." Time and again, reformers lashed out at doctors for dispensing drugs too freely, for eliminating diagnosis as well as pain in the single stab of a needle. The magazines of the period coupled concern for addiction with concern for alcoholism, and the same forces that created Prohibition devised the Harrison Act of 1914, which clamped federal controls on narcotics use and sale for the first time.

DURING these years and the decade that followed, Anslinger's activities hardly touched the narcotics problem. At the start of World War I, he joined the Efficiency Board of the War Department's Ordnance Division and, by the close of the war, had advanced to the post of attaché in the American Legation at The Hague, Netherlands. He continued in foreign service until 1926, serving in consular posts at Hamburg, Germany; La Guaira, Venezuela; and Nassau, Bahamas.

As Consul in Nassau, he negotiated an agreement with Britain to halt a fleet of rum-running schooners heading for the high seas. The agreement plugged one hole in the defense against Prohibition smuggling, and the federal government soon promoted Anslinger to Washington as chief of the Division of Foreign Control in the Prohibition Bureau of the Treasury Department. Three years later, in 1929, he rose to Assistant Commissioner of Prohibition. Three months later, in early 1930, a scandal rocked his bureau.

In New York, a federal grand jury investigating narcotics, which then came under the jurisdiction of the Prohibition Bureau, accused narcotics agents of falsifying their reports on orders from superiors in Washington. The agents had padded their records by copying the New York police files. The padding, which amounted to 354 extra cases in 1929, had been done on orders from William C. Blanchard, Assistant Deputy

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Commissioner of Prohibition in Charge of Narcotics, who claimed he had acted on orders from his superior, Col. L. G. Nutt, the Deputy Commissioner. The grand jury said it found strong indications of collusion between federal narcotics officials and illegal sellers. The padding obviously had been intended to hide the bureau's poor record of arrests.

The Prohibition Bureau quickly reorganized itself. Nutt was demoted to field supervisor. Assistant Commissioner Anslinger, unassociated with narcotics and free of scandal, assumed Nutt's duties temporarily. Congress, however, decided that more than reorganization was needed and passed a bill transferring narcotics control from the Prohibition Bureau to a new Bureau of Narcotics in the Treasury Department. President Hoover signed the bill on June 14, 1930, and appointed Anslinger to the new position of Commissioner of Narcotics on August 12.

BY THEN, federal policy in narcotics had been set. The courts had approved the Constitutionality of the Harrison Act, and bureaucrats, fired by Prohibition zeal, had plucked from the medical profession any responsibility for treatment of the addicts who had lost their legal source of supply. Narcotics had become a police problem, not a medical one, and Anslinger accepted the task of making sure it stayed that way. Working tirelessly under four Presidents, never wavering from his early mission, he has succeeded. In the United States, unlike almost every other Western nation, narcotics remains a police problem.

Throughout his tenure, Anslinger has proclaimed that "strong laws, good enforcement, stiff sentences and a proper hospitalization program" are the weapons needed to destroy narcotics addiction. On its surface, this program seems intelligent and compassionate; it implies that sick men must be treated and that evil men, who prey on the sick by selling them drugs, must be punished.

But the Commissioner has a different concept in mind. He is less concerned with treating the addict than with removing the "leper" from society. In a recent article, he wrote: "It is essential . . . to remove the addict from circulation, either by a compulsory-treatment law or a law similar to that now in effect in the State of New Jersey." He then described the New Jersey law, under which "any person who uses a narcotic drug for any purpose other than treatment of sickness or injury . . . is an addict and may be sentenced to a year in jail." In *The Traffic in Narcotics* (1953), a book he wrote with former U.S. Attorney William F. Tompkins of New Jersey, Anslinger cites with approval a recommendation that any addict committed to an institution three times under a compulsory-hospitalization plan should be incarcerated there for life. This proposal has received the Commissioner's approval despite psychological evidence that a final cure for addiction is rarely obtained without several relapses.

It is also clear that under Anslinger's hospitalization program, treatment centers would be open only to addicts who had broken no laws other than those forbidding the use of drugs. The impoverished addict, who jimmied open cars and shops to steal enough to pay the fantastic prices for illegal drugs, would head for jail and the cruel, cold-turkey treatment. So would the miserable, addicted pusher, who sold capsules to other victims to support his own habit.

ALTHOUGH many critics deplore Anslinger's attitude toward the addict, few disparage his zealous efforts to wipe out the illegal traffic. One has described him as an honest, hard-working cop. In *Who Live in Shadow* (1959), a book written with Sara Harris, Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh of New York takes time out from his attack on Anslinger to salute the Federal Bureau's "vigorous fight against smugglers." No matter how much they agitate for a change in government policy, critics do not want to return to the days when narcotics could be bought freely at the corner drugstore.

Yet Anslinger's police methods have disturbed some observers. Judge David Bazelon of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, for example, has attacked the Federal Bureau's dependence on informers. "It is notorious," he says in last year's *Anderson Jones* decision, "that the narcotics informer is often himself involved in the narcotics traffic and is often paid for his information in cash, narcotics, immunity from prosecution, or lenient punishment. . . . Under such stimulation it is to be expected that the informer will not infrequently reach for shadowy leads, or even seek to incriminate the innocent." In New York last March, U.S. District Judge Edward Weinfeld acquitted a defendant who had been enticed into addiction by an informer for the Bureau of Narcotics. The judge said the defendant's participation in the crime "was a creation of the productivity of law-enforcement officers."

Although the bureau has been untainted by any significant scandal in its thirty-year history, Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Wadden, Jr., discovered in 1952 that a janitor had been stealing cocaine and marijuana from the Treasury Department's narcotics stocks and supplying them to peddlers in Washington. Anslinger reacted, according to Wadden, by obstructing the investigation. "While we were preparing our indictments," Wadden wrote in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, "Commissioner Anslinger made public statements which tended to disparage our claims. . . . The bureau could see no reason for all the fuss." Wadden attempted to link the janitor with some of the big traffickers in the capital, but, according to the prosecutor, Anslinger, accompanied by the press, personally led a siren-screeching raid that netted a host of small operators and upset Wadden's plans. The former Assistant U.S. Attorney wrote that he then dismissed pending indictments against three important operators, and an angry grand jury issued a report accusing the Bureau of Narcotics of negligence in the case.

Nevertheless, Anslinger's record as a law-enforcement officer may be far from a poor one. He has carried out the federal narcotics laws as honestly and effectively as possible, with no more scandal or disregard for rights than some of the country's best police forces have shown. But he has not been content with being an honest, hard-working cop. He has assumed the responsibility for influencing laws and policies as well as enforcing them. And, in this area, his methods have evoked severe and sometimes bitter criticism.

TO PROVE that stiff laws hold down addiction, the Commissioner has grown fond of displaying charts and statistics. His most frequently quoted statistic puts the total number of addicts in the United States at 60,000, perhaps 50,000. He bases this figure on the specific number of addicts reported to the bureau by police agencies throughout the country. As of Dec. 31, 1958, they had reported 46,266 addicts. He brushes aside any contention that many addicts have evaded the police. "Within two years," he said on NBC's *Monitor* radio show last July, "every addict, rich or poor, comes to our attention." Yet in 1954, a Citizen's Advisory Committee reported to the California Attorney General that there were 20,000 illegal addicts in California alone. At that time, the bureau had enumerated 893 addicts in California; its latest tabulation for the state stands at 6,214.

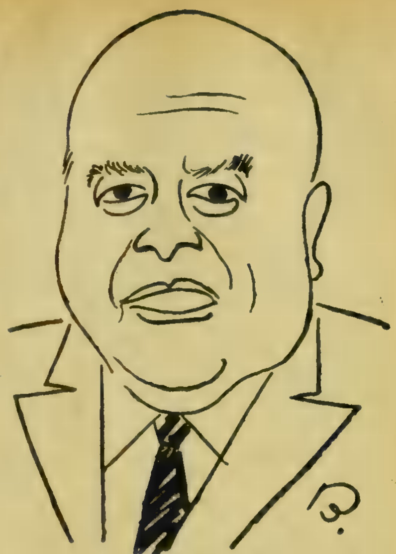
Anslinger's pet statistics involve the situation in Ohio. In his annual report for 1958, he prepared a chart entitled, "Results of Effective Legislation on Drug Addiction in Ohio." The chart, noting that the state had adopted its stiff narcotics law in September, 1955, employs graphic bars to show that although Ohio reported more than 300 new addicts in both 1954 and 1955, it reported fewer than one hundred in each of the three following years. In 1958, only thirty-eight were reported. "Continued rigid enforcement of the twenty-year minimum penalty for unlawful sale of narcotics provided in the narcotics law adopted by the Legislature of Ohio in 1955 has virtually eliminated the illicit narcotics traffic in that state," his report notes.

But another factor may have contributed to the dramatic drop in reported addiction: heavy penalties often discourage juries from convicting defendants. A survey of Missouri's experience sheds some light on the meaning of Ohio's statistics.

In recent years, Anslinger has been offering Missouri's statistics as further proof that long jail sentences do the job. In his 1958 report, he cites the "salutary effects" of heavy penalties and strict enforcement in that state. The House Appropriations Committee received a pictorial chart from him last year showing a giant human figure depicting the state's new addicts in 1956 and a dwarfish one depicting new addicts in 1958. Missouri itself, however, was not impressed. The legislature changed the state law a few months after Anslinger had handed the chart to the committee. The new law reduced the penalties for first conviction of possession of narcotics from a minimum two-year term with no probation to a maximum one-year term with probation permitted. "We found that juries simply would not send a man up for two years on the strength of a marijuana cigarette found in his possession," Circuit Attorney Thomas F. Eagleton of St. Louis explained. "It was also felt that a minor narcotics offender, convicted for the first time, was as much entitled to ask for probation as a first-time burglar."

After this scrambling of his neat statistics, Anslinger retaliated by cutting his force in Missouri from seven to three men. "Apparently they feel they haven't got a problem," Anslinger's assistant, Henry Giordano, said of the legislators. "We do have problems elsewhere and need men, so we're moving them."

THE Missouri incident marked the rare occasion when an agency of any government has questioned the authority or wisdom of Anslinger. Congress rarely questions either. While testifying on Capitol Hill, as he often does, the Commissioner has a persuasive manner. A stocky, completely bald man with a kind and genial face, he speaks smoothly and reasonably. In 1956, the reports of the House Subcommittee on Narcotics and the Senate Judiciary Committee leaned heavily on his philosophy. So did the report of the President's Interdepartmental Committee on Narcotics that year. The results were new federal laws so stringent that they set a two- to ten-year sentence for persons convicted of possessing narcotics for the first time, refused to allow suspended sentences and probation in many cases, and permitted the death penalty for any adult, addicted or not, who sold narcotics to anyone under eighteen.



Harry J. Anslinger

While guiding Congress to one point of view, Anslinger also has helped generate an atmosphere which inhibits objective thinking on the subject. In 1958, the Joint Committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association on Narcotic Drugs, impressed with how little is known about the addict and how little is done to cure him, issued a report that called for more research. In its most controversial section, the report suggested "that the possibilities of trying some such out-patient facility [where doctors would treat addicts and, in some cases, administer drugs to them] on a controlled experimental basis, should be explored." The committee hoped such a clinic would cut down crime by providing a legal source of drugs to addicts under treatment. Anslinger quickly organized his own Advisory Committee, which issued a 186-page report on the ABA-AMA report.

A remarkable document, cluttered with capital letters, boldface type, italics and exclamation marks, the Advisory Committee report uses every argument conceivable, even when they are contradictory, to belittle the ABA-AMA report. It is filled with repetitions, misquotations and scorn, and resembles a screech more than an argument. On several issues, Anslinger's group makes intelligent, critical points, but these are made so loudly they are hard to hear. The whole tenor of the document indicates Anslinger does not want to win the discussion as much as he wants to eliminate it.

This atmosphere apparently has persuaded the ABA-AMA committee to mark time and wait for Anslinger's retirement before trying to have its recommendations accepted either by its parent organization or by the federal government. Other critics of federal policy also believe that the retirement of Anslinger will herald a new era in government attitude toward addicts. "There is only one way to start reform," Chief Magistrate Murtagh writes, " — retire Commissioner Anslinger and replace him with a distinguished public-health administrator of vision and perception and, above all, heart." Will his retirement mean a new era?

Anslinger has not been a single force legislating and enforcing narcotics laws all by himself. He has reflected an imbedded American distaste toward people who have grown ill because of a seeming lack of will, and he has struck a responsive chord within both Congress and the public. Although persuasive and hard-working, he could never have pushed through his policies if they had not conformed with the public disposition. When he retires, it may be that a man of different attitudes and philosophy will take his place. But his successor also may be another Anslinger. After thirty years in office, there is enough public reverence for Anslinger to carry his philosophy, and all it represents, beyond his retirement.

Madison Avenue Scrambles for Honor . .

by Roy Bongartz

THE ECONOMY of this world has been so rigged that while most Americans (and their dogs and cats) get plenty to eat and enough room to live in, other millions of them inhabit slums and shacks; and elsewhere, Asians and Africans starve to death (such poorly-cared-for folk as the Indo-Chinese have a life expectancy of just thirty-one years).

The economy of this world is so rigged that Americans can keep a mothball fleet of over a hundred freighters filled with rotting wheat because no one can think of anything else to do with it.

The economy is so rigged that great, shining, skyscraper banks and insurance companies are rising in every city, shrines to the dollar, while millions of Americans—many of them minorities not allowed to live anywhere else—live in ratty tenements nearby.

Instead of aiming to help the world live a little less painfully, the American economy makes as much junk as it possibly can and then uses it up, destroys it, as fast as possible. Nobody ever talks about that "third of a nation" any more; they're not supposed to be still there. Instead of Edgar Snow's "Point IV for America" (*The Nation*, May 12, 1956) proposal that would send food, medicine, clothing and education to Americans without them, we have "planned obsolescence" — more unneeded stuff to replace slightly used unneeded stuff. Listen to a Washington adman, one Belmont Ver Standig, urge his fellows to greater efforts: "Take electric refrigerators," he said the other day. "Millions of them are ten to fifteen years obsolete. But their owners don't know it. No one has bothered to tell them."

With our society on such a phony basis, it is not surprising to find its main spokesman, the advertising business, phony too—so phony it can't see itself as it is, so phony it is "honestly" phony. Thus admen greeted the quiz scandals and payola news and recent false-advertising accusations with confusion and dismay. "But we've always been phony," they protested. "You have to be, to sell stuff people don't need. Why suddenly make an issue of it? And it works, doesn't it? We're lubricating the economy, aren't we?"

It is hopeless to tell an adman that an economy that spends $117 million a year on dog food is at least in part a false and wrong and doomed economy. No one would be foolish enough even to try to communicate this fact to an adman. Nevertheless a number of people, including Earl W. Kintner, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, have been attacking the natural product of this economy: false advertising. To require honesty in an area of necessity rooted in falseness is to demand the impossible, and it has brought a number of schizophrenic ripostes from admen trying both to fight back and at the same time to condemn their dishonest fellows (and, rarely, even themselves). Their confusion is perfectly understandable. They do not know—they cannot know and still remain admen—that their function in our rigged world is as shaky as the claim: "Money cheerfully refunded."

WITH THE hoots and catcalls from all the earlier scandals and drug and cigarette advertising complaints still in their ears, admen last month saw Kintner lower the boom on a variety of TV spot commercials: Palmolive Rapid Shave, Blue Bonnet margarine, Pepsodent toothpaste, and Alcoa wrap. The shaving cream was supposed to be helping a demonstrator shave sandpaper, but he was really shaving some sand off plexiglass. "Flavor gems" on the margarine were really glycerine. The toothpaste was used to wash away a dark spot made by a smoking machine; the FTC said it did not "actually prove that Pepsodent is

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effective in removing tobacco smoke stains from the teeth of all smokers." A fine fresh ham was shown wrapped in Alcoa while a competing foil, torn and tattered, ineffectually covered a dry, stale one as an announcer said they were both "wrapped and unwrapped the same number of times." Not true, said the FTC; they had never been wrapped at all, the hams had been picked for their looks, and Brand X foil had been torn and stomped upon.

KINTNER was greeted by admen with pained outrage. The Ted Bates agency, hit for both the shaving cream and margarine, asked him in a full-page ad in the *Times*:

> Is imaginative selling against the law? We are puzzled. Our clients are puzzled. Our attorneys are puzzled. We think businessmen everywhere are puzzled. . . . We know that people *don't* shave sandpaper, any more than they write with pens under water, shave peaches, or strap their wrist watches on the propellers of trans-Atlantic liners to find out if they are waterproof. We used this dramatization for a simple reason. Millions of Americans use a common phrase: "I have a sandpaper beard." It means a tough beard. Our phrasing comes under the heading of imaginative selling.

The makers of Blue Bonnet insisted that "the presence of the gems is an established fact" in spite of the FTC's statement that "the presence of visible moisture in butter and oleomargarine is undesirable and is sought to be avoided." As for Pepsodent, Fairfax M. Cone of Foote, Cone & Belding, cried innocently, "I don't understand it! The ad never said it would remove stains from all teeth." Alcoa said it could easily prove its wrap was the best.

These mild contretemps are only straws in the wind—a strong, cold wind of public and governmental suspicion blowing hard on admen's white-collared and blue-collared necks. Some few of them have become something less than sanguine about their own total righteousness. Richard E. Deems, executive vice president of Hearst Magazines, suggests advertisers avoid "the weasels, the unnecessary exaggerations, the double meanings, the sugar coatings, the crutch words . . . that in the past we have always felt were defendable tools of our profession."

James D. Woolf, a "creative consultant," says that "not since the fraudulent, patent-medicine days, which were largely responsible for the Pure Food and Drug Act, has advertising been sitting on such a hot seat." Referring to a Gallup poll showing that two out of three Americans believe TV commercials to be phony, he says, "The public is not as stupid as we are sometimes led to believe."

Truman Green, advertising director of the Tampa *Tribune* and Tampa *Times*, says: "Trickery and the 'fast buck' philosophy have replaced the old standards of honesty and truthfulness and fair dealing. Too many young people in advertising today are growing up in an atmosphere of flimflam and deception. Too many are being led to believe that anything is all right in advertising if they can get away with it."

Granville Hicks wrote in a recent *Saturday Review*:

> Probably the most careful students of the use of the language of misunderstanding are the writers of advertising. The purpose of most advertising is to create a false impression without telling the kind of downright lie that would get the advertiser in trouble with the government. Fortunately, this is so generally recognized that people discount advertising claims without having to think what they are doing, but there is a kind of residual confusion.

California Governor Edmund G. Brown alienated West Coast admen recently by saying, "Americans spend more on advertising, tobacco and alcohol than they do on education. We need help to free us from the hypnotic spell of the hucksters and the hard sell." More pernicious to the obsolescence-mongers are these words from the *Pilot*, a paper of the Boston Roman Catholic diocese: "Much advertising aims to create unhealthy demands and to promote vicious rivalry among people who might be satisfied with a more simple way of life."

Some admen have recently begun to sound like Russians reciting their *mea culpa* before purge: "A guilt complex and a sense of insecurity pervades every gathering of admen," writes Eugene Whitmore in *Southwest Advertising and Marketing*. "The typical ad convention reveals a vast amount of self-criticism, laceration and verbal punishment, almost to masochistic zeal."

Melvin S. Hattwick, advertising director of the Continental Oil Company, adds: "The agonizing self-appraisal through which all advertising people are now going is in all likelihood a good thing. It is unfortunate that the circumstances prompting such soul searching are in full view of the public. In due time, after admen have worn sackcloth and ashes as long as they see fit, many of them will go back to the business-as-usual routine."

One renegade goes so far as to suspect his colleagues of not being very bright. "We're loaded with creative people," says Anthony C. Chevins, senior vice president of Cunningham & Walsh. "Today everybody in advertising is creative. Every time a helpless little idea gets born, this battalion of creative experts pounces on it like a group of starving men in a lifeboat going after a careless sea gull. Never before have so many created so little. Never before have so many created so little that looks so much alike." Chevins adds that "the more creative people you put into a conference room the fewer good ideas are apt to come out. Meetings are for meatheads." As for brainstorming sessions: "A tempest in a think-pot."

THE ADMEN'S ramparts are nevertheless well defended. New York account executive Paul Slater claims that "today there is an almost emotional search —verging on reverence —for truth and dignity. Even the sophisticated façade of a goodly proportion of those in advertising hides, more often than not, an inborn respect for virtue. The growing emphasis on integrity isn't something that just blossomed. It's been at the core of things for a long time."

Fairfax M. Cone: "Almost all of these things that sound like cheating are nothing more than matters of photographic techniques."

Walter Weir, chairman of the executive committee of Donahue & Coe, says, "The FTC has not been attempting to correct abuses so much as it has been incorrectly abusing its privileges. When cellophane is rumpled to produce the sound of flames in a radio commercial for a fire insurance company, will that company and its ad agency have to live in dread of censure from the FTC because they didn't burn the studio down in the interests of truth?" (One might suggest they take out some insurance on the studio, just in case Kintner decides to take him up on that.) Weir asks also: "If a wedding is shown, must two people actually be joined together for all eternity in order to avoid misrepresentation?" (Why not? It might perk up some of those shows.) Weir is obviously a hard man to convince, but once sold, he'll act. "If there is inescapable, incontrovertible evidence that what we advocate is harmful or if we can advocate only by dissembling, then I feel we must in all conscience put away our pen." However, at last report his grip remained firm.

Joe Stone, copy-group head at J. Walter Thompson, credits advertising with enriching our culture. "Ads are reviewed where good men get together. 'Have you read any good ads lately?' now stands toe to toe with book talk." He may not be nearly so balmy as he sounds: station KTTV in Los Angeles (where else?) has been running an *all-commercial* half hour with a second-place rating in a seven-channel area. Station president Richard Moore says he hopes "the program will provide a definite answer to those who criticize the commercial content of television simply because it is commercial." In thirteen weeks he got 2,000 letters, many requesting favorite commercials.

ON THE last day of 1959, Attorney General William P. Rogers wrote in a report to the President: "Naked selfishness, rather than factors of public service, has all too often been the principal motivation for much of the matter that has been broadcast. . . . Consideration should be given to legislation which would extend the FTC's authority. . . ."

Kintner told an emergency meeting of the Association of National Advertisers on February 2 that they had either to regulate themselves or face government control.

The advertisers replied by handing around the meeting a mimeographed definition of honesty: "An advertisement is honest when *objective* facts which *bear upon* the product or service advertised fulfill in all *material* respects the *understanding* regarding them that is generated in *people* by the advertisement when observed in the way or ways that they *normally perceive* it." An asterisk after "honest" led to this note: "Honesty is referred to here in its objective rather than its moral sense." After this crystal-clear beginning, the advertisers produced a "Program of Action" featuring some phrases which would have delighted old Dr. Arbuthnot: "take such initiative as they deem necessary" and "this area should be reserved for individual self-regulation" and "offer its good offices" and "furtherance of mutual understanding" and "continued voluntary compliance with the law" and "appoint committees" and "establish machinery for continuing liaison" and "creation of better understanding of advertising's contribution to the economy."

Paul B. West, president of the advertisers' group, warned of the "danger that the economy could be seriously damaged if the credibility, believability and public acceptance of advertising is impaired." It's their "image" they're worried about, that's all. "Even though we're phony," they're saying, "believe us anyway because we keep the wheels turning."

With this new "image" firmly planted in our skulls, we'll be delighted to hear of the Skyjector which will project luminous advertising 1,000 yards wide upon clouds five miles up. On a recent cloudless night the developers of the Skyjector used the backside of a skyscraper instead of a cloud; the building management called the cops and made them cut it out. Of course, we really have no reason to worry about the Skyjector; its developers (some admen) assure us they do not intend "to throw pictures and messages indiscriminately in the clouds or atop a mountain. The Skyjector will protect the interest of the public and the advertising profession." So rest easy, you can always believe an adman. Look what they've done with television.

1960: Failure of Political Imagination . .

by Glenn Tinder

This article, written by a teacher of political theory in the Department of Government, University of Massachusetts, complements "1960: Failure of Social Imagination," by James Reichley, which appeared in these columns on February 6. Taken together, the two articles may serve as guide-lines for the thoughtful voter soon to be buffeted by the winds of this year's Presidential campaign. — ED.

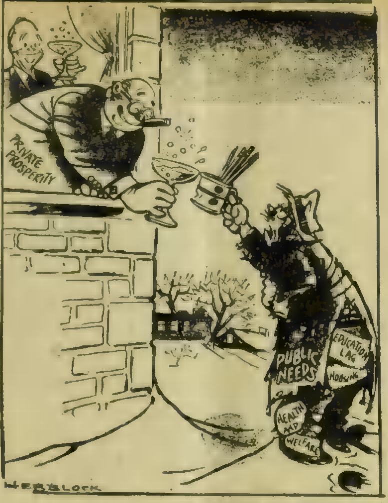
AS ONE watches the present efforts of Presidential aspirants and party chiefs to discover issues which will arouse voter interest and support, he may wonder whether the groping uncertainty of those who seek power, and the synthetic enthusiasm and frank disinterest of the masses who have power to bestow, are merely the phenomena an American must, every four years, expect to see. It may seem that the issues are more contrived and the lethargy of the onlookers more profound than is usual. Are we viewing expressions not merely of the expedient open-mindedness of the politician and of the sovereign detachment of the voter, but of a failure of political imagination?

Certainly on the one hand there is a widespread awareness of problems of a different order from those which were most pressing a generation ago.

These do not lie simply in the dilemmas and terrors associated with great-power politics, but derive as well from a number of situations within the nation. For example, there are many signs of a growing fear that our cities are uncontrollably sweeping the people into vast, unstructured agglomerations little suited for truly human life. Statistics concerning juvenile delinquency are for many indicative of something seriously, but so far undefinably, wrong in the society as a whole. Few responsible people regard with very much pride or satisfaction American attainments and attitudes in the field of education. The recent television quiz scandals have provoked a good deal of somber reflection, even among those usually given to a kind of patriotic optimism, concerning the state both of our morality and our culture.

Yet no party program, and no Presidential candidate, leads us toward a comprehensive vision of our situation. We do not know how the various problems confronting us are related to one another. We do not know how these problems are related to those of the past. We do not know whether — if it is true that we are entering a new political age — there is a single, coherent program to guide us. As long as our present leaders, and those who are striving to replace them, do not help us to know these things, our politics is threatened with a deadly irrelevance.

THERE is a way of testing the validity of this sense of irrelevance. It is to compare the insights of what may be referred to as the "political mind" with those of "the literary mind." The former phrase is a way of designating the consciousness of those directly engaged in the pursuit of political ends, whether as candidates, party professionals, or amateur volunteers; the phrase "literary mind" refers to the mentality of those whose prime business is the discernment and communication of the truth (whether through fiction or otherwise) rather than the gaining of particular political goals. It may be assumed that in a healthy society the political and literary minds will not be in fundamental disaccord, and that where they are, the literary mind, by the very nature of the vocation it represents, is apt to be nearer the truth.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Here's to you!"

The comparison reveals an ominous chasm between the two minds. Notably, this chasm can be discerned in Western society generally, as well as in America. The central tenet of the Western political mind may be defined as the welfare — interpreted largely in economic terms — of the people as a whole. This definition of course subsumes a great many differences, some concerning the degree of economic well-being the masses have a right to expect, and others — even more pronounced — regarding the means appropriate for attaining it. But in most nations where meaningful popular elections are held, the paramount task of every political leader is to convince the electorate that his party is a more effective instrument than any other for protecting and improving the average man's standard of life. The most recent nation-wide elections in England, in Germany and in America all demonstrate the truth of this assertion. These elections show, too, that the conservative parties are little more inclined to ignore the standard of mass welfare than are their more egalitarian and reformist opponents. Even the "peace issue" appears to derive its meaning in some substantial measure from the material well-being which depends on peace for its enjoyment and enhancement.

It is not necessary at this point to attempt a definition of the central tenet of the contemporary literary mind. It is sufficient to draw attention to the certain fact that it is *not* the material welfare of the masses. Whether one considers the great novelists of the prewar decades (such as Wolfe, Fitzgerald and Lawrence), leading present-day writers of fiction (for example, Hemingway, Faulkner and Camus), American scholars and essayists (Huxley, Fromm, Riesman and others), or European philosophers (notably Jaspers, Heidegger and other existentialists), he becomes aware of important groups of authors to whom mass welfare is clearly not the great problem of our civilization. This is not to say that these writers are indifferent to the problem; nor is it to say that there are no exceptions (such as the early Dos Passos and George Orwell). And of course this near unanimity is only negative; modern writers are hardly at one in their positive analyses and prescriptions. But anyone familiar with the range of contemporary literature is constrained to recognize that the major concerns of the literary mind are very distant from those of the political.

IT IS interesting to note indications that this situation is not unique to the Western nations. Behind the iron curtain, where political heads do not readily bear with implicit challenges to the relevance of their vision, the tension between the political and literary minds has been at the source of some of the more poignant public dramas of our time. In Yugoslavia, Tito has for a number of years kept in prison his former friend Milovan Djilas, who tried to direct attention from the older version of class struggle to the dangers posed by a "new class." In Poland, intellectuals and writers have suffered from the drive of Gomulka and the ruling party to enforce the primacy, in relation to new insights and attitudes, of something nearer the old-fashioned Communist philosophy of mass welfare. And in the Soviet Union, the materialistic and egalitarian conceptions of the nation's leaders recently came into tragic collision with the very different kind of imagination which expressed itself in *Doctor Zhivago.*

The present discussion, however,

is intended to refer primarily to the West and above all to America. Here, the discrepancy between the political and the literary imagination seems clear and it constitutes strong evidence of a serious failure on the part of the former. What is the cause of this failure?

THIS question obviously cannot be answered with precision and finality. It is not impossible, however, to offer certain hypotheses. The first is that *class* society is giving way to something essentially different—*mass* society. For a number of decades (and in some ways for a number of centuries), the root social fact has seemed to many to be the division of rich and poor, or, in more recent terminology, of bourgeoisie and proletariat. That this inequality has shaped fundamentally the imagination of reformers is evident in the Marxist doctrine of class warfare, in the Socialist passion for equality, and in the New Deal sensitivity to unfair privilege. That it has also affected profoundly, if less decisively, the imagination of conservatives is apparent in the attitudes of Disraeli and Bismarck. However, the situation is rapidly changing. The central fact has become the dominance of multitudes who among themselves are more or less equal and, in respect to economic circumstances, are more or less contented. Inequalities remain; but the chief characteristics of contemporary society are no longer set so much by the ruling temper of the upper classes as by the ruling temper of the masses.

Many will balk at relegating class conflict so definitely to the past. The continued existence of various forms of economic injustice will be cited; and one will be reminded that the most exhilarating heights of prosperity have in the past led abruptly to economic calamity. Nevertheless, the evidence that class society is passing is very compelling. It lies mainly in the fact, first, that the Western nations are producing quantities of wealth which are every year more incredibly vast, judged by the standards of every other society in the world's history; and, second, that the masses in these nations have the power, through ballot and market, to allocate this wealth roughly as they will. Although extremes of economic deprivation remain (and may plausibly be regarded as more insupportable now than ever before), we must grant these are experienced principally not by the great masses of people but by unfortunate minority groups; the more widespread economic injustices which continue in existence, such as medical insecurity, have to do with only certain aspects of life and do not, like the industrial conditions of a century ago, ordinarily degrade the entirety of the lives of those subject to them. As for the possibilities of another depression, it would manifestly be unduly complacent to assume that our expanding affluence can never fail; on the other hand, it would surely be unrealistic to suppose that the problem of economic cycles will remain forever unsolved or even that, in the foreseeable future, another depression as severe as that of 1929 will be tolerated.

These considerations of course are purposely confined to the prospects opened up by developments in the advanced industrial nations; in the underdeveloped countries, these prospects are not yet visible. And it may well be that even before the industrial nations there lie far more trying economic adversities than one is disposed, amid present opulence, to fear. But what does seem clear is that — barring a third world war — the great plunge into the joys of abundance which has recently been taken *en masse* by the peoples of Germany, of France, of England, and of America, heralds a new political age.

Confidence in the onset of this age, however, does not necessarily reflect an unqualified optimism. Most serious observers realize that mass society is a long way from the utopia which for many was the imagined sequel to class society and which advertisers and politicians often try to convince us we now enjoy. Indeed, many fear that while we have, in a sense, solved all of our problems, we are as far from our dreams as we ever were. What has gone wrong?

This brings us to the second hypothesis bearing on the present failure of political imagination, which is that mass society is accompanied by a state of disintegration far more subtle, but no less painful and no less humanly destructive, than that which was manifest in conflict between classes. To differentiate it from the latter, that is, from *class* disintegration, it may be called "*mass* disintegration." This new challenge to human society is not manifest in picket lines, in poverty, or in the bitterness of one group against another. Indeed, it may be most profound where much is made of the camaraderie of the "team" or of the warmth of "togetherness."

HOW, then, is it manifest? Chiefly in the isolation of the person. The circumstances which produce this isolation are various; among them are a mobility which often suddenly severs established relationships, the customary priority of organizational and commercial considerations over those which are merely human, and a rate of historical change which frequently renders members of different generations incomprehensible to one another. But mass disintegration does not affect relations among persons alone; it also attenuates the bonds between man and place, man and nature, man and his possessions. Thus the rootlessness of the contemporary individual is well known; the difficulty and infrequency of satisfactory contact with the natural world becomes plain if one reflects on the extent to which modern life is carried on both indoors and within cities; and as for the relations of a person to his possessions, the supposedly radical idea of collective ownership is merely in line with a process of capitalistic collectivization which, through such means as the joint stock company, planned obsolescence and installment buying, has for many decades been alienating man from his possessions. In Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, one of the sons of Willy Loman says, ". . . It's what I always wanted. My own apartment, a car, and plenty of women. And still, goddamit, I'm lonely." This, as David Riesman establishes in *The Lonely Crowd*, might be taken as the cry of the twentieth-century American. It expresses the anguish of mass worse is the fact that his references are mainly taken from secondary sources. The total effect is thus that of a potpourri of clichés on God's image and man's imagination.

These worn notions fail to do justice to the theme of Mr. Harris' book. His worthy intention was to compare today's pedestrian concepts of God with the biblical, medieval, Reformation, sectarian and other traditional concepts. In the process, more than anything else, we learn about the author's life and his preferences and that he writes "special" when he means "spatial" (p. 81), or that "from time to time, a pair of earnest, attractive people, a man and a woman, but not married, ring our doorbell to sell us copies of *The Watchtower*" (why *but*?).

Actually, what Mr. Harris has accomplished recalls Professor Davies' quotation from *The God-Seeker*, in which Sinclair Lewis has Black Wolf, an Oberlin-educated Indian, give his view of Christianity in these words: "Most of the whites believe, or profess to believe in Christianity, which is an idolatrous religion with many gods. Their Catholic sect has thousands of mysterious divine beings ruled by what they call the 'Trinity,' which consists of Father, Son, and Mother Mary. The Protestants have no Trinity, but a four-god council consisting of Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and Satan. . . . Among their demi-gods are Santa Claus, Luck (whom they worship by striking wood), saints, angels, seraphs, witches, fairies, vampires, evil spirits, the spirits of the dead, tombs and statues, the cross and a magic book called the Bible."

Ireland Made Him

J. M. SYNGE 1871-1909. By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. The Macmillan Co. 321 pp. $6.95.

Russell A. Fraser

THE late nineteenth century, after generations of neglect and disuse and profanation in the theatre, finally produced the drama of Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. It produced also, though his work in the theatre belongs entirely to the first decade of the present century, the drama of John Millington Synge, who is now for the first time the subject of an authoritative biography.

Four years after Synge's death, Maurice Bourgeois published a chronicle of his life and its relation to the Irish theatre. But since all of Synge's papers had passed into the hands of his brother Edward, who denied access to them, Bourgeois' book was necessarily an interim account. In 1939, the papers became the property of Synge's nephew, Edward M. Stephens, who for years had been gathering material on his uncle and writing recollections of him. But the full-scale biography which Stephens projected never appeared. When he died suddenly in 1955, he left nearly three-quarters of a million words in manuscript—more than any publisher cared to undertake, and concerned, disproportionately, with the history of Synge's family. That manuscript and the papers on which it rested were made available, by Stephens' wife, to Professor David Greene of New York University. The result, precisely fifty years after Synge's death, is a solid and immensely interesting biography.

Synge was a greater man than almost any of his contemporaries, of whom you are likely to read in the history books: Lloyd George and John D. Rockefeller and Admiral Dewey and Thomas Alva Edison. In the same year that Synge was born — 1871 — Orville Wright was born also. But the Wright brothers only created an airplane. John Synge recreated tragedy. He is the less dispensable.

Synge does not suggest, on the face of it, a latter-day Moses, leading the drama out of the desert. He is not, in his beginnings, anything like his great predecessors in the drama, the masters of the morality and mystery, or those Elizabethan playwrights whose excellence derives in part from what amounts almost to collaboration with the popular audience which applauded their plays. Great drama is deeply rooted in its time; in an important sense it is popular and social. But Synge, at least initially, was cut off from his time, a stranger to it, was if anything the antithesis of social. His family was Evangelical Protestant in a land of Roman Catholics. His early training reflected the embittered zeal of the minister who was his maternal grandfather, and who spent his whole career, as it were in the bush, fighting the barbarians of Catholic Cork. As he grew older, Synge added to his isolation himself. "By the time I was 16 or 17," he wrote, "I had renounced Christianity after a good deal of wobbling." In doing so, "I laid a chasm between my present and my past and between myself and my kindred and friends. Till I was 23 I never met or at least knew a man or woman who shared my opinions." There are terrible implications in those words, of loneliness and alienation.

SYNGE was also by birth a member of the Ascendancy class, one of the landed minority that exploited Ireland as a kind of imperial colony, and so incurred the hatred and resistance of the great mass of the people. That hatred culminated in violence in the years of

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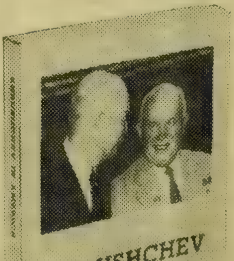
RUSSELL A FRASER is at present in Europe on a Council of Humanities fellowship. He is a member of the English faculty of Princeton University.



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Synge's youth, when the exploited tenants came together in a Land League, and resorted to a Land War against their oppressors. And so the countryside became a place of terror. Synge was implicated in the terror, but willy-nilly on the wrong side. The laconic cruelty of his brother Edward, who was occupied in driving the tenants of Mayo and Wicklow and Cavan from their farms, prompted him to argue with his mother about the injustice of the evictions. And his mother answered simply, "What would become of us if our tenants in Galway stopped paying their rents?" There is no answer to that question unless, like Charles Stuart Parnell, Synge's contemporary and fellow member of the Ascendancy class, you become as they say a traitor to your class, and make war against the source of your own income. But Synge, unlike Parnell, was no revolutionary. Later, in Paris, after hearing the anarchist Sebastian Fauré, he wrote in his diary, *"très interessant mais fou."* In 1892, when the Irish National Literary Society held its first meeting in Dublin, with Yeats and Maud Gonne as featured speakers, Synge was off in Wicklow for the summer, living in a boycotted house under police protection.

His apartness was compounded by his swarthy and singular appearance, by poor health, and by a morbidity which impelled him to make up his mind as a boy never to inflict his sickness on anybody else, and so never to marry. He was forbidden ordinary sports as too arduous. Walking was left to him, and so he became a great walker, which means, almost by definition, a solitary. He became enormously fond of music, but finally he gave up the violin and the notion of a career as a concert performer, because he was too shy to face an audience. This is how his mother saw him, still in his teens, and studying for a degree at Trinity College, Dublin: "He leads a queer solitary life, poor boy. He plays his fiddle a great deal and reads and takes a walk. I wonder what he will turn into by and by."

One should be able to predict what he would turn into: perhaps another Stephen Dedalus, a late nineteenth-century esthete, who turns his back on the life of his times — too crude, too coarse — who cultivates art but isn't able to create it, and who dies young and unfulfilled like Ezra Pound's Hugh Selwyn Mauberly, exhaling a kind of minor fragrance, the perfume of the *fin de siècle.* Synge, before his astonishing metamorphosis, was precisely such a man. His sweetheart reports him as writing to her, in the dedicated romantical way, "I feel there is that in me which will be of value to the world." But at the age of thirty, the value was represented by two reviews, a scattering of articles, a bad play and an unpublishable book. His work, in Yeats's words, was "full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life, which come, not out of life but out of literature, images reflected from mirror to mirror."

But Synge, like Yeats, beat his way back to solid and substantial things. He learned to repudiate "twaddle"— his word—whether ascetic or aesthetic: Thomas à Kempis and J. K. Huysmans. "I will not deny my masculine existence nor rise, if I can, by facile abnegation. I despise the hermit and the monk and pity only the adulterer and the drunkard. There is one world of souls and no flesh and no devil." Like Yeats, he fashioned a past and a context. As a boy he had been immersed in the heroic legends of Ireland, before the wild geese fled. In college he had taken up the study of Irish antiquities. And then by degrees the past led him forward to the present. "Soon after I had relinquished the kingdom of God I began to take a real interest in the kingdom of Ireland . . . everything Irish became sacred."

THE result of his dedication to Ireland was six years of intense and marvelous activity in the theatre, between 1903 and 1909. In those few years, before cancer took him off, Synge created the two one-acters, *In the Shadow of the Glen* and *Riders to the Sea,* the partly comic, partly tragic plays, *The Well of the Saints* and *The Playboy of the Western World*, a single farce, *The Tinker's Wedding*, and the final unfinished tragedy, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*. These are all of them memorable plays; some of them are great plays. And their writing owes much to the patriotic impulse, in Synge and in his time, that had already found expression in the nationalist movement known as Young Ireland, and in the Gaelic scholarship of Sir Samuel Ferguson and Standish James O'Grady and, most impressive of all, in the establishing by Yeats and Lady Gregory of the Irish National Theatre Society.

But obviously something is missing to make really explicable the transformation of a failed esthete into a great dramatist. Mere antiquarianism never created a good play or good poem. The Irish revivalists, Mangan and Douglas Hyde and the early Yeats, are more to be praised for their pious intention than for the poetry they wrote. One might look, for confirmation, at the pseudo-Celtic verse of Yeats's first period, and then recall the careful nature of T. S. Eliot's remark that Yeats became universal as he became more Irish, but more Irish not in subject but rather in expression. It is the growth of a new expression in Yeats that matters. And new expression is the key to the sudden flaring up of genius in Synge.

YEATS, indirectly, conferred on Synge the gift of tongues. In the year before the Abbey Theatre was founded, he called Synge home from his fugitive life on the Continent. "I said, 'Give up Paris, you will never create anything by reading Racine, and Arthur Symons will always be a better critic of French literature. Go to the Arran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression.' " Synge went to Arran, "those gray islands, where men must reap with knives because of the stones." It is the crucial fact of his life. He lived among the people, listened to and remembered exotic and vivid ways of speech, became enamored of the personal and palpable and concrete. In the Preface to the *Playboy,* he confesses his debt: "I am glad to acknowledge how much I owe to the folk-imagination of these fine people"—"the country people of Ireland." That folk imagination, expressed in a prose that comes very close to poetry, is, it seems to me, the heart of Synge's greatness.

Here, from his experience on Arran, as recounted in Greene's biography, is the sort of data he seized on, to make over in his art: a mother's keening for her lost son, and the debate whether the clothing taken from a body that had been floating off the coast of Donegal belonged to the missing islander from Inishmaan; the fashioning of a coffin for the drowned man, out of boards that had been saved to make a coffin for an aged mother; omens and portents: a mother's glimpse of her dead son, riding a horse behind the man who was about to be drowned; and finally, this letter from a Gaelic-speaking friend:

> Johneen, Friend of My Heart. A million blessings to you. It's a while ago since I thought of a small letter to write, and every day was going until it went too far and the time I was about to write to you. It happened that my brother's wife, Shawneen, died. And she was visiting the last Sunday in December, and now isn't it a sad story to tell? But at the same time we have to be satisfied, because a person cannot live always.

Out of this material, Synge created *Riders to the Sea*, perhaps the finest tragedy written in English since the Renaissance.

The same shift in interest that distinguishes that play—from the indefinite article to the definite, from *universalia ante rem* to the particular fact, the thing itself—lies behind and is indispensable to the flowering of the English drama. And as it marks the development of the trope, late in the ninth century, into something like a legitimate play, so it marks also, late in the nineteenth century, Synge's transition from a rootless and featureless "European," which is to say a cipher, a nothing, to a particular Irish-man of positive and particular identity, in short, to a great playwright. Like Yeats, as Sygne began to speak for Ireland, he began to speak for man.

Curtain of Ignorance

A SOVIET VIEW OF THE AMERICAN PAST. Edited by O. Lawrence Burnette, Jr. and William Converse Haygood. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin. 64 pp. $1.

AMERICAN TEACHING ABOUT RUSSIA. Edited by Cyril E. Black and John M. Thompson. Indiana University Press. 192 pp. $4.50.

Francis B. Randall

CAN ONE really *know* another country? The foremost foreign authority on America is probably Denis Brogan, and even he makes errors of interpretation, of "feel," which any knowledgeable American can pick up. Then how can the Russians hope to understand us across cultural barriers so much greater? And should we not be extremely modest in estimating our own grasp of a society as alien as Russia's?

Rather discouraging answers to these questions of international understanding are provided by two publications from the formerly isolationist Middle West. A group of scholars in Wisconsin has translated and annotated the article on American history in the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, the standard compendium of knowledge for the Communist world. The article, published in Russia's year of crisis, 1956, is the handiest source of knowledge about American history for most educated Russians, who turn to their Encyclopedia far more often than we do to our declining *Britannica*.

It is not a very good article. It is much better than the Stalinist tirade that might have been produced in 1952 (Stalin is never mentioned by name; the euphemism at occasions like Yalta and Potsdam is "the Russian chief of state"), but that isn't saying much. The English language sources listed in the bibliography are mostly commendable—everything from John R. Commons on the labor movement to the *Congressional Record*. But one is jarred by the presence there of all of Herbert Aptheker, a Communist historian of Negro rebellion and repression, particularly when there is no listing of C. Vann Woodward, probably our most distinguished historian of the Reconstruction. There is a heavy emphasis on race and class warfare, and on our imperialist ventures (real and imagined). In short, nothing is surprising. The *Great Soviet Encyclopedia's* presentation of American history is a great improvement on Stalin's last Seven Mad Years, but when tested by decent standards, it is the usual Communist tripe.

Some cautions are in order. First, we cannot assume that so political a document as an encyclopedia article represents the best private knowledge of the Russian historians who wrote it. (They almost certainly left C. Vann Woodward out *because* they had read him!) Second, our real dispute with the Soviet encyclopedists is over the fundamentals of their religion, not over the details of their views of American history, which are remote consequences of their religion. Third, we might listen carefully to what the Russians say; every few pages they have an arguable point. For instance, the article questions the wisdom of our atom bombing of Japan. The Wisconsin annotators try to refute this by a reference to Henry Stimson's memoirs—rather too hasty a glossing over of what remains an international debate. Withal, it is clear that most Russians are not given the chance to gain a balanced knowledge of America.

SOME Russian experts at the University of Indiana and elsewhere discourage us in a different way. They have examined what is taught about Russia here in America: the thirteen graduate centers for Russian studies, college teaching on Russia as typified by the colleges in Indiana, and such scattered treatment of Russia as there is in the high schools. They do not bother with the question of whether our view of Russia is systematically distorted by ideological or cultural blinders; they are concerned with the amount and quality of our education in the Russian field, as judged by our accepted set of standards and values. On this basis they find that our graduate Russian institutes are doing well, considering that all were founded after World War II, and admiting that much basic work remains to be done. The authors of the survey wish that more psychologists, anthropologists and sociologists could be persuaded to enter the Russian area, and of course they think it would be nice if America's Russian scholars knew Russian better — to say nothing of Armenian and Uzbek!

But the graduate schools, which should be the capstone of a whole edifice of education in Russian studies, rest chiefly on the ground. Two special programs on Russia are now functioning in Indiana, but less than half the colleges of the state offer *any* Russian history, and many fewer provide courses in Russian language. Of 65,000 college students in Indiana, less than two per cent take even one Russian history course in the four-year period — and any teacher knows how little that can mean! To the authors, "this is an alarming situation." But this is intellectual wealth compared to the situation in the high schools, where, for obvious reasons, Russia is scarcely mentioned. To put it

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FRANCIS B. RANDALL teaches Russian history at Columbia University.

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most hopelessly, the overwhelming majority of Americans draw their notions of Russia from the mass press, the mass magazines, radio and TV.

So, by and large, we and the Russians don't know each other. Now what? Our problems are very different. If communism of the classic type continues to degenerate in Russia for another few decades, Russia's American experts are apt to acquire a pretty fair knowledge of the United States by following their unfettered scholarly impulses. (*If!*) Then they would face our problem: what can one do to overcome the ignorance, apathy, inertia, and ultimately the stupidity of the masses, especially the masses that go to college? Phrased this way, the problem is intractable; no people as a whole has ever understood its own society, much less a foreign culture. But the standard liberal procedures — the application of more intelligence, energy and money—could multiply both the knowledge about Russia and those who possess that knowledge five or ten times on all school levels. This would be nothing compared to the vision of the Educated Society, but for practical purposes in the next generation, can we ask for more?

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Smithsonian Institution of Washington, with its hodgpodge of historical mementos and ingenious gadgets, of natural history, ethnology and art collections in this and last century's taste, has always been one of my favorite museums. The Smithsonian is a huge enterprise. Its buildings on the Mall include the Museums of Arts and Industries, of Aviation and of Natural History, as well as two museums of fine arts, the Freer and the semi-independent National Gallery. Elsewhere in Washington there is a zoo. In Cambridge there is an astronomical observatory and in the Canal Zone, a tropical island. The Institution itself is the most important of our learned societies. It conducts scientific research, sends out expeditions to the lesser-known parts of the earth, and acts as a free distribution center for international exchange of scientific information. Its astonishing collections of oddities, art and marvels are only somewhat accidental accretions on what is basically a scientific foundation.

The story of the Institution's origin is like the plot of a Victorian novel. James Smithson, the founder, was English, a gentleman, and illegitimate. His father, a commoner who rose to become Knight of the Garter and Duke of Northumberland, was the husband of his mother's cousin. Not surprisingly, Smithson's mother gave birth to him in France, and it was under her name of Macie that he entered Oxford. The fortune he inherited came entirely from his mother's side of the family. Smithson's great passion was chemistry; he became fellow of the Royal Society, friend of Cavendish and Arago, spent most of his time abroad — apparently he had no love for English society — and died in Genoa in 1829. He never married. His considerable fortune he left to his nephew with the casual proviso that if the nephew died without children — which he did — the money was to go to the United States to found "an establishment for the increase & diffusion of Knowledge among men." The bequest, amounting to more than half a million dollars, was accepted by Congress only after much hesitation. The first plan — to use the bequest to found a university — was abandoned in favor of a foundation for scientific research and publication, complete with library and museum, and having all the financial and political advantages of being a ward of the federal government.

THE BOARD OF REGENTS' first meeting was in 1846. Only two years later the Smithsonian issued its famous *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, the first of its publications, was already providing grants and apparatus for outside scientific work, and was carrying on its own scientific investigations. A number of these, in geology, weather, fisheries, Indian ethnology, and so on, proved important enough to the government to warrant special subsidy, and have even given rise to special government bureaus. Congress began to supply funds for certain of its programs, and private benefactors began to add their donations of art as well as money to Smithson's original bequest. Since our government contains no department of fine arts, it was decided in court that the Smithsonian — which already possessed a small collection of paintings from the Smithson inheritance — was also a National Gallery of Art and the natural custodian of all bequests of art intended to form part of a national collection.

In 1855, the first of the Smithsonian buildings was erected, to house, among other things, Smithson's collection of minerals. It is a wonderful Romanesque pile (or Norman or Lombard or twelfth century, as you will) by the New York architect, James Renwick, Jr. With its dark red stone and nine towers, no two alike, it is, to my way of thinking, the finest piece of architecture in all Washington. In the early eighties the Arts and Industries Building was erected, in the exposition style of the time, to receive objects inherited from the Philadelphia Centennial. The Freer and National Galleries on the same side of the Mall, designed to hold the art collections left to the nation by Freer, Mellon, Widener and Kress, are too well known to speak of here. The Natural History Building across the way is somewhat earlier than these. Built in standard 1910 "Classical," it contains, in addition to its exhibits of natural history and ethnology, a collection of art both instructive and entertaining, but so inferior that the National Gallery will have nothing of it.

THESE pictures belong principally to the official American School of fifty years ago. Some, like Thomas Moran's huge mountain landscapes, or Childe Hassam's charming adaptations of Impressionism, stand up very well. But for the most part, time has not treated kindly these ladies at spinets and sweet Arab maidens in their elaborate frames. Even more dated are the story-telling pictures — George de Forest Brush's clammy-skinned Indians, lined up like Disney characters in a canoe, precariously hoping to spear a moose, or Puvis de Chevanne's mawkish idea of what went on in Fra Angelico's studio, called *Inspiration Chrétienne*.

The two specialties of the Natural History collection are the works of Abott Thayer and Albert P. Ryder (twenty-three pictures of the one and fifteen of the other), which serve to illustrate the two extremes of late nineteenth-century painting in America. Thayer, something of a New England Tiepolo, was a fine draftsman, with clean color and carefully considered tone relations, direct and unsentimental in his work. But his subject matter, limited to depiction of a sort of noble purity (calm-faced mothers and college girls got up as angels) is as impersonal as the engraving on a bank note, and the result is as cold as a fish. Ryder, much more famous today, was not cold at all. He was a wild Romantic with as subject all the Romantic commonplaces from *Flying Dutchmen* to *Dancing Dryads* and *Pegasus* (*departing*). But, to judge from the pictures here, he could neither paint nor draw. Apparently, his knowledge of painting methods was also faulty, for the pictures are so crevassed and darkened that it is impossible to tell what their color might have been. Despite the few somewhat better Ryders to be seen elsewhere, I suspect that it is entirely because of its poetic aspirations that his work has acquired the importance it is given today.

ALL THIS makes one regret that the Smithsonian's unique collection of Catlin's Indian pictures is not on view; they are incomparably more interesting. George Catlin was a self-taught painter from Pennsylvania, originally a lawyer, who spent from 1830 to 1836 in Indian country, doing portraits of Indians and landscapes of the plains. He considered his pictures as documentation, not as art, and he exhibited them, charging admission, in all the Eastern cities, and later in London and Paris. It was the first Wild West Show, with Indian costumes and weapons, more than 500 paintings of Indians, and live Indians brought along to do war whoops and dances. After some years of great success, Catlin fell into debt. A fellow American bought the pictures and shipped them home to Philadelphia. It is this collection, recovered from a cellar, which the Smithsonian possesses almost entire — 422 of the 517 paintings listed in Catlin's 1840 exhibition catalogue.

However great its value as ethnology, the collection is even more fascinating as painting. Catlin worked fast. He must have done three or four pictures a day, always — except in landscape — on the same size canvas and with the simplest of palettes: blue, yellow, vermilion, ochers and brown. He would sketch in the subject, usually a portrait head or a single figure — outlining it in brown on an already-prepared, neutral-tinted ground — and then go on to finish the head and as much of the figure and background as he had time for. Few sitters were allotted a second pose. He probably painted sitting down, sometimes even on the floor. The somewhat disturbing enlargements of hands or legs in some of the works seem much like distortions of proportion caused by looking up at the model. They were probably uncorrected because of the rush of work to be done. On the other hand, the fresh directness of the painting, and much of its power to communicate, come from the rapidity and spontaneity of its execution. The one picture with "studio finish" is much inferior to the others. The landscapes, fresh as they sometimes are in color, do not have the portraits' precise characterization and seem to have been painted from memory. But the portraits and figures are like nothing else I know. The calm beauty and intense presence of these faces are not to be found in the work of any of the other painters of Indians. Let us hope that, as part of the modernization program the Natural History Museum is now enjoying, the collection will eventually be put on show along with the handsome new Indian habitat groups. They are the one evidence we have that the "Noble Savage" of the eighteenth-century philosophers was not entirely a fiction.

ONE of the modernizations soon to be on view is a marvelous new swimming whale, a life-size model suspended overhead in the suavest of S-curve dives, almost too graceful to be thought of as a fellow mammal. My other particular favorite here (the unicycle, with rider seated inside the wheel; the transparent matron; the Wright brothers' airplane, and Washington's false teeth are in the Arts and Industries Building) is the display of money from the Island of Yap — immense stone disks, too heavy to be moved; a thoroughly stable monetary system whose basis of credit (like the early Spartans') was too ponderous ever to be stolen, lost or squandered.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE YM-YWHA at 92nd Street in New York had a lively evening of chamber music last weekend, when it presented the third concert in Max Pollikoff's series, *Music In Our Time: 1900-1960.*

Pollikoff's enterprise, which has contributed more than any other to the contemporary part of New York's musical life, has grown very smooth in presentation over the past several years. It has become broader in scope, as well. The inclusion of works like Schönberg's *String* Quartet No. 2, a *scandale* from yesteryear, along with music fresh out of composers' workshops, adds an immensely useful historical perspective to the programs. One sees how mild some of these older pieces are when looked at over the shoulder; how eagerly the composers tried to break new paths, and in many cases, how tentative and imperfect their products were. The question of progress and revolution in art is cast into a different light when the work of an old revolutionist stands side-by-side with that of his revolutionary grandsons. The creation of music then shows itself as simply a fallible human endeavor, with success the exception, and "progress" the product of an almost pathetic struggle between men and materials. There have been few breakthroughs in the history of music. Most of the development has gone slowly, by inches, and every inch cost dearly.

It is in part the intense difficulty of the creative act, a certain gratuitousness about it, and the fact that, like the mountain, "it is there," which leads people to attempt it. There is also, I believe, an impulse to communicate, to say something which will strike resonances in other minds and psyches.

However, a certain amount of music written in the twentieth century does not fall under this description. It seems to have been done "at" the audience, or "on" them, rather than "to" them or "for" them. There is as yet no name for this music, but the quality which most consistently marks it is an apparent contempt for the audience. Morton Feldman, who contributed a piece entitled *Atlantis* to Max Pollikoff's program, is a composer of such music. He is a member of the coterie surrounding John Cage (who conducted the work), and seems to have subscribed to some of the ideas about chance and accident in music which are Cage's latest pseudo-musical preoccupation. His music is constructed so that many of the decisions (as to the notes which are to be played, for instance) are left to the performer. As I understand it, he indicates the ranges within which the performers are to make sounds at a given moment, and the quality of sounds they are to make. This can produce horrendous results, as it did a couple of years ago at the Cooper Union, when he set a whole orchestra to work on a sado-masochistic enterprise which upset my viscera for days, or it can by a happier accident bring forth quite tolerable sound.

Insofar as the actual sounds of *At-*

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tantis were concerned, I have no objection to make except that I don't think they add up to anything. Thanks to a refined group of executants, they were sometimes rather pretty, but I had heard them all before. Indeed, they remind me of my favorite spot in the Central Park zoo, a place half-way between the aviary and the building for lions, tigers and such, where you can hear a similar but much more interesting *mélange* of sounds any day in spring or summer. I would rather listen to them in their natural state than to watch a group of musicians trying to produce the same effect in white tie and tails.

The real clue to the spirit behind this music came in the forum session which follows each *Music In Our Time* concert. As is usual at the "Y", the members of the audience who stayed to learn about contemporary music from the lips of the composers were intelligent and deeply interested. The other composers on the panel were cooperative, and did their best to respond to a sincere desire to understand with a sincere desire to inform. But not Mr. Feldman. He went into an act which would have been confusing if one had not seen others of the kind. Many of the people present were musically trained; their questions could have been answered quite easily, and even in technical terms. But the composer did not want to answer. He wanted to play with the audience, to confuse and obfuscate. And as always happens when a group finds itself tantalized by a series of enigmas and seeming contradictions, its desire to solve the riddle rose to an ever higher pitch. In this instance, the game went on for almost an hour; it was the most skillful exhibition of audience manipulation I have ever witnessed.

This sort of thing is not good for contemporary music. Audiences may be more conservative or slow to respond than composers would like. But they are not one's enemy, nor are they little furry animals with whom one plays cat and mouse.

THE two other living composers represented on this program were Donald Erb, a young Clevelander, and William Mayer. They are both extremely gifted. Both Mr. Erb's *Music for Violin and Piano*, commissioned for this series and played by Mr. Pollikoff and pianist Douglas Nordli, and Mr. Mayer's *Fantasy for Piano*, were representative of what might be called a moderate twelve-tone approach, including a fair portion of non-serial writing. They were thoroughly communicative, the *Fantasy* being somewhat romantic and mood-inspired, and the Erb piece more devoted to strong, nuggetal ideas. As in the single other work I have heard by Mr. Erb, a *Sonata for Violin and Piano*, I was struck by a singular quality of "presence" in the music. His ideas have a kind of encapsuled vitality which arrests the attention and projects. I am not sure that the formal structure of the *Music for Violin and Piano* is as solid and functional as it might be. But that is a question which only other performances could answer.

Fail Safe

(*Fail Safe:* the term applies to military equipment designed so that its mal- or mis-function will not injure the operators; in other words, it applies to a weapon that is perfectly harmless if it doesn't kill someone.)

No matter how nimble your grandparents,
It bruises to learn to walk.

The man who nearly invented the wheel
Must have left his backside on the mountain.

A haywire poem can mangle, and the danger in painting
Is that the bad ones try to put your eye out.

Even the smartest lovers can say a Wrong Thing
That nags the dearest kiss. Or so it was.

But now the favorite catastrophes wear Esau's skin
To kid the President out of his blessing.

The heart bleeds, but ornamentally, like Madras.
You answer wrong, but win your neighbor's wife.

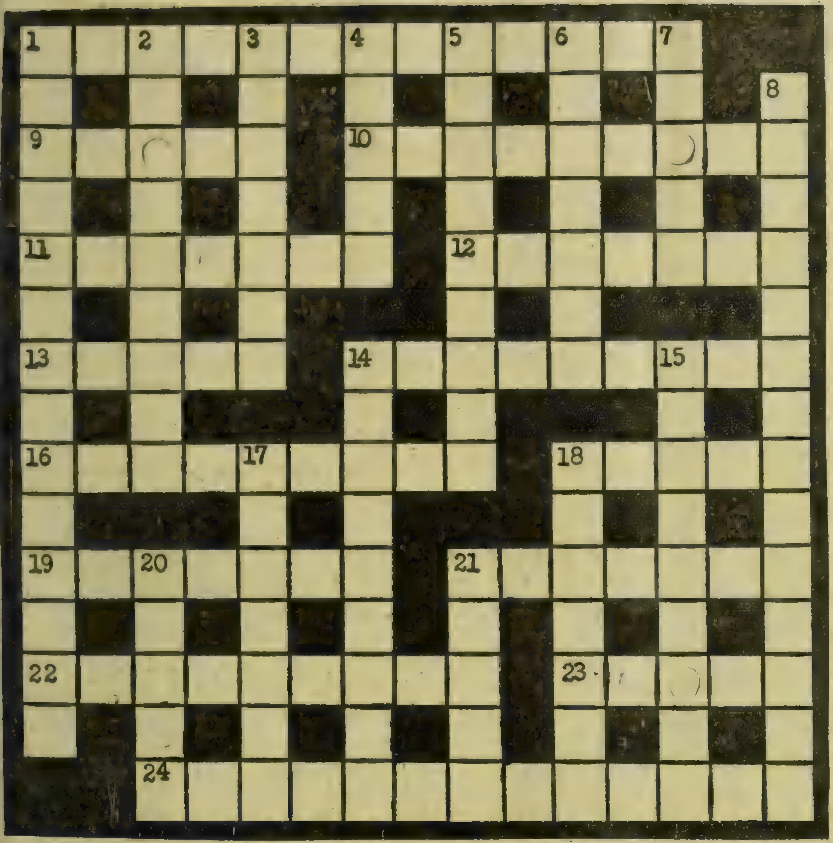
With a good press to buncoanalyze and cadilleujah,
It is possible to die without knowing whom you betray.

Heart, tailored heart,
A skeleton wears us, and we saunter.

SHELDON P. ZITNER

Crossword Puzzle No. 855

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 First impression of the supermarket organization? (5,8)
9 With weapons, Nelson was one. (5)
10 This might be given rude linguistic form. (9)
11 Obviously, home came first and pressed close. (7)
12 Biting form of humor to the common man. (7)
13 On which old-time girders used to operate? (5)
14 One way to get the old coach into the barn, when not set in front. (9)
16 But Jack wouldn't necessarily be bright at such jobs. (9)
18 The shape of my other Homburg? (5)
19 Mobile state, according to two degrees. (7)
21 Stretch across, but take care after the automobile backs up! (7)
22 This might be easy as falling off. (9)
23 Formerly Mesopotamian. (5)
24 Recommended when hung over the shed covering, in part. (1,4,2,3,3)

DOWN:

1 Guernsey and Jersey are examples of them. (7,7)
2 Made by those who own a form of advertising business? (9)
3 Outstanding examples, at least on the surface. (7)
4 Speakers don't like to be urged this way. (5)
5 One might confuse apes with a sort of 20 according to the back covers. (9)
6 However, as many as half-a-dozen go out in each one of them. (7)
7 A racket is kept in sort of one. (5)
8 Too many cooks, for example, exploit her comforter. (7-7)
14 One who makes a deal to lock up a fancy dive? (9)
15 Does a fair sort get mentioned above? (9)
17 Perhaps an old stamping ground of the 23. (7)
18 It's nonsense to irritate a church official with no work, in short. (7)
20 Nkrumah would consider it capital. (5)
21 Quiet little thing, but one is named the Continental. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 854

ACROSS: 8 Dress rehearsals; 9 Pogrom; 10 Transoms; 11 Odes; 13 Tantamount; 15 Asperse; 16 Vinegar; 19 Refreshing; 21 Styx; 22 Cerebrum; 24 Appian; 26 Attorney general. DOWN: 1 Arrondissements; 2 User; 3 Promotes; 4 Whiting; 5 and 25 Banana peel; 6 Asps; 7 Alimentary canal; 12 Spear; 14 Obeys; 17 Ingrates; 18 Dismays; 20 String; 23 Eros.

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(Signed) PHILIP BEITSHMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

P.S.: I appreciate also your Books and Arts section, particularly the excellent taste shown by M. L. Rosenthal in his poetry selections.

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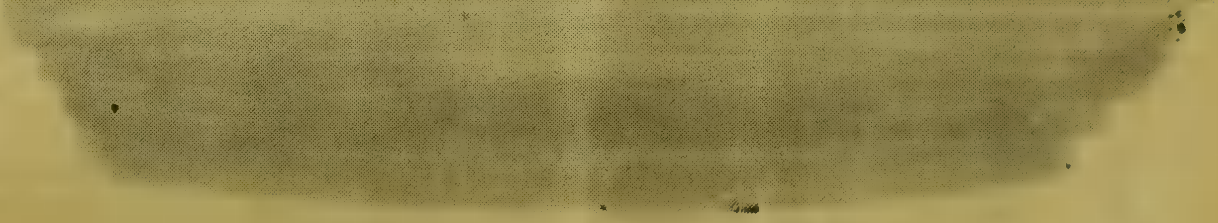

LETTERS

Problem of Problems

Dear Sirs: May I express both agreement with, and compliments to, *The Nation* for J. David Singer's article, "Surprise Attack," in your Jan. 30 issue? If we don't solve this problem, we may never have the opportunity to solve any others (either wisely or foolishly)!

Ann Hubbell

Ypsilanti, Mich.

What We Don't Know

Dear Sirs: In his article, "Surprise Attack" (*The Nation,* January 30), Mr. Singer seems to have forgotten . . . that the Communists do not want peace. A violent overthrow of all existing orders is necessary if communism is to be a success. Khrushchev knows this and the person who will succeed him knows it. Only we don't know it. All this gibberish about open skies, radar systems, etc., means nothing to the Communists. When they feel the time is right to strike, they will strike, regardless of any agreements that may be made.

Barry Greenberg

Stanford, Calif.

A Lincoln Anniversary

Dear Sirs: On February 27, 1860, Abraham Lincoln spoke in New York, for the first time, at Cooper Union. The President stressed the serious problem of slavery, but few among his audience, few indeed among the whole people of the country, were aware of what the next ten years would bring: a devastating, fratricidal war; bloody draft riots; the ruin of large sections of the country; the tragic death of the President himself. "Neither side expected this war!" as Lincoln was later to say, in his Second Inaugural Address.

So much for 1860. What about the 1960s? Surely, the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's New York speech gives us something to think about. The constant menace of global missile war seems to cause us no concern. No one bothers to consider that perhaps our attitude towards one another ought to be more understanding, more compassionate . . . lest catastrophe overtake us all. And surely we ought—as Lincoln did—to live by, and depend on, the motto "In God we trust."

Winthrop Steele

New York City

Delightful Debate . . .

Dear Sirs: Congratulations and thanks for publishing Mr. Howard Nemerov's poem, "Debate with the Rabbi," in *The Nation* of February 13. It is witty, provoking and wholly delightful.

Jacob M. Frankel

New York City

. . . or Bad Poetry, Poor Taste

Dear Sirs: Nemerov's "Debate with the Rabbi" was not only bad poetry, poor taste and undignified, but bordered on being anti-Semitic as well. . . .

J. I. Fishbein

Chicago, Ill. *The Sentinel*

The charge that Mr. Nemerov's poem is anti-Semitic is so absurd that it deserves no comment. We refer readers to the work itself, in the issue of February 13. — The Editors.

Peekskill Pattern

Dear Sirs: I came across the following news item recently:

> Seven Peekskill football players who lost a close game Saturday and showed their resentment by throwing rocks at a bus carrying their opponents, were expelled from Peekskill High School for their lack of sportsmanship.

This is not the first time Peekskillians have thrown rocks at football players. World War II was not long over when I heard that Paul Robeson, whose football prowess is well known, was to sing at Peekskill. He had tried to sing there before and both he and his audience had been assaulted by hundred per cent "patriots." Suddenly it seemed to me that the four years I had spent in the Army would be wasted if a man couldn't sing at Peekskill because his skin was not the right color, or because his beliefs were different from those of most people. After all, my religious beliefs are different from most people's and hadn't I attended Yom Kippur services in 1945 in Germany in spite of Hitler and the whole *Wehrmacht?* I went to Peekskill.

The rest of the story you know. The people of Peekskill threw rocks at us. . . .

The parents of the Peekskill High School students must have been bewildered at the expulsion of their sons, for had not the sons simply followed the precepts of their fathers? After all, the children had merely thrown the stones; it was the fathers who had collected them.

Abraham I. Beacher, M.D.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ticket to Justice

Dear Sirs: One of the many problems we face today is that of providing funds for the maintenance of the governmental structure. This reader has a modest proposal to make: Sell tickets to trials.

It wasn't long ago that tickets were sold to hangings and visits to insane

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Look Homeward Adlai

An encouraging aspect of this first trial heat of the campaign is that elements of the Democratic Party are beginning to exhibit a strong if belated sense that peace is the key issue. The four active campaigners — Senators Kennedy, Johnson, Humphrey and Symington — continue to stress other issues and are united in their criticism of the Administrator's cutbacks in the defense program. But elsewhere a new wind is blowing.

Governor G. Mennen Williams has mapped a ten-point "plan for peace" based on the reports of a conference of experts which he initiated. The plan is a good one: *1.* Continued aid to underdeveloped countries, "not by way of bribes to stack U.N. ballot boxes but to promote human dignity"; *2.* Adoption of a new policy toward China and recognition of Red China "in the not too distant future"; *3.* Strengthening those international institutions which promote peace; *4.* A greater readiness to negotiate political questions that create friction among nations; *5.* A nuclear test ban to be followed by, *6.* Cutting off production of fissionable material for weapon purposes and ultimate liquidation of nuclear-weapons stockpiles; *7.* Improvement of methods to prevent surprise attack, including international inspection (Dr. J. David Singer — see "Surprise Attack," *The Nation*, January 30 — was one of the Governor's consultants); *8.* Steps to prevent limited as well as all-out war; *9.* Economic planning to parallel progress in weapons disarmament; *10.* Formation of a full-time national peace agency.

Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey has also joined the ranks of those who feel that peace is the key issue in the 1960 campaign. His speech at the Democratic State Committee's $100-a-plate dinner in New York was greeted with stunned silence by the assembled fat cats and officeholders and was almost ignored by the press. All the same it was a headline speech. In much the same manner the press has ignored Senator Joseph S. Clark's recent speech favoring negotiations with China and looking toward ultimate recognition, strong pleas for disarmament by Senators Morse, Clark and Gruening, and Rep. Clem Miller's (D. Calif.) resolution, supported by twenty-one Democratic Congressmen, to extend the moratorium on nuclear tests at least until the end of the year.

Unfortunately any number of voices, no matter how persuasive they may be, will fail to constitute a chorus if the press and the mass media generally choose to ignore them. For a fair test the politics of peace requires a spokesman who can command national attention, preferably a statesman as well as a politician. At the moment the man who, on his record, best meets this specification is touring South America. If Adlai Stevenson agrees with the growing number of Democratic leaders who now see that peace is the issue, he should hurry home and join with them in freeing their party from the paralyzing grip of the cold warriors.

The Pentagon Wills It

If asked what is holding up an agreement on nuclear test suspension, nine and a half Americans out of ten would reply that it is the possibility of evasion by the Russians. The remaining fractional American might be more skeptical of the Pentagon propaganda which is his daily nutriment. If evasion were the issue, the United States position would be that we refuse to make an agreement which lacks firm guarantees, but for our part we shall not resume testing. Thus we should be deferring to world opinion and reducing the risk of a future nuclear war which — rather than the contamination of the atmosphere by testing — is the paramount consideration.

But this is not the issue at all; the real logic of our position, as it emerges in Edward Gamarekian's article on page 179 of this issue, is simply a determination to resume testing. Such is the will of the Pentagon and its will is what will be done, under the earth if not in heaven. On the NBC television program, "The Open Mind," broadcast on February 7, Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe, who knows as much about these things as anyone, pointed out that American objections would not be relieved if the Russians came up with a detection system ten times better than anything heretofore known. The reason he gave was that "there are people in the Atomic Energy Commission and in the Pentagon who are awfully anxious to continue the American program of nuclear weapons development involving the setting off of small nuclear explosions. And these people have always been opposed to any kind of agreement with the Soviet Union which would stop their program. They will continue to be opposed to it no matter how good the inspection system is. . . ." In the excellent book, *Inspection for Disarmament,* edited by Dr. Seymour Melman (Columbia University Press, 1958) the argument is clinched. "Let it be clear at the outset," Dr. Melman says, "that perfection cannot be guaranteed here, nor in any natural or social phenomenon. Indeed, foolproof and flawless reliability in inspection for disarmament is not only unattainable; it is not necessary for workability." Not even a foolproof and flawless typewriter has yet been invented. The Pentagon demands perfection, but it would be horrified if in this one field, contrary to all natural law, perfection were achieved. It has only one desire and that it will pursue to the death — literally.

A Miracle Is Wrought

Last week official Washington was shaken to its political foundations — headlines blazed, editorial big berthas boomed, Congressmen and Senators pounded tables — and all because an Air Force training manual was found to contain a more or less routine smear of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. as "Red infiltrated." Throughout the period of the cold war, smears of the National Council — a strong force for peace, the voice of American Protestantism — have been a common occurrence. The smears have been uniformly unfounded, malicious and calculated to injure; but they have escaped official rebuke. But the way in which the wires burned between the Pentagon and Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, last week augurs well for the political reflexes of the top brass in an election year which has echoed with discussions of religious issues. Elections have been known to bring out the worst in the best of us, but there are occasions, and this is one, in which the reverse of this proposition appears to be true.

Diamonds Are the Soviet's Best Friend

In the London *Observer* of January 24, "Mammon," not a god but a journalist, tells a diverting story. "Soviet diamonds," he writes, "will soon be on sale at Cartier's, and no one will be any the wiser, not even Cartier's." It marks the admittance of Soviet Russia into one of the most exclusive cartels in the capitalist world, and shows that really nothing divides East and West except trifling details.

The cartel is the Diamond Corporation of London and Kimberley, South Africa. It was founded by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, with the backing of J. P. Morgan, in a series of operations beginning in 1917. The diamond business had been suffering from an overdose of free enterprise, with resulting price fluctuations, financial disorder and losses. Sir Ernest argued that the price of diamonds need not be determined by the law, or lawlessness, of supply and demand. He borrowed £2.5 million from the Rothschilds and proceeded to organize the unorganized, starting with the de Beers group of Southwest Africa. From then on, when the price of diamonds began to fall, the producers and brokers, by ironclad agreement, held onto their precious wares until the market recovered. Thus stability was maintained until, in 1954, the Soviet Ministry of Geology and Conservation of Mineral Deposits announced that "rich, scattered and concentrated" deposits of diamonds had been discovered in the Yakut Autonomous Republic. Here, obviously, was an opportunity for Soviet Man to disembowel his natural enemy, Cartel Man of the West. And, in fact, Soviet Man made some threatening noises, but then mysterious forces, or what the elder Morgan called "community of interest," prevailed. In January it was announced that "an exclusive agreement has been signed in London whereby all the diamonds from Soviet Russian production that the Soviet authorities wish to export for marketing in the Western world will be purchased by it [the Diamond Corporation] and sold through the Central Selling Organization of the de Beers Group of Companies." The Soviets will keep most of their diamonds, since they need about six million carats annually for industrial purposes, but there will also be Russian gems for de Beers customers and these, as "Mammon" points out, will be anonymous. "Women are born every day, and while women are born diamonds will be worn," "Mammon" quotes. And they don't care whose diamonds they wear, nor does Soviet Man care who wears them. The still unanswered question is when will Soviet Woman, driving bulldozers and performing appendectomies, insist on wearing those "Red stones" now being exported, for mere foreign exchange, to the Western world.

Goblin Time

Life (February 22) devoted one of its valuable pages to "Bewildering Appearance in Outer Space — U.S. Tracks Satellite That May Be A Spy." The only comfort *Life* could give was that the U.S. Air Force has a spy satellite of its own, Samos, in the works. But this counterspy is far from completion and *Life* was concerned by the "frightening possibility" that the Russians were already televising the United States in preparation for a nuclear massacre. Lt. Gen. James Gavin (Ret.) was frightened too. *Life* and Gavin were not alone; in the first two weeks of February, America's defenders, as well as those of our staunch ally Argentina, were having nightmares and rather enjoying it.

Besides the mystery satellite, which some crude scientists suggested was just some space "garbage," specifically the last stage of a Discoverer rocket, a "mystery aircraft" was seen traveling over Alaska at "tremendous speed." The Alaska Air Command, studying the situation, was confused by conflicting reports. "Some had it low and slow," the public information officer said. "Some had it high and fast." Somewhat earlier, the peaceful citizens of Los Angeles were disturbed by "rumbling reverberations" for which no one could account. Another reverberation occurred when Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau, the Army's chief of research, suffered what was described as a "slip of the tongue" during a movie-news conference on development of the famed futuristic nuclear defense weapon, Nike-Zeus. The slips of Trudeau, a talkative general, are more like glissades; in this instance he revealed that the warhead of an ICBM could be neutralized through employment of the neutron flux principle. The disclosure seems to have appalled the Pentagon, and resulted in an unwonted, though no doubt temporary, silence on the part of the general.

This dearth of decibels was more than made up in Golfo Nuevo, where the Argentine and American navies, in comradely collaboration, were hunting Russian submarines said to be lurking in the depths.

All in all, it was a fortnight to be remembered. As Senator Francis Case said, "This is the season of goblins. It's that time of year. Appropriation committees are at work to divide the pie of the federal treasury."

WHY WE WALKED OUT AT GENEVA

Quarrels Over Underground Testing . .

Edward Gamarekian

AN EAST-WEST agreement on a nuclear test ban has not been brought any closer by President Eisenhower's proposal of February 11.

Although the Administration is proclaiming it a real step forward, the Soviet Union refuses to consider it. The plan would permit the testing of fairly large nuclear weapons underground and it has become apparent to everyone, including the Russians, that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department are eager to begin such tests as soon as possible. The underground tunnels are now being dug and the weapons readied.

The Russian argument is relatively simple—there is no logic in having a nuclear test ban that permits tests. The Russians insist that they will not agree to any proposal that permits tests of any size, anywhere.

Many Americans, on the other hand, fear that a total ban cannot be reliably policed at the present time because of the difficulty of distinguishing small explosions from earthquakes. What looks even more difficult is the detection of a weapon test that is intentionally concealed in a large underground hole. The Eisenhower proposal provides for a joint research program that should eventually make it possible to solve the underground detection problem.

In the meantime, however, the proposal would permit the United States to test new weapons. Those who want to resume testing say the Russians have a bad record on keeping agreements and would probably cheat if they could. Therefore, they argue, the U.S. itself must test in order to maintain its lead.

Although the Eisenhower Administration says it would agree to a total ban if there were a reliable way of detecting violations, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department seem more interested in showing that a test ban won't work than in trying to make one work. To illustrate, a group of scientists headed by the noted physicist Lloyd V. Berkner, after studying the problem of underground detection, came up with a set of recommendations last March which would have gone a long way toward solving this problem. However, nothing was done for nine months. After Khrushchev's visit, the prospects of an agreement brightened suddenly and caught us unprepared. The Defense Department hurriedly set up Project Vela to implement the recommendations of the Berkner panel, but little has been accomplished so far.

During this same period, however, the Atomic Energy Commission has carried on an energetic program to show how an explosion may be concealed by setting it off in a sufficiently large underground hole. It has already made at least eight test shots in a Louisiana salt mine with small quantities of chemical (non-nuclear) explosives under extremely difficult conditions. The scientists have been held up by mud, but the sense of urgency has already produced preliminary results—which indicate that concealment is possible.

Most experts agree that the U.S. is well ahead of the Russians in nuclear-weapon development and would have less to lose from a nuclear test ban. But the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department and some key members of Congress are solidly convinced that the nation's security depends on the development of new weapons. The lack of a foolproof test ban is used to justify more tests.

AGAINST this background, the problems of general disarmament appear staggering. If they have this much trouble over the possible concealment of underground tests, how are the nations ever to deal with the possible concealment of missile and nuclear weapon stockpiles?

Last November 17, President Eisenhower touched on this problem in a letter to Senate Disarmament Subcommittee chairman Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.):

> The best and most carefully elaborated disarmament agreements are likely to carry with them some risks,

---

EDWARD GAMAREKIAN is a science reporter for the Washington Post & Times Herald.

> at least theoretically, of evasion. But one must ponder, in reaching decisions on the very complex and difficult subject of arms control, the enormous risks entailed if reasonable steps are not taken to curb the international competition in armaments and be more effective in the direction of disarmament.

Very few would disagree with this statement, but "some risks," "enormous risks," and "reasonable steps" mean different things to different people. Also, they mean one thing when the Russians seem friendly and cooperative and something else when they seem hostile and belligerent.

During the past few months, some top U.S. officials have attempted to make the Russians apppear more hostile in order to reduce the chances for a nuclear test ban agreement. Such manipulation of public opinion is a dangerous game when the stakes are this high.

THE CHARGE is serious; here are the facts to support it:

After Khrushchev's visit to the United States last September, the Soviet delegation at the Geneva test ban talks adopted a more cooperative position. Having dragged its feet for several months, the delegation suddenly agreed to a scientific conference on the detection and concealment of underground explosions. The United States had been pressing for such a conference since the previous January.

Scientists from the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain met in Geneva on November 25. No one had any idea how long the meeting would last, but one thing was apparent. If it went beyond December 19—the date on which the political conference was set to recess—the scientific conference would have to recess also and reconvene after the first of the year. President Eisenhower's moratorium on nuclear tests was set to expire on December 31. The scientific conference would have a critical effect on whether or not it was extended.

The scientists began their discussion with a re-examination of the conclusions and recommendations reached by the 1958 conference of scientific experts. The U.S. team then presented new data from the underground nuclear explosions that were held in the fall of 1958 during the Hardtack test series. These findings produced considerable discussion and debate, with the U.S. delegation contending that the detection network was not as good as it first appeared to be and the Soviet delegation replying that it was not as bad as the Americans said and could be made better. The English did not participate to any great extent.

IT IS NOT possible here to go into all the details of the arguments, but an indication of what they were beginning to show can be gotten from comments made by Sir William Penney, head of the British delegation, on December 3:

> Listening to the presentations so far, I had formed the opinion that the Hardtack data did show that the system we recommended was not as good as we thought. I have also formed the opinion that certain improvements in apparatus can regain some or perhaps most of the ground which had been lost.

Sir William criticized the Russians for trying to make the problem look too easy and later criticized the Americans for trying to make it look too difficult.

These three delegations maintained consistent attitudes on all controversial issues. The United States was invariably pessimistic about the capabilities of the 180-station detection network proposed at the 1958 conference. The Russians were invariably optimistic. The British were in between, tending toward the American position on some questions and toward the Soviet position on others.

The going became particularly rough when the U.S. delegation brought up its big-hole theory. The American scientists said that it would be feasible to dig a hole large enough to canceal a 700,000-ton explosion (TNT equivalent; the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were 20,000 tons each). It would have to be 800 feet in diameter (almost three football fields) and five-eighths of a mile underground. It might cost $30- to $40 million to flush a hole this size out of an underground salt dome and would probably take three to four years, they said, but it was possible. A much smaller hole would do the trick, they added, if special material were distributed through the cavity to absorb heat from the bomb and reduce the pressure.

The Soviets said they doubted that it would be possible to get the reduction calculated, took issue with the heat-absorber theory, and said the big-hole idea didn't look too practical.

The British agreed with the big-hole possibility, but supported the Soviets on the heat-absorber idea and the practicality of the over-all scheme. They raised some serious questions about the assumptions on which the big-hole theory was based and wondered if they could be realized in practice. They also wondered about the likelihood that the hole would cave in.

On this issue, as on many of the others discussed, the differences were very great at the start but gradually diminished during the interchange that followed. On the big-hole theory, for example, the Soviets accepted the idea that a test could theoretically be concealed, although they continued to question its feasibility. The United States dropped the heat-absorber idea in the final report.

ANOTHER major argument arose over the problem of distinguishing the tremors produced by underground explosions from those produced by earthquakes. It was a key point because the number of annual on-site inspections depends on the difficulty of detecting this difference. The Russians, fearing that inspections might be used for snooping, were opposed to a great many (some say to more than ten a year) and wanted a quota. The United States, fearing that a quota might make it easier to cheat, wanted no limit on the inspections.

According to the U.S. delegation, the Hardtack tests showed that it was much more difficult to distinguish an underground explosion from an earthquake than had previously been thought. At one point, U.S. delegate Dr. Albert Latter said an examination of the Hardtack data showed that it would be impossible to distinguish a 1,800,000-ton explosion with certainty. This annoyed the Russians since an explosion of such magnitude would be almost impossible to contain underground. E. K. Federov, the head of their delegation, declared that the Americans were "on the brink of absurdity." Much capital was to be made of this remark later by those who wanted to show how belligerent the Russians were.

Dr. Latter derived the very large figure from the Hardtack data by assuming that one detecting seismograph would be used. With 100 seismographs, Latter added, it would be possible to distinguish underground explosions of 50,000 to 100,000 tons. The Russians said the U.S. estimate was too pessimistic — that it would be possible to distinguish smaller explosions.

The British thought so too. The U. S. delegation apparently didn't take its own estimate of the lower limit too seriously because it was dropped from the final report. In the Eisenhower proposal, the lower limit has been dropped to 20,000 tons.

To top it off, Latter—the day before the holiday recess—came up with a new set of criteria which he said would improve the system by a factor of 30, thereby cutting the 50-100 thousand-ton limit to 1.7-3.3 thousand tons. This important development should have brightened the chances for agreement but it was quietly forgotten as the U. S. delegation curtly announced its plans to wind up the conference on December 19.

The test moratorium was due to end on December 31. The AEC, Defense Department and some members of Congress argued against an extension, charging that the moratorium was giving the Russians a test ban without inspection. A few also charged the Soviet Union with carrying out secret underground tests in the meantime, but admitted that they had no evidence.

At Geneva, where agreement was coming close on a number of important points, the British and Soviets protested the ending of the scientific conference by the U. S. delegation. Federov suggested that the decision be left to the political conference. Penney, speaking for the British, said:

> Of course, I agree with Dr. Federov that whether we reconvene or not is a matter for the political conference and our governments to decide. The technical matters which Dr. Federov himself listed show signs of coming together and I would be glad to join my colleagues in telling the political conference that although we do have these disagreements—some still serious and some not so serious —we might well be able to make further progress if we did reconvene.
>
> As I said yesterday, the things we are doing here are of vital importance. They affect the world at large.

BUT THE U.S. delegation held to its proposal to adjourn immediately. It added, significantly, that it planned to publish a report which would show the areas of disagreement. The fat was in the fire. Penney apparently saw at once what effect a report on disagreements would have and how it might be used. He objected, saying:

> If we follow your suggestion, the political conference (the echelon above) will have to consider what it says to the world.... If it decides that we must come back it will also consider releasing none of this information to the world.... If we are to come back it will certainly be unwise to reveal differences at this stage.

The British and Soviet delegations pleaded for a joint report, as is customary. The Americans refused. The head of the U.S. delegation, Dr. James B. Fisk, said a joint statement would give "an unbalanced picture," but told the other delegations they could sign the U.S. statement if they wished. (Fisk is the president of Bell Telephone Laboratories and a member of President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee.)

Penney and Federov were furious. Penney said: "In some ways I am sorry, but if the U.S. delegation has their very firm view, if one delegation does that, the others must do it also."

Federov said: "I consider the action of the United States delegation as unprecedented, at least in the history of our technical talks, and extraordinary." On the matter of the balanced report, he said: "The United States delegation could always have informed its ambassador at any time and in any form it chooses as to its own view. What is important is to have three delegations in a three-power conference come to an agreed scientific decision.

"I think such action is aimed at undermining our deliberations because, just as soon as some partial agreement came into sight, just as soon as we got to that agreement, immediately the U.S. delegation has taken steps to ruin it. Do as you will, Dr. Fisk. The Soviet delegation will report, then, on the whole of the agenda and will also report on our view of the action that you are taking."

Fisk's reply to all this was: "The United States delegation fully acknowledges the agreement which we have reached on this subject."

THE U.S. group put out its report the next day and went home. The British and Soviet reports came out soon afterward. The three groups issued a joint statement on methods for improving the 180-station detection network. Although it was very encouraging, it had little effect on the generally pessimistic conclusions in the U.S. report.

The Soviet report was optimistic about the capabilities of the 180-station network. It criticized the U.S. delegation on a number of points — for modifying calculations that were based on the underground nuclear tests of 1957 and 1958, for misrepresenting the amount and type of instrumentation used during these tests, for using data in a way to make the 180-station network look ineffective, and for specifying detection criteria which made it seem impossible to detect underground explosions reliably in the order of hundreds of thousands or millions of tons. Their charges were strongly worded but were supported to a considerable extent by the record.

This report, plus Fisk's personal account of the conference to President Eisenhower on December 29 (he quoted out of context the Russian remark about "the brink of absurdity"), angered the President so deeply that he immediately made it known he would let the moratorium expire on the 31st. He declared the United States free to resume testing.

A date was secretly set for the resumption of tests underground and Atomic Energy Commission officials began to make speeches to prepare the public. In an address prepared for delivery at the Business Outlook Conference in Los Angeles on January 13, AEC chairman John A. McCone put the full blame for the outcome of the Geneva talks on the Russians. He said they refused to give serious consideration to the scientific data presented by the United States and submitted little or no data of their own. Their report was void of scientific evaluations, he added, and contained bitter denunciations and accusations.

The AEC chairman went on to say that this behavior made it necessary for President Eisenhower to bring to the attention of the world this intemperance and the destructive tactics of the Soviets, and to declare an end of the fourteen-month moratorium on the testing of nuclear weapons. The United States, he concluded, cannot lower its guard until the Soviets modify their unyielding position. "Until then, we must face resolutely the hazards of the future. To me, the greatest danger would be to see our country — weak and prostrate — an easy prey for a Communist dictator whose stated objective is to destroy all that we cherish." McCone gave similar but off-the-record speeches to a women's political forum and to a group of reporters in Washington.

On January 21, AEC commissioner John F. Floberg was even more blunt at a luncheon of the American Ordnance Association in Washington. "The Soviet representatives, wearing the guise of scientists but obviously just going through the motions in the spirit of a formality which had to be endured, furnished not a scintilla of scientific information but instead satisfied themselves with a tirade against the men whom the United States had selected. . . ."

The verbatim record of the Geneva conference and testimony given by members of the U.S. delegation to the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee on February 4, contradict the McCone and Floberg statements.

At the subcommittee hearing Fisk said, "Up until the last day, the Russians were their usual selves. They discussed sensibly and made good contributions. They are a very able group of people." The comments they made on the analyses of the U.S. delegation were "very good" and "made us think hard and do work we had not done," Fisk said under questioning. It was only on the last day that they "improperly" questioned the intentions of the U.S. delegation.

The man of second rank in the delegation, Dr. Wolfgang K. M. Panofsky of Stanford University, told the committee that the Russians made "elaborate theoretical contributions on the distortion of seismic waves," submitted data on large underground chemical explosions, and contributed seismic records taken in the Soviet Union which showed the earth tremors from the U.S. underground tests in Nevada.

MR. EISENHOWER does not appear to have been fully apprised of what happened during the scientific conference in Geneva. That seems the best explanation for the developments that followed:

1. The end of the test moratorium.

2. The setting of a date for the resumption of underground tests in Nevada (it has been put off for the time being).

3. The new test-ban proposal of February 11 which will make it legal to carry out underground tests on nuclear weapons that can be fairly large if they are exploded in a huge underground hole deep below the surface.

The Russian counter-proposal would ban all tests and allow the West to examine a limited number of suspicious events anywhere in the Soviet Union. The Russians would have the same privilege in the Western nations. This plan looks attractive because it would permit the use of intelligence information to uncover a violation. How far the plan gets depends on whether the Soviet Union will agree to the number of inspections the United States would consider adequate.

LABOR'S STAKE IN THE ARMS BUDGET

JETS AND JOBS . . *by Clive Jenkins*

London

ONE OF THE most surprising attitudes of American trade-union policy-makers is their reluctance to face the consequences of disarmament. This is coupled with their distaste for the language of disengagement.

CLIVE JENKINS, a national officer for a British white-collar union, studied the aircraft and missile industry on the West Coast during a recent visit here. He is the author of Power at the Top, *a critical study of nationalization.*

During a recent visit to the United States, I kept trying to find out how much of labor thinking in this area was politically based — and to what extent economic factors were at work. For the economic side effects of world tension are objects of high visibility in America. To a European trade-union official, they are prominent in the attitudes of ordinary workers busy with weapons production.

In Britain, engineering workers in the armament industries have traditionally said they preferred to work on peaceful production. I found a similar, if more cynical, attitude in California workers; perhaps they were franker there. A discussion with California machinists about "peace breaking out" and its effects on employment in the aircraft, missiles and aerospace industries brought this comment: "We don't care if the rockets don't take off. Who wants to be a missile tramp? We have a saying: If they're operational, they're obsolete. Then we get laid off. . . ."

The International Association of Machinists and the United Auto Workers in Los Angeles want to stay in business, but they know that this is unlikely, for any one of the three major aircraft manufacturers has the capability of providing enough civil jet-aircraft to fill the needs of the Western world. Each new jet can do the work of five planes of the generation it replaces. "Everyone is in trouble," a senior plant manager told me in a quite resigned and dispassionate way. "Douglas is probably in most difficulty. They have $300 million of their own money in the DC-8 project and are lagging badly behind Boeing. The airlines have finished their first round of buying and seeing which type gains public acceptability. In the meantime, the companies have to sweat it out."

This, of course, is not the worst feature of the current crisis. Overshadowing all the competition is the fear that relaxation of international tensions will cause an "end-it-tomorrow" slash in missile procurement. At the Douglas Long Beach plant, it was admitted, "It could knock the props from under us."

THIS IS a key consideration for policy-makers and workers in both the United States and Britain. Can Western governments afford to negotiate seriously on Khrushchev's offer to "liquidate all military establishments"? Or must they immediately dismiss it in private because of its lethal impact on unplanned societies? Aviation industries now lie close to the heart of national economic activity in the West. This is particularly true of the United States, the lynch-pin arms shop of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. An I.A.M. international representative estimated to me that an absolute majority of all American engineering manpower now works on aircraft, missiles, aerospace programs or the control systems associated with them. He was deeply pessimistic about the future of the work force: "They will have to go. The industry is over-expanded for peaceful purposes. That is, if we ever decide times are peaceful again. At the moment, the production program is divided, 55 per cent on missiles and 45 per cent on aircraft — mostly military. Inside eighteen months, I figure that missiles will account for 65 per cent, and they just aren't peaceful." So what happens to the economy if world political relations continue to improve?

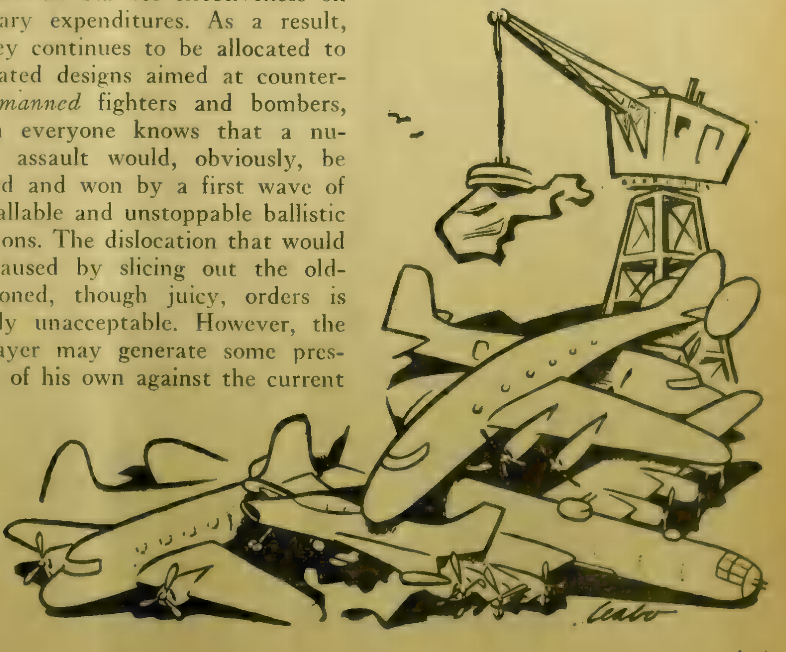
The 1961 U.S. budget allocates $46 billion for military hardware and services. Much of this goes for aircraft and rockets at a unit cost which soars from year to year. At the Paris Air Show, a Douglas RB-66B Destroyer twin-jet reconnaissance bomber had a tiny plate mounted in the cockpit for the attention of the pilot. It said: "This aircraft cost us $2,440,819.00. *Please Handle with Care.*" One wonders what admonition is stenciled along the sides of the obsolete, air-breathing, subsonic Snark missiles in Maine. Recently operational and three years too late, this one wing has cost $740 million. Nowhere near ready for the stencil-painters are the "sharp ends" of the Nike-Zeus anti-missile-missile system. This gets $300 million a year, but needs a whopping total of $13.5 billion to see whether it really *is* capable of being made operational.

U.S. spending suffers from the same problems as Britain's. The lobbying of manufacturers and politicians is powerful enough to generate an over-all blanket effectiveness on military expenditures. As a result, money continues to be allocated to outdated designs aimed at countering *manned* fighters and bombers, when everyone knows that a nuclear assault would, obviously, be waged and won by a first wave of irrecallable and unstoppable ballistic weapons. The dislocation that would be caused by slicing out the old-fashioned, though juicy, orders is clearly unacceptable. However, the taxpayer may generate some pressures of his own against the current score of seventy-seven different types of missile-weapons systems that he has financed without getting a decently placed bang for his buck.

THE GLARING faults in U.S. Defense Department procurement are mirrored wrongways - through - the - telescope in Britain. Two years ago, the Conservative Defense Minister announced a "realistic" armament policy, concentrating on a diversified rocket armory. He said categorically that the last manned aircraft was a-building and there would be no more. His policy proved plastic under the heat and pressure generated by the aircraft makers and their freshly hired ex-generals and admirals. A new "strike" aircraft is to be built, and anti-aircraft missiles are installed and replaced with newer models in a steady rhythm around Britain's coast — to counter an airborne aggressor who will sportingly fly an elderly machine.

The guided fatuities of military purchasing are now common knowledge inside the American and British industries: the lobbyists are naturally concerned about what to do when the news spreads.

Any cut in U.S. defense budgeting will fall chiefly upon the dramatically expensive aviation items. This will primarily affect a large group of highly paid workers, mainly in California, but will not be confined to



them. The American market needs at least $15 billion extra spending power each year to keep employment at its present level and to absorb the million new entrants into the labor market. Can it provide this and also fill the hole left by, say, a fast cut of $10 or $15 billion?

One way might be to sell more commercial jet-liners overseas. Boeing, Convair, Lockheed and Douglas are well equipped to do this at the moment, for they will have a massive backlog of military orders to supply the necessary funds. The money is vital for development, for trade-in of unsellable piston-engined types, and for the extension of long-term financing to capital-starved airline operators. But this is a passing advantage; the basis is not stable enough to weather a moderately successful Summit conference. In Douglas Aircraft's 1958 fiscal year, combat vehicles and missiles accounted for 78.7 per cent of total sales, while only 21.3 per cent was devoted to civil enterprises. Douglas executives are markedly concerned about this situation. So are the unions: "Between this and Landrum-Griffin and automation we'll drop another 200,000 members eventually in the Machinists."

I HAVE already warned the white-collar technicians in my own union of the plans projected by the sales-organization engineers of North American Aviation, Inc. to decide who will carry the 100 million passengers on the scheduled services of the seventy-four Western nations each year. The objective is to establish on a world-wide basis American pure-jets and turbo-props as the *primary* instruments on the international airlanes. But this will not be so easy to accomplish.

Until a few months ago, the British industry (apart from certain types of jet-engine) would have been a sitting duck. Employing the best-manipulated and brassiest lobby in Europe, it had obtained government money for research, prototype building, development, and then orders from the armed services or the nationalized airlines (British Overseas Airways and British European Airways). This resulted in only one world-selling type: the turbo-prop Viscount, of which over 450 were made. But the replacement "Vanguard" has only twenty on order from foreign customers and seems doomed, like the rest of the designs, to a perfunctory and expensive production run. The plain truth is that there have been too many companies: talent was spread too thinly, and any management, since it never gambled with its own money, could try to hit the jackpot. But as the industry became dependent in an absolute way upon public money, the government found it easier to effect amalgamations looking to the creation of two giant units which could compete more effectively on the international market.

Following the Conservative victory in the October, 1959, elections, Duncan Sandys (son-in-law of Winston Churchill) was shifted sideways from Minister of Defense to the newly minted job of Minister of Aviation, where he controls the aircraft and missiles industry and also the publicly owned air-transport undertakings. He had a mandate for amalgamation, and a powerful weapon to cement old rivals: "No marriage — no money."

Within the last two months, two groupings have emerged. English Electric and Vickers are talking about combining their aviation interests, while the huge Hawker Siddeley concern (having absorbed two other companies in 1959) is now about to take over the Comet-building De Havilland group. Most of the other units are either associated with the new giants or obviously will be unable to avoid being whipped into position.

The tempting bait is government backing for a fabulously expensive supersonic airliner program "to get Britain back into the world market *seriously*." Renewed British competition, backed by state funds, may not of itself worry American companies (Boeing alone — 1959 sales $1,600 million — tops the value of the combined gross output of the British firms). The Americans foresee sharp conflicts with the resurgent manufacturers of the European Common Market, who are out to challenge the rest of the world.

The successful Caravelle jet, flown by Air France, is from the state-owned French assembly lines, and its later versions may be purchased by the airlines of the six-nation Common Market who have formed an "Air Union" and are developing maintenance and traffic-handling facilities. It seems reasonable to assume that their Paris-based Equipment Committee will eventually urge purchase of an airliner built in the market area, probably by a Franco-German consortium. The effect of such a decision upon the traditional suppliers in California would be formidable; and at least one engine-maker, General Electric, is buying a Caravelle for almost $2 million to fit with G.E. engines to prove that they are just as good as those built for the plane by Rolls Royce.

OTHER American companies are either forming partnerships with former antagonists *inside* the Common Market boundaries, or registering their own subsidiary companies there. This could mean a shift in the location of the work force from the continental United States to Europe, with American personnel replaced by lower-paid French and German engineers. This prospect has still not entirely registered with the unionized production men on the West Coast, to whom the Common Market concept has seemed far away indeed. When I talked with one aviation local in Southern California, the president interrupted me to say: "Hell, we ought to fix this thing before it goes too far. We'll be left with just a bunch of white-collar braintrusters out here, and you can bet your life they won't be organized." He may very well be correct. There are no signs that the international leadership of the unions in this sector has projected the future at all, or even hinted at the possibility of a devastating cut in the employment capacity of the artificially stimulated aircraft corporations.

While many labor leaders still seem unable to jerk out of their frozen cold-war posture, the managerial braintrusters are starting to run rings around them. Chief among the re-locators is Lockheed Aircraft, now a heavy investor in Aeronautica

Macchi S. A. of Italy, which will produce a Lockheed-designed light utility aircraft. Soon Lockheed expects the Indian government to decide to produce a Lockheed turboprop transport under license. At the same time, it has persuaded the Japanese government spectacularly to reverse a series of decisions approving production of the Grumman F11F-1F interceptor in favor of the Lockheed F-104C (cost: $1,200,000 each). The first F-104C will not emerge from the Japanese plants until the end of 1962, and the production run will not be complete until the end of 1965 — just around the time when the whole series will be blatantly obsolescent.

But, useless or not, they might have been built in U.S. shops.

United Aircraft has gone one better: it has bought a 10.9 per cent interest in the nationalized French SNECMA organization, which builds airframes and engines. SNECMA will make Pratt and Whitney engines under a nine-year license, and have a United Aircraft man on its state-controlled board of directors.

This loss of work extends into the missile-manufacturing field, too. France is demanding her own IRBM, besides the Raytheon/U.S. Army Hawk ground-to-air missile system which she is already making in partnership with West Germany, Belgium, Italy and Holland. It seems that the U.S. Secretary of Defense, Thomas Gates, is trying to head this off by promising "full assistance" to an integrated NATO program for a "European IRBM." This may not satisfy de Gaulle. For the French have had an organization called SEREB for over two years. This is conducting research and development on several types of ballistic vehicles to perfect their very own SSBS (*sol-sol ballistique strategique*) for deployment in numbers by 1967. SEREB is connected with a major Franco-German effort at St. Louis (on the Swiss border), which carries out basic rocket research.

This, in turn, will hammer down employment in the U.S. missiles factories — even if the cold war continues.

LITTLE of this seems to be appreciated by American labor leaders, perhaps because they have become so adjusted to the climate of the cold war that they cannot envisage arms manufacturing at a much reduced level. Yet the recent cancellation of the B-70 bomber program may be a straw in the wind. However, there is still major reliance upon the feeling that the radical technologies, always under development in aviation's search for ever higher performance, are so important to general industrial progress that any administration will provide funds to buttress weakened company structures.

The argument seems to be dangerously illusory, even though Dr. D. V. Holmes of Douglas Aircraft recently told the Institute of Aeronautical Science that at least 14 million man-hours would be needed for the development of a supersonic jet transport, and the program cost could run as high as $2 billion. He said straightforwardly that military assistance, or some other form of government subsidy, is a prerequisite for the project. But even state support for such a scheme could not reverse the trend towards a smaller work force. In Britain, the unions have accepted that the industry will be reduced to a "normal," though subsidized, condition, and are urging government planning of alternative work in the stricken towns. To this end, they are pressing the government to set up with them and the managements a Joint Advisory Council to be chaired by the Minister of Aviation. The purpose would be to plan and control the rate of job loss, which has totaled 25,000 in the last two years.

The geographical concentration of the American plants seems to cry out for such measures there, too, to prevent chronically under-employed areas from emerging. Will the unions involved be apprehensive about such political action? Certainly many of the leaders seem opposed to it, but the rank-and-file strikes me as curiously uninhibited on this count: their lack of political sophistication inclines them towards the action which will be most effective — even if it has not been tried before. But it is still disturbing to hear so many labor opinion-formers talking as if the world clock had permanently stopped at 1951, and thinking that this exempted them from dealing with the challenges represented by disarmament coupled with automation.

GAMBLING, THE LEGAL VICE . . *by Elijah Adlow*

SINCE the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, America has witnessed the ascendancy of gambling as a major concern of public authority. Indeed, from the emphasis placed on gambling by prosecutors, legislative commissions and reform groups, it would seem that the numbers-writers and bookmakers provide the only obstacles to the achievement of an orderly society. Of course, this is far from the truth. Today the United States is experiencing a crime wave of unprecedented proportions. Every category of crime is on the increase —robberies, crimes of violence, juvenile delinquency. But what amounts to a moral breakdown all over America is overlooked in the emphasis given to the evils deriving from gambling. If there is a moral crusade being waged today, it is a decidedly lopsided affair.

Granted that this emphasis is in part merited: certainly gambling is inextricably involved in the corruption of police and the consequent weakening of authority; and surely, unless checked, the United States

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eventually must suffer economically as well as morally from the ascendancy of this parisitic enterprise. Yet the question remains: "What have we done to uncover the factors that have contributed to making gambling in America the evil that it is?" The answer is, "Nothing." The truth is that we tend to shrug off the whole problem with the phrase, "People always gambled"—a reaction which reveals the basic fallacy on which all rationalizing about gambling in America rests.

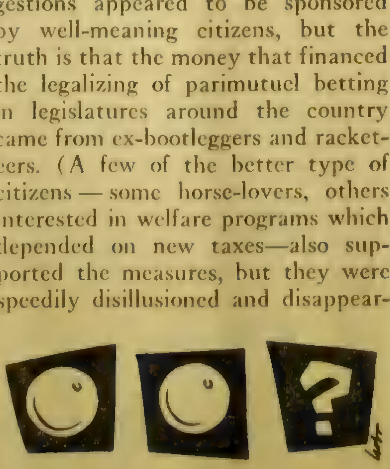
People did *not* always gamble. Legalized parimutuel betting is a comparative newcomer in the United States. Prior to the advent of the New Deal, there were few race tracks; bookmakers operated under cover, and the patronage they solicited was from that group identified as the "sporting element." Gambling resorts like Bradley's at Newport or Canfield's at Saratoga restricted their patronage to a negligible fraction of the community (admission to either was a mark of social prestige). There were plenty of low-grade gambling dives in the country, but they operated in secret and catered to a disreputable element—crap-shooters, card sharps, racketeers. The general public considered gambling a wicked and evil practice, and one who made it a profession, or who wagered for high stakes, was written off as an undesirable citizen. The mere possession of a racing form was sufficient to invite ostracism by respectable people.

Notwithstanding their prejudice against the gambler, people then viewed card-playing as a pastime, or for small stakes, in a charitable spirit. Lawmakers and clergymen who occasionally denounced even this much gambling were branded as "narrow backs" and "kill joys." In a certain sense, the tolerance was justified, since there were few ill effects from the gambling which then prevailed. It presented no serious threat to the stability of our social or economic order.

Today, millions of people spend a considerable part of their time studying racing forms, and several billion dollars a year are bet at the legally supervised race tracks in the United States, not to mention the vast sums which pass through the hands of bookmakers and numbers-writers. Gambling is one of our major industries. To what can we attribute this strange transformation?

The "numbers racket" was born in the Prohibition era and grew to great size even before the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed. It owed its growth to the fact that the emphasis on enforcement of Prohibition diverted the attention of the authorities from violations of law in other directions. This made things easy for the police, who could, with impunity, provide protection for the promoters of the racket. As a matter of fact, fortunes were made out of the numbers even before the existence of the racket became known. Then, when Prohibition was repealed, the horde that had lived on its illicit gains turned eagerly to this new and promising field.

WITH THE advent of the depression, many measures were suggested for the alleviation of distress, and among them was the legalizing of gambling in the form of either parimutuel betting or bingo. The suggestions appeared to be sponsored by well-meaning citizens, but the truth is that the money that financed the legalizing of parimutuel betting in legislatures around the country came from ex-bootleggers and racketeers. (A few of the better type of citizens — some horse-lovers, others interested in welfare programs which depended on new taxes—also supported the measures, but they were speedily disillusioned and disappeared from the picture.) Since 1933, an amazing number of legalized parimutuel tracks, both horse and dog, have appeared, and with them, jai-alai games. Of late, the trotters are sharing the spotlight with the runners, and one of the issues now under discussion in state capitals is not whether gambling should be forbidden, but whether the chartered racing clubs should get more racing dates. What was once branded as wicked and sinful, today has the sanction of government; where the maintenance of a gambling nuisance was once an indictable offense, today a state racing commission supervises the horse and dog tracks, and the state receives its share of the profits. It is no longer a sin to gamble at an authorized track; it is still a crime to place your bet with a bookie who has not received a charter from the state.



TO ALL this must be added the fact that many churches and fraternal organizations raise funds by conducting lotteries and bingo games—sometimes with public sanction, at other times clandestinely. What was once a sin has been given a certificate of good character by public authority and by people who enjoy respectable status in the community.

Is it any wonder that gambling thrives in America?

It is estimated that the business of the bookmakers and numbers-writers equals, if it does not exceed, that done at legalized parimutuel tracks. A great many tax-conscious citizens have gone so far as to suggest legalizing off-track betting, and there is considerable support for state lotteries as an antidote for the numbers racket. Either expedient would serve only to intensify the gambling mania and make bad conditions worse.

Experts on crime tell us that corrupt politicians and corrupt policemen are primarily to blame for the prevalence of bookies and numbers-writers. Many denounce the judges of our courts for being lenient. But hardly any of these experts take into consideration the crux of the situation—the juries that are called upon to convict before anyone can be sent to jail. In Massachusetts policemen have arrested countless bookies and numbers-writers over the past thirty years. Judges have sentenced many to jail. In very few instances have the defendants accepted the sentence; almost invariably they have appealed and in practically every instance juries have acquitted them (jury trials in such appeals are provided by Massachusetts law). I can personally testify to this phenomenon from records accumulated in my own court.

IT IS well to keep in mind that the law violator does not put his faith in juries alone. Before he ever faces a jury, there are factors upon which he can count to help him beat the law. First and foremost, there are well-disposed policemen, whose indifference often practically guarantees him immunity from prosecution. Then there is the difficulty of gathering evidence against him. Except for those monstrous raids staged for the edification of the public, which rarely result in any victory for law enforcement, most bookies are brought into court on the basis of police searches conducted in a manner that ignores considerations of due process. (Why is it that the defendants brought into court are rarely big-name racketeers, but almost always small-time operators of no importance whatever? To this perplexed judge, it almost seems as though they are stooges thrown to the lions as a token tribute to law enforcement.)

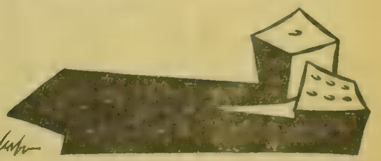
In this setting, public clamor increases for stricter enforcement of the gambling laws, and the legislatures around the country have set about to provide it by requiring jail sentences for second offenders. In 1957, the Massachusetts Legislature passed such a law; since then, only one man has gone to jail under it. Will the law abate the gambling evil? I am not too optimistic about the prospects.

It is rather remarkable that laws designed to insure more severe punishment rarely achieve anything. In 1951, the Federal Wagering Stamp Law went into effect. Since then, arrests for registering bets and promoting lotteries have fallen off over 50 per cent in Massachusetts. This does not mean that 50 per cent of the operators have retired from business; it simply means that the business has been conducted with more care, and more attention to protection, than before. There can be no doubt that vigorous law enforcement will in the end "exhaust" some of the bookies, but it will never exhaust all of them. While the threat of jail may frighten a few, most are unafraid. After all, a bookie is a gambler, and the record of our juries is enough to give him a feeling that he has better than a sporting chance of beating the law.

Severity of punishment has failed as a deterrent for crime even where the crime is generally abhorred. Is it not futile to expect that the passage of more severe laws will secure more convictions by juries which were reluctant to enforce a more lenient code? Remember, gambling is no longer sinful or wicked; the state has legalized it.

THIS is not to deny that gambling is a serious menace to America today. How are we going to abate the evil? Surely not by chartering *more* horse and dog tracks, *more* trotting parks; not by giving *more* racing dates to favored charter holders. It is vain, perhaps, to look for complete reform, but the gambling mania should abate with the reduction of the extent to which gambling is legalized.

If we really want to control the bookies and the numbers-writers, we should reveal a greater capacity for controlling ourselves. *Fewer* race tracks, *fewer* racing dates, *less* racing news will mean less business for the professional gambler; and less business for him means fewer bookies. Today the climate is favorable to gambling as an industry. If the industry is to be curbed, the conditions under which it thrives must be corrected, and the public generally, and public authorities in particular, can do their share to correct them.



MISSION TO SOMOZALAND . .

by James L. Busey

ONE WOULD suppose the Department of State must have learned something from the fairly recent entanglements of Ambassador Smith with the Batista regime. It would be reasonable to expect that Latin America's frequent protests against alleged U.S. affection for dictators would have had some impact by now on our diplomatic practices in this hemisphere.

Apparently not, at least in Nicaragua.

Next to the bizarre Trujillo tyranny (since 1930) in the so-called Dominican Republic, the Somoza family dictatorship over Nicaragua, established in 1937, is the oldest in the New World. The two co-rulers of the country are Luis Anastasio Somoza and his brother, Anastasio Somoza, Jr., who have shared power since the assassination of their father in September, 1956. Luis, a civilian, is the President; Anastasio, a military man, is head of the National Guard, or Army.

The opposition circulates typical anti-dictator reports about the brutality and corruption of the Somozas. Dr. Guillermo Urbina Vásquez, a leftist, asserts that the personal fortune of Luis is no less than $300,000,000. Nicaraguans who have been

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close to the Somoza family have given me even higher figures. Academicians confirm that the Somoza wealth is very great. Charles W. Anderson of the University of Wisconsin, who wrote an excellent, objective summary of the background of the Somoza dictatorship (*Canadian Forum,* August, 1959), gave $150,000,000 as a conservative estimate of the family's fortune. He quite accurately reported that most foreign transport by air and sea, and about 10 per cent of the country's arable land, belong to the Somoza clan.

Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, of the conservative opposition to the dictatorship, writes in his *Estirpe Sangrienta: Los Somoza* (Mexico, 1957) on the torment undergone by political prisoners (he had been one himself). He tells of elegant zoological gardens adjacent to the Presidential palace, where some cages contained African lions — and adjacent cages housed political prisoners, several of whom he names.

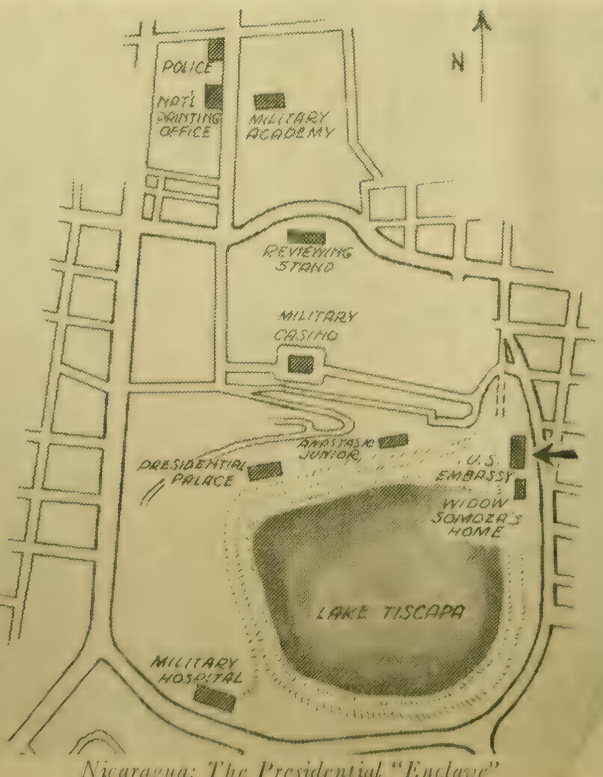
There are signs that Luis Somoza, if not his brother, would like to liberalize his rule; but it seems quite likely that the Somoza dynasty — which ex-President José Figueres of Costa Rica would call a "hereditary satrapy" — will eventually disappear. When the debacle comes, will Latin American public opinion again deem the United States to have been clearly on the side of a discredited dictatorship? Present evidence indicates that this will be the case. What is worse, the United States is doing nothing to correct the impression.

CRITICS of the Somozas differ politically among themselves. Dr. Guillermo Urbina Vásquez, president of the *Junta Revolucionaria,* obviously taking his cue from Castro, promises to shoot all Nicaraguans who have contributed in "greater or lesser degree" to support of the Somoza regime, and to include Communists in a seven-member coalition cabinet. Dr. Enrique Lacayo Farfán, *Jefe* of the *Unión Nacional Opositora* (*UNO*), is as determined as anyone to be rid of the Somoza rule, but is more conservative. Whatever their political differences, however, all anti-Somoza leaders, and all Central Americans I have interviewed on the subject, charge that U.S. Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan is inextricably involved with the dynasty.

In Chamorro's book, it is alleged that Ambassador Whelan has participated in social functions in a salon looking out upon the cages which confined some of Somoza's political opponents. Emilio Borge González, exiled professor of law of the University of León, wrote in a scholarly Costa Rican quarterly that Mr. Whelan "acts as a propaganda agent for the Somoza brothers." *Time,* in its issue of October 1, 1956, described the Ambassador as "a poker-playing personal friend of Somoza" (the reference was to the assassinated dictator).

There are two curious facts about our diplomatic representation in Nicaragua. The first has to do with the physical location of our Embassy there. The second is related to Ambassador Whelan's long tenure of office.

One cannot say much about the Somoza dictatorship without talking about *La Loma de Tiscapa* (or *La Loma,* as it it popularly called), a great hill that looms above the streets of Managua. Official government offices, including the *Palacio Nacional,* which houses the Nicaraguan Congress, are located in various parts of the capital. But the actual command post of the dynasty is at *La Loma.* On its topmost ridge are the huge, ostentatious homes of the Somoza brothers, commanding a view that extends over substantially all parts of the city. The mansion to the west belongs to Luis, the President; the other — literally a castle complete with towers and turrets — is the home of Anastasio of the National Guard. To the south — behind the palaces — *La Loma* drops off precipitously into *La Laguna de Tiscapa,* a deep crater lake. In front of the mansions, to the north, the descent to the streets of Managua is less steep. Sentry boxes guard the approaches, and soldiers are everywhere. Halfway down the slope is a long, east-west wall with gun emplacements, to keep back the rabble. There is an elegant *Casino Militar,* or Officers' Club; a large field, and an ornamental *Tribuna Monumental,* or parade reviewing stand. All the buildings and grounds are protected by security regulations; once within



Nicaragua: The Presidential "Enclave"

the borders of a boulevard that encircles the area, one must have official permission to take photographs.

The widow of assassinated Anastasio Somoza, Sr., lives in a relatively modest home — modest, that is, by Somoza standards — within the edges of *La Loma*, below and to the east of the Somoza brothers' palaces.

Outside the charmed circle, but bordering on the boulevard, are homes of National Guard officers. Nearby, also immediately outside the area of *La Loma*, are the huge walls and grounds of the *Academia Militar*, as well as the offices of the police.

A few foreign embassies, notably the French and Dominican, are within a short distance of the security area of *La Loma*, but most are in other areas of the city. Not so the Embassy of the United States, *which occupies a large building within the restricted circle of* La Loma, *not over twenty feet from the home of Señora Somoza.* With the reservation that Eisenhower is no Somoza, it is as though the Nicaraguan Embassy in the United States were situated on the President's Gettysburg farm. To all appearances, the U.S. Embassy in Managua is either an outbuilding of the Somoza estate, or vice versa.

The reports current in Latin America of our intimate relationship with the Somoza regime may or may not be true; the point is that most Central Americans believe them. And it would appear that in its choice of an embassy location, the United States is doing what it can to confirm the belief.

IF THE location of our embassy seems odd, the tenure of our Ambassador is even odder. Thomas E. Whelan has served in Managua longer than any other U.S. diplomatic chief-of-mission has served at his present post anywhere on earth. My compilation of data from the *Foreign Service List* of October, 1959, indicates that sixty-eight of our eighty-three chiefs-of-mission have held their present posts only since 1957; ten of the remainder were appointed in 1956, three in 1955, one in 1954, none in 1953 or 1952. Only one — Thomas E. Whelan in Managua — has been serving since 1951.

Mr. Whelan, a Republican from North Dakota, was appointed to Managua by a Democratic President, Mr. Truman. The unusual appointment needed some explanation, and *Time* (August 6, 1951) offered one: Mr. Truman wanted to reward Republican Senator William Langer of North Dakota for having furnished crucial support.

In response to my request for an explanation of this long tenure, Wallace W. Stuart, Deputy Director of Personnel, Department of State, wrote me on December 16. His "explanation" was that "all ambassadors are appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate, and are commissioned by him to 'serve during the pleasure of the President of the United States'"; that Mr. Whelan was appointed by President Truman on July 28, 1951, and reappointed by President Eisenhower on February 26, 1953; and that Mr. Whelan "continues to serve as Ambassador to Nicaragua at the 'pleasure of the President of the United States.'" Mr. Stuart added that "Ambassador Whelan's tenure in Nicaragua sets no precedent," and cited the cases of Claude G. Bowers, Ambassador to Chile from June, 1939, to August, 1953, and of Harold Tittmann who, while not at one post as long as Mr. Whelan, "was Ambassador to Peru for nearly seven years from June, 1948, until March, 1955." Mr. Stewart commented that "from four to six years' service as ambassador to one country is not uncommon for United States ambassadors throughout the world." Mr. Whelan is now well into his ninth year in Managua.

Mr. Stuart concluded by writing that "I hope that this information will be helpful in explaining the length of Ambassador Whelan's service in Nicaragua." Most Latin Americanists would say that the "explanation" was not particularly helpful.

There may be some personal reason why Mr. Whelan must remain in Nicaragua: if so, it would seem that the United States Government could find some other useful employment for him in Managua. Or it may be relevant that Dr. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Nicaraguan Ambassador to the United States, is the dean of the Washington diplomatic corps. Still, there is no protocol requiring the reciprocal retention of Mr. Whelan in Managua; and in any case, if this were indeed a factor, there is nothing to prevent personnel officers from saying so.

Managua is hot, muggy and infested with mosquitoes as well as Somozas, and few would relish the post; but considering some other spots to which foreign service personnel are assigned, this is of course no bar to finding a replacement for Mr. Whelan.

It may be that the Ambassador is quite popular with the Somoza family, and that the Nicaraguan Government wants him to stay.

No rational person expects an ambassador to be openly hostile to the regime to which he is accredited. But in Nicaragua we have a clear-cut case of the United States obdurately retaining one whom Central Americans widely believe is playing footsy with a hated dictatorship. In the face of the Smith-Batista revelations, and the widespread Latin American impression that this is precisely the way the United States conducts itself with dictators, the State Department should either explain or correct the Nicaraguan diplomatic situation.

Or if that is impossible, we might at least move our embassy to some other part of Managua.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

asylums. Today we go to movies and the theatre. People will pay up to $3.00 to see first-run films and up to $10.00 for a Broadway show. Since the domestic relations court is at least as entertaining as the latest Broadway product, seats at a divorce trial might be scaled up to $10.00. Higher prices would be reserved for murder trials, and a premium price could be charged for the "crime of passion" cases, such as the Finch trial in Los Angeles.

Since the representatives of the press and entertainment world are making hay from people on trial for their lives, I submit that the government should get its cut.

JOANNE FORMAN

San Francisco, Calif.

A Man with a Grievance

THE MASTERPIECE AND THE MAN: Yeats As I Knew Him. By Monk Gibbon. The Macmillan Co. 226 pp. $4.50.

Frank O'Connor

MONK GIBBON is a poet who came to fame largely because of a speech by Stanley Baldwin, the pipe-smoking king-maker of Great Britain, who in the intervals of deposing and creating monarchs, liked to do the same for novelists and poets. Like other young poets of Irish birth, Mr. Gibbon sent his poems to W. B. Yeats, and Yeats, always courteous to young writers, wrote him a couple of letters of encouragement and criticism. Yeats was just forming his Irish Academy of Letters and, feeling that he was by nature and upbringing an academician, Mr. Gibbon resolved to court the older man's favor. When Yeats next asked him to his house, Mr. Gibbon held his tongue, though Yeats said several things he disagreed with. When the company discussed whether or not George Moore was impotent, Mr. Gibbon even refrained from revealing his own special knowledge. "I could have made my own interesting contribution to the symposium by revealing that J. P. O'Reilly had whispered to me one evening at Rathgar Avenue not so long before that he was quite sure that Yeats himself was now impotent." This would certainly have been an interesting contribution to Yeats's symposium, and I almost find myself regretting the good breeding that suppressed it.

But even good breeding like Mr. Gibbon's was not enough. Yeats did not make him an academician. Mr. Gibbon was a friend of the poet, A.E. (George Russell), and "A.E.'s protégés were always anathema to W.B." Besides, Yeats resented contradiction and opposition. There was the story of Seumas O'Sullivan, for instance. He and Yeats had quarreled. There was a reconciliation, and O'Sullivan became a member of the Council of the Academy, but "Seumas . . . was never cut out for the part of yes-man in Council meetings. In a very short time Yeats was doing his best to rid himself of this difficult customer; was striking the table pontifically with his hand and exclaiming 'We must have a unanimous Council': and presently Seumas was off the Council and peace presumably reigned once more."

Nor did malice end with the failure to make Mr. Gibbon an academician. Yeats was producing some song sheets at his own private press and failed to include any by Mr. Gibbon. He was editing the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, but though Mr. Gibbon carefully dumped his collected work on the poet's wife, none of it appeared. Worse, in Mr. Gibbon's presence, Yeats said to Oliver Gogarty, " 'Oh, Gogarty, I'm doing this *Cambridge* (*sic*) *Book of Modern Verse* and I don't want to overlook anything of yours. Have I got all your books?' As he said it he gave — according to my wife who is the last person in the world to read malice into anyone else's action — a look, almost a leer in my direction, as though it were his deliberate intention to wound me." Can the reader bear any further examples of Yeats's brutality? There was the occasion when Mr. Gibbon deliberately stood in the foyer of the Abbey Theatre while the poet was there, and waited for Yeats to speak to him first. Did Yeats speak to him first? He did not! "Yeats was extremely short-sighted and may not have seen me. I rather think that he did."

HOW revealing those last two sentences are! How perfectly they describe the true collector of grievances for whom no grievance is too small! And how these grievance men all stick together, all swapping spiteful gossip and immature judgments, from J. P. O'Reilly to that eminent critic Liam Brophy, who said of Yeats that "he went after black magic, spurned the popular cause and denounced patriotism." Many of the personal matters Mr. Gibbon writes about from hearsay I knew of at first hand, like the council meetings at which Yeats is supposed to have struck the table "pontifically with his hand" (our main trouble at these was to bring the members together in a condition of relative sobriety), and Mr. Gibbon simply gets everything about them wrong. Yeats did not choose his academicians himself; A.E.'s friends were not "always anathema to W.B." — I was considerably closer to A.E. than Mr. Gibbon, and Yeats was a very good friend to me. He did *not* resent contradiction, nor did he always override opposition. I contradicted and opposed him in a way that is possible only to a young provincial with little experience of good society, and though he sometimes very properly resented it, he never ceased to do me little kindnesses. The remark, "I must smooth him down," which Mr. Gibbon uses as a *leitmotif* to represent Yeats's low cunning, was not used to L. A. G. Strong but to me; and it was his reply to a rebuke for his behavior to A.E. — not a very overbearing reply from a man of European reputation to a young man who didn't know how to behave himself, much less teach his superiors to do so.

I wish that with this work the great Yeats-Gibbon conflict could be considered closed. After all, Mr. Gibbon has

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FRANK O'CONNOR is one of the great contemporary Irish storytellers. His latest book is Kings, Lords, & Commons: *an anthology of translations from the Irish, which was published by Knopf last year.*

Another Ballade

(from the French of François Villon)

Here ends the testament,
Here it finishes, of poor Villon.
Come to his burial
When you hear the bells ringing,
Come dressed in red and purple,
For he died a martyr of love;
He swore to this on his belly
On his way out of this world.

And I am sure he did not lie,
For he was chased like a slut
By his spiteful loves,
So that from here to Rousillon
There isn't a broom or a brush
That hasn't (he tells the truth)
Torn some patch from his back
On his way out of this world.

This is how it was, so much so
That when he died he had only a rag;
Furthermore, as he died, the spurs of
  Love
Savagely cut into him;
Worse than the sharp nails
Of shoulder-belts did they make him
  suffer
(And this is what we marvel at)
On his way out of this world.

Prince, graceful as a falcon,
Hear what he did last of all:
He drained a bottle of red wine
On his way out of this world.

GALWAY KINNELL

had the last word. Out of two letters, three meetings and four grievances he has managed to extract a book of 226 pages, the royalties from which should amply compensate him for his wounded feelings. But I am afraid he has only encouraged others less talented than himself. Reviewing this book in the London *Spectator*, a Dublin critic compared Yeats with a Bronx ward boss and discovered that in the poetry Yeats himself had confessed to his gangsterism. He quoted, "He that's mounting higher must on his neighbour mount," assuming — quite correctly, I fear — that no reader of the *Spectator* would remember how the sentence ends — "And we and all the Muses are things of no account." That we and the muses are things of no acount is, I fear, the only lesson we can learn from members of the Grievance Club.

The Revolutionary Century

THE AGE OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION: A Political History of Europe and America, 1760-1800. Vol. I: "The Challenge." By R. R. Palmer. Princeton University Press. 534 pp. $7.50.

Bruce Mazlish

THE *philosophes* of the eighteenth century thought that history was "philosophy teaching by example." R. R. Palmer's *The Age of the Democratic Revolution* suggests rather that history is example teaching philosophy. Mr. Palmer's subjects are: (1) the nature of public authority, in which he treats of such topics as liberty, equality, sovereignty and democracy; and (2) the nature of revolution, or the breakdown of existing authority and the substitution of new authority. Throughout, he is concerned with the political theories of liberalism and conservatism.

His major thesis is that in the eighteenth century it is possible to talk of an "Atlantic Civilization," and to see that this "whole civilization was swept . . . by a single revolutionary movement, which manifested itself in different ways and with varying success in different countries, yet in all of them showed similar objectives and principles." The movement which swept both Europe and America was the "democratic movement," and it fought on one side against aristocracy and on the other against absolutism.

The author's thesis is not simple, however, and it is not one-sided. It was not only democratic feeling that was on the march; there was an aristocratic movement as well. The "constituted bodies," those who claimed political power and office by hereditary right, and as private property, were resurgent everywhere in the eighteenth century, pressing their claims as an attack and not merely as a defense against both Kings and Peoples. It is one of Mr. Palmer's virtues that he points this out in emphatic terms—historians like Lefebvre had already done it for the French Revolution—and demonstrates it as a movement of eighteenth-century Western civilization. In the light of this movement, topics such as elites, social stratification, liberty, equality and the law take on depth and dimension. Further, Mr. Palmer is "present-minded"; he inserts sharp contemporary references to neo-conservatives and the like.

MR. PALMER's political history is a work of synthesis, a comparative study which transcends national histories and finds its materials equally in the Geneva of Rousseau and the Hapsburg Empire of Joseph II, which deftly juxtaposes social upheavals in Belgium, Holland, England, Ireland, Poland, America and France to develop its major themes. One such theme is that the contribution of the first major revolution—the American—was twofold: a new idea, that the people actually create and contrive the government; and a new institution, the constitutional convention, which implements the idea. It was this idea-institution which made the concept of sovereignty of the people spring into life from the paper on which it was written. The Western world now tends to take these ideas for granted; they were by no means "self-evident" for men of the eighteenth century. Mr. Palmer insists, correctly, that the American Revolution *was* a revolution, and that conservatives like Burke and others after him simply express their general distaste for revolution when they try to sponge away the "taint" attached to early America. Thus, they blur the real historical characteristic of Atlantic civilization in the eighteenth century.

It is the "logic of the situation" that fascinates Mr. Palmer. He does not

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BRUCE MAZLISH is co-author with J. Bronowski of The Western Intellectual Tradition: from Leonardo to Hegel, *to be published this April (Harper). Mr. Mazlish teaches history at M.I.T.*

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believe that the French or any other eighteenth-century revolution arose from a "conspiracy of ideas" or from the willful drives of ambitious men. Revolutions arise when "confidence in the justice or reasonableness of existing authority is undermined. . . . In such a situation the sense of community is lost, and the bond between social classes turns to jealousy and frustration." Mr. Palmer treats conflict in terms of actual persons and groups, and not in terms of abstract ideas. Thus, Rousseau and Burke are seen emerging from a real Geneva and a real England, and their ideas are discussed in relation to the concrete circumstances which they hoped to affect by their thoughts and actions.

IDEOLOGY is therefore subdued, but not ignored, in Mr. Palmer's account. He suggests that it was not the *Social Contract* but the exigencies of governmental taxation (provoked by wars, like the Seven Years' War) which gave energy to the events leading to revolution. (The role of tax systems as sparks to social action is a theme sorely neglected by historians.) And he is severe with people who turn specific issues into far-reaching generalization; for example, Burke who, in an orgy of disproportion, warned that the election of Parliament every three years instead of every seven would see "society dissolved, industry interrupted, ruined . . . morals vitiated and gangrened in the vitals."

In Mr. Palmer's view, the logic of the situation made revolution in France not only necessary, but necessarily violent. "Moderate revolution was eminently desirable, but it was not one of the possible choices." Historians can debate this view; but one need not agree with it to be impressed by the power of the author's presentation. His history is "tragic" history—and the reader is convinced that what happened *under the circumstances* had to happen that way. A conflict of groups, a breakdown of the "sense of community," these added up in the eighteenth century to a revolutionary situation. The real tragedy, to use the word in another sense, is that it need not have been that way: a feeling of compromise, of true conservatism, on the part of the upper orders might have made for reform and not revolution. But this, according to Mr. Palmer's account, is to suppose other actors and other events than the times provided.

Mr. Palmer's tragic view of history can be contrasted with the disdain held in some quarters for the notion of historical inevitability. Without attempting to settle the philosophical issue, I suggest what by now ought to be obvious, but is not: that the revolutionary situation of the twentieth century, though different from that of the eighteenth century, is no less revolutionary. To generalize from Mr. Palmer's ideas, we in the West (the old regime?) will not avoid these revolutions, which frequently may be adverse to us, if we merely fulminate against them and their leaders, support the conservative forces, and rely on the winning of men's minds. Unless we deal with the underlying realities, the logic of the situation, revolution may indeed be inevitable—and tragic. We cannot beg off from the task by plaintively asserting that our role can at best be small. That is true, in part. But as Mr. Palmer shows, the decisive fact in almost all the revolutions in the small countries of eighteenth-century Europe, as in the American Revolution, was the intervention, armed or otherwise, of the large powers.

The present volume, "The Challenge," is the first of a two-volume work, and carries the story to about 1791 and the outbreak of war. One wonders whether in the second volume, "The Struggle," Mr. Palmer will be more interested in the totalitarian implications of Rousseau's ideas, which he plays down in the present volume; whether he will be more concerned with the threat of democratic tyranny, a threat which may not have been merely an obsession of conservatives and counter-revolutionaries, but itself a part of the logic of the situation.

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Making It Hot

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN. By Terry Southern. Random House. 148 pp. $3.

Nelson Algren

GUY GRAND, the last of the great spenders, spends ten millions a year indulging his special attitude toward people — one he expresses as "making it hot for them."

With some 180 millions in ready cash, he is endowed with an imagination equally ready. Entering the big-car field, he makes quite a splash with a convertible longer and wider than the largest Greyhound bus, one with a great "gang's-all-here" seat in the back capable of accommodating twelve varsity crewmen abreast in roomy comfort. Billing this monster as one with "lady-like lines on a he-man hunk of car," Grand neglects to mention that the ma-

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NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

chine's turning-arc is greater than the distance between opposing buildings. Thus, when four of them are driven from display windows into midtown Manhattan at the rush hour, all four become wedged across intersections leading to Columbus Circle and derricks have to be brought up from the East River to unsnarl traffic. This venture costs Grand a pretty penny; but he does succeed in making it hot for them.

Shortly after this venture Grand gives a shock to British white hunters along the Congo, as well as to a couple of venerable American writers there on safari, by showing up for a hunting expedition with a 75 mm. howitzer. "A muzzle velocity of 12,000 f.p.s.," he boasts while patting the field piece affectionately, "she'll stop anything on this continent that moves." Marching at the head of his safari with his pith helmet obscuring his eyes, he pauses dramatically to announce, "cat in the bush!" and fires blindly. The recoil, hurling him forty feet backward in an unconscious heap, leaves Grand undaunted. "This baby packs a man-size recoil!" he announces and the safari continues, marked only by an occasional *boom*, with reverberations scattering game in all directions for miles. This expedition, needless to say, also cost Grand a pretty penny.

A HEAVYWEIGHT title fight billed as The Battle of The Century so interests Grand that he buys the boxing commission as well as both fighters' camps, his only condition being that the fight be conducted in a fashion sufficiently effeminate as to outrage everybody. But after the champion cries, "I can't *stand* it!" and lies in a sobbing tantrum on the canvas, striking his fists against the ring-floor, and the challenger's hand is raised in victory, the latter goes too far by eyeing the referee in a most questionable manner; it costs Grand, to clear himself of complicity, another pretty penny.

Other expensive ventures are Grand's publication of a newspaper of two million circulation containing nothing but readers' opinions; the introduction of a black panther at an international dog show; issuance of a portable Do-It-Yourself D. H. Lawrence; and — his final coup in making it hot for them — the launching of the luxury liner *Magic Christian.*

This is at once the most profoundly satiric and wildly comic account of our life and times in years. It is what Nathanael West might have accomplished had he remained undismayed. But Mr. Southern is going to have trouble being taken seriously: to do so would make him dangerous.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

India

The Discovery of India by Jawaharlal Nehru (Anchor, $1.45) is unavoidably sketchy in its survey of India's history but is compelling and useful as a statement of Mr. Nehru's understanding of India and its mission. It is largely an account of his formulation of opinions, attitudes and modes and bases of action during 1944 and 1945 while he was a political prisoner for his part in the "Quit India" Resolution of 1942. He wrote as from a *Zauberberg* with characteristic detachment, clarity and intensity. Japan was crumbling and the prospect of a free India was brightening. A year after he finished he was Premier of the Interim Government and, in 1947, Prime Minister of the independent nation he helped bring to birth.

Mr. Nehru is open-minded, generous, often tentative in his judgments but devoted like the Congress Party to "action based on peaceful methods." He holds the upper hand over himself and his material equally when he agrees or disagrees with Gandhi, when he explains Indian sympathy for the Soviet Union on the basis of British and French policy during the twenties, when he quietly devastates the British for their hollow promises of freedom. He can wait and act on principle. He rejects nothing out of hand. He is eclectic, borrowing not only from the Hindu and Islamic elements of Indian culture but from Western and specifically English science and technology. He concludes this exploration of himself and his country with quotations from Emerson and Lenin. Action by a contemplative man of so broad a background is likely to seem hesitant and indecisive to Westerners. *The Discovery of India* is valuable partly in disabusing readers of that notion or at least in qualifying it.

The editing by Robert I. Crane somewhat reduces specific details but skillfully preserves the original style and continuity.

Shakuntala and Other Writings by Kalidasa, translated by Arthur W. Ryder, preface by F. L. Anderson (Everyman, $1.25). The fifth-century play which in 1789 was Europe's introduction to Indian drama, plus shorter drama, lyric and narrative.

Eastern Religions and Western Thought by S. Radhakrishnan (Galaxy, $2.25). Past relations with suggestions

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for new Western borrowings from Indian mysticism.

Buddhism: Its Essence and Development by Edward Conze, preface by Arthur Waley (Torchbooks, $1.25) and *Buddhist Scriptures*, translated by Edward Conze (Penguin, 95c). Excellent comprehensive discussion and selected texts, most of them generally unavailable, stating fundamental Buddhist doctrine.

The Way of Zen by Alan W. Watts (Mentor, 50c) and *Yoga* by Ernest Wood (Penguin, 95c). Origins, principles, practices and some possible Western applications.

Education

Creative Power: The Education of Youth in the Creative Arts by Hughes Mearns (Dover, $1.50), a classic of "progressive education," reveals Mearns's singular abilities and his principles as he brought them to bear in 1929 at the Lincoln School of Teachers College, Columbia University. Examples of the children's writing are perceptive and moving, and the book conveys the excitement of a successful fresh enterprise.

Letters

A Reader's Guide to James Joyce by William York Tindall (Noonday, $1.65), an authoritative handbook considering all Joyce's major prose as a consistent unit, identifies continuing purposes, themes and methods and explains the texts, *Ulysses* most extensively.

Literary Reminiscences and Autobiographical Fragments by Ivan Turgenev, translated, with an introduction by David Magarshack (Evergreen, $1.95), with Edmund Wilson's "Turgenev and the Life-Giving Drop." The recollections are revealing even in their misstatements, and the apologia for *Fathers and Sons*, emphasizing interest in character rather than dogma, is important to an understanding of Turgenev's art.

The Selected Letters of Henry James, Leon Edel, editor (Anchor, 95c). A sampling of the energy and artistry which James lavished on private and professional correspondence.

Writers at Work, Malcolm Cowley, editor (Compass, $1.45) collects sixteen *Paris Review* interviews with contemporary writers of fiction, especially concerning processes of getting a start (often with a set of characters or a situation) and habits of proceeding from there. Uniformly lively and interesting.

Rage for Order by Austin Warren (Ann Arbor, $1.75). Nine closely reasoned analyses of the search for order and its expression in such varied writers as Edward Taylor, Pope and Kafka.

Jane Austen by Elizabeth Jenkins (Universal, $1.45). Readable, informed, perceptive full-length study of Jane Austen's life and work.

50 Poems (Universal, 95c) and *100 Selected Poems* (Evergreen, $1.45) by E. E. Cummings.

Miscellaneous

This Little Band of Prophets: The British Socialists by Anne Freemantle (Mentor, 75c) with great vitality combines personal reminiscence, politics and economics from the days when Shaw, the Webbs and their associates began the Fabian movement.

The Open Mind by J. Robert Oppenheimer (Simon & Schuster, $1). Eight non-technical lectures and papers, 1946-1954, considering atomic policy and persuasively stating ethical, scholarly and human values for scientists today.

Energy and Society by Fred Cottrell (McGraw-Hill, $2.95). Interesting analysis, despite stuffy style, of complex influences of available energy on the organization, growth and potential of societies.

Seven Years in Tibet by Heinrich Harrer (Everyman, $1.45). Stirring adventure, 1943-1950, and revealing experiences in Lhasa, including a brief period as tutor to the Dalai Lama.

Drama: *Famous American Plays of the 1920s*, Kenneth McGowan, editor, and *Famous American Plays of the 1930s*, Harold Clurman, editor (Dell, 75c ea.). *Man and Superman* by G. B. Shaw (Bantam, 50c).

Koré

As I was walking
I came upon
chance walking
the same road upon.

As I sat down
by chance to move
later
if and as I might,

light the wood was,
light and green,
and what I saw
before I had not seen.

It was a lady
accompanied
by goat men
leading her.

Her hair held earth.
Her eyes were dark.
A double flute
made her move.

"O love,
where are you
leading
me now?"

Robert Creeley

Fiction: *Child of Our Time* by Michel del Castillo (Dell, 35c). *The Lovely Lady* by D. H. Lawrence (Signet, 35c). *Our Man in Havana* and *19 Stories* by Graham Greene (Bantam, 35c, 50c). *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* by Angus Wilson (Compass, $1.45). *Herself Surprised* by Joyce Cary (Universal, $1.25). *Thurber Country* by James Thurber (Simon & Schuster, $1.45). *The Portable Russian Reader* (Viking, $1.45). *Three Short Novels* of Dostoevsky (Anchor, $1.45).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THERE are certain things wrong with *The Deadly Game*, a play by James Yaffe based on a novel by Friedrich Duerrenmatt (Longacre Theatre), but it is none the less a better than average Broadway show. These are loose terms: what I mean is that the play is not boring; that, in fact, as a melodrama it offers a touch of excitement and that it piques the mind a little.

In its own terms it lacks style both in writing and in production, and the central off-stage incident is rather banal. If, however, I feel impelled to dwell on the play longer than I usually would, it is because it provoked ancillary thoughts —which is perhaps also to be counted to the play's credit.

The theme is the guilt man feels today in our society. The moral, as the inculpated man screams in this play, is that there is no justice, only law. He is an American salesman who arrives by chance at a house in the Swiss Alps where a retired judge amuses his companions—themselves former jurists—by playing a game of mock trials challenging either legendary "defendants" (Judas Iscariot, St. Joan) or substantial ones when, as in this case, they find somebody willing to lend himself to the fun. The American believes himself wholly innocent of anything worse than infringing traffic laws or the peccadillo of adultery. He nonchalantly agrees to pass time as the "accused" in the old men's peculiar sport.

Very rapidly the prosecuting attorney proves that the salesman induced a fatal heart attack on his superior at the office so that he might take over the dead man's coveted job. Through greedy ambitiousness the salesman is a semi-conscious murderer—though the very notion fills him with horror. He runs from the "trial" in terror, for he (and the audience) are not sure whether the people who tried him are madmen who actually mean to carry out the death sentence they pronounce.

The production is so flatly realistic (except for Claude Dauphin's slightly caricatured but delightfully humorous defense attorney and Wolfgang Roth's setting, which is in itself a handsomely designed room) that no relevant atmosphere is created. If there is a nerve-tingling ambiguity in the play, the production should convey it, but that it fails to do. Even so, the play itself ought to disturb us, in the way that Graham Greene's entertainments occasionally disturb. Its failure to be more upsetting is the weakness that intrigues me.

THE PLAY'S material, though superficially unusual, is basically stock. And though it is true that religion, psychoanalysis and latter-day sociology all emphasize the element of guilt in man as one of the prime motives in his behavior, one resists the idea when it is presented in terms that are not in themselves concretely, personally felt.

Differing in origin according to place and generation, the theme of man's sense of guilt exists in Hawthorne, Dostoevsky, Kafka—to mention only a few. Camus' *The Fall*, though dull as narrative, exerts a strong grip on many of us because it is a naked statement of this sentiment in contemporary middle-class vocabulary. A whole dramatic literature on the same theme has been developed in France since the war. But while most of these writers are truly imbued and oppressed with the feeling they dramatize, others employ it as a device.

The point is particularly worth making because it involves not only drama and art in general, but the whole pattern of our thinking today. At one time we were ashamed of wrongdoing, then we began to confess that our sins were signs of illness—"we are sick," we said—then we began to exonerate ourselves either on the grounds of social pressure or on the fact of psychological traumas suffered in childhood, and finally we have come almost to boast of our delinquencies—either because we say they are universal or on the assumption that our boldness in proclaiming them is a sign of extraordinary moral courage. It has come to pass that in many French plays and movies, for example, the hero has to be a scoundrel lest we mistake him for a hypocrite.

Duerrenmatt's earlier play, *The Visit*, was telling because the author found several striking theatrical images for the corruption he condemns in society. But even in that play one detects a certain facility, an artful glibness, as if its "tragic farcicality" caused no real anguish in its author or in anyone else. Universal guilt is the latest commonplace to which we give automatic consent for the purpose of high-grade discussion and advanced "art forms."

One can lie as much with "strong" drama as with the frivolous; pessimism can be as hollow as commercial optimism. In a play, as in any other work of presumed art, authentic statement is not achieved merely by just conclusions, but by the degree of genuine experience we sense in each moment or detail of the author's expression. The ends are embodied in the means; the immediate action is the clue to the eventual meaning.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

LAFAYETTE PARK in downtown Detroit is a serene but startling city-renewal project. It is the antithesis of the dull housing monuments of our day, those flat pyramids, those massive clusters in which tall slabs have been sliced off the standard apartment house cheese, then grouped together to cast their shade on stretches of limpid lawn—undeviating examples of architectural logistics which lack the design grace of a saltine.

Instead, Lafayette Park—or Lafayette Plaisance, as it sometimes is murmured by the proprietors—is a combination, so far, of one simple but handsome verticle apartment house slab, in front of which a group of 185 row houses and court houses are arranged subtly in twenty-one separate horizontal structures. The slab is twenty-two stories high; most of the row units combine six or ten two-story houses, with three bedrooms each; the larger single-story houses, also connected in rows, have two, three or four bedrooms, and walled-in backyards in courts. The apartments rent but the houses are sold as co-ops, for $1,035 to $1,690 cash down, plus monthly amortization-taxation charges from $174.52 for a three-bedroom two-story court house, up to $284.73 for a four-bedroom single-story court house, including heat, electricity, maintenance, parking space and services. (Another payment plan takes a larger initial chunk, with smaller monthly charges.) This is the kind of combined house and apartment project which has long been urged by sociologists, planners and architects for redevelopment areas; it is an urban village which begins to match the suburbs in

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diverse types of housing and includes the stability of individual ownership. It has been difficult, however, to convince the real estate developers who dominate these enterprises that such a scheme could profit them as well as the city, even with Title One support.

Title One of the 1949 Housing Act, which may yet be a better architectural monument to the late Senator Taft than that scornful shaft of stone which stands accusingly on the lawn of the Capitol in Washington, provides that the federal government will help clear city slums by subsidizing land costs. This is necessary because in these days of costly construction land must be available at comparatively low prices to private redevelopers if they are to put up "middle-income" housing at a fair profit. As readers of New York newspapers and, more particularly, this magazine's October 31, 1959, issue, "The Shame of New York," will recall, the terms "middle income" and "fair profit" are sometimes both made of rubber, but one thing they are almost never stretched to cover is architectural quality. Nowhere has design been more dominated by dollars. Tall slabs mean more units, and this elementary equation does not encourage low buildings.

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THE Detroit redevelopment, however, has never been locked into the conventional equation. This was not even the first good design made for the area. A scheme which had been proposed by architects Minoru Yamasaki, Oskar Stonorov and Victor Gruen several years earlier was widely admired in the profession for its mixture of building types, but it attracted no investor.

Then the late Herbert S. Greenwald, of Chicago, moved in with his partner, Samuel N. Katzin. With him he also brought architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, who had designed several buildings for Greenwald and Katzin, and who, in turn, brought along planner Ludwig Hilberseimer.

The gallery groaned, and with reason: Mies van der Rohe's early European fame rests partly on sketches for exquisite town houses, but his American reputation has been created in the building of tall, handsome towers — great, but not gregarious architecture, extra-urban, not suburban. Mies himself is also so aloof in personality, so remote from American homogenized conviviality, that dignified austerity seemed surely on its way to this site. This apprehension was not dispelled when Hilberseimer immediately designed the site plan as a superblock. Most alarming of all, the developer, Greenwald, had until then built only apartment houses. Many observers were certain that this site would get the technical real estate treatment after all, and become a forest of towers.

But it did not, although Herbert Greenwald was himself the victim of a cruel technical error. He died at forty-two when a prop-jet plunged into the East River a year ago. His death is the sadder because, I am convinced, the houses would have delighted him as much as anything Mies van der Rohe ever designed for him. Greenwald was a man of wit and imagination; he thought that living near a city, but not in it, was very dull; yet he liked living in a house, not an apartment. It is true that he was successful enough to earn himself a penthouse atop a Mies tower in Chicago (with his office in another penthouse, above the Loop), but Greenwald would also have recognized the buildings of Lafayette Park as his kind of abode.

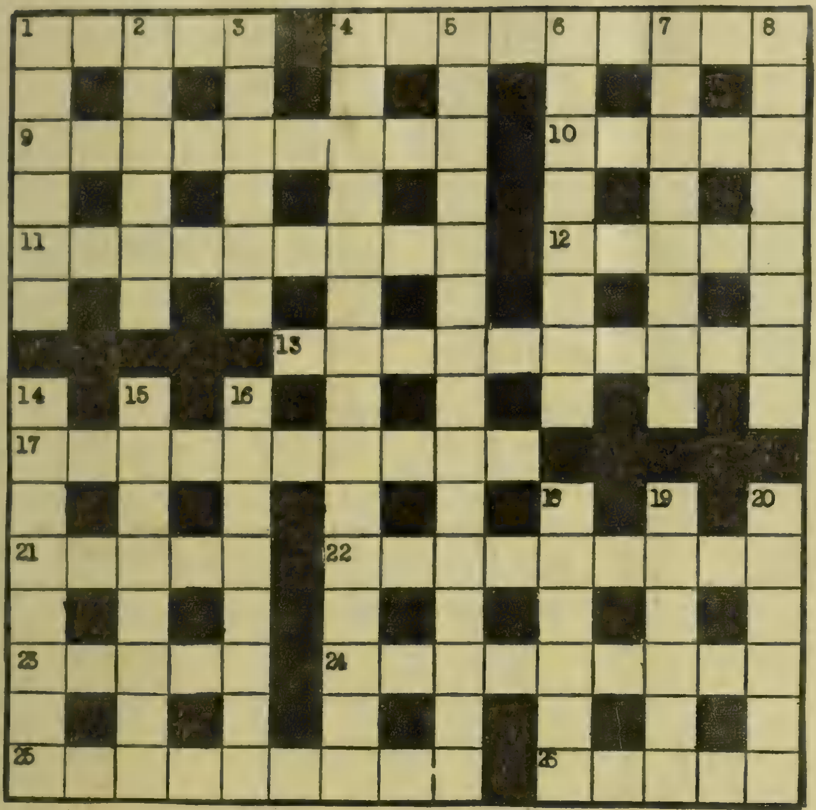
For in a way they are penthouses on the ground, rows of very elegant, simple, glass-steel-and-brick shoebox-shaped structures that do not pretend to be country homes. But they certainly are not merely row apartments. For one thing, although they have no side windows, they are not dark at the core, as, for instance, are most of New York's expensively converted brownstones; the end walls are totally glass and have calmer views than most suburban picture windows. The interior details are handsome, with simple, beautifully proportioned rooms (although the kitchens lean a little too far toward apartment kitchens for my taste). Nor is their atmosphere dogmatic. I toured one court house that had a white vinyl floor, beautiful hand-loomed rugs, and elegant modern furniture; this treatment made the design properly vivid, but a row house nearby, furnished as an exhibit by a Detroit department store, was also very pleasant, its masculine architecture not confused by the feminine furnishings.

Not a little of their feeling of quality comes from the way these sets of houses are placed on the flat site (which is to be extended by a city-owned park that will certainly make this area prettier than most Detroit suburbs). The apartment tower stands aside, clear and tall in its parking space. The row houses don't just form in ranks, but are deployed in a pattern that creates interesting spaces among them and breaks the endlessness that depresses most row housing. And, wonder of wonders, the automobile has been dominated. Parking lots are kept fairly small, and are set lower than the houses; the cars sink into the general ground level. (The row houses have individual parking spaces, and they too are set low, like boat slips.)

Metropolitan Structures Inc., the young company which succeeded Greenwald as developer here, carried out the idea faithfully, and I hope they project it to many other cities. For walking through this project, I became convinced that it is a valid new architectural type, a true translation from theory, a *city* house which could keep many urban families from defecting reluctantly to the suburbs.

Crossword Puzzle No. 856

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 4 down
4 Is it really quite sour, or just as unusual color? (9)
9 The Picard explanation certainly doesn't imply a land boom. (4, 5)
10 In the words of Excaliber? (5)
11 Later a political division placed relatively far back? (9)
12 Help a disguise, by the sound of it. (5)
13 Lately, this might be secretly considered. (10)
17 Sundered the marriage knot? (5, 5)
21 Annoyance at the suggestion of a sly look? (5)
22 What Liberty does to the world? (9)
23 Leaning towards what Don Quixote had with his supposed giants? (5)
24 Was the last Inca a false clue placed in the way of the Devil? (9)
25 Was this the real struggle for 1 across? (6, 3)
26 Recesses in perhaps established procedure. (5)

DOWN:

1 He tries to sell fruit—about 550, to be exact! (6)
2 It's not often found when the air is bad, try as you will to get around it. (6)
3 One way to tie up a dog, and look around. (6)
4 and 1 across Achilles' answer to a query as to when he first noticed his foot trouble? (3, 4, 4, 1, 3, 5)
5 One who figures out what might be shot in the Colorado? (5, 10)
6 Turns over the dessert, being rather fresh! (8)
7 Even pressure is nothing to a confused indian! (8)
8 Do away with drama? (The last part on board, or on the gridiron.) (3, 5)
14 Edelweiss, or just where the cubes come from? (3, 5)
15 As her host for dinner, you can expect some swell effects. (8)
16 With change for a dime, net results might be thoughtlessness, to say the least. (8)
18 Things to be done take time, and must be straightened out. (6)
19 Though presently held by some, they once held others. (6)
20 Am gone with one sign of our country, relatively speaking. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 855

ACROSS: 1 Chain reaction; 9 Armed; 10 Gerundive; 11 Nestled; 12 Pungent; 13 Loins; 14 Backstage; 16 Sinecures; 18 Rhomb; 19 Alabama; 21 Subtend; 22 Decadence; 23 Iraqi; 24 A hair of the dog. DOWN: 1 Channel Islands; 2 Admission; 3 Nodules; 4 Egged; 5 Carapaces; 6 Innings; 7 Noise; 8 Feather-bedding; 14 Bargainer; 15 Aforesaid; 17 Chaldea; 18 Rubbish; 20 Accra; 21 Shelf.

PUBLICATIONS

In The THIRD ISSUE

AWARD OF THE BLUE TOAD to Norman Cousins for putting out a boring, stupid magazine.

A parody of Diana Trilling's ridiculous article on the Beats recently printed in the *Partisan Review.*

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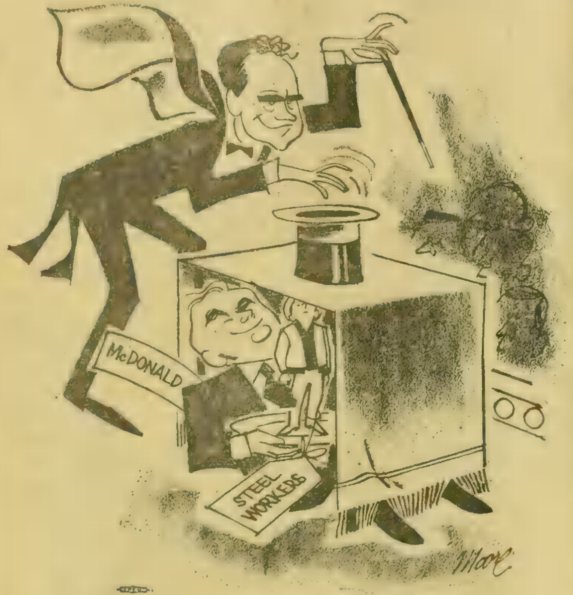

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In the January issue these articles appeared:

THE EISENHOWER AGE (Sen. Hubert Humphrey, Upton Sinclair and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in the bluntest possible criticism of Ike, his administration and the age we live in); THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY; A TRIP TO ORAL ROBERTS (and to death); RACE TROUBLE AT OLYMPICS?; THE CHINESE IMMIGRATION PUZZLE; NIXON AMONG SIGNERS OF ANTI-JEW, NEGRO DEEDS. Also: A Leak in the Telephone Company, The Beautiful, Sexy Woman; 'The Easiest Car in the World to Own'; 'Dirty Kike, Nigger' Kicked Out of Los Angeles Motel; Political Cartoons.

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LETTERS

The Folding Shelter

Dear Sirs: After reading Carl Dreher's "Pie in the Sky" in your February 13 issue, I watched Frank McGee performing in NBC-TV's *World-Wide '60*. Just to show you that I am an optimist, I'll renew my *Nation* subscription for the three years of the missile gap. I was tempted to write NBC and suggest that they talk to someone at *The Nation* for a fresh approach to the armaments race, but what's the use? This period of propaganda is a ritual we must endure. . . .

The *World-Wide '60* program was forty minutes gone before anyone in it mentioned that the Nike Zeus, detonating an approaching missile, would likely make its hit very close to the American target city, and that the resultant atomic fallout would be a danger. That was the first word of concern in the program for the lowest stratum of American society — the citizen-taxpayer. I ask myself the question: "Will the decision for an all-out nuclear war be made by someone in a bomb-proof shelter, or by someone like myself with a Republican newspaper as his only protection?"

VERDIE L. HAGENSTAD

Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: "Pie in the Sky," by Carl Dreher (*The Nation,* Feb. 13) is one of the most revealing articles I have ever read on how our government throws, splashes, kicks, away the taxpayers' money. . . . The Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has no hesitation in subsidizing the aerospace industry to the tune of tens of billions of our dollars, yet squeals to high heaven greet any plan for federal aid to our educational system. Lining the pockets of big business with projects of the most wasteful and futile is free enterprise—building sorely needed schools is creeping socialism!

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Traveling Brief Case

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the editorial entitled "Schizophrenic Industrialists" in *The Nation* of February 20. There is much to what *The Nation's* editors have said. But Chairman Durfee faces a dilemma too. Seldom in history has there been such urgency in spending so much to develop so few airplanes which can do so much to shrink passenger schedules and be of so much service in a single day!

A person who crosses the ocean in a Mach 3 plane in the early morning and leaves his brief case aboard accidentally, might find that the plane — and brief case — have made six to eight trips before he has stopped by the airport at nightfall to retrieve the case. This staggers the imagination and points up the propaganda value at stake for the nation which provides the plane to accomplish the feat.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senator (Wash.)

Washington, D.C.

Prejudice and Policemen

Dear Sirs: Before a committee investigating police brutality toward minority groups in Los Angeles, the head of the city's police department referred to "some Mexican-Americans" as not being far removed from the wild tribes of Mexico. I know that such displays of bigotry toward minority groups are not uncommon among police chiefs. In Los Angeles, however, they are particularly dangerous; the memory of the 1943 race riots in this city, and of the role played in them by the police, is still fresh in the minds of the Latin-American community here.

It ought to be obvious to every thoughtful citizen that the most important qualification for a policeman, whether he be an ordinary "cop on the beat" or the head of a department, is that he be fair, impartial and without prejudice in enforcing the law.

ADOLPH VILLABRAZO

Los Angeles, Calif.

France's New Slogan

Dear Sirs: Recent headlines out of Paris and the Sahara relative to de Gaulle's frenetic drive for status may alter the national motto of the French Republic to read: *"Liberté, Egalité, Radioactivité."*

HARRY CIMRING

Los Angeles, Calif.

Gods of Wrath

Dear Sirs: I plead guilty to the charge of ignorance in the Chessman case. It was not until I read Mr. Meister's article in *The Nation* of Feb. 20, and his earlier one of October 17, 1959, that things became clear to me. . . . Before my conversion, I shouted "Revenge!" Now I wonder what happened to Justice Harlan's opinion of 1957; if Chessman has been denied due process, as the Justice said, then let us (the public) make a searching inquiry into those events which made the denial possible.

ALLAN J. ALLEN

Cambridge, Mass.

The New Ideas

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the lead editorial in the February 6 *Nation*. The issue in this election year is indeed peace. But the Democrats don't seem to know it and Nixon is for peace only in a negative sense. He has no positive program. We could get a repetition of the upheaval of a century ago (although I doubt it), but let us hope a war will not follow if there should be a flood of new ideas and political forces. One dif-

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MAY 8

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 10

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

'Disarmament Mess'

This is the title under which the Cassandra of the Cold War, Joseph Alsop, discusses the present position of the Western Alliance vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in the disarmament contest. It is a contest as much as the Olympic Games, for all the world is watching. And the Russians are winning, for whatever their motives, they make it look as if they want disarmament, and, whatever our motives, we make it look as if we don't. It is entirely possible, of course, that appearances are not deceiving. The Russians may really want disarmament and peace, because this condition would be to their interest as they see it, while we — or at least our government — while not desiring war, may prefer the indefinite continuation of a state of affairs which is neither war nor peace. It certainly looks that way when one considers the vested interests of our war economy and its dependence on that annual $46 billion appropriation for defense which no longer defends.

These things Alsop does not say, but he says some things which are certainly not inconsistent with them. The mess of which he complains is that the United States seems incapable of making up its mind. When a great and powerful country is in a state of painful indecision, something is fundamentally wrong. Crucial mistakes have been made and are still being made. Our British, French, Italian and Canadian allies ask us what our position on disarmament is and, with East-West talks on the subject due to be resumed on March 15, we reply, in effect, that we have been unable to reach a decision. We are still debating with ourselves. The new committee formed last summer under the Boston lawyer, Charles Coolidge, came up with substantially nothing. Now a New York lawyer, Frederick Eaton, is supposed to be carrying the ball. He is perhaps willing and able, but where is the ball? The view of the State Department is that we must talk about nuclear disarmament, and of course this is incontrovertible. Even in diplomacy, with all its shams, there is no use talking about rifles when hydrogen-headed ICBMs are on the pads ready to go. But the Defense Department policy-makers, and specifically the Joint Chiefs of Staff, regard any discussion of nuclear disarmament as "unthinkable," in Alsop's phrase — and he is in a position to know. Hence our paralysis. But of course there is a Constitutional provision for such impasses — the President has the power and duty of decision. He had better decide, and soon. The present situation does offer an opportunity for some sort of *modus vivendi,* even if an uneasy one, between two armed camps. But opportunities evaporate as quickly through indecision as through wrong decisions.

The Nation Proposes

The Soviet Union has announced that it will open a University of Friendship in Moscow which will offer specialized training, with all expenses paid, to students from Asia, Africa and Latin America. Five hundred students will be enrolled the first year, with an ultimate enrollment of about four thousand. There is, of course, no more reason to doubt that the technical training offered will be first rate than there is to doubt that the visiting students will be the subject of Soviet propaganda and indoctrination. All the same, the idea warrants the flattery of imitation — with variations. The District of Columbia is the home of a unique American educational institution: Howard University, chartered and opened in 1867 by the Freedmen's Bureau. Unlike Hampton Institute — which was also originally sponsored by the Freedmen's Bureau — Howard is entirely supported by the federal government; it has no endowment. Currently, some 5,000 students are enrolled — 2,200 in the Arts and Science program, the rest in the graduate schools (Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Social Work). Since the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, Howard's position has become anomalous; the government can hardly continue to support indefinitely an institution which is primarily dedicated to the education of Negroes even though, in principle, it follows a policy of desegregation. A few white students have always attended Howard; in fact, some of the first white women to receive M.D. degrees in this country were graduates of its Medical School.

But Howard does need a new purpose; and to convert it, as has been suggested, into a municipal university for the District of Columbia is hardly consistent with its original idea or its fine tradition. Why not, then, transform Howard into a great international university to which selected students from every quarter of the earth would be brought as guests of the government, with all expenses paid? Some additional facilities would doubtless have to be provided, but much is already at hand, including an excellent faculty and an ideal location. The Capital has a fine array of cultural institutions, and foreign students at Howard could observe the functioning of our national government at close range.

A rededication of this sort would give new vitality and significance to one of this country's most remarkable educational institutions. Student exchange programs are a step in the right direction, but eventually an international community — if it is to become a reality — must be supported by at least a limited number of international educational institutions. Let Howard be among the first.

An Affluence of Effluvium

The President has signed his first veto of the Second Session: Congress wanted to raise federal anti-pollution aid to state and local governments from $50,000,000 to $90,000,000, whereas Mr. Eisenhower insists that it be cut to $20,000,000 for this year and then discontinued altogether. The House failed, by twenty-two votes, to over-ride the veto, even though the measure enjoys virtually universal support. Only two organizations, the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, spoke out against it, and the N.A.M. was itself sharply divided on the issue. Why should a measure so clearly in the public interest, and which involves but a pittance by comparison with other budget items, be the subject of a White House veto and extended debate? As the President sees it, federal assistance might tempt local communities to delay essential water-pollution measures. But in the four years since the program has been in effect, local communities have appropriated $4.70 for every $1 of federal assistance, the highest local-to-federal ratio of any national aid program.

The modern water-pollution problem — quite unlike anything of the kind we have known in the past — is a direct by-product of the factors, such as accelerated technological innovation, new industrial processes, an expanding urban population, etc., which have created the affluent society. But the connection is so obvious that nobody sees it. On the President's initiative, Congress appropriates billions to pollute the earth's atmosphere with radioactive fallout — and with hardly more debate than it has given this financially insignificant item of "must" legislation. Can it be that, along with the social myopia which an affluent society seems to foster, our sense of smell has atrophied to the extent that the President and his advisers are unaware of the effluvium that pollutes so many American rivers, lakes and harbors? Or is the real explanation simply that we chalk up the gains in GNP as though our burgeoning productivity did not also occasion some small debit items on the social side of the ledger? Whatever the cause, the delay in enacting the water-pollution measure is a symptom of blindness to social need in a period of unrivaled prosperity.

The Air Force Credo

Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates is described by *The New York Times* as "furious" about the training manuals published by the armed services, in particular the Air Force publication which stated that Communists had infiltrated the nation's Protestant churches. He apologized publicly to the National Council of Churches, the largest and most influential cooperative body of the Protestant churches in the United States, and in a letter to the three service secretaries referred to "glaring inaccuracies" and material "lacking good taste or common sense." The Secretary was certainly not overstating the case, but the question arises: how did large sections of the services, and in particular the Air Force, get that way? For there is every reason to believe that thousands, perhaps a majority, of airmen and their officers believe the scurrilous drivel in the Air Force *Guide for Security Indoctrination*. Nor is the Secretary's admonition likely to change their minds. In fact, the Washington bureau of the New York *Daily News* reports under date of February 24 that while the Air Force has revoked the manual, it is retaining the section on "How to Stop Communism in America," which included the drivel about the Reds taking over American Protestantism. Presumably when the furore has died down, and Secretary Gates's attention has been diverted, the chapter — with or without deletions — will be used in a new edition, this time advantageously combined with the manual instructing ambitious airmen on how to wash an officer's dog.

John G. Norris, who reports on military matters for the Washington *Post*, has come up with the most illuminating examination of the Air Force psyche that we have seen. He points out that the Air Force, living in what amounts to a "war-alert" situation, has become addicted to the delusions and manias normal to wartime. Isolated in their own communities and occupations, its field personnel tend to see God and country in their own images, and there is no one to correct them, for the officers are scarcely more enlightened than the enlisted men. Norris says that a survey made ten years ago showed that only 47 per cent of the Regular Air Force officers were college graduates, compared to 71 per cent in the Army and 87 per cent in the Navy. The Air Force tried to remedy this situation by launching "Operation Bookstrap" and succeeded in raising the ratio to 56 per cent by means of night, correspondence and extension courses. It is doubtful, however, that the devoted crammers have been converted into potential Einsteins and Veblens.

If Secretary Gates is determined to bring political sophistication to the Air Force, he has his work cut out for him. Even its highest officers show precious little of it in their public announcements — and probably less, if that be possible, in their thinking.

Rocky's Folly

Seldom has a proposal by a popular governor received such a frigid reception as Governor Rockefeller's request for mandatory legislation compelling New Yorkers to build shelters against nuclear fallout. And seldom has an Executive proposal deserved more unqualified condemnation. Much of the opposition stems from the wrong reasons. The legislators yearn for reelection, and they remember the Governor's 1959 demand for increased income taxes, and the acquiescence of the GOP-dominated Legislature. Some voters may show their resentment in 1960, especially if the Governor rubs it in by requiring them to spend still more money. But the political motivation is not the only one. Many citizens, whose integrity is no less than Governor Rockefeller's, will refuse to obey the law, if it is passed, for reasons of conscience. The situation is made to order for conscientious objectors, some of whom will undoubtedly challenge the law in the courts.

Air-raid drills, shelters and all the other expedients of civil defense are a means of mass psychological conditioning for nuclear warfare. The inference is that it's not going to be so awful, after all; if you survive the blast and the fire, you can remain in a hole in the ground for a few weeks and emerge as good as new. In New York City, for instance? Even if some of the city is left, where will the water come from, and power? A single hydrogen bomb landing anywhere along the East River would dispose of three Consolidated Edison generating plants, the New York Steam Company station, and the BMT subway-power generating plant recently purchased from the city. Most of the feeder and distribution network would go with the plants. And what about water? The river water would be contaminated; as for the aqueducts, anyone can buy a 20-cent topographical map from the federal government which shows that a single bomb planted on Putnam County will contaminate and knock out Catskill and Delaware, and contaminate the whole Croton watershed. Aside from these material problems, which one may or may not be willing to face, why should anyone want to live in a world which has resorted to nuclear warfare and the immolation of millions of men, women and children as a method of settling political problems?

"The people are not ready for this," a high-ranking Democrat is quoted as saying. "They need an educational program to convince them of the need for such a plan. They have a sense of fatalism about the chances of survival in a nuclear attack and they are also concerned about the cost of building these things." The educational program will need to be convincing indeed. With still more skyscrapers planned for the Grand Central area and the city in the midst of the greatest building boom in its history, the people may be pardoned for a certain amount of skepticism. The Governor, to be sure, has done his best to overcome qualms about the cost. He plans to build a shelter for himself and his family *at his own expense.* With borrowed funds, no doubt.

Strange Noises

Angry voices, echoing in the United States Senate and elsewhere, have denounced the world-wide interest shown in the case of Caryl Chessman as some kind of plot to overthrow established law and order in California. *U.S. News and World Report*, ever vigilant to expose Communist conspiracies, is convinced on the basis of evidence uncited that the Kremlin inspired the protest — presumably including the editorial plea for clemency in *L'Osservatore Romano* — which resulted in "the strange spectacle of the highest courts in the United States being 'overruled' by pressure from abroad." What courts have been "overruled," which decisions have been set aside? Under particular attack has been the action of Assistant Secretary of State Rubottom in voicing the State Department's concern about the effect Chessman's execution might have on Latin American opinion on the eve of the President's visit. But the late John Foster Dulles did not hesitate to urge former Governor James Folsom of Alabama to commute the death sentence in a case that had aroused intense interest in Europe. Even earlier, President Woodrow Wilson did not hesitate to communicate with California officials about the Tom Mooney case.

What Governor Brown's purblind critics do not recognize is that world opinion is one of the unmistakable realities of the modern age. Why shouldn't citizens of a world becoming increasingly inter-dependent voice their concern about a case that is everywhere regarded as a symbol of the new interest in the abolition of the death penalty? Americans are themselves among the busiest wire-senders and petition-circulators; millions of us, literally, have protested executions and prison sentences in almost every land on earth. There is nothing "sinister" in the world-wide interest shown in the Chessman case; on the contrary, it is a hopeful omen that the impending enactment of an obscene and barbarous ritual can arouse this much concern among millions of people. What is sinister is the attempt to interpret this interest as a plot inspired by the Kremlin.

A LITTLE POISON IN YOUR FOOD . . *by Milton Viorst*

THE PRESIDENT delivered a reproach to Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur S. Flemming early in February when, submitting to the demands of agricultural interests, he ordered a government committee to study the use of chemicals in the human diet.

President Eisenhower's action gave the food industry an important round in a battle that Secretary Flemming and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have been waging to protect the consumer against chronic poisoning from these pesticides and additives. The battle has been under way for several years, but it took the Great Cranberry Scandal of 1959 to bring it to the public's attention.

The chronic-poisoning problem is something new in human history. It used to be that if a man ate his meal and escaped a bellyache, he could feel that his food was safe. The discoveries of modern chemistry nullified this conception. Within the past few decades, but principally since World War II, the chemical industry has forged a link in the human food chain that is profitable for itself and, at the same time, vital to the consumer. Chemistry has made food less expensive, tastier and more attractive. It has made America's supply more abundant, more mobile and, in many respects, much more healthful. But many are now aware that chemistry's wonders may be also laden with countless hidden hazards to human health. The threat is not the kind that kills or lays its victims low as dinner goes through the digestive process. It is the kind that lies concealed in the diet and spreads its damages over a lifetime.

Scientists began only recently to recognize the menace of chronic poisoning, because of the great difficulty of detecting damage in body tissues that results from the continuous ingestion of minute amounts of a chemical substance. For years after the discovery, FDA was hard pressed to do anything about it. The only available weapon against a chemical was laboratory proof that it was harmful. This was difficult to achieve, particularly to the satisfaction of a court of law. Within the past few years, some progress has been made, but effective detection still defies research. This absence of scientific certainty has weakened the position of Flemming and the FDA before the President and the nation.

At the urging of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Congress took cognizance of this problem in 1954 and enacted a suitable law to control pesticides. In 1958, it followed with an adequate additives law which gave manufacturers two years to have additives then in use approved by the FDA. The two-year period ends on March 6, next week.

The import of these new laws was to shift the burden of proof from the government, requiring the industry to demonstrate the safety of its products in the quantities it desired to use them. The job will prove no easier for industry's laboratories than it was for the government's.

HOW does one prove that a chemical is "safe"? By proving, as far as possible, that it's not unsafe. But like the proof of some sticky theological point, there always remains some doubt. In this case, a number of tests have been devised to reveal tissue damage caused by chemicals. The tests are by no means exhaustive or, for that matter, beyond reproach. The evidence must be collected from animals. If no tissue damage is discovered after a given quantity of a chemical is fed to two animal species—usually the rat and the dog—the presumption is strong it will be absent in the human. This presumption is sometimes wrong. Aware of this, FDA sets its tolerances with ample margin for quantitative error. But it cannot refuse a manufacturer's petition if he has demonstrated that his chemical has passed all the known tests. FDA researchers, when they're not bogged down by other tasks, try to devise new tests. But no honest scientist would deny the existence of a vast unknown area within the testing framework.

This is to say nothing of the cancer factor, which stands by itself in the pattern of chronic poisons. Legally, FDA can authorize the use in small quantities of a chemical that in large quantities causes, for example, liver or heart damage. But under the so-called Delaney Amendment to the 1958 additives law, no substance that, used in any quantity, induces cancer in animals can be allowed in the human diet. The amendment, generated in part by the terror which cancer creates, is based on the theory that cancer-producing substances cause an "irreversible reaction." Science has no evidence, however, that an equally "irreversible reaction" is not begun by chemicals that cause other diseases. The theory, in effect, is that a little heart disease isn't as bad as a little cancer. The food industry argues that this theory is as phony as Hoxsey's cancer cure. But Flemming supports it and insists he will continue to do so.

As if these complexities were not enough, FDA must be on the alert for possibilities like these: (1) that a harmless chemical in one food does not react with a harmless chemical in another to produce a dangerous compound; (2) that the peculiar eating habits of some people do not lead to the consumption of a chemical in dangerous quantities; (3) that a chemical authorized in one food does not add up to a dangerous amount in the total diet if permitted in several foods.

NOWHERE is there greater awareness of how little is known about the effect of these chemicals than in the FDA. Responsible officials are frankly worried about what they are doing, and frustrated because they lack the facilities to find out. FDA scientists have all they can do to process industry's petitions for new additives and pesticides. There is hardly a minute left for research. FDA's budget for research in 1959 was $1.8 million. This year, thanks largely to Representative John E.

MILTON VIORST, as a reporter for the Washington (D.C.) Post, *has made a thorough study of the problems confronting the Federal Food and Drug Administration.*

Fogarty (D., R.I.), a champion of the consumer in Congress, FDA's appropriation was increased, over the objections of the Administration, and $2.8 million was made available. The 1961 budget proposed $2.9 million for research. In comparison, the sum requested for agricultural research—which is undertaken for the *benefit* of the industry and not to *supervise* it—is $139.3 million. There is a certain irony in the President's designation of a new committee to study the very subject that FDA cannot study because his Budget Bureau has refused to assign the funds.

But when industry mounts its attack, it is not against FDA's scientific activities. It would be unfair to the chemical industry to imply that it prefers, all other things being equal, ignorance to enlightenment. Industry's contention is simply this: It is unfair for Arthur Flemming and the FDA to enforce so strenuously regulations which, they say, are based on arguable scientific premises. This is the contention that was at the heart of the Great Cranberry Scandal.

This episode occurred when Flemming refused to wink at an industry's patent violation of FDA's pesticide regulations. The cranberry growers had been authorized to use aminotriazole, the weed killer which became a household word last November, immediately *after* harvest. Residues left when it was applied *before* harvest were shown to produce cancer in animals. FDA had condemned some tainted cranberries in 1957 and counted on the deterrent effect of this action to last. Its confidence was misplaced. The cranberry industry has since acknowledged that aminotriazole was used, to an unknown degree, in 1958. In 1959, FDA became aware of what the market place had long known—that aminotriazole was still being used incorrectly in many places. At this point, Flemming held his famous press conference, warning the public against cranberry consumption and, in effect, embargoing an entire year's crop for berry-by-berry inspection.

A cranberry grower in Massachusetts or Oregon could hardly be expected to understand Flemming's act. In aminotriazole, he had a relatively inexpensive weapon against his perennial adversary—the weed. The publications he read told him the FDA had discovered that large quantities of aminotriazole caused cancer in animals. No evidence, however, indicated that small quantities caused cancer in man. It would not take an evil, indifferent farmer to wonder if the whole thing was not the invention of some bureaucrat in Washington. A little aminotriazole could save or enlarge his crop, pay his mortgage, send his kids to school, buy a new farm implement.

A Child's Chemically Treated Garden of Verses

Little drops of diethylstilbestrol,
Little grains of aminotriazole
Make it mighty dangerous eating
In this pleasant land.

Mary T. Rauth

Industry spokesmen could justifiably protest the Flemming technique of enforcement by press conference. The less charitable wags in Washington have said this is Flemming's way of acquiring second place on the Republican ticket for the fall elections. Perhaps, but Flemming has shown himself a zealous enforcer of the food and drug law. Though he has never been known to challenge the Administration publicly for more funds, within the framework of the law and the budgets assigned him he has operated a regulatory agency that seeks to regulate. Other such agencies in Washington cannot say the same. In the case of the cranberry scandal, the press conference was the only weapon he possessed.

The current Administration is not alone to blame for the weakness of the Food and Drug Administration. Throughout its history, FDA has been a stepchild in the federal establishment. The Congress which established it in 1906 assumed that agricultural products needed little policing, while manufactured drugs and foods were so uniform that sampling was good enough. This thinking established the "spot-check" tradition in FDA enforcement. The Democrats of the thirties and forties were hardly generous to FDA and the Eisenhower Administration, in its first few years, starved it. By the mid-fifties, however, sensitive people were becoming aware of the problems modern science was creating in the name of better foods and drugs. Since publication of a shocking citizens' report in 1955, FDA support has gradually increased. This is more to the credit of a militant group of Congressmen, however, than to a generous Budget Bureau. FDA's staff of inspectors is still limited to fewer than 400 men, assigned to police something like 400,000 factories, 2,000,000 farmers and the never-ending challenge of quackery and dishonesty. Two inspectors are responsible, for instance, for the detection of pesticide violations from Maryland to North Carolina. They, in turn, are hampered by a shortage of laboratory facilities for the testing of the crop samples they submit.

A quick look at the cranberry episode will disclose that FDA was lucky to catch the contamination in the crop. The industry had for several years been tipping its hand because aminotriazole works so effectively on cranberry bogs. When the cranberry growers howled that they were being singled out for punishment, they were right. This

was simply Flemming's way of notifying the food-producing industry that he refused to be a party to its pesticide violations. Had he resorted to the cumbersome due-process procedure that FDA is required to follow to make its seizures, at least two more weeks would have passed before cranberry shipments could have been halted. Since November, some 325,800 pounds of contaminated cranberries have been seized. An unknown quantity certainly slipped through; the public presumably consumed these, along with most of the 1958 crop.

No one can estimate reliably the extent of pesticide cheating. FDA officials concede that it is likely to increase because new and more powerful chemicals keep coming on the market, many aimed at weed and insect strains that eluded earlier killers. Withal, it can be safely—or unsafely—said that violations are widespread. Foods with unauthorized residues are reaching the dinner table every day.

There is thus something ludicrous in the food industry's complaint that Flemming and the FDA have been overzealous in enforcing pesticide and additive regulations. Flemming may be disturbed and anxious about violations, but he hardly has the tools to be overzealous in stopping them. The President's statement designating the study committee provided specifically that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is to continue enforcing the law pending a report. This was at least some consolation for Flemming, because powerful farm groups had been pressing for him to go slow while the study was under way. It may be argued that Eisenhower's move was a gesture designed to mollify the farm groups while maintaining Flemming's authority. Still, it is hard to see what a special committee will discover that FDA scientists, who have been working with this problem for years, do not already know—or know they don't know. More work in FDA or Public Health Service laboratories would appear to be a much more logical answer. The vexing part about this problem is that man is the object of all this research and he is a very bad experimental animal. He may die the victim of a chemical in his diet. But if he has taken it in tiny doses all his life, chances are no one will ever know.

ACCIDENT OR AGGRESSION? . .

by Charles O. Porter

IF YOU place six chimpanzees in a small room with a couple of baskets of live hand grenades, a minor catastrophe is inevitable. If you place error-prone human beings in proximity to thousands of nuclear weapons, a major catastrophe is inevitable and the triggering of an all-out massive exchange is probable.

Brigadier (Ret.) C. N. Barclay, British military expert, correctly describes the problem in *The New York Times Magazine* of August 23, 1959, but he reaches the conclusion that the real danger is ten, fifteen or twenty years ahead when many more nations possess nuclear weapons. The risk of a fatal mistake now, he thinks, is "much less than most people suppose."

I respectfully but emphatically dissent. In my opinion, the danger is now and it is extreme. As for what "most people" may suppose about the risk, I can only say I wish more people, in and out of government and the military establishment, thought about the situation at all.

Two attitudes, often not fully articulated, seem to predominate. One is that our atomic doom is inevitable and that nothing will avert it. The other is that something will turn up, as always. Both points of view provide ready excuses for doing nothing.

Barclay recognizes that while nobody wants a full-scale nuclear war, a war by "mistake" or "accident" is likely because of the "necessity for maintaining weapons of obliteration in instant readiness." He points out that this is an unprecedented situation for which history has little guidance. I agree with that definition of the situation, but I have to leave him when he seeks to minimize the risk of a mistake by stating that "we can be sure" missiles have to be made "live" by "teams under responsible leaders . . . especially selected . . . controlled by headquarters and highly trained staffs. . . ."

Barclay writes, "In these circumstances the chances of a mistake, although not entirely removed, are remote." He cannot conceive that one explosion could trigger a world-wide nuclear war, nor that a tactical atomic war could become a full-scale nuclear war. I think the cards are stacked now for vast destruction and death. The facts, simple and undisputed, add up, in my opinion, to World War III in the very near future as the result of an unauthorized or accidental nuclear explosion. This is the war nobody wants and everybody fears.

THE FACTS can be stated in a few words. First, thousands of nuclear weapons, many of unthinkable power, exist today. Second, almost all of them are ready for instant detonation. Third, their custodians are human beings.

A nuclear explosion resulting from mechanical defect or inadvertence is only remotely possible, but the same is not true with respect to human fallibility. I discussed this matter last year with Herbert B. Loper, Assistant Defense Secretary for Atomic Energy. He agreed that, given the prevalence of such human errors and

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NON-SURVIVABILITY PLUS . . *by George G. Kirstein*

THE WAY to disarm is to arm. A country has to have more arms than its potential enemy in order to negotiate disarmament from a position of strength. Once we have arms superiority, the Russians will presumably be forced to disarm. One odd thing about this prevailing current doctrine is that it is not expected to work in reverse. If the Russians gain arms superiority over us, we will not begin to disarm—we will "close the gap." Another curious thing about it is that when we did have arms superiority—when we had the A-bomb and the Russians didn't—neither they nor we disarmed. They closed the gap.

But just because the theory has not worked so far in either direction is no reason to abandon it. The task before us is to compose a logic to justify our immutable theory, and for this purpose we need a new language. Fortunately such an instrument is already at hand, for both the armed services and the research centers of the great universities have men trained in the manufacture of a new jargon which will serve as a framework for the new logic. For simplicity's sake and to differentiate it from English, this language may be called Desperanto.

For example, all reasonable men know that the way to stop an enemy from attacking us is to have the capacity to destroy him if he makes the first move. This ability for "instant and massive" retaliation is labeled "deterrence" and for it to be effective we must have overwhelming "deterrent capability." General Power points out that if we have sufficient "deterrent capability," it will be impossible for an aggressor to develop a "confidence factor." "Deterrent capability," the very keystone of the new logic, has several synonyms, of which the one most frequently used is "kill" power. Fortunately, we are told that at the present time our "kill" power—take it for all in all—is superior to the Russians'. However, we are still in danger because of the "missile gap." It is not enough to have over-all superior "kill" power; paradoxically, we must have a surplus of it in order to guarantee our survival. A surplus of "kill" power is called "over-kill" and the key equation of the new theory is, "Over-kill equals total non-survivability plus." In this equation, of course, we have the "over-kill" and the enemy has the "non-survivability plus."

Unfortunately, we do not have enough "deterrent capability" even when we have lots of "over-kill," as we now have. "Over-kill" doesn't take care of "limited aggression" in what Representative Walter calls "fourth-dimensional" war. In order to stop this "limited aggression" threat, we must have "limited deterrents" or clearly there will be a "deterrent gap." We must have an over-all military "posture" capable of defending ourselves by every means from launching "preventive war" (this used to be called "attack" in the old language) to repelling invaders armed with slingshots. I feel myself that the military is guilty of overlooking our slingshot "capability," but perhaps we should not be too harsh, for they have overlooked little else. None the less, the Democratic candidates, particularly Senator Symington, may have a real campaign issue in this slingshot "gap." Fortunately, there is not a correlative "bow and arrow" gap, because we have a ready reserve or "militia" of sportsmen skilled with this weapon.

The logicians of "deterrence" may at last be satisfied when we perfect, as we are sure to do soon, the "Domesday bomb." This weapon, when hitched up to an electronic brain, will be able to destroy the remainder of mankind even if no survivors are left in the attacked country to set it off. This is what spokesmen of the new logic call an "invulnerable deterrent." Apparently this cobalt-coated hydrogen bomb creates a radioactive fallout so excessive that *On the Beach* can become fact—not fiction. This is total "over-kill," or the end of the line. Indeed, the "Domesday bomb" may be the "fantastic new weapon" about which Mr. Khrushchev recently bragged. So the "Domesday bomb gap" may be already upon us, although, due to the "intelligence gap" and a reappraisal of Soviet "intentions" as contrasted with "capabilities," it may be some time before we can know whether we are in this jeopardy. Unless a "Domesday bomb" can be set up in each "free" country the potential enemy's "confidence factor" may become absolutely overwhelming, because according to the experts only a weapon guaranteeing "unacceptable damage" will deter all rational rulers from aggression.

But I foresee a future gap even after we announce that we and all our friends, great and small, also have the "Domesday bomb." Let us suppose that the Russians beat us to the moon. Suppose then that there are two Russians or even a couple of Russian dogs on that satellite when the "Domesday bomb" goes off. Clearly we have failed to reduce "survivability" to zero. We need a "Domesday moon bomb"—one capable not only of destroying mankind on earth but on the moon as well, preferably simultaneously. Without such a deterrent we are at the absolute mercy of the enemy. Let's have no spiritual flabbiness nor lack of zeal in perfecting this weapon. Let's have a "crash" program to meet this problem. Here is a gap which can be foreseen and "definitized." Without possession of this super-massive retaliatory defense deterrent, we can't "finalize" our future.

weaknesses as drunkenness, mental breakdown, misinterpretation, misguided idealism, venality or treason, an accidental nuclear explosion is probable.

Of course, precautions are taken to prevent accidental or unauthorized explosions; the regulations and safeguards are carefully and cunningly devised. But any rule ever devised by man can be circumvented by man. You can't legislate error and weakness out of humanity.

I saw for myself the operation of some of the safety procedures established to prevent the unauthorized dispatch of the Royal Air Force Thor missiles in England. Because these procedures are classified as secret by the Department of Defense, I cannot describe how an apparently foolproof system was being wholly frustrated without malice or deceit on the part of anyone. These were able and honest men doing an important job but, as so often happens, they were blithely ignoring regulations calculated to prevent an irreparable disaster.

When I sought permission to describe the by-passing of these very procedures in this article, the Department of Defense, through its Congressional liaison officer, expressed great chagrin and surprise. The officer informed me that a complete investigation would be made immediately. There will be no one around to investigate violations that lead to an unauthorized firing.

ALMOST everybody knows that a gun, allegedly unloaded or not, is dangerous. Every day some person is wounded or killed by mishandling these puny weapons. The custodians of the atomic weapons are error-prone mortals.

If you had been the marshal of Dodge City in its heyday you would have kept a loaded six-shooter handy. We too must keep our nuclear weapons handy, and you don't need to know the details to realize that they are poised for instant use. In fact, they are being modified to facilitate quick detonation. On October 28, 1957, Admiral Stump, Supreme U.S. Commander in the Pacific and Asia, affirmed that the United States must retaliate instantly, possibly with atomic weapons, at the first sign of Communist aggression anywhere in the world. The following month, the late Secretary Dulles stated that the order to shoot back in the event of an attack on NATO forces "like that on Pearl Harbor" would be given by the commanders "on the spot."

An explosion caused by a meteor has been mentioned as the possible occasion for confusion and misinterpretation leading to such an order in a world made tense by atomic warheads. And everybody knows that decision times are becoming shorter as count downs for missiles are simplified or in some cases, reportedly in the Soviet Union, eliminated.

This brings us to the question of whether or not one accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosion would be likely to trigger the full-scale massive exchange. Brigadier Barclay wrote that he couldn't "conceive" of such a thing.

In December of 1957, I visited Strategic Air Command Headquarters in Nebraska and was briefed on this problem. Since then I have checked my conclusions many times with other high military officers in and out of the Pentagon. It is agreed that if there were a "mystery" atomic explosion which could not be identified either as an act of aggression or as an accidental or unauthorized explosion, our forces would immediately go into their highest condition of alert.

This means that the ready planes get off the ground and start heading for their targets. It means that other crews and planes are prepared with all speed to get off the ground. The count downs would start on our missiles and hold firm just this side of ignition. Of course, bases and missile sites would be the primary targets of the enemy.

If we were to go on our top alert the Soviet Union would soon follow suit, just as we would do if the Soviet Union had the unexplained atomic explosion in their territory. This leads to a problem for which no one, military expert or not, has given me the solution.

Here is the situation:

Our planes are making for the Soviet Union; theirs are headed toward us. Our missiles are made ready for immediate dispatch; so are theirs. I remind you that we cannot look to the gaping hole and its lethal radioactivity to tell us who caused the explosion and for what reason. There is no wreckage to examine and there are no witnesses to interrogate.

But less than twenty minutes after the explosion, if it happens in the United States, the Soviet Union's condition of top alert will be reported to the White House by our intelligence officers. The tough question is, how can we tell whether the intensive preparations are defensive or offensive?

The answer is that we cannot make any such determination because the preparations for defense and offense are identical.

Our planes can turn back when they reach a certain point, called the fail-safe line, but on what basis do we dare allow them to return when we know the Soviet planes are heading toward us? Is this the time when the President calls up Khrushchev and says, "Tell me the truth now, was that explosion the beginning of an attack on us? Or if it wasn't, are you planning to use our defensive preparation as an excuse for an attack on us?" It seems hardly worth while to make the call, yet how do we extricate ourselves in such a crisis?

BEFORE I venture to propose any remedies, let me suggest a further complication—public panic. Consider the immediate and intensive coverage such an explosion would receive on TV, radio and in the newspapers. Think of the impact on our great urban centers of population—the TV coverage and the descriptions of the magnitude of the physical damages, the numbers of dead and injured. Think of the terrible, unbearable suspense of wondering if this is only the first of many atomic missiles being directed at our country by a powerful and implacable enemy.

It seems likely that an almost universal breakdown in law and order might ensue in the cities as people sought, not unreasonably, to take shelter or, in most cases, get out into the countryside. There would be rioting and looting. The President would appear on TV and his voice would be heard on radio. "Be calm," he would enjoin us, "my information is that this is not part of an attack on us. It was just an unfortunate accident. Please return to your homes." But even he couldn't know for sure that it was an accident.

Let us be optimistic and say that this announcement, along with other measures, does deter a wave of panic. What happens twenty minutes later when the news comes (and it could not be withheld from the American people even if the President so wished) that the Soviet military forces are mobilizing at top speed? Would our people believe the President if he told them that in his opinion the Soviets were only doing this as a defensive measure and that it was not in fact a threat against us? It would be difficult to present a convincing basis for such an opinion.

This introduces one of the remedies that I suggest we begin to apply without further delay—namely, public recognition of the problem presented to us by this mixture of maximum weapons, minimum decision times, and mere mortals. At present the official position of both the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission is that accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosions are but "remote possibilities" hardly worth discussing. This position must change.

THE TRUTH is that such explosions are more than probable. They are inevitable. A healthy skepticism of man's ability to manage safely such weapons is the beginning of wisdom; and an acknowledgment of the real odds favoring accident will make public reaction more rational when the accident occurs.

Secondly, further efforts to lessen tensions between the East and West must be made along the lines of the President's example in agreeing to exchange visits with Khrushchev. Increased communication through visitor exchanges can help lead to the sort of understanding which must be the foundation for any honorable, stable peace.

Thirdly, self-enforcing, arms-length disarmament agreements must be negotiated. The most important is with respect to nuclear tests. Once international inspection has been established for one type of armament, its application to wider areas is unlimited and of immensely hopeful potential.

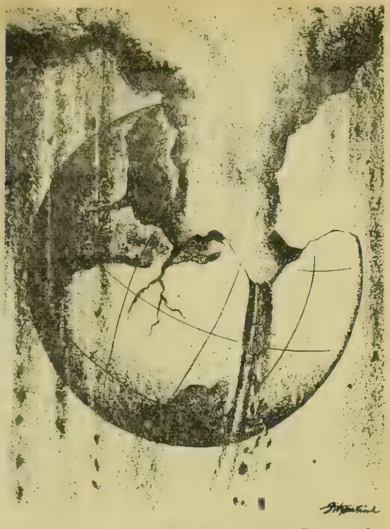
Finally, we must understand that the only alternative to rule of force is the rule of law. The President believes this, so did the late Secretary of State Dulles. So do Vice President Nixon, President de Gaulle, all the top British governmental leaders and, I would estimate, almost every other responsible political leader in the world.

It is essential that the United Nations Charter be reviewed. Indeed, we have delayed too long. High-level studies should start immediately throughout the world, not only within governments but among the peoples themselves. The danger of nuclear doom is clear enough for those who will open their eyes. The dream of a world rule of law may seem impractical at first, but how practical, I have to ask, is a nuclear arms race? Just about as practical, I'd say, as offering those chimpanzees I mentioned earlier more baskets of live grenades.

An essential first step, now awaiting enactment by the U.S. Senate, is the repeal of the Connally Reservation, which permits us at will to deny the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice.

Last year I attended a meeting at which Philip Noel-Baker, Member of Parliament, Nobel Peace Prizewinner and noted disarmament expert, said in an informal conversation that he was an optimist in that he believed universal disarmament was feasible in terms of providing safeguards against one nation's getting an advantage over another, if the nations all decided they wanted that equality.

"But," he added thoughtfully, "I'm also a pessimist in that I believe that in ten years we will all be dead and the earth will be an incinerated relic."



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

End of the missile race?

The man standing next to him, a top scientific adviser in our government, declared, "I believe so too."

I don't believe so. Nuclear doom is not one of the inevitables I intend to accept. The inevitable accidental or unauthorized nuclear explosion need not mean World War III.

I think we are smart enough to survive, but I realize that time is terrifyingly short and that the task is tremendous. An ever-increasing number of devoted men and women are responding to the unprecedented challenge of unprecedented weapons. That gives me faith that we frail human beings and our free nations will not, for a while anyway, perish from this earth.

Straight Thinking on Africa . .

by Henry L. Bretton

AS SELF-GOVERNMENT and political independence come to more and more of the former colonial territories on the African continent, the critical faculties of the American public will be focused more sharply on events there. Stability and order, democracy and personal liberties being very highly valued in our society, much of what happens in Africa will therefore be judged in those terms. Given the general practice of over-simplification, and also because the departing Europeans have posed the question in this way, the American public will be tempted to evaluate all news from Africa solely in terms of whether the Africans are capable of managing their own affairs. (The question really is contrived and irrelevant, inasmuch as ants and bees appear to be able to manage their own affairs, and, conversely, inasmuch as certain "advanced" elements of the human race appear to have been unable to do so, or at least have made a mess of things for themselves and for

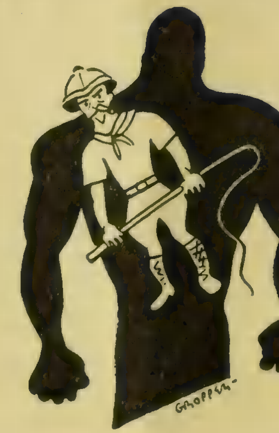
HENRY L. BRETTON, who teaches political science at the University of Michigan, has conducted field studies in Ghana and Nigeria.

everybody else.) Young states and societies tend to be sensitive to criticism from outside and it is the purpose of this article to alert the American public to the dangers inherent in failing to temper criticism with the restraints provided by a sense of fairness and by sympathy. The newly developing states of Africa deserve particularly our sympathy and understanding because their experiences do not significantly differ from our own, and the political and social problems encountered by their leaders are not significantly different from those recorded in 2,000 years of history of Western civilization. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that the new states of Africa are no longer dependent upon the good will of the West. If they are so inclined, they can find sympathy, understanding, as well as assistance in other parts of the world.

NEWS coverage of Africa is still in its infancy. It is sporadic and tendentious, and it accentuates the sensational. Too frequently it is filtered through biased agencies, some of European, some of American, identity. It still caters to the public taste rather than to the public intellect. The discovery of a handful of Africans practicing some form of cannibalism appears to have greater news value than the discovery of greatly accelerated educational activity in a newly independent African country. This defect is the more serious because news coverage of an area as unfamiliar to the American public as Africa constitutes the principal source of public information and education.

Assuming, hopefully, a more mature, more sympathetic handling of news from Africa by the Western communications media, several suggestions may provide guidelines for the development of a constructive public opinion on African affairs.

It is not fair to measure contemporary African political performance by the ideals which so-called Western societies have never really attained. In judging African ability to operate modern political institutions and to perform adequately the processes identified with modern politics, we should base our criticism on our own practical performance, rather than on textbook standards or on glorified accounts of our system and of our experiences. We should be prepared to admit that in many instances where newly independent African countries appear to encounter difficulties, we of the Western world have had identical experiences at comparative stages in our development. In some cases we are still struggling with the same problems. If occasions of political failure or misconduct appear to be less prominent in our social setting, it is because we have gradually and laboriously brought into play effective forces to counterbalance our weaknesses and our failings. There is no reason to assume that Africans will not in time generate similar balancing factors.



It is conceivable that we have been less concerned to apply our great ideals than our citing of them, in the form of lectures to the Africans, would make it appear. It would be difficult to estimate the number of participants in the American political processes who resort to massive deception, gross platitudes and sheer nonsense in order to attain their objectives. We have our share of clowns in office. Massive corruption plagues our major cities. Yet there is remarkably little evidence here of the kind of action or reaction which we expect to see in African lands in response to weaknesses in their systems.

It would not be fair, or just, to forget that whatever we may proudly cite in the way of Western achievements—to be emulated by Africans—came to us only after extended, frequently painful, even tragic, periods of experimentation and failure. Our institutions, and the processes associated with them, did not dramatically and suddenly materialize; they emerged slowly, haltingly, uncertainly, from the muck and mud, and the ignorance of times past. They too are stained with blood, human and sacrificial. Furthermore, an objective review of our history will uncover instances of comedy and farce in government and politics, matching anything now being witnessed as the Africans struggle with the new garments of self-government and independence.

IN EVALUATING African political performance, it would be only fair for us to acknowledge that "man's inhumanity to man" was practiced not only in the outer spaces of Asia but in the very heart of Western civilization. The cruelty and brutality, the total disregard of human dignity, associated with political practice in the Dark and Middle Ages in Europe should never be ignored if meaningful comparisons between the West and Africa are to be made. The multitudinous witch hunts and burnings of the late Middle and early Modern Ages should not be forgotten. The incessant bloody and inhuman European wars should not be overlooked. These wars, too, were tribal in nature, but European historians—and our own —have dressed them up with romantic-sounding names, disguising their pettiness and futility. The cruel and cynical exploitation of Europe's masses by the several aristocratic cliques, and the social and political consequences of that exploitation, should be kept in mind when we examine African chiefs and their "arrangements" with the illiterates of the bush.

It was not so long ago that entire electoral districts could be bought in Great Britain, the cradle of parliamentary democracy. And who would deny that mismanagement, human and material waste, cynical disregard of human rights and of human dignity accompanied the development of the American way of life? There is no reason why Africans should skip every phase of our development and avoid every pit-fall into which we stumbled. To be sure, the positive aspects of the record of Western civilization are available to African leaders for study and emulation, but theory and practice cannot readily be brought into line in human affairs, especially when social, psychological and technological conditions are as much in flux as they will be in Africa for some time to come.

EVEN IF identical conditions prevailed in both worlds, it would hardly be reasonable to expect Africans to be more judicious in the management of their public affairs, to be more humane and just in their social philosophies and engineering methods, than has been the case with their Western tutors. Yet, in order to develop the resources of their countries and their trade, European rulers devised policies of ruthless exploitation of their workers and farmers including, as has been dramatized by the Socialists, men, women and children. Progress was made possible at the expense of political rights and social privileges for the vast multitudes. Prosperity was achieved at the expense of higher living standards for the masses. Much of the capital so produced found its way, through investment, into the American economy and to a considerable extent made possible the development of the American way of life.

But conditions encountered by today's African leaders are in certain respects far more demanding than may have been true of Europe 150 or even seventy-five years ago. African leaders must attempt to solve difficult social and economic engineering problems under conditions which might have unnerved almost any European statesman. The African public cannot be kept from knowledge of superior standards of living, as was done in Great Britain, France, or Germany during the periods of maximum exploitation there. Africans are not as "secure" against subversive influences as Europeans were then, partly because of greatly expanded (in volume if not in quality) mass-communications media, improved transportation facilities, improved educational standards and the pressures generated by institutionalized world public opinion. African leaders must develop the economies of their countries from a lower level and more rapidly, and on a broader front, to benefit more people. Their problems are intensified by scarcities of trained personnel and of means which are not the responsibility of Africa's modern leaders.

Finally, we are given to deciding that the peoples of Africa are not capable of self-government because violence tends to accompany the birth of their states. Are not the people who celebrate the Fourth of July among the last people on earth to criticize violence? And it is perhaps obvious to recall the War Between the States and the host of European wars that accompanied the birth of states long forgotten, or of still others that avoided internal bloodshed only by turning aggression upon neighbors.

PERHAPS the United States has less choice in the matter than it might assume. The Soviet Union, being somewhat more akin to the type of state now emerging in Africa, produces leaders who are disposed to be far more sympathetic to their African counterparts than are the leaders of the Western world. The Russian interpretation of history comes closer to that common among African leaders, both pro- and non-Communist, and the Russian struggle to move a backward and underdeveloped country into the twentieth century is sufficiently recent not to have been forgotten. We would do well to ponder this and to shift our concern from the hypothetical danger of Communist aggression in Africa to the fact that Communist sympathy and understanding are being shown there.

The Negro Bids for Union Power . .

by Dick Bruner

IN JULY, 1958, a group of labor union functionaries at the Cleveland convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People decided to speak out on the convention floor in favor of NAACP endorsement of "right to work" legislation. It would have been tantamount to what the labor movement regards as treason, but these Negro staff members of unions were so angry at the union treatment of Negroes that they were willing to risk the consequences in order to retaliate.

As it turned out, the speeches were never made; the NAACP went on record as opposing "right to work" laws. It was proposed, in the meantime, that the Negro American Trade Union Council (NATUC) be organized.

In April of this year, more than a thousand Negro union members will convene in Detroit to ratify the organization of such a council. Its leaders expect the council to have dues-paying support from a substantial majority of the 1.2 million Negroes in the AFL-CIO. It will operate a national headquarters and regional offices, maintain a professional staff, publish a newspaper, and hold conferences under the direction of a department of education. "It will have a structure like the Jewish Labor Committee," says A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who is expected to be elected to the top post of the council. The purpose of this new organization is plain: to raise unmitigated hell with, and within, the American labor movement, with the wholehearted support of NAACP.

White liberals, accustomed to an image of Negro-white brotherhood

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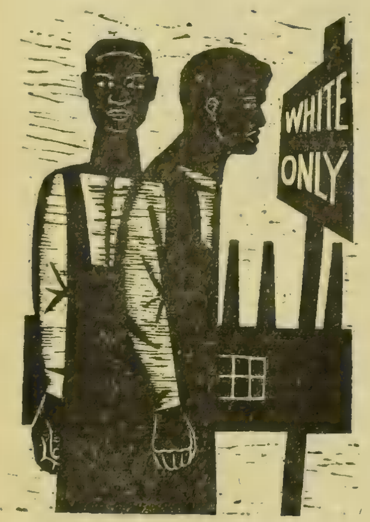
within the labor movement, may be shocked by such a revolutionary step. Negroes, however, are not aware of this brotherhood. The labor movement is behind many other parts of our society in granting equality and freedom to Negroes, and they are determined to erect a power bloc of their own and achieve first-class citizenship in the labor movement, without help from what they feel have been the patronizing go-between efforts of white liberals.



One of the primary functions of the NATUC will be to operate as a caucus within unions with substantial Negro membership. Militant Negro union staffers are eager to create a weapon to discipline "Uncle Tom" staff members who ingratiate themselves with white union leaders and thus avoid discussion of controversial civil-rights issues. Furthermore, the NATUC will seek to elect its own members to union office. Its basic task will be to work for equality of job opportunity for Negroes in all trades and industries.

"We know that whites treat civil rights as one issue among many issues," a highly placed Negro union functionary said. "To us, it is the issue which takes precedence over all others." To the Negro trade unionist it often seems that civil rights is at the bottom of most white labor leaders' lists of priorities. He cites these examples:

Negroes have been trying for years to become members of Local 26 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in Washington. For a while, the federal Government Contracts Committee, headed by Vice President Richard Nixon, made some inept attempts to deal with the problem. Finally, George Meany, AFL-CIO president, took over. He corresponded directly with the national IBEW president about the matter and set October 31, 1958, as the absolute deadline for an end to Negro exclusion. Today there are still no Negroes in Local 26.

Denial of membership in a union is an effective denial of employment in the building trades (it is an old and bitter joke that no Negroes were able to work on the construction of the palatial AFL-CIO headquarters because of the racism of the Washington building-trades unions).

Sometimes this denial takes violent form. Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, in 1956 accompanied a skilled Negro cabinetmaker to the Carpenters' Union hall in Terre Haute, Indiana, where the latter submitted his application for membership, along with the required initiation fee.

"After a few minutes, the business agent came out from behind the wicket," Hill said. "He threw the application blank, with the money, in our face and said, 'Look, Boy, you's a nigger. This is a white union!"

The next day the cabinetmaker began building a garage in a white residential area. Pickets arrived, established a picket line, smashed his work, beat him up and sent him to the hospital. Hill called the business agent to protest this treatment, but the business agent had a ready reply: the pickets were protecting trade unionism by giving a scab the treatment he deserves.

VIOLENCE is not typical of union treatment of Negroes but, unfortunately, denial of membership (and, consequently, the right to work at a trade) is more typical than not. Furthermore, there is no effective appeal procedure against discrimination within the AFL-CIO structure.

The AFL-CIO Civil Rights Department has a status in the federation's Washington headquarters just slightly higher than the building's custodial services. Since they have no real communication with the top of the AFL-CIO power structure, the department's three professional staff members are effectively isolated from the federation's main stream. Three years ago, for example, the Urban League called the department's attention to the fact that the San Francisco bartenders' local union does not admit Negroes to membership. A department staff member went to San Francisco, investigated, and found the Urban League allegation to be true. He returned to Washington, drafted a report which was turned over to the Civil Rights Committee, a group of top officers of AFL-CIO unions theoretically responsible for setting the federation's internal and external civil-rights policy. The report became lost in the limbo of oratory that replaces action in the AFL-CIO, and there are still no Negro members of the San Francisco bartenders' local union.

THE truth is that neither the Civil Rights Committee nor the Executive Council has ever solved a civil-rights problem. The committee has not held a conference for nearly two years; other committees usually hold several each year. When it does hold meetings, they are sparsely attended. (Some union presidents who are careful to build a public image of genuine concern for the plight of Negroes are most noted for their absence from committee meetings. Steelworkers President David McDonald, for example, hasn't attended a meeting since 1956.) A problem must be dramatic enough to attract the attention of Meany, who has solved civil-rights problems without the help of either the Executive Council or the Civil Rights Committee; or the problem must be of such a small consequence that it can be solved by one of the professionals in the federation's civil-rights department without having to consult the policy-making committee.

The committee's status can be inferred from the fact that its chairman, Charles S. Zimmerman, is the only AFL-CIO committee chairman who is not the president of an international union. Zimmerman is a vice president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers. As such, he would find it nearly impossible, in the protocol-conscious American labor movement, to suggest to an international president that his union's race relations were less than perfect.

Status aside, Zimmerman is not straining at the leash to provoke a serious discussion of the civil-rights issue with the AFL-CIO. He and others who feel like him are convinced that an attempt to enforce the language of convention resolutions would cut up the federation beyond the healing powers of George Meany. Civil rights gets stepchild treatment from the AFL-CIO hierarchy because of the federation's political structure. The powerful building trades (once the backbone of the old AFL and still the largest source of Meany's support) are an impregnable fortress of racism. Nothing happening in the United States or the rest of the world has changed the conviction of the craft-proud carpenter, bricklayer, electrician, or plumber that, when a Negro holds the same job, a white worker is diminished in status; his union's officers support that conviction.

The AFL-CIO's internal politics lay behind one of the biggest public *faux pas* Meany has committed. The federation president could have avoided the noisy break with the NAACP which, early last year, made the labor movement look so bad in the eyes of liberals, the Negro community and much of the world. Before the public conflict between the two organizations began, Roy Wilkins, secretary of the NAACP, sent a letter and memorandum to Meany. The memo outlined in meticulous detail various union discriminatory practices against Negroes. The letter warned Meany of possible fireworks and hinted that a word of assurance from him could resolve the conflict. Meany replied perfunctorily; he was in no position to assure Wilkins that anything could be done about discrimination in the AFL-CIO.

Explicit racism, however, is not the only reason for the frustration of the Negroes who decided to organize the NATUC. Unions like the United Auto Workers, noted for their advanced attitudes on civil rights, are being pressed by militant Negroes to take the ultimate step:

> The statement was made the other night that one of these days a qualified Negro will come along and on the basis of his contribution to his Union he will be recognized. We reject that totally because that confers upon us Negro members of this Union what we think is a special status, a second-class status, so to speak. There is no other group in this Union that has to wait until some day in future to run for office, top office, if you please, in this Union. I think if we would follow that logic then we ought to suggest that Negroes defer paying their dues until such time as they become qualified and eligible to serve on the International Executive Board.

These remarks were part of a speech made at the UAW convention last October 13 by Horace Sheffield, a Negro staff member of the UAW, as he nominated Willoughby Abner, another Negro UAW staffer, for one of the four vice presidential positions. Neither Abner nor Sheffield took the nomination seriously; they were simply making an attempt to provoke discussion of a taboo subject in the UAW — election of Negroes to top office.

One of every eight UAW members is a Negro. Only one of every seventeen UAW staffers is a Negro; in seven UAW regions there are no Negro staff members. Nor are there any Negroes serving on the UAW executive board.

The auto union is fairly typical of "good" unions. Only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership: the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the United Packinghouse Workers of America, the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, the Allied Industrial Workers, the International Longshoremen's Association and the National Maritime Union.

NEGRO leaders in the UAW are determined to elect one of their number to the union's international executive board. A group of them met with vice president Leonard Woodcock and Jack Conway, assistant to president Walter Reuther, shortly after last October's convention and told them of their determination. "We intend to have world attention focused on this problem, if necessary, by 1962," said one Negro.

The NATUC will encourage and promote such determination among Negroes in other unions. As Herbert Hill expressed it, "The most significant recent development in Negro attitudes is their refusal to allow whites to represent them and their aspirations. They are determined to do it themselves."

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

ficulty is that the new ideas and forces need not necessarily be on the side of peace.

L. Dewey Radcliffe

Denver, Colo.

Argentine Mirage?

Dear Sirs: When Mikoyan said "They will kill only fish," he spoke with the erudition of an Armenian prophet. The elusive "mystery" (but preferably Russian) submarines supposed to have harassed the Argentine Navy probably never existed.

That Navy has sounded submarines before, and the Argentine Air Force has been alerted to "mystery" planes. Stranger things have occurred, as in 1948-49 when I was in Buenos Aires and the government (then under Peron) kept announcing the successful manufacture of an atomic bomb, with the assistance of a "mystery" Austrian refugee scientist, on a "mystery" island off the southern coast.

What does matter, and this event accentuates it, is the preposterous preoccupation of Argentina, and countries like her, with financially ruinous and morally inexcusable military expenditures. Argentina, barely solvent and desperately in need of farm and industrial machinery, etc., spends vast amounts pampering an officer class, maintaining an army and navy of conscripts, and purchasing and maintaining war ships, jet aircraft and firing power. Sometimes this madness becomes especially apparent and "mystery" subs are spotted as an excuse for a grand maneuver.

F. J. Weissenborn

Boston, Mass.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Long Shadow of Empire

THE END OF EMPIRE. By John Strachey. Random House. 351 pp. $5.

A. P. Thornton

SOME OF the fervors that were expended in the building of Empires are now diffused in writing about them: in this field we find ourselves grappling with that disagreeable concept, "the verdict of history." Historians will of course continue to issue their differing verdicts, appraising this, weighing that, shaking a rueful head at the other; but there does seem to be a general opinion that if Caesar is to be buried it is also fitting to praise him, that indeed it will do no harm to erect a respectable monument over his grave. In the case of the late British Empire, its own monuments cast such long shadows athwart the political structures of Asia and Africa that even the most committed of nationalists is unlikely ever to walk clear of them. If, as happened in 1959 in a provincial assembly in Pakistan, an infuriated politician beats the Speaker of the House so forcibly about the head with a microphone that the unfortunate man later dies, this is no warrant for saying that politicians, Speakers, assemblies and microphones — all of them in their day exports of Empire — are out of place and date and must shortly disappear. It tells us merely that an exported institution needs to be accompanied with the appropriate attitude of mind.

John Strachey, the distinguished Labour politician, is the latest Englishman to examine the record of the British Empire and to come to judgment both on it and on the dilemma of the British people bereft of its comforting psychological, economic and international support. In a strikingly argued and vigorous book that in style and matter could not have come from his radical pen twenty-five years ago, he examines from his own standpoint both the premises and the inhabitants of what was a splendid Hall of Fame, and seeks to plot the course of the drafts that now whistle through its emptinesses. *The End of Empire* is designed as the second volume of a series on the Principles of Democratic Socialism but, as the British Empire was founded and maintained on an entirely different set of principles, the book necessarily falls into two halves.

The first half offers its view of British imperial history, and in particular of the history of British rule in India — for which Mr. Strachey, the descendant of a long line of able and devoted "guardians" of the old Indian Civil Service, has a warm filial regard. He is an emotional writer, and therefore his style and method of attack are well fitted to what is a highly emotional subject; for the British Empire was based on power, and power is neither used not witnessed without emotion. He does not arrive at this notion himself until page 192, and then only gingerly: he has broken free from the direct influence of J. A. Hobson and Lenin, but not from their environment. In searching for a "prime mover" (p. 123) in the story of Empire he is still, in this writer's opinion, too obsessed with the idea that economics underlies it all; that exploitation is the real theme of Empire, and that for that reason alone we are all well rid of it. For the truth is that the Victorian capitalists themselves never saw any point in British India, and they were equally and rightly skeptical about the problematical profits that would accrue, as the imperialist prospectuses so often assured them, from the annexation of large and unproductive areas of the African interior. And few British wage-earners ever cared about India, to its last day under British rule.

If, as Mr. Strachey argues, the British really did receive a psychological shock when "their" Empire was ended, and awaited a fall in their standard of living as an immediate result, there is nowhere much evidence for this. The British governing class — not referred to by Mr. Strachey in these terms, as he is a member of it himself, whether in or out of public office — had certainly always resented the imputations of exploitation that nationalist agitators — supplied with argument from British radicals of Mr. Strachey's own kind — had constantly thrown at its collective head. This class, if too greatly offended in its susceptibilities — as by President Nasser in 1956 — was capable, and may still be yet, of flailing out wildly in a fit of imperialist nostalgia. But the charge that British prosperity was reached on the bent backs of groaning coolies, was one that particularly irritated men who had a long record of experience behind them to prove that only five colonies out of fifty-odd actually managed to balance their budgets, and that only three brought in a profit. Indeed they discovered this more than fifty years ago, and if they did not "end their Empire" then on economic grounds it was because they were politically committed to its existence, they had responsibilities towards its inhabitants — which, as Mr. Strachey rightly insists on and takes pride in, they have largely fulfilled—and they had a defense system of international proportions constructed around it. These are matters much more of power than of profit.

The narrative of this section is excellent, however; I have not read anything better on the first British incursion into India, and Mr. Strachey's handling of the opinions of such imperial seers as Cromer and Milner is balanced and just. All his detail has been most carefully chosen for its point and thrust. This demands a kind of academic accuracy which Mr. Strachey has convinced himself sits uneasily upon him, but in fact his scholarly spectacles become him, and it is only when he puts them aside and steps on to the political platform that a reader may begin to ask questions other than those which the author is determined to put. Was it really true, for example, that a consideration of international strategy was only a minor item in the minds of those who upheld Empire? Was there ever "a modern popular prejudice that Empire means wealth"? Or can it really be said that Empire has ended at all when there is not a single new or emergent nation that can possibly defend itself successfully against attack?

THE SECOND part of the book is much more diverse and diffuse, being in the main speculative rather than critical. Mr. Strachey's mind is wide-ranging, and his view of the modern world and of the part Britain ought to play in it has many profound insights. Like his forebears in India, he believes in mission: "it is the highest mission of Britain in our day to help the underdeveloped world" (p. 244). This itself is an imperial, or imperialist, notion by any common-sense definition of those adjectives, and none the worse for that. He is "immensely proud" of the abdication from India, makes no

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A. P. THORNTON, author of The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies *(St. Martin's), teaches history at University College of the West Indies, Kingston.*

comment on the desertion of responsibility that this necessarily entailed, and sees the British-built administrative system which today operates in India as that country's "priceless asset," comparing it with the chaos left behind by the Dutch in Indonesia. It was "the end" in Egypt, as he rightly notes, that "spoiled everything." If there was something to spoil, that is surely an implication that "end of Empire" is not necessarily virtuous in itself. This confusion of thought is not a sign that Mr. Strachey's own thinking is confused, for he is direct and clear enough: but it does arise from his underlying assumption that Empire was always an economic aberration and bound to bring damaging social and political consequences in its train. Now and then it leads him to make remarks, as an aside to his main theme, which either disprove it or at any rate are worth further investigation. Such a judgment as this, for example, is similar to that which infuriates white men in South Africa every day of the week: "No concern for the future of the French settlers in Algeria, natural as such concern is, should really weigh with a patriotic Frenchman on this issue." This is a bit hard on French settlers, on Algeria itself, and on the idea of patriotism. If a concern is natural, it is perhaps the business of representative government to seek a political means of expressing it.

Mr. Strachey's own patriotism is intense: it is indeed the mainspring of his book, and the reason it makes such a distinctive impact. He is worried that the British people, deprived of the satisfaction of Empire, may become like the people in Spain, with her "three centuries of uninterrupted sterility and rancour" (p. 212). He hopes that the Commonwealth will become a symbol to replace Empire, but admits that it has a long way to go. If Empire was a movement that involved only a minority, it would be hard to contend that the Commonwealth is a movement at all. The old British Empire was built by the service class and the upper civil servants, plus a handful of more or less reputable eccentrics; "the people" for whose welfare Mr. Strachey is concerned could be stirred only by the bunting and the heroes, and then not for long. Still, an imaginative boy might take fire and heart more quickly from a picture of General Gordon at bay in Khartoum than he will from a speech by Mr. Diefenbaker or Mr. Menzies. I do not think, with Mr. Strachey, that the nation will "break its heart" if its imagination is not fired *somehow*; but I agree with him that it may indeed lose its soul, and that is a more desperate fate.

A good book, with an unusual crusading touch; a warmhearted book from a gifted mind. What defects it has indicate its qualities.

Power and Frustration

Michael D. Reagan

CONSERVATIVES IN POWER: A Study in Frustration. By Edwin L. Dale, Jr. Doubleday and Co. 214 pp. $3.95.
THE CONSERVATIVE ILLUSION. By M. Morton Auerbach. Columbia University Press. 359 pp. $6.75.
UP FROM LIBERALISM. By William F. Buckley, Jr. McDowell, Obolensky. 205 pp. $3.50.

IF A liberal feels frustrated by the stranglehold over legislation exercised by the Republicrat coalition in Congress, and fears that the "tweedledum-tweedledee" characterization of our parties is being proved correct, it can be perversely refreshing to read Edwin L. Dale, Jr.'s book on conservative frustrations in power. For Dale's well-documented thesis is that on matters of economic policy there *is* a clear difference between Republican and Democratic administrations.

On questions of tight or loose money, budget-balancing, economic growth and welfare expenditures, the Republican position is definably different from the Democratic. And on the basic point of anti-recession policy, far from there being a post-Keynesian consensus that budget deficits are the proper medicine, Dale finds considerable reason to doubt that a conservative administration would purposely run a deficit to stop a recession. (In 1954 and 1958, the deficits that stimulated recovery were for the most part inadvertent.)

But if there are differences between the Presidential (if not as clearly between the Congressional) branches of the parties, do these reflect clear political philosophies grappling with the problems of American society — or simply intuitive, pragmatic reactions? The second alternative is the right answer, and it points to the troubles in which liberalism and conservatism now find themselves.

The problem of conservatism as a political movement is simply the unreality of its assumptions. As M. Morton Auerbach demonstrates by examining the writings of Kirk, Viereck and Peter Drucker, as well as those of Burke, conservatism has yet to find a social base to replace the landed aristocracy that never existed in America; and it has failed utterly to come to grips with industrialization and democracy. A business-based party is the closest thing we have to a conservatism that has effective power; and business conservatism bears little relationship to classic conservatism with its orientation toward tradition and authority .

If one turns to William Buckley, Jr., the *enfant terrible* of today's self-styled conservatism, one gets another kind of irrelevance: that of the defender of nineteenth-century economic orthodoxy. And this position, while perhaps closer to the businessman's mind than, say, the theories of Kirk, suffers the defects that it is neither: (1) in touch with the reality of the contemporary mixed economy, nor (2) conservative in any philosophical sense.

In short, the exponents of classic conservatism have no message for the world of industrialization and universal suffrage; and the business-oriented conservatives lack any sense of society at all, lost as they are in a defunct individualism.

THE PROBLEM of liberalism's shortcomings is a bit more complex, for on the surface it appears to be well attuned to reality. Are not liberals aware of, and pressing for action to solve, the trouble spots in education, housing and urban renewal and depressed areas? They are indeed ready to jump in and help; their hearts are in the right place. But look at their approach.

Each problem is taken by itself, without relating it to other problems and without any attempt to assess the extent to which some basic characteristic of our society may lie behind a whole range of problems. The solution is invariably a new federal grant-in-aid program — piecemeal tinkering with both the federal structure and the economy. The Democratic Advisory Council issues heady statements on farm problems and the school crisis; but it has yet to issue any analysis of the structure of American society or of the operations of

(Continued on page 213)

MICHAEL D. REAGAN teaches in the Department of Political Science at Williams College.

Five Last Poems . . by Dilys Laing

DILYS LAING died suddenly on February 14. Her published work consists of two volumes of poetry, a novel and the poems that appeared over the past thirty-odd years in numerous American and British periodicals. A collection, *Poems from a Cage*, has been announced for publication this spring. Her work is sensitive and sharp and reflects both an unsentimental love for the world and its denizens and an indignation at the ironic incompleteness and warping of our destinies.

Dilys Laing's contribution to poetry is not confined to her own writings. The dictum that poets are born, not made, is true enough in its way (it applies equally well to the practitioners of all the arts, and probably to scientists, surgeons, lawyers and athletes). But a poet does need a certain amount of "making" too. One of the desirable ingredients of his making is an audience, a live audience, and preferably one that can understand and criticize.

About fifteen years ago Dilys Laing and her husband, himself a poet and novelist, began providing poets who lived in and about the Dartmouth area with just such an audience. There was nothing planned or formal about these "poetry meetings." We met — usually at the Laings' house — whenever it seemed to be a good idea.

The people who gathered there to read and discuss their work were of all ages and degrees of experience. They were undergraduates, faculty members, townsfolk, established poets and beginners. They went there, not to exhibit their poetry for approbation, but to try it out on their peers. The criticism they received was serious and practical. Almost invariably it was useful. Dilys Laing herself was a perfect audience, not only because of her critical perception, but also because of her ability to share in what Proust calls "*la joie du créateur.*" She was as excited over a good poem by a fellow poet as she would have been if she had written it herself.

The "Thursday Poets," which the Laings also evolved some years ago, differs from the poetry evenings in that it is open to the public, that it meets regularly on Thursday afternoons and that, in addition to workshop sessions, it schedules readings by visiting or local poets or undergraduates who are ready for a public reading.

It was not Dilys Laing's way to have protégés or disciples. She did not discover poets — though she did help reveal them to themselves and others. By her perception and love and the special qualities of her spirit she created a climate that inspired poets to discover, rediscover and renew themselves.

—RAMON GUTHRIE

Dance of Burros

Nothing at all more delicate and charming
than the way the donkeys came,
their eyes downcast like eyes of senoritas
taught to dissemble shame

their small hooves treading neatly, shoes of dancers
making a shape for music, striking the stones
into sudden tune, tapping the brookbed street
to echo on the adobe. How could bones

travel so nimbly under the tall sun
carrying burdens as the donkeys did:
cubed fields of cornstalks? And the pale maize rustled
in frail percussion from the carrying tread.

Piano piano piano the beasts drummed by
with delicate beat, as light as twigs on tile,
through raining light above their own small shadows
trotting in single file.

And three brown men in white, beneath sombreros,
moved with the donkeys quietly, to climb
the cobbled hill. The white walls yawned them in,
burros and men and burdens keeping time.

The Double Goer

A woman took a train
away away from herself.
She thought: I need a change
and wheels make revolutions.
I'm half a century old
and must be getting somewhere.
And so she futured on
away from her own presence.

The landscape boiled around her
like a pan of beans.
A man without a face
made her ticket holy.
Adventure thrilled her nerves
restless rapture shook her.
Love is in the next seat,
she mused, and strength and glory
are over the hill, and I
grow younger as I leave
my me behind.

The telephone wires were staves
of a quintet score.
The hills were modulations
through the circle of keys.
Freedom is music, she thought,
smiling at the conductor.
This is your station, lady,
he snapped, and on the downbeat
she stepped to the vita nuova.

A crowd had come to meet her
and they were fond in greeting:
husband, child, and father,
mother, and all the neighbors.

They travel as fast as I do,
she thought, and turned to climb
back to freedom's flying.
The door was shut. The train
streamed off like spilled water.

She faced the crowd and cried:
I love you all but one:
the one who wears my face.
She is the one I fled from.

They said: You took her with you
and brought her back again.
You look sick. Welcome home.

Genesis and Exodus

The home that we all seek
is no man's land
between the right and the left hand
between the light and dark.

Woman and man, earth and heaven,
we face each other's garden
and find only Eden
from which we must be driven.

In a Green Shade

We, the god-imagining mammal,
whose flesh is baked of corn or clay:
a sacrificial meal for the compost-goddess—
what nourishment shall we supply
to feed the vigor of our thinking seed?

Will our children bless our bones that tick
in the contaminated earth, or curse
their crazed heirloom, the fallout from our hands?

How can the young take heart from history—
clinical record of their family sickness?
In our disease they dread their raving death
and long debility. They learn that they might be
Attila, Caesar, Hitler, Jenghiz Khan,
bloody uniters of the savage world.

Yet at two trees death gives them measure
of human stature: death at the legal tree
of Rouen, where a country virgin
is winnowed into ash and immortal virtue;

death at the legal tree on the hill of the skull
where a delinquent Jew is nailed to Godhead;

but at one tree, at Gaya, in Bihar,
the contemplated navel of the world,
blood is illicit, cruelty renounced.
The living fig tree of the Buddha, fat with seed,
sucks mercy from the breasts of death
and tents our seed against immoderate suns.

The Sacred Wood

(For Ned O'Gorman)

In the forest of the Alphabet the child
could not pass the tree called Fear.
The deathly owls came mewing from its boughs
and ripped the hinges of his tongue.

The boy wept at his teacher's knee:
"I cannot learn to read my life."

In the forest of the Alphabet the youth
could not pass the tree called Joy.
Two phoenixes came flying from its boughs
and tried to strike his tongue to fire.

The youth said to the long-eared crowd:
"Your eyes have stricken me with fear,
I cannot read my poems clear."

In the forest of the Alphabet the man
reached the holy oak Omega.
The winged sun was beating in its boughs
and dropped a leaf of light upon his tongue.

The poet sang to the black century:
"Here in the sacred wood I stand,
a sickle burning in my hand
to cut the bough that is a brand,
and they who love will understand."

(Continued from page 211)

power, by which the relationship between discrete social problems and the character of the society might be related. Lacking any theory of what causes social dislocations in America, the liberals are unable to suggest *basic* reforms that might diminish the rate at which new problems similar to the old ones arise. It is in this sense that liberals are "lost." (In must be said, however, that it is better to propose ameliorative measures, even if one lacks a more fundamental strategy, than to be void of ideas at both levels — as the conservatives are.)

Liberals in large numbers have joined in the post-war "American celebration" and have accepted the alleged virtues of "pluralism" and checks and balances without much analysis of the anti-action, anti-democratic implications for social policy of a political system designed to frustrate the majority in general and the unpropertied in particular. By so doing they have failed, as Robert Lynd has said, to develop a theory of social power for social ends, and a set of institutional reforms to make such a theory effective. In the absence of a more basic critique of our society's ailments than has yet made, liberals may find that instead of a political breakthrough the sixties may bring them, too, frustrations in power.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ALBERT CAMUS' *Caligula* (54th Street Theatre) is replete with atrocities and a profoundly moral play. For Camus was above all a moralist. This does not mean that his play is without dramatic power. But like most parables its interest inheres in its ideological content rather more than in its surface story. That is one reason why the play, for all its record of vice and crime, does not deeply shock or move us. We know that its savagery—though historical—is only symbolic.

Written in 1938—when Camus was twenty-five—*Caligula* reflects a sensitive man who came of age in an epoch of concentration camps and civic nihilism. More important than this is the atmosphere of despair at a time when intelligent and educated people had begun to question all traditional values—when, as I once heard Camus express it, "music had lost melody, painting form, poetry rhyme and meter, thought conviction, history sense and religion God." Nothing seemed left but a bleak emptiness in which everything is possible because everything is permitted. Expression in this wasteland without limits could become only violent or mad. Fierce and bloody action itself appeared to cause no human repercussion.

The young men of France felt themselves spent. When war broke out in 1939 and France collapsed, shaming itself not alone by defeat but by the behavior of so many of its most respected citizens, there seemed nothing left to do but abandon oneself to the filthy tide or rebel. Many of those who rebelled (like Camus) did so not in the name of their country alone nor in the name of any certified value—for they were skeptical of all explicit values—but from a sense of the spirit within them, a spirit we might call the remnant of human feeling which miraculously (or mystically) rejects the brutal disorder that nature and society perennially foster.

Caligula attempts through an inverted idealism to attain freedom by imitating the anarchic ferocity of life and destroying all that he and the world had hitherto regarded as sacrosanct or proper. He becomes a logical killer by pursuing the illogic of nature and society—archkillers themselves. The end of such action is a secretly desired suicide;

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for a man cannot deny life without eliminating his own. One cannot destroy others without creating an aloneness more terrible than death. No individual can sever his connection with his fellows; who says connection inevitably says love—no matter how the word may be distorted.

In reviewing Stuart Gilbert's translation of Camus' plays last year (Justin O'Brien's translation for the stage is much better) I wrote that they were important rather than good. I meant that while Camus' plays—to me *Caligula* is the most interesting—are the emblem of a generation and a clue to much that has been thought, written, painted and happened not only in France since the war but to some extent almost everywhere in the West, they are not completely realized works. The writing—while distinguished—does not achieve the white heat or specific imagery of poetry, the characters and scenes attain only a general or moralistic definition.

Camus himself seems to have sensed this, for he acknowledged the play's shortcomings and spoke of *Caligula* as an actor's and director's play. To this and to all I have already said I should add that, for all its flaws, I found that the play merited and got my absorbed attention: that it is in short a superior piece with trenchant passages throughout. The production—simple to emaciation in Paris 1945, where it was a tremendous success with Gérard Philipe—here leans to the spectacular.

I have been told that Camus advised Sidney Lumet, who directed the play, to eschew the obligatory austerity of its original production. Perhaps Camus thought our audiences might find a stark presentation forbidding. But I am not at all sure that there is not some other style for the play which would be neither bare in the manner of an improverished Paris nor costly in keeping with our prosperity. I am sure that Broadway with its high prices—behind and in front of the curtain—does not provide the most favorable conditions for the mounting of such a play.

Sidney Lumet's direction is intelligent, faithful and sometimes ingenious. Yet all the details of the production struck me as being somehow irrelevant. One cannot help being "held" by the lighting, the set, costumes, etc., but I could not really like them, because in some peculiar way they all seemed foreign to the author's idiom. They are too elaborately decorative to suggest classic restraint, too mechanically modern to be inconspicuously beautiful. Kenneth Haigh's Caligula is creditably, even impressively sincere, and accomplished to a degree. It lacks only the astringency of intellectual anguish and tragic dimension. In the role of a humanist Phillip Bourneuf's straightforward intention and diction reach the mind.

ONE OF the distinctly better off-Broadway productions this season is *The Prodigal* by Jack Richardson (Downtown Theatre). This is also the work of a twenty-five-year-old who employs age-old material—in this case that of the *Orestia.*

Richardson's Orestes is a young skeptic; at once entirely indifferent to the fundamentalism of his father, Agamemnon (representing established notions of culture and progress), and scornful of the somewhat gross egalitarianism of his mother's lover, Aegisthus. This Orestes is a princely beatnik who preaches the graceful quietism of a Christopher Fry hero with barely a trace of bitterness. But events, history and more especially the presumed hot blood of the theatre audience, which demands commitment, will sweep Orestes into a reluctant gesture of heroism which, as we all know, must entail vengeance and murder.

Richardson writes well; his play is refreshingly literate and occasionally witty (he has undoubtedly read Giraudoux) and there are signs in it of a genuine theatre flare. I am not wholly convinced that the most fruitful path for an American playwright who forswears naturalism is one which leads back to Attic models. This young playwright has a gift for words and with time may well develop a personal style and something a little more concrete to say.

The production under Rhodelle Heller has been aptly staged and is well spoken by a hearteningly confident cast.

Two Sentences

(Wellfleet Harbor)

The continuous hissing of
the ebbing tide says,
"Indians who took
oysters in this bay
were better than these whites,
had hotter hearts and senses
to nature sharper, though
superstitious and square-jawed."

But as the low sun flamed
in the mirror-water and
the calm of evening
was deafening, I heard
whispers of eternal
poetry and sprang up
onto my motorcycle
before it was too late.

PAUL GOODMAN

What Has Happened to the Chair?

Leslie Katz

WHAT, if anything, is happening to the American at mid-century? What are designers, manufacturers and merchandisers doing to him, with his consent? For a quick answer to these and other questions, let us look at what has happened to the chair. We can look in any furniture store, ten-cent store or drug store. Today chairs are on sale everywhere.

Like people a generation ago, chairs of the past were round and upholstered and stuffed full of great ample cushiony, tufted, buttoned-up places. Or, they were high, straight-backed, and upright (fancy or simple, mahogany or pine), having an alert dignity, solid and still or rocking gently, to and fro.

Today's chair tends to be a rigidly molded free form of homogenized synthetic rubber, mounted and angled to give a floating effect with a niche built in for a tendency to slump, a foam that buoys, a form that fits, a sling that slings, a fulcrum that reclines, or a machine that vibrates.

Perhaps the function of sitting has altered. When sitting at home, people used to have a formal relation to other people. In times past, a person sat down for one of a variety of special purposes, such as to read, rest, converse with visitors, tell stories, work with the hands, hold something or someone in the lap. Today's chairs appear designed to collapse in, or as instruments in the fight against collapse.

The modern sitter is very busy and has no time to waste. When he sits he expects the chair to *do* something. If the chair is just going to stand there, it must be an object of art. Some modern chairs are too beautiful to sit in. The human physique spoils their perfect lines.

THE revolution in chair design has been won and the designer has been enthroned. We should remember that the designer, like the engineer and the architect, is a man of science, as well as an artist and creator. He knows what is best for us, just as the doctor does, or the psychiatrist or the priest. But the designer has his problems; he too is human. He is torn between the needs of science and the needs of art. He must invite and respect the seat of the sitter. At the same time, he must preserve intact the integrity of the chair.

Fortunately, he is aided by modern materials. Bent plywood will bend to his wishes. Rubber-coated wire has its own way of sitting, but isn't too particular. Fiberglas, being indestructible, has almost no feelings at all, and can be made to fit and outwear practically any sitter.

In the United States, the moral virtues of sitting (Save Your Heart!) are winning out over the mystique of design (Form Follows Function!). Americans today are tending to sit, not because it's good for the chair or for Le Corbusier, but because it's good for the sitter. They recognize the chair as a tool of inspired uplifting purpose. Opposing the design for which the human being is a mere decorative addition, they favor the scientifically conceived shell seat which induces and promotes proper sitting posture. The next development in chairs may well be a patented means of frying each one to personal order, like the molded space shoe, based on a plaster cast of your spine.

IN OUR age of motorized activity, wherein the home resembles an outsized cockpit decorated with instrument panels, and a man may spend more hours in his automobile than his house, what could be more natural than the present vogue of the electric lounge chair that vibrates? Sears Roebuck offers three models for living room or den. The company's best is a three-motor vibrator lounger that gives variable massage at back, seat and legs; each adjusts from very mild to very strong. There is a separate finger-tip rheostat control for each vibrator, and a fully automatic timer, adjustable from five minutes to one hour, that shuts off motors as desired. "Relax in glorious comfort while simple tension and fatigue are eased away. Enjoy deep vibration daily in privacy of home or office. For all members of the family."

Life is the jitters; vibration is a kind of empathy. When you come home after a hard day, you can climb in, recline, turn on one of the motors and taper off. Others in the family will have had all day to vibrate.

This is progress. Our dizzy forebears considered marathon dancing and flagpole sitting exhilarating spectator sports. At mid-century, every man can make and break endurance records in his own home — not just for fun, but because

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LESLIE KATZ writes fiction and essays. His first book, Invitation to the Voyage, *was published here (Harcourt, Brace) and in England.*

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM's readings are interesting as much for their lapses as for their splendors. Even when the performances do not go as one thinks they should, there is a refreshing flavor about them of iconoclasm and musicianly honesty. They have personality. Only an Englishman, I suspect, could maintain such individualism within a framework of scholarship and tradition.

In its best portions, Beecham's RCA Victor recording of Handel's *Messiah* is marked by a kind of consciousness that almost transforms thought into sensation. A forceful example of the effect can be found in the *Pastoral Symphony* of the oratorio's first part. In this instrumental interlude, which sets the scene for the soprano recitative, "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night," Beecham controls every note. Everything is attenuated (though the triple meter is not violated, nor is there genuine rubato) in order to establish a skylit-night mood. It is in a different world of insight from the usual, ingenuous treatment accorded the *Pastorale*. Since the manipulation of each phrase and integral ornament is so apparent and deliberate, I cannot guarantee that the effect will be as happy on a twenty-fifth hearing. One could become impatient. But for the first hearings, at least, I find it lovely, and revealing many unsuspected meanings in the music. It also establishes a necessary change of mood. Coming shortly thereafter, the soprano aria, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!" runs off at an incredibly fast tempo, and goes more perfectly than I would have thought possible at such a speed. It could not have been done without the preparation of the *Pastorale*.

That is the bright side of Beecham's *Messiah*. There are other sections which do not say anything or at least anything remarkable. They are marked by a passivity which could mean that the conductor did not have any precise idea in mind, or that he was working with performers who were not able to execute his ideas. Giorgio Tozzi, a basso whose fine reputation is deserved, does not seem to fit well into the general spirit of this performance. There is nothing definite to criticize, save a flabby phrase at the very beginning, but he does not match the mood of Anglo-Saxon alertness that is this recording's principal asset. The soprano Jennifer Vyvyan, contralto Monica Sinclair, tenor Jon Vickers, all sing splendidly, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus are extraordinary.

CHARLES MUNCH and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have recorded, also for RCA Victor, Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symponies. In the latter, the New England Conservatory Chorus and soloists Leontyne Price, Maureen Forrester, David Poleri and Giorgio Tozzi are participants. The performances are smooth, but unremarkable. Munch does achieve an unusually pretty effect in the little military march of the *Ninth Symphony*, but other than that, the music is presented in routine professional manner. RCA Victor LM-6066 (2 disks).

The Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto* and the Prokofieff G Minor Violin Concerto have been recorded by Jascha Heifetz, with Munch and the Boston Symphony as accompanists. Heifetz is still the greatest violinist in the world, and his playing, even when it throws musicianship aside in order simply to dazzle, has the advantage of an almost unbelievable technique. I don't care that he speeds up the fast movements in the Mendelssohn, since the music has little to say. But listening to them is like trying to read station names from the window of a behind-schedule express.

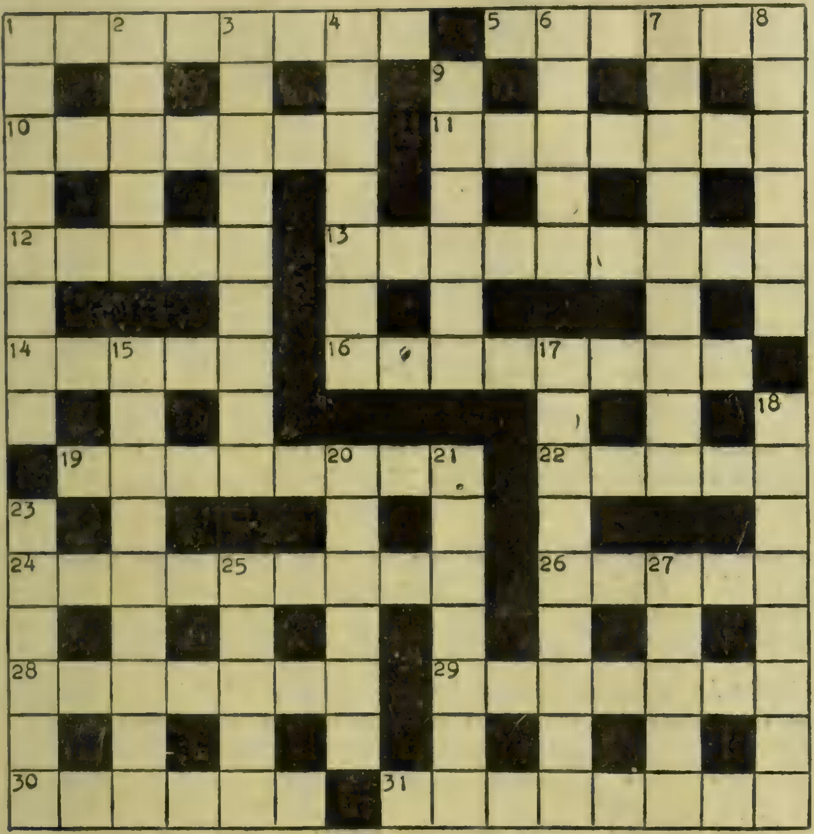
Heifetz' performance of the Prokofieff concerto pays more respect to the music. Perhaps he is less bored with it. He sems less deeply involved than he was in an older recording of the work, which is no longer available. However, his tone is ideal for this de-sentimentalized sentimental music, and one can argue against this performance only from the evidence of the earlier one. RCA Victor LM-2314.

Jean Martinon and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra present readings of the Prokofieff Fifth and Seventh Symphonies which, in terms of perceptiveness, differ greatly. The Fifth is colorful and accurate of statement; the Seventh is partially hamstrung by unconvincing, over-slow tempi, and a general misunderstanding of the music's requirements. Martinon's reading of the Fifth, however, is worth hearing. RCA Victor LM-2272 (*Symphony No. 5*); RCA Victor LM-2288 (*Symphony No.7*).

The marvelous harpsichordist, Wanda Landowska, is presented on an RCA Victor Memorial Edition (LM-2389) in performances of the J. S. Bach Two and Three Part *Inventions*. This is a delightful disk, with a portion devoted to spoken commentary on the music by Landowska herself. Since this remarkable woman died in August of last year, the remarks now have a particular poignance.

Crossword Puzzle No. 857

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bill seems crazy, perhaps, to allow a girl to get home. (3, 5)
5 Might be written across the trophies. (6)
10 Horses, banks, and ceilings might be. (7)
11 A safeguard for tumbling locks. (7)
12. What's the good word, if nothing but a basic idea? (5)
13 What might happen with too much yen? (9)
14 and 22 R v R's is popularly misnamed, but a sundial couldn't serve as such. (5, 5)
16 Not exactly a sign of majority, but the lettered might use it. (4, 4)
19 One might become rather attached to marine life, like Mrs. Apley. (8)
22 See 14 across
24 Tidy and neat, with a bow on front, to start the pattern. (9)
26 What the 22 should stay on? (5)
28 In 2, the French find it worn. (7)
29 A number of Shakespeare's 14? (7)
30 How even the most trembling lovers might go? (6)
31 What one does with his arms as a matter of honor? (8)

DOWN:

1 See 6 down
2 Certain people are not filled with it. (5)
3 How to make good pets? (Yours might be left, but everyone else's is right there!) (3, 2, 4)
4 Do those interminable finales, from the narrower aspect? (7)
6 and 1 down What Tell led for freedom in 22, perhaps. (5, 8)
7 He might be there for the opening. (10)
8 The sounding of Cape Cod, also Nantucket. (6)
9 Certainly not the tool of Fair Trade. (6)
15 The sign of noble souls, according to Aesop. (9)
17 Sam Walker, Senator and Representative? (9)
18 Puts the roof on the sort of things Carry carried. (8)
20 Demands the specific curve? (6)
21 Lee offered it, possibly. (7)
23 They might be spoken in a quasi-despairing voice. (6)
25 Hamlet's flesh? (5)
27 Fay might be. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 856

ACROSS: 4 Turquoise; 9 Dirt cheap; 10 Sword; 11 Afterward; 12 Avail; 13 Stealthily; 17 Clove hitch; 21 Pique; 22 Enlighten; 23 Atilt; 24 Satanical; 25 Trojan War; 26 Apses. DOWN: I Pedlar; 2 Rarity; 3 Secure; 4 and 1 across The Last Time I Saw Paris; 5 Rapid calculator; 6 Upstarts; 7 Isobaric; 8 End plays; 14 Ice plant; 15 Mosquito; 16 Dementia; 18 Agenda; 19 Stocks; 20 Uncles.

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When Is Truth?

In "Test Case on Atomic Waste," published in our issue of August 1, 1959, Gerald McCourt described the turmoil in a Connecticut town which followed the awarding of an Atomic Energy Commission contract to a local trucker for the temporary storage of atomic wastes. What this country needs, Mr. McCourt concluded, "is a nation-wide standardization of the process by which . . . local permits are issued" for this purpose.

About two months later — on September 19 — we published "Atomic Waste Case No. II," by Grace DesChamps — another tale of the cavalier handling by the AEC of the radioactive "garbage" produced by atomic energy.

Since then other similar cases have been reported, notably one involving the unhappy Long Beach, California, junkman who was told by the City Council to remove barrels of atomic waste from his yard — and was stopped from doing so by the city police.

* * *

All this has now caught up with the AEC, one of whose spokesman says wryly, "We're holding a can of worms." And in the House, three bills — HR 8187, 8423 and 7014 — have been introduced calling for transfer of atomic-waste control from the AEC to the U.S. Public Health Service.

* * *

The moral? If you want to know what Congress will be discussing tomorrow, read The Nation *today.*

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LETTERS

The Fallible 'Czar'

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler is to be commended for his article on narcotics czar Anslinger [*The Nation*, Feb. 20], the major booster of the unworkable drug laws his own department tries to administer. Legal expert Rufus King has stated, "It is precisely our law-enforcement efforts, and nothing else, that keep the price of drugs, nearly worthless in themselves, so high as to attract an endless procession of criminal entrepreneurs to keep the traffic flowing."

Commissioner Anslinger continues to deny this and to treat with great contempt any criticism of prevailing policy. As Mr. Meisler rightly notes, the Narcotic Bureau's recent report on ABA-AMA reform proposals "resembles a screech more than an argument." An interesting example is the bureau's reference to the "unfortunate narcotic situation in the United Kingdom. . . ." I have just returned from two years in England studying British narcotics policies in operation. All the data I obtained indicate that the British approach (a medically oriented one, which includes provision of low-cost drugs for certain addicts under medical supervision) is extremely effective and sensible. . . .

Thus far the backers of our present drug laws have labeled all critics "self-appointed narcotics experts" who "conceal their ignorance by ostentation of seeming wisdom" (such critics have included, of course, leading judges, lawyers, physicians and social scientists). But such invective cannot long keep in the background the glaring deficiency and inhumanity of our present addiction policy. An outraged public opinion, demanding a sane alternative, could help bring about a much needed (and, I should think, inevitable) reform.

EDWIN M. SCHUR
Instructor in Sociology
Wellesley College

Wellesley, Mass.

Light Light Bills

Dear Sirs: I have read the article, "TVA: the Unlearned Lesson," printed in *The Nation* of August 1, 1959, and just reprinted in *Senior Citizen* for February of this year. It is refreshing to read a factual article which "lets the figures speak for themselves" and refutes the insinuations of the private-power interests.

As a resident of the TVA area, I used 18,298 kw. of electricity in my home in 1959; the national average is 3,500. When will the private-power interests learn that high rates discourage consumption and keep profits low?

H. A. WEBB

Nashville, Tenn.

A Lead for Liberals

Dear Sirs: The Nation has excelled itself with the editorials in your issue of February 6. . . . I immediately phoned the head social-studies director of our regional high school and told him that I wished to supply each of the school's seniors with a copy of the issue, in the hope that he would organize a debate around the problems raised by your editorials. He was extremely sympathetic to the idea.

Please accept my sincere congratulations on the superb job *The Nation* is doing for the leaderless liberals in the United States.

JULES ARCHER

Pine Plains, N.Y.

Democrats' Opportunity

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace" [February 6] is a masterful statement of the political dilemma facing the American people. Congressman James Roosevelt's reply, far from resolving the dilemma, highlights its importance. In connection with civil rights, he says there has been a majority in the Democratic Party which has not played politics on civil rights and that what has kept Congress from making solid progress on this issue is a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. This, he implies, absolves the Democratic Party from all blame.

Has Mr. Roosevelt's liberal majority used their votes within party conventions to get a strong civil-rights plank in the platform? Do they exercise the myriad of disciplinary measures and pressures that every party majority can, if willing, use on a recalcitrant minority, or are they marking time so as to preserve the Solid South for a Democratic Presidential candidate? In two successive elections they have done this. I hope that they are not preparing to do this a third time.

In the past hundred years, the Democrats have elected only four Presidents — Cleveland, Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman. Cleveland's election has been attributed to a chance remark made by James G. Blaine; Wilson's to a split in the Republican Party; Roosevelt's to the depression and Truman's to his assumption of the mantle of his predecessor. The Democratic Party cannot win by taking over the Republican platform, by adopting the cold-war policy of Truman and Acheson, by statements by Stevenson about stronger "labor" bills, by Kennedy's cry for a strong President to lead us — "where"? The party would do well to adopt your advice and give real leadership to the latent longing of the American people for the kind of platform the editorial outlines.

HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 11

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Never-Ending Debate

"Defense" continues to be debated, but the conclusion is as predestined as Calvinist damnation: spend more. If the debate is lost at one level, it is carried to a higher. When the Administration won a draw, or perhaps better, in the recent debate before the Armed Services Committee, the issue was promptly carried to the "hitherto obscure Congressional study group" headed by Senator Henry M. Jackson, the gentleman from Boeing. Previously this group had received about as much attention as a confabulation of orthodontists in Atlantic City, but now it basks in the limelight of *Time, Newsweek* and the other purveyors of "right thoughts." Here the cast was made up of "elder statesmen." There was Robert C. Sprague, Massachusetts banker and industrialist and co-chairman of the Gaither Committee of 1957, who distinguished himself by refusing to sell his stock in Sprague Electric to serve as Under Secretary of the Air Force. Said Sprague, bluntly: "The idea that an increase in spending for survival will bankrupt us is, to put a plain word on it, silly." His words were echoed by James P. Baxter III, president of Williams College, another Gaither alumnus, and by Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of I.B.M. who, gritting his teeth, announced his willingness to pay higher taxes in order that the United States should not become a Soviet province. The lead-off witness was Robert A. Lovett, who was also in favor of increasing the arms budget by making more military gadgets and fewer battery-operated drink stirrers, electric manicure files and electrically driven gum massagers.

All these gentlemen who wish to sacrifice for defense appear to be in fairly comfortable circumstances. But there is at least one who is willing to risk penury that the nation may live. He is Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., who resigned a $50,000 job with Convair Division of General Dynamics to lobby for more Atlas missiles. But Senator Case of South Dakota now demands that Lanphier make clear whether he has actually divested himself "of any major stock interest" in General Dynamics, as well as "any stock option rights he may have in that or any other corporation with missiles to sell." It only goes to show that no matter what a man does for his country, he cannot escape calumny.

NATO and the Germans

The subordination of West Germany through NATO was the price of German rearmament. All of Western Europe understood this, the Germans as well as the countries they had bombed and overrun. It was a halfway plausible theory five years ago, but today it works badly and tomorrow it will not work at all. This is the lesson of the attempt of the Bonn republic, our ally in NATO, to forge a military link with Fascist Spain, our ally outside NATO. It brings to light facts so unpleasant that few American newspapers have had the courage to face up to them, but the facts are there and the consequences will follow as the night the day.

The fairy story has been that Franz Joseph Strauss, Chancellor Adenauer's dynamic Defense Minister, unhandedly went behind NATO's back in an effort to conclude an arrangement with Franco, and was caught and brought to book. But, though Herr Strauss is no doubt capable of pulling a fast one, none of this happens to be true. Herr Strauss dutifully went to Gen. Lauris Norstad, NATO's commander, and told him what he proposed to do. He also told the British, French and American governments. Militarily, Herr Strauss had a case. The Germans need foreign supply bases and training facilities to relieve congestion in their own country, where a jet can hardly climb to altitude without crossing the border. Spain would be handy. There

German pilots and missilemen — "soldiers of God" in Dr. Adenauer's phrase — would undergo training periods in live firing, which would be impossible in what is left of Germany without blowing the *Bürghers'* heads off.

As a military man, General Norstad could hardly have failed to see the practicality of Herr Strauss's proposal. After all, even "the soldiers of God" must also have supply depots. But as a political administrator, General Norstad could not overlook the objections to locating these depots in the land of Franco, where the budding liaison would be sure to arouse memories of Guernica, Malaga, the Blue Brigade and so on. He told Herr Strauss to take it easy. But Herr Strauss is not so easily dissuaded. Apparently, on returning to Bonn, he gave a fairly optimistic report to his colleagues and continued his endeavors. Now here is what is not generally realized on this side of the water. General Norstad had no authority to order Herr Strauss to desist. All he could do was leak the story to *The New York Times*. General Norstad can give orders within NATO (although they are not necessarily obeyed); he can tell the West Germans what they cannot do in West Germany (although they may do it surreptitiously); but in its relations with a non-NATO country, West Germany is outside of NATO's jurisdiction. It is even possible, as various British Labour MPs have alleged, that the Germans already have some sort of missile research under way in Spain. It would be legal. None of the military conventions with West Germany have teeth in them; besides, you don't bite your good ally, the "last bastion of Western civilization against the barbarism of the East," as Dr. Adenauer described his country to the Pope.

The Western allies have raised a Frankenstein monster, and the monster is growing. There has been such a monster before. In the twenties, the commander of the *Reichswehr*, General Hans von Seekt, and the head of military intelligence, Admiral Canaris, made arrangements for the training of German military aviators in the USSR. Germany was forbidden to possess submarines, but German submarine crews have not given up their plans for facilities and what-not in Spain. And let it be noted that Herr Strauss is forty-four. Herr Adenauer is eighty-four, and it is not at all improbable that Herr Strauss will be the next Chancellor.

Requiem for Jim Crow

While the civil-rights debate drones on in the Senate, an event of incalculable moment has taken place in the South: the New Negro has stepped forth on the stage with confidence, courage and boldness. Brilliant social tactics are usually the invention of a rising social class, just as stupid, self-defeating tactics are the hallmark of a waning social milieu. The brilliance of the "sit-in" demonstrations which have spread to some twenty-four Southern communities is obvious. The "sit-ins" bring the full force of Negro purchasing power to bear on important nation-wide chains. In today's South, Negroes constitute as much as half of the total purchasing power of particular communities. It is estimated, for example, that the Negro community spends more than $150,000,000 a year in Charlotte, N.C. In the North, Negro purchasing power may be relatively less significant in particular cities but, in the aggregate, it is greater than it is in the South. The sit-ins dramatize the absurdity of Jim Crow. What it comes down to is that the stores tolerate "vertical" integration — that is, so long as the Negro is standing — but reject his patronage when he sits down. The Negro students conducting the demonstrations are themselves almost immune to economic counter-reprisals, since most of them are (a) away from their homes and (b) enrolled in Negro institutions more dependent on Northern than on Southern philanthropy.

That a large, influential section of Southern "white" opinion is aware that the sit-ins herald a new day in race relations is indicated by the behavior of the Southern press, which for the most part has given "straight" coverage to the demonstrations. The press is well aware — after all, it is dependent on advertising — that Jim Crow has been undermined by the South's prosperity. Negroes and whites will fight over a few scraps of bacon rind, hominy grits and greens, and the plantation owner will fight to keep his sharecroppers and servants in their place, but a merchant will not long drive cash customers from his door. Nor is the cash register's logic the only logic that is working to undermine Jim Crow today. The lunch-counter demonstrations are not "student strikes" for this or that concession; they are eloquent assertions of the New Negro's sense of his own dignity as a human being. He is demanding more than "service"; he demands respect. It is the demand which every American minority has learned to make in time and, in the end, it is irresistible because it is the basic, the historic American demand.

As it swells to a chorus in the South, Jim Crow is doomed. The sit-ins in the five-and-ten-cent stores, not the sit-down in the Senate, is the pivot of today's debate.

The Man Back Home

The striking thing about the current civil-rights filibuster is the absence of venom. Some may be let loose as fatigue sets in, but fatigue is not principle, conviction, passion or anything that supposedly animates a statesman talking unto the death. The visitor from Mars might wonder why they are filibustering at all. The visitor from the Southland doesn't wonder; he knows. The gentlemen are talking for the record.

control of the police department? So far the Mayor has promised to do almost everything about the department except try to take it permanently out of partisan politics—yet nothing less will accomplish the reforms that are needed.

Serious police scandals are not new to this city. Most Chicago mayors have produced them and dismally survived them. The department is the prize handed to the victorious political party in a city election. It dispenses the favors which bring in campaign contributions; collects the revenue which nourishes the machine; sets the limits for illegal election conduct, and guarantees fortunes for favored individuals. The department has done this for both Democrats and Republicans. Its manner of performance is dictated, more or less, by the structure of the municipal government.

CHICAGO'S legal system gives the Mayor power of instantaneous removal of the Police Commissioner, thus putting the commissioner in permanent bondage to City Hall. Under this system, as Bruce Smith said in a 1931 report on the Chicago Police Department, the commissioner ". . . may show independence, and in some instances has done so. In that event the hour of demotion is at hand."

The political pressures on Chicago's City Hall are so great that no mayor has ever been able to keep his public promises to clear up the department. What is needed is the adoption of a system that has worked well in Milwaukee, i.e., creation by state law of a board to appoint the commissioner and remove him only for cause, a free hand for the commissioner in running the department, fair appeals arrangements for police officers, and a decent personnel system for recruitment, training and promotion.

The appointment of a new commissioner is only a first step toward a new Police Department. For the present, Mayor Daley has put forward an interim city ordinance which his huge City Council majority can pass or repeal on equally short notice. But only state legislation can give the commissioner the independence he needs. Yet the prospects for state action are poor unless the Mayor and the Governor can agree on what specific legislation is needed. The Governor has already indicated his willingness to call a special session of the legislature for action; the Mayor, however, has said he will support a new law only in 1961.

Thus, protected only by a mayoralty promise of support and by the revocable ordinance of a machine-dominated City Council, Police Commissioner Wilson will find himself fearfully handicapped in putting through the drastic departmental reforms needed.

THE COST of a political machine to Chicago is more than just a bad Police Department. The machine always tries to avoid all steps, however necessary, which may disturb voter complacency, arouse resentment, threaten solid precinct control or affect the privileges which it purveys. The city is falling behind in the war on neighborhood decay; an inefficient Building Department is failing to provide decent enforcement of a housing code so modest that it does not even meet the minimum standards set by the American Public Health Association. Without any internal checks, and with incredible confusion and a good deal of "payola," the department limps along to the great benefit of Chicago's multi-million-dollar slum industry. Code enforcement is inadequate even in neighborhoods which actively demand enforcement. Overcrowding continues to depreciate houses, schools and community life while complaints about it are interred in a special repository.

The city's urban-renewal potential has also suffered severely at the hands of the administration. The program can boast tremendous publicity, but its achievements are infinitesimal. In twenty-five years, fewer than two and a half of Chicago's 210 square miles have been planned for urban-renewal clearance, including public housing. Less than one and one-half square miles have been actually cleared. A long-publicized renewal plan for the city's central area is only in gestation.

Residential segregation is Chicago's number one problem, yet the machine scarcely even talks about it, much less tries to solve it. The city's 800,000 Negro residents live in a concentrated and almost continuous T-shaped segregated area with a population density five times the average for the rest of the municipality. As new residents arrive, the area continues to spread. The result is terrible damage to the city, both inside the area and out. Inside, there is severe overcrowding (except for a small proportion of single-family areas), physical and emotional ills, rapid building deterioration, and segregation in fact (even though not in law) for schools and public facilities. Outside, existence of the ghetto causes fear and decay in surrounding neighborhoods.

Segregation has become the prime enemy of urban renewal, because many Negroes fear that demolitions will deprive them of needed housing, while many whites fear that redevelopment means the breakdown of segregation and their engulfment by the Negroes. The Daley administration has helped Chicago become the "most residentially segregated city in America" (U.S. Commission on Civil Rights); it has never given any leadership to the forces favoring housing integration or open occupancy, which alone can save the city's neighborhoods and its integrity. One lily-white public housing development of the Chicago Housing Authority still stands as an eloquent example of segregation to the rest of the city.

Chicago's housing, urban renewal and metropolitan problems require the best planning available. The city administration has failed to provide it. In 1957, Daley asked for and obtained abolition of the staff of the fifty-year-old Chicago Plan Commission and the creation, in its stead, of a Department of Planning. The department is permitted to plod along on an announced project to unveil a "comprehensive plan" at the end of 1962—just in time for the next mayoralty election. Such grandiose blueprints, however beautiful, are always out of date even before they are revealed. What Chicago needs is day-to-day planning of goals and the measuring of plans against them.

The political machine damages the nation as well as the city. It fails to work effectively for a liberal, constructive, national program. At the Democratic convention, it controls a fistful of delegates who, under machine orders, are usually ready to risk a national Democratic victory by supporting a "cautious" nominee and a conservative program. Local needs come first. The controlled local delegations will not work to free either the party or the program from the oil barons or Dixiecrats. In Congress, the Chicago delegation in the House gives routine support to the Democratic program, but does not give the leadership which the nation has a right to expect from a great city. In the Senate, the machine supports Paul Douglas, whom it nominated along with Adlai Stevenson, Congressman Sidney Yates and other distinguished office holders, in the year of despair of 1948. Neither Stevenson nor Douglas would have gotten a tumble after 1948.

IN THE state government, the Chicago machine has assured tenure to an undistinguished and conservative Republican regime by either offering defeat-marked Democratic candidates for governor or by undermining the Democratic state ticket with fatal scandals. Last year, when the city had an opportunity to support a strong Democratic nominee for Speaker of the Illinois House, Daley yielded to the other ward committeemen, provocatively sponsored an unacceptable river ward candidate, and thus insured a Republican victory. The result was a mediocre session of the legislature. This year the great hope of the men on the state Democratic ticket is to uncover enough scandals among the state Republicans to offset the scandals of the Chicago Democratic machine.

The machine has systematically buried or driven out of the city and county organizations most of the significant, fresh, new, liberal elements. It has denied a place to Stephen Mitchell, Adlai Stevenson's former National Democratic Chairman. It has now also rejected Joseph Lohman, able liberal University of Chicago sociology professor, who was Daley's blue-ribbon Sheriff in 1954 and State Treasurer in 1958, but who was refused support for Governor in 1960. In the current primary both Mitchell and Lohman are running for governor against the machine designee. Both candidates have used the Chicago police scandals with effect and both of them hope for a huge primary vote to overcome the machine's stranglehold over the city.

SAGSOORIAN

WHY DID the Chicago police scandals erupt now? The timing was due, I think, to the reaction of the victors after Mayor Daley's re-election in April, 1959. At that time Daley had an opportunity for greatness which he rejected. The victors misinterpreted their victory as a complete endorsement of the *status quo,* and relaxed.

The result was that last year, one scandal after another began breaking out. Any one of them could have been fatal to the machine had not Daley built up a remarkable reserve of press and business support in his own behalf.

First came the bail-bond scandal, exposing a network of bailiffs, clerks and bondsmen, helped by orders of the Municipal Court Chief Justice, who had voided hundreds of thousands of dollars in bondsmen's liabilities on forfeited bail bonds. The Chief Justice admitted he had gone on hunting trips with the chief bondsman, but said he had repaid all expenses. The Chief Justice was indicted, freed by a judge, and indicted again—and again freed, this time by another judge.

Then came the traffic-ticket scandal. It showed that a group of Municipal Court employees, policemen and ward politicians had profited by millions of dollars in traffic-ticket fixes and fine payments which had never reached the city treasury. Two more judges were indicted, and also some traffic referees, court employees and ward politicians. As a result, the party has dropped the Chief Justice for re-election this year and is seeking to save its Municipal Court ticket by nominating in his place an outstanding candidate, Augustine Bowe, distinguished lawyer, chairman of the city's Commission on Human Relations, and ex-president of the Chicago Bar Association. (Echo of the nominations of Stevenson and Douglas in 1948!) But along with Bowe, the machine has presented a "safe" river ward committeeman and a "safe" politician as candidates for court bailiff and clerk, offices which control fat budgets and more than 1,083 patronage employees.

Then came the payroll scandal. For weeks, the press ran daily stories about hoodlums, non-workers, convicts and other unsavory characters on city payrolls, men who found their way to non-working jobs only through the careful efforts of a political machine of which they were a part. This time there were some dismissals, but no indictments.

Chicago's municipal personnel policy, which produced the payroll scandals, is atrocious. The city administration has ignored recommendations that it support legislation for a new civil service board and a department of personnel to handle recruitment, examination, promotion, training and personnel relations. While powerful craft unions deal effectively for the city employees, whom they represent whether on or off civil service, the bulk of the general city civil service employees are shabbily treated and underpaid; the best treatment goes to an increasing percentage of "temporary" patronage appointees.

So the 1959 scandals accumulated, each eroding the machine a little more and together creating an atmosphere ripe for a major scandal. Then came ahe police-burglary explosion. Most Chicago scandals last only three weeks. This one is likely to be kept alive at least until the November elections. Although the sharpness of the first reaction is already blunted, indignation keeps expressing itself over and over. The halo around the city administration has gone and the old predatory aspects of the machine have been publicly revealed. The machine is gambling now that it can be saved by delay, by superficial concessions, perhaps—if it is lucky—by some diversion of public attention.

In many ways, the situation here is reminiscent of conditions in New York City. The resemblance can be found not only in the prevalence of corruption and a lack of progressive leadership, but also in the way both municipalities are failing in their national roles. Chicago and New York, with their tremendous potential resources, could contribute boldness, energy, imagination and liberal leadership to the national Democratic Party. With painfully few exceptions, neither has done so in the past; nor does either show any signs of doing so when convention time rolls around in the summer.

The course of the nation is closely connected to what happens in the wards of Chicago and New York. Is it naive to hope that the current scandals in Chicago may at last smash the machine which has for so long held the nation's second largest city in thralldom? Surely the scandals have given this city the chance of a lifetime to take politics out of the police department and corruption out of politics, and to give it a government worthy of the city's cultural and industrial greatness.

Don't Count Rockefeller Out . .

by James Desmond

Albany, N. Y.

IMPRESSIVE indications are accumulating here that Governor Rockefeller is still available for the Republican nomination for President and that, given any kind of a break, he will give his supporters around the country the go-ahead to see how many delegates they can corral before the GOP convention in July. The break needed could be a bad slip in the polls by Vice President Nixon vis-à-vis the leading Democratic candidates, or a serious blunder by the national Administration that would put Nixon on the spot before the country.

The people around Rockefeller don't expect a fumble by the Administration, believing that the President's well-known aversion to making decisions is likely to keep the government on an even level unless unforeseen developments in world affairs intrude on the scene.

The polls are a different matter. Nixon hit his popularity peak in the closing weeks of last year when the Republican leaders, jumping to the Vice President's bandwagon, convinced Rockefeller that the cards would be stacked against him in the primaries, regardless of his rank-and-file appeal. That was the basic reason for the Dec. 26 statement taking the New York Governor out of the contest. Another reason, according to Rockefeller's friends, was to show the GOP bosses that he is not out to rock the boat.

Governor Rockefeller

But by limiting his withdrawal to the primaries that might interfere with the performance of his duties as Governor during the legislative session, Rockefeller reserved to himself wide opportunities for reactivating his campaign without going back on his word. The most important of his gubernatorial chores will be over when the bill-signing period ends in April; from then on, he will be free to campaign where he pleases, falling back on precedents set by Al Smith, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey.

First, one must consider Rockefeller's present political "posture." He has been scrupulously correct in staying out of national party politics

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since his withdrawal statement, and has continued to reserve his position. For one thing, he has carefully avoided endorsing Nixon, mentioning the Vice President publicly only once this year and then merely to congratulate him for endorsing the Rockefeller call for new blood in the Republican Party. For another thing, Republican county chairmen in New York have been advised privately to avoid committing themselves to Nixon until Governor Rockefeller's position has been further clarified.

And, more recently, Rockefeller declared himself ready to resume speaking out on national and world affairs.

NOW FOR the polls. Most pollsters dropped Rockefeller's name from their ballots after his withdrawal statement, pitting Nixon against the field of Democrats on a man-to-man basis. At the outset that worked in Nixon's favor.

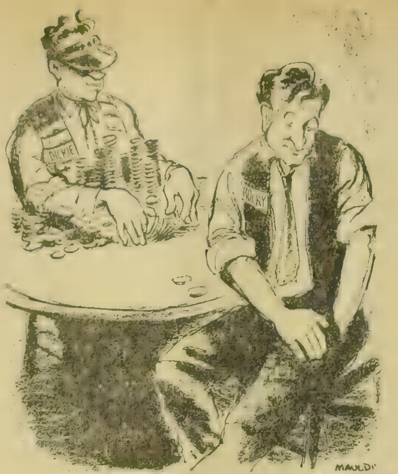
But as the pre-convention campaigns have progressed, Nixon has been sliding off here and there. And, significantly, a recent, unpublished New York State poll, known to be available to Rockefeller, shows that Democratic Senator John F. Kennedy would win New York handily against the Vice President.

There is no way, of course, to put any poll to the test without an election. But the very real fear among Republican leaders that they may lose control of the State Senate, which they are presumed to own by right of gerrymander, tends to support the theory that the Democrats will pull strongly in New York State next November.

This fear is based on the fact that while the Republicans elected thirty-four state senators in 1958 — a loss of four from 1956 — the twenty-four Democratic senators got over 50 per cent of the votes cast in the senatorial contests. And no one can say, precisely, just how many GOP senators were saved by Rockefeller's coattails in his 570,000 plurality sweep to the Executive Mansion in Albany.

The anti-Nixon sentiment in New York, if backed up by subsequent polls still in progress, could have a profound effect on the Republican Presidential nomination. After all, about 10 per cent of the country's voters live in New York and except for 1948 — when Dewey beat Harry S. Truman narrowly — they almost invariably vote for the winner in Presidential elections. (And Dewey, it should be recalled, was a minority winner, owing his victory to the fact that Henry A. Wallace siphoned off 500,000 Democratic votes in his doomed Progressive Party campaign.)

So, if the belief should grow that Nixon can't carry New York — a state vital to Republican Presidential hopes, although not to the Democrats' — the very minimum reaction would be a realistic re-examination of the Vice President's strength as a candidate. And the maximum effect could be a revival of the old "Nixon-can't-win" slogan so widely heard only a year ago.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hope Springs Eternal

That could be the crusher. Until Republican hopes began to soar with President Eisenhower's increased stature late last summer, when he began making his moves toward the Summit, it was common to hear Republicans admit that Nixon was anathema to the Democrats and a dirty word to millions of independents who resented his campaign tactics. But through the fall, the obvious difficulties of the Democrats boosted GOP hopes and tended to obscure Nixon's liabilities.

Now with the convention and campaign drawing closer, prospective candidates at the gubernatorial and senatorial levels are beginning to wonder whether Nixon would be the perfect head of the ticket. These doubts—expressed openly here at the organization meeting of the National Conference of State Legislative Leaders in December—will increase if Nixon should fail to make a strong showing vis-à-vis the total votes cast for the Democratic candidates in the primaries where he is running unopposed.

EVEN these doubts, however, couldn't change the nomination prospects of the Vice President if the Republican Party were the monolithic instrument it seems to be, with the bosses who oppose Rockefeller firmly in command. But the fact is that the Republicans are far from unified. They are led, for one thing, by the same men, by and large, who took them down to defeat in the 1958 Congressional elections. And there are new elements within the party seeking to broaden its base and change its direction.

In a number of states—specifically Wisconsin, Indiana, Missouri, Washington and, yes, even California—the divisions are so deep that only all-out warfare can settle them. And how better to wage a fight against installed leadership than with a Rockefeller as standard-bearer against the bosses' Nixon?

Significantly, in all of these states there is a hard core of Rockefeller supporters, anxious to take any opening to swing into action for the New York Governor. And they are by no means amateurs or do-gooders. They include, for example, the followers of the very practical Senator Homer Capehart, who is fighting for his political life in Indiana. And they include the Johnson's Wax people and their Wisconsin allies.

Additionally, across the country there are the far-flung interests of the Rockefellers, whose mostly Republican executives could be expected to exert pressure on their local political leaders if one of the Rockefeller boys should become an open candidate again. There is, of course, nothing improper in this. Nelson Rockefeller is an easy man to like on acquaintance, and presumably Rockefeller executives, substantial men in their communities, would just be doing what comes naturally.

What all this adds up to is that Rockefeller, given the breaks, could go to the convention as head of New York's ninety-six-vote delegation, with a substantial bloc in his corner. At best, from his point of view, this could give the men now so determined to nominate Nixon a reason to re-examine their position. At worst, it would strengthen Rockefeller's power to shape the Republican Party closer to what he thinks it should be, at the same time putting it on notice that he would have to be considered the next time a candidate was sought.

As for timing, the logic of events indicates that the time is now ripe for Rockefeller. He will be fifty-two when the Republican convention meets on July 25—and he will still be the one Republican who was the stand-out winner in the country in the face of the Democratic landslide of 1958. Still fresh in the public mind is the boldness with which he put through the tax-increase program to put New York State on pay-as-you-go financing—a slogan hallowed in oratory, if not in practice, by the GOP.

He could hardly hope to preserve this public image for another four years, much less for another eight. And, of course, if he had to wait eight years, he would be sixty at the 1968 convention, very close to the cut-off age for first-time nominees.

Furthermore, there is Rockefeller's character to be considered. He is a very wealthy man, used to getting what he wants. In 1958, he ignored the advice of nearly everyone around him—including most of the professional politicians except those who had hitched their wagons to his star—and boldly sought and won the governorship. It would be unrealistic now to expect him to sit back and take it just because a handful of politicians, who lost their elections while he was winning his, prefer to hand-pick one of their own for the Presidency.

The best prospect is, therefore, that Rockefeller's name will be presented to the convention. At least up to now, he has refused to say he wouldn't allow it. And he still hasn't endorsed Nixon for anything.

THE SAME OLD GERMANS . . *by Jesse D. Wolff*

I AM NEITHER a foreign correspondent nor a State Department career man, but simply a practicing American lawyer who makes occasional short business trips to West Germany. Yet perhaps an amateur observer like myself has certain advantages over the professional who is stationed in Germany; the changes that come over a country stand out more sharply to the occasional visitor.

On my most recent visit—it was a few months ago—to the Federal Republic, I thought I noticed a change in atmosphere from what it had been only a year ago. I asked a friend — a thoughtful Canadian businessman brought up in Germany and now, by inheritance, the owner of an old and successful German manufacturing business — whether he had remarked the shift; and, too, I wanted his views on the German people's reaction to Western, and particularly American, aid since 1945.

"The Germans have an incurable national psychosis, a real paranoia," he replied. "But for fifty years you Americans have viewed them merely as precocious and sometimes irascible scamps who, nevertheless, have a genius for getting a job done. You have been deluding yourselves that with material encouragement and good example from you they will see the errors of their ways and quickly follow in your footsteps.

"The truth is that you recognize neither their symptoms nor their disease. You just won't learn that you can't treat an incurable paranoia with loans, gifts and a friendly pat on the back."

Webster's *New International Dictionary* defines paranoia as "a chronic mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions of persecution and of one's own greatness, sometimes with hallucinations."

Does Chancellor Adenauer (certainly a man of good faith) recognize the incurable disease?

Commenting on the rash of recent German anti-Semitic incidents, he stated, "I say to all my fellow German citizens, if you catch a ruffian anywhere, execute the punishment on the spot and give him a sound thrashing." Whip the little paranoiacs soundly and put them to bed, says Mr. Adenauer, and tomorrow morning they will wake up sadder but wiser young men.

Has the United States system of financial aid to Bonn proven successful? From a purely material and fiscal point of view, certainly. A trip by car down the *Autobahn* from the North Sea through Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Munich, in the year 1960, is a revelation. Practically no bomb damage remains. And there is eye-opening evidence of great material prosperity. Germany is as sleek and fat as a prize pig in the late fall. The great steel-producing areas of the Ruhr and Rhine valleys are a mass of smoking chimneys and huge new plants. Between Frankfurt and Stuttgart and down through the provinces of Wurttemberg and Westphalia, what was rich, small-farm land only fifteen years ago, is now almost a continuous line of spanking new factories, usually with modern glass-fronted offices and beautifully landscaped premises. Unemployment is non-existent. A German automobile producer with a surplus of capital and a deficit of skilled labor is buying a small motor concern (for about 8,000,000 marks, or $2,000,000); the factories will be sold or junked, the buyer's only interest being in the acquisition of additional trained workers.

The most serious problem of the

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industrialists is to insure that competitors don't pirate away their labor force. The owner of a substantial textile company in Wurttemberg built a plant addition, partly to create better working facilities with which to attract additional labor. He also imported workers from Italy and Spain, supplying them with company-financed living quarters. Many German concerns are following this practice.

Real estate is booming beyond the wildest fantasies of real-estate operators. The owner of former farm lands in the outskirts of a small village near Stuttgart recently was offered $12,000 an acre for undeveloped land without road or utilities—land which had cost him $100 an acre twenty years ago. There just isn't much undeveloped land left in Germany and businesses are so flushed with profits that many bid sky-high for land to be used for factories, parking lots or housing developments for occupancy by factory workers at nominal rents.

* * *

BUT HAS American financial aid to West Germany been successful from the *American* point of view? If our aid was designed not merely to fill German stomachs, but to teach the Germans that a free economy works better than a controlled economy, and to build a strong ally to help us against potential enemies to the East, then we have taken a great, big pratfall.

An executive of one of the most successful playing-card manufacturers volunteered some comment over a fourth brandy in plush Rumpelmayer's Restaurant in Munich. The burden of his views:

"You silly Americans think you own us because you gave us money and aid after you bombed out our homes and factories. While you were fighting us, you said you'd level our cities and return us to an agrarian state. After you had pretty well accomplished this, you saw Russia beginning to make serious noises about controlling all of Eastern Europe and maybe more. So you turned around and poured money in to build up our industry, particularly heavy industry.

"If you think we now owe you a debt of gratitude and you can call on us to repay this debt sometime when you decide that the chips are down, you must take us for fools. Your financial aid speeded our recovery, but it didn't really create the prosperity that you see in this country. We did it, we Germans, with our own intelligence, our own initiative, our own hard work. You are dead wrong if you think we will pull your chestnuts out of any fire that the Russians may start. We are businessmen pure and simple. We will trade with the bogeyman if it is profitable, and will make a business deal with the devil if his currency is sound and he knows what he is doing and where he is going. Business is one thing and ideologies another."

* * *

WHAT IS West Germany's reaction to the recent rumblings of neo-Nazism — the swastikas on synagogues and churches, the pamphlets distributed on street corners? A respected and extremely intelligent seventy-five-year-old lawyer who fought the Nazis on principle and not because of his religion, and who spent three years in a concentration camp during the war, gives an answer typical of the older generation. In his opinion, these outbursts have absolutely no significance; they are the work of young hoodlums and delinquents with no controlled mass movement behind them.

But I have the feeling that this is the view of men too old to carry the burden of Germany's conscience, too willing to hope for the best, too eager to allay their own doubts.

The daughter of this same respected, elderly lawyer, a widow in her middle forties now teaching in a private school, was less sanguine than her father. She feels that the power and future of Germany now lie in two quite clearly defined generations: the middle-aged who knew Hitlerism and what it stood for, and the younger generation who were children and teen-agers between 1933 and 1945. Quite naturally, her interest as a teacher lies with the younger generation. She deplores the fact that history textbooks are almost silent on developments in Germany during the Nazi period. Last year she tried in a small way to remedy this by including in her history course some lectures and seminars on the objectives and accomplishments of the Third Reich, both good and bad. The result was a personal catastrophe for her. Vehement complaints came from parents and fellow teachers. Parents resented being put in the embarrassing position of having to answer Junior's questions as to whether or not Papa had been a Nazi Party member, or had used slave labor in his factory, or had ever objected to what had gone on in Dachau or Belsen.

Did the teacher believe that today's young adults would repeat the follies of their parents? She shrugged and answered with another question: "What can you expect of young people who honestly don't know what really went on, whose adult lives were not touched by the war, and who now live in a completely materialistic world which gives them hundreds of creature comforts and teaches them that only their God-given superiority put them where they are today?" She has certain reservations about their reaction to the present subsurface rumblings; and she has even more serious doubts about how they would behave if a formal political party arose that would really seek to follow the Nazi line.

She stated that she is inclined to believe that any party or person promising a continuation of the economic *status quo* and the restoration of Germany to its "rightful place" as the leader in Europe, would get a favorable reception from the younger generation. She is afraid that the youngsters would never oppose any government, neo-Nazi or neo-Fascist, which their elders might adopt. As she put it, "To oppose a return of a strong nationalistic government, emphasizing discipline and power, would require a strong-minded rebel. We are not breeding political rebels of any sort."

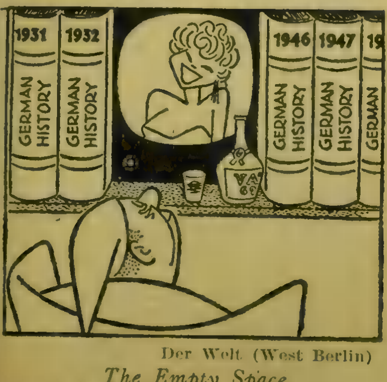
* * *

WHAT of the older generation, the people who control Germany today? Are they upset about recent developments and frightened of a repeat performance? I am afraid that paranoiacs are not cured that easily; and it is no help, in this regard, that we seem perfectly happy to have the Krupps, the Flicks and other convicted war criminals back in the German economic saddle.

Our forebearance with Krupp, who insists that he cannot find buyers for his steel empire and thus must keep it intact despite our previous directive that it be broken up, is not lost on the Germans. They are aware that we acquiesce in the control of German heavy industry by a group of three or four large banks and some ten or fifteen industrialists—almost all former Nazis or Nazi supporters. Today the "master" thesis prevails in the German economy to an even greater extent than before the war—this time with our blessing. (One important German banker told me, firmly, that the plan for the sale of the government-owned Volkswagen Company to small investors was doomed; no matter what appeared on the surface, he said, the banks would see to it that control was kept in the hands of a few banks and industrial combines, "where it should be.")

Will the economic dictatorship we have encouraged lead inevitably to political dictatorship? This gets back to the question: is the adult generation which now controls Germany upset about the possibilities of a return to Nazism or neo-Nazism?

A German art dealer told me of a recent luncheon of his colleagues in Munich. The discussion got around to the subject of swastikas again appearing on public buildings at Christmas time. One prosperous and well-known dealer stated openly that it was about time the German people showed that they were "independent of Western control," and that the United States could not use them as pawns against the Russians or anyone else. He went on to say that although he had been quiet for fifteen years on the subject of the Nazi government, he was now not afraid to say quite openly that he had been a party member by choice and not by force or even inertia, that he hoped for a return of that government or a similar one, and that Hitler's only real mistake had been in timing.



Der Welt (West Berlin)

The Empty Space

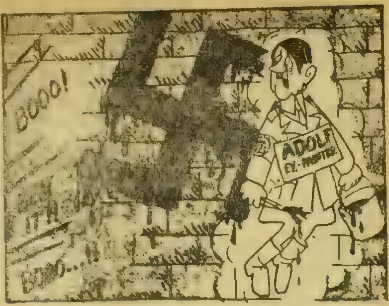
Granted, this is only one man's opinion; but it is the opinion of a leader in a field made up of educated people. And I feel that he would never have spoken so openly had he not felt confident that his position was popular with, or at least acceptable to, his German clientele upon whom his prosperity depends.

* * *

IS THE Adenauer government willing, and politically able, to take a strong position on Nazi-like outbreaks? I do not refer to public statements about naughty children who paint swastikas on public buildings. A high Bonn official recently was approached with the request that the government intervene in litigation involving the property of a German Jew killed by the Nazis. This government official was duly sympathetic, but significantly he expressed the belief that the personal reactions of governmental officials had to be tempered with practicality. Government intervention in favor of the heirs of the German Jew, he said, probably would prove futile and might well boomerang against the complainants. Too firm a position in a matter such as this, he added, would tie the government in the public mind to a cause which has become "unpopular" with the 1960 electorate. He felt that the espousal of too many such embarrassing causes might lead to the replacement of the present regime by another which might be less "sympathetic" and less "trustworthy."

* * *

THERE ARE, of course, some Germans who are able to view their country dispassionately. I spoke with one lady, about forty years of age, born to a title and immense wealth, who had the benefit of an international education. She has a genuine sense of guilt arising out of close contact with free peoples of other countries, both East and West. Today she is worried for herself, her husband and her three young children, whose ignorance of twentieth-century German history appalls her. But she admits that she is no crusader, nor does she want to risk the social ostracism of her children by encouraging them to question the myths of German infallibility and superiority. She seriously doubts the wisdom of the Western Allies in rearming Germany, and is absolutely convinced that the West Germans, with Western (or at least American) approval, will be making their own nuclear weapons within the next few years. She is satisfied that when this happens, and possibly even before it happens, the present Adenauer government will fall, and a deal will be made by West Germany and the USSR whereby Germany will be unified in exchange for a commitment of neutrality in any East-West showdown. This initial neutrality, she is certain, will lead ultimately to German cooperation with the stronger power — and she has no doubt which power Germany feels is the stronger.


BOOO!
ADOLF
EX-PAINTER
BOOO...

Sanomat, Helsinki

"My art is still misunderstood!"

As for herself, she does not propose to remain with her family while all this happens. If events in Germany proceed as she expects them to (and if German law permits the removal of money and property outside of Germany without penalty), she intends to move herself and her family to England within the next two years. She feels that the English, at least, recognize what is happening in the Germany that only fifteen years ago committed the grossest "crimes against humanity" for which we tried and punished their leaders, but which we now find it expedient to forget.

THE TRAGIC ENTERTAINER . .

by David Cort

THE SEARCH for the tragic hero goes on. The martyr is still brought into the Colosseum, composed, twitching, crawling or dragged in feet first; but his identity has changed.

This was seen when several lively murder trials were swept quite off the front pages by the hurt feelings of an entertainer who five nights a week is in the living rooms of between five and ten million families who have TV sets. The tragedy was that his audience had not been permitted to hear him tell a joke. His network's Standards and Practices Committee had cut it out of the taped program. The next night Jack Paar said his last words from the center of the arena and walked out on the show. Forever? Hardly; he returned this week, the joke apparently forgotten.

It will be agreed that this affair plunges tragedy to a new low of triviality, nearly as ignominious as that of Arthur Godfrey's firing of a mediocre singer for a want of humility.

But the newspapers gave it headlines day after day and tons of wordage. Every nuance was investigated; it seemed to be of critical importance that the reader get exactly right the shadings of the newspaper's opinions on Paar's soul, public and private manners, taste, home life; and of course most readers already felt toward Paar more friendly intimacy than they felt toward most of their relatives. This made it as important as if their little girl had been snubbed at Sunday School.

STILL, one can see why Jack Paar was immediately enraged. There is nothing more infuriating than to tell a joke in good faith, obviously trying to please, and then to find a lot of pompous jerks, suddenly swathed in the moral law, bearing down with their rules of good taste flapping. No joke can stand up. Even the very great jokes can get you into trouble. And you will never get out of trouble by explaining the joke.

Since this is so important, I will say that the tragic joke was one based on another I heard twenty-five years ago. A husband had told his wife that his club had given him a silver cup for the best account of the happiest moments in his life, and that these were the times he had spent in church with her. She later tells a member of the club that she simply cannot understand her husband's story, since he had been there only three times: once before they were married, another time when he had fallen asleep, and a third (which I have forgotten). Of course he had won the prize for giving his happiest hours as those in bed with her.

Paar's joke, as everyone in the United States now knows, took a similar misunderstanding, this time Wayside Chapel for the English initials W. C., meaning bathroom. Nearly any special disposition concerning chapel services would be funny if misunderstood as of a W.C. The formula is a classic.

Good taste is another of the subjects on which everybody has to be an expert. Not only the columnists, but the man-and-woman on the street, expertised: "questionable," "poor judgment," "indelicate," "inept," "improper," "blue," etc., etc. Paar thought the Hearst press was leading the pack, and this meant Dorothy Kilgallen, Lee Mortimer and the TV reviewer, Jack O'Brien, but not Walter Winchell. Certainly the Hearst papers suddenly sounded wonderfully pure. Their views on religious good taste are certainly of moment; however, they run a regular comic cartoon about a foolish little monk and, if one wants to play this game, many people regard that as in distinctly shady religious taste. A monk's vows are very serious. Furthermore, Hearst anti-communism seems to me as feeble as it is frantic, in that it relies almost exclusively on Roman Catholic doctrine, surely not the capital objection to communism among about 150,000,000 Americans. There are, at least for me, better reasons for hating communism.

Kilgallen had guessed wrong and gone West to cover a murder trial when the Paar tragedy broke in New York. She stormed back to announce that all the other reporters were idiots, only she being cute enough to see that "The whole routine was as elaborately choreographed as an Agnes De Mille ballet; Paar felt the need of a great surge of audience sympathy to distract from the criticism he'd been getting, and NBC realized the stunt would cause front-page headlines from coast to coast. . . ." This merely indicates the fury she was in at having missed the fun, at seeing anybody else get publicity, and at not being first with the answer. In the Colosseum, her scoop would be that the martyr gave the lions ptomaine.

MORALITY, somebody has said, is a subject that lends itself to exaggeration—and that is what makes tragedy. The easiest, safest and most comfortable thing any human being does is to disapprove of another. Seeing this fatal genius in mankind, Christ asked men please to concentrate on their own trespasses.

If we try a little de-exaggeration, Paar's joke looks all right, especially at midnight. Furthermore, some of the steam leaks out of the recent TV quiz scandals where the tragic hero was Charles Van Doren. For an obscure citizen to accept the answers from the examiner before the examination, in order to play an assigned role, is scarcely wicked at all and would be only laughable if there were no prizes. There is wickedness here of course, but it lies with the examiner, and with the sponsor who requires that the answers be given out and the mockery continued. The citizen has no power and no responsibility; he can only watch the nonsense with his jaw dropping. But the tragedy settled on Charles Van Doren because he was the one in all the living rooms whom the people liked and trusted.

In the case of both Jack Paar and Charles Van Doren, we see the abuse

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DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has just been published by Macmillan.*

by the venal bureaucracy, the invisible ones, of the naive, boyish, innocent individual, each time on charges of an imperfect innocence. And this is in line with sacrificial practice in all cultures and all times.

To look ahead to the new era of tragic heroes — the TV hero meets the first requirement of tragedy: he is conspicuous; and the second: he is committed to a role, his "public personality"; and the third: he has enemies (executives, writers, critics, the competition and anybody who doesn't tune him in); and the fourth: he is essentially alone, while conducting his great work like a lumberjack walking a log in a whirlpool.

THE SHAPE of the new tragedy comes clearer when we see further that he is a comedian, or semi-comedian. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis break up their act; Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca break up their act; Milton Berle and Jackie Gleason go off the air; Henry Morgan is in and out of hot water; and all their hearts, we are to believe, are breaking.

If you think a comedian is not fit for tragic heroism, just look at comedians. They are especially high-strung. From being continually the life of the party, they are naturally hated by their friends. They look for jealousy, and always find it. They were, in the majority, very poor boys, and many had drunken mothers: witness, by their own stories, W. C. Fields and Jackie Gleason. Their acting triumphs over life are manic, and hence not easy to systematize for regular profit. They are show-offs, but not pretty: witness no names here. The differences in talent are disastrously obvious; and they can never be reduced. They live in a perpetual madhouse, and they must seek out their enemies nightly, at Lindy's Restaurant in New York. They are in every real sense out of the world, and yet they must keep contact with the real world, which it is their chore to amuse.

To be a comedian at all, one must have a strong streak of the anti-social, derived from a miserable childhood (you should hate at least one parent), other neuroses, an early grasp of human absurdity, a lunatic mischief, or a cold, unsympathetic intellect. The comedian must early learn to mask these unpleasant qualities behind a disarming smile, deadpan or look of idiocy.

It is by no means irrelevant that the above also describes, with some understatement, the comic writer, who is the Iago to the entertainer's Othello. The comic idiom, by the mysterious nature of laughter, is at once extremely contemporary and based on very ancient formulas. A new comedy is merely a new accent for the old jokes. Only geniuses (and don't wait up for one) make new jokes. This means that comedians, and comic writers, can only survive by thievery and must fight viciously for the false copyright that the little superimposed accent gives the stolen goods. The comic writer is both a thief and a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods. The TV writer, and not only the gag-writer, despises the performer, the true tragic hero, as was brought out on a recent Susskind forum of comic writers. Since the good serious writers are frustrated from doing their best by TV, they have evolved into perfect cynicism and mischief. It is a commonplace in this business to write material that will make the performer look ridiculous. And why not, when the executives, sponsors and performer are all too stupid to spot it? TV writers as a closed group would reward much closer attention than they have so far had.

As of comedians, a distinction must be made between the current crop, our tragic heroes, and the old guard, who rarely got into any trouble — Groucho Marx, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, Jack Benny, George Burns and the late Bobby Clark; and we can surely forget Fatty Arbuckle, Frank Tinney, etc.

The difference appears in a sad, ghosted book about Keenan Wynn's life (*Ed Wynn's Son*, Doubleday, $3.95), for Keenan has been, though is not currently, a first-rate and delightful comedian. Keenan was certainly not a poor boy, but he had troubles none the less. Ed Wynn married a daughter of Frank Keenan, the grandee Shakespearean actor, and thus became a brother-in-law of Colonel Frank A. Sloan of a socialite New York family. It was a tough milieu for the roughhouse Jewish comedian, but he didn't back down. Keenan Wynn was a beautiful, fair-haired child who nearly died of mastoids. The ladies of the house did some secret drinking. And then there was the godlike figure of Frank Keenan, a benevolent nineteenth- or even eighteenth-century gentleman. Keenan Wynn psychoanalyzes himself as having been jealous of his father, but one might find other explanations.

THERE have been other accounts of these tragedians: Jackie Gleason, who got his comic start at the public school of which my father was principal; Groucho's marvelously non-tragic story; Joey Adams' serial story; and so on. One would like to see an objective, slightly hostile biography of Charlie Chaplin, whose early classic pictures were great ballet, but never to me very funny, except in the pure slapstick, which is of course close to ballet. As a small child, I smelled Chaplin's tightly introverted contempt.

This is the figure, however, whom we must accept as the public tragic hero of the future — a rich and neurotic mountebank Pagliacci who only affects to hide his broken heart. He may not look very promising for the purposes of great dramatic tragedy for Arthur Miller or Tennessee Williams; and yet I suggest that these gentlemen at least look him over as a possible subject. He is already the main tragic prototype for the whole American people.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Postscript to Power

FULL CIRCLE. The Memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin Co. 676 pp. $6.95.

George Steiner

THIS is a somber story. Having been, for too long a time, the crown prince in Churchill's giant shadow, Sir Anthony Eden finally acceded to power in April, 1955. Less than two years later, he had to resign, broken by political circumstance and ill health. History, moreover, played him a cruel turn. The virtues which had carried Eden to high place, his skill as a classical diplomatist, his uncompromising hatred of dictatorship, and his aloofness from partisan politics, proved inadequate or inappropriate to the task. The man failed to match his hour.

Eden's conception of policy was completely molded by the events of February, 1938. At that time, he resigned from the Chamberlain government rather than condone further appeasement of Hitler and Mussolini. Two years later the world plunged into a catastrophic war. It is Eden's profound conviction that this war could have been avoided on two conditions: the Western democracies would have had to take a decisive stand against Fascism and Nazism from the start; and they would have had to work together in close, flexible alliance. When the Second World War ended, Eden was resolved that the errors of the 1930s should not be repeated. As Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, in the period from November, 1951, to January, 1957, he sought to pursue two principles: the containment of dictatorship wherever it might arise, and the transformation of the Western alliance into a structure of real and permanent security.

Both these principles are unassailable, but the difficulty lay in applying them. First, because the Western democracies no longer held even a potential monopoly of military initiative (as they did in the 1930s); second, because the allies with whom Eden had to deal were no longer a Roosevelt or a Marshall, but an Eisenhower and a Dulles. It was Eden's peculiar tragedy to have learned the lessons of history too well; he did not realize how greatly the context of power had altered.

THESE memoirs center on two crises: Indo-China and Suez. The first showed Eden at his finest; the second brought him to political ruin. In April, 1954, the French position in Indo-China was growing hopeless. On April 24, the Western leaders met in Paris. Mr. Dulles advanced the view that Anglo-American military intervention was now essential and that an air-strike should be ventured to relieve the hard-pressed garrison at Dien Bien Phu. Admiral Radford supported this view and suggested that R.A.F. units should be sent from Malaya or Hong Kong to Tongking. "Neither he nor Mr. Dulles gave any more explicit account of the joint military action they contemplated." Eden at once raised the question of a Chinese counter-intervention. "Admiral Radford replied that he had never thought that the Chinese would intervene in Indo-China, nor had they the necessary resources available. If they attempted air action, we could eliminate this by bombing the Chinese airfields, which were very vulnerable." Eden immediately returned to London, convinced that the United States had neither formulated a consequent policy nor weighed the full risk. Sir Winston Churchill concurred. As he saw it, England was being asked "to assist in misleading Congress into approving a military operation, which would in itself be ineffective, and might well bring the world to the verge of a major war."

During those hair-raising days, Mr. Dulles played his usual complex game of impulse and vacillation. By-passing the British Ambassador in Washington, he sought to suggest to the French that the British Government was now committed to some form of military action. Fortunately, M. Bidault realized that this was not the case. On the contrary: on the afternoon of April the 28th, Her Majesty's Government decided to reject the American proposal. Eden now faced an immensely difficult task: he had to justify this refusal to the imperiled French, safeguard the Anglo-American alliance, and bring about some settlement of the Indo-China war by negotiation. In the ensuing weeks, he showed his great technical mastery of diplomacy. Although agonized by the news of the fall of Dien Bien Phu, Bidault understood perfectly British reluctance to intervene on Mr. Dulles' vague and unconsidered terms. The real difficulty lay with Washington. One cannot read Eden's account of the preliminary meeting at Geneva without an acute sense of embarrassment about the tone of American foreign policy under the Dulles regime:

> Mr. Robertson, whose approach to these questions is so emotional as to be impervious to argument or indeed to facts, was keeping up a sort of "theme song" to the effect that there were in Indo-China some three hundred thousand men who were anxious to fight against the Vietminh and were looking to us for support and encouragement. I said that if they were so anxious to fight I could not understand why they did not do so.

To this perfidious objection the impassioned Mr. Robertson seems to have had no answer. Fortunately, Mr. Bedell Smith arrived upon the scene. With his help, Eden succeeded in pulling Mr. Dulles back from the brink. One more crisis occurred on June 18: "Mr. Robertson . . . at the last moment launched a violent and wholly unexpected attack on the Chinese proposals which the French were working on." But now Mendès-France was in the wings, able and willing to conclude an armistice. "He was," as Sir Anthony notes with Churchillian aptness, "the man for the short lap." Although Dulles had been largely responsible for calling the Geneva Conference, he refused to associate the United States with its outcome. Eden's achievement was nevertheless a major one: "we had stopped an eight-year war and reduced international tension at a point of instant danger to world peace." July 21, 1954, was Eden's finest hour.

The Indo-China crisis should have alerted him to the underlying stress of the Anglo-American entente. Instead, Eden abided by his lofty conception of mutual trust. The American intervention in Guatemala in June, 1954, struck the British Government as inept and perhaps unjustifiable, but London felt that the first priority must be given to the solidarity of the Anglo-American alliance. "If allies are to act in concert

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only when their views are identical, alliances have no meaning." That noble doctrine was to become Eden's epitaph.

THE ROOTS of the Suez crisis can be traced back to April, 1956. During that month, Bulganin and Khrushchev came to London. In the course of discussions on the Middle East, Eden thought it best "to be absolutely blunt about the oil, because we would fight for it." In his opinion, the standard of British life depended closely on the free flow of Middle Eastern oil and on the concomitant free passage through the Suez Canal. Whoever would threaten this flow would be putting his thumb on England's windpipe. In short, a Nasser might succeed where Hitler had failed. Eden is often charged with failing to understand the differences between the two dictators. That is not entirely true. He saw plainly that Nasser was a more petty business. But in certain respects he was better located than Hitler. He could strike at the heart of the British economy while staying close to home. Knowing, moreover, how closely Hitler followed the mad plans set forth in *Mein Kampf*, Eden took more seriously than did other Middle East experts, Nasser's avowed intention of forming a single Arab bloc from Bagdad to Casablanca. When Nasser seized the Canal, on July 26, 1956, he seemed to be on the way to his wildest ambitions.

Why did England and France not act at once? In part, because Eden hoped to prod the United Nations into action. Freedom of navigation was, after all, an international concern and the United States had long left in abeyance its solemn pledge to secure such freedom for Israeli ships. But the more important reason was one of logistics: Cyprus had no sufficient harbor for landing craft and transports, and "We had nothing like enough airborne troops." Unable to use immediate force, Eden set out to marshal world opinion and, above all, American support. The latter was forthcoming but in a manner which Eden judged fatally inadequate:

> At the beginning of the crisis the Americans appeared to wish to isolate Egypt among the nations of the world, and to bring the moral pressure of combined opinion to bear upon Colonel Nasser. This was an acceptable intention, but it took no account of the probability that Nasser would show himself impervious to moral pressure. In practice it was to mean conferences and resolutions, but no action. The result was words.

This is the crux of the Eden case, and the results of the two London conferences of shipowning nations confirmed his gloomy prediction. Nasser derided the proposals brought to him by Mr. Menzies and regarded the very fact of international concern as an insult to Egyptian rights.

Once again, moreover, Mr. Dulles played a queer, shadowy game. At one moment, he was eloquent in support of international pressure on Egypt. In the next, he would refer to the whole conflict as a distasteful vestige of British and French colonialism. One thing would be said to the British Embassy in Washington, another over the direct wire to Downing Street, and a third to State Department cronies who would then leak it to the press. On September 12, 1956, he let the cat gaily out of the bag. He let it be known, in a nearly casual manner, that the United States would not use force and that he did "not recall just exactly what Sir Anthony Eden said on this point." This was to signal Nasser that he could with impunity reject the final proposals of the eighteen-nation conference. From that moment on, Eden and Pineau knew they would either have to surrender to Nasser or go it alone.

Up to that point, Eden's account is thoroughly defensible. It is thereafter that the memoirs become as unconvincing as was the actual Suez campaign. Eden could have argued thus: the American attitude and the Soviet veto made effective intervention by the United Nations impossible. There was clear proof that Nasser was trying to gather the Arab nations toward a renewed attack on Israel. If he were allowed to get away with his seizure of the Canal and given the time to equip his armies with Soviet tanks and planes, there would be no stopping him. This was Nasser's Rhineland. If the democracies fought back now, as they might have done in 1934 or 1936, a potential Hitler might be brought to bay. One can agree or disagree with this estimate. But it is perfectly justifiable. Instead, Eden sticks to his original contention. England and France, he asserts, wished only to separate the hostile armies of Israel and Egypt. The purpose of the entire Suez operation was to safeguard the Canal from "becoming a zone of warfare, and to arrest the spread of fighting in the Middle East."

This makes no sense. One does not arrest a war by joining it. One does not jeopardize one's most precious alliance in order to create a no-man's land between two foreign powers. And by sticking to this curious explanation of his motives, Sir Anthony does nothing to allay one of the gravest charges against him: that of collusion with Israel. Many

Ringing the Bells

And this is the way they ring
the bells in Bedlam
and this is the bell-lady
who comes each Tuesday morning
to give us a music lesson
and because the attendants make you go
and because we mind by instinct,
like bees caught in the wrong hive,
we are the circle of the crazy ladies
who sit in the lounge of the mental house
and smile at the smiling woman
who passes us each a bell,
who points at my hand
that holds my bell, E flat,
and this is the gray dress next to me
who grumbles as if it were special
to be old, to be old,
and this is the small hunched squirrel girl
on the other side of me
who picks at the hairs over her lip,
who picks at the hairs over her lip all day,
and this is how the bells really sound,
as untroubled and clean
as a workable kitchen,
and this is always my bell responding
to my hand that responds to the lady
who points at me, E flat;
and although we are no better for it,
they tell you to go. And you do.

Anne Sexton

observers have stated categorically that the attack on Port Said and Ismailia was timed to coincide with the Israeli sweep through the desert and that England, France and Israel had been in close prior consultation.

BUT whatever his motives, Eden had entirely failed to gauge the reaction both in the United States and in England itself. He had thought that Washington would grant to its closest ally that benefit of the doubt which it often accorded to its enemies. The saddest passage in this sad book is that in which Eden compares the American attitude toward Hungary with its attitude toward Suez:

> The United States representative . . . voiced his suspicion that we were urging the Hungarian situation to divert attention from Suez. The United States Government appeared in no hurry to move. Their attitude provided a damaging contrast to the alacrity they were showing in arraigning the French and ourselves.

Mr. Dulles seemed to find himself in full accord with Mr. Nehru. The latter thought the Anglo-French outrage against Egypt "clear as daylight," whereas he could not follow "the very confusing situation" in Budapest.

But Eden was left in the lurch not only by the United States and most of the Commonwealth. A spasm of revulsion went through England. Its extent has been grossly exaggerated, but undoubtedly a great number of English people were not prepared to support armed intervention even against Nasser. Eden tells pathetically how Lady Eden went out to Trafalgar Square to view the hostile demonstrations. It is a revealing note. Having spent his political life in foreign affairs, the Prime Minister was gravely out of touch with his own people. Here Churchill must bear part of the blame. He had long viewed Eden as his successor but done little to broaden him for the task.

The final blow, however, came neither from Moscow, nor from Washington, nor even from the flaming oratory of Mr. Bevan. On November 5, the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the cabinet that the Suez crisis had unleashed a heavy run on sterling. Reserves were falling fast, he asserted, and he felt dubious whether England could financially sustain further military action. Again, Eden was vulnerable through lack of experience. Like Churchill, he had no interest in the "dismal science" of economics. He felt that he must take his Chancellor's estimate at full value: A cease fire became inevitable.

Now this raises a fascinating question, for who was the Chancellor? None other than Mr. Macmillan. At the start of the Suez venture, Macmillan seems to have given Eden his complete backing. Did he swiftly reappraise the situation when he saw matters going wrong? And might he not, in that event, feel that it was his duty to the Conservative Party, to the Anglo-American alliance and to England to ease Eden out of office? Perhaps we shall never know, but it seems hard to believe that the run on sterling was quite as damaging as Macmillan made out. One cannot help wondering, also, about Churchill's role. Might he have given Macmillan a gentle nod? In view of Macmillan's superb renovation of the Tories over the past three years this would have been ruthless farsightedness. Eden had to go.

And so he did, a sick and bitter man. It is his conviction that present trends in the Middle East are accumulating toward future disaster and that the democracies are repeating in the sixties the errors they committed thirty years ago. The *Full Circle* is a grim one; it seems to lead back to Munich. Sir Anthony is confident that the dark future will justify his action against Suez, though it may not forgive his lack of prompt success (or, one might add, his methods). Many of his readers will disagree. I believe he is right.

New Ear for Emerson

EMERSON, A MODERN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Alfred Kazin and Daniel Aaron. Houghton Mifflin Co. 399 pp. $4.

THE EARLY LECTURES OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Vol. I (1833-1836). Edited by Stephen Whicher and Robert Spiller. Harvard University Press. 545 pp. $12.50.

David L. Norton

TWO GENERATIONS of our forebears looked to Ralph Waldo Emerson as the embodied spirit of religious America, and a third knew his name as the author of a set of volumes shelved prominently in every cultivated home. Then his light failed, and there are few people today in whom the name Emerson sparks more than a dim association or two. Now, suddenly, there are signs that the voice of the Concord saint will be heard again.

The psychic pendulum of the recent past has swung between anger and anguish. Ears attuned to sonic boom and cries of outraged flesh give no response to the serene harmonies of a Transcendental mystic. To have turned to Emerson in the first half of our century would have been an act of madness, like tending a rose throughout a shattering earthquake.

Curiously, both the quakes in our human foundations and the great structures which science has nevertheless managed to build on them throw cold light on two failings of Emerson — his blindness to evil and his disregard for facts. Evil for him was a misunderstanding, a shortsightedness. It threatened only those who lacked a nobler vision. Emerson's own preoccupation with the ideal left him no room for anything less. And facts were merely springboards for the mind. "Nature is no literalist; everything must be taken genially." Facts, he thought, require only to be recomposed by Reason—by which he meant imagination. This past half-century has dealt harshly with geniality and metaphysical imagination.

But signs appear now, indicating that we are ready to forgive. These two books, one popular, one for scholars, will turn new interest toward Emerson. At least two recent studies of current values in our culture have cited Emerson, and called for reorientation on lines he laid down. A traveling exhibit of American art has been organized on Emersonian principles, opposing the sociological mode of interpretation. And soon, I predict, interest in the humanism of the late Albert Camus will evoke a perception of his startling similarity to the Concord philosopher.

If Emerson's voice is becoming audible again, this can mean only that our environment is setting us free, for a time, to contemplate ideal possibilities, to perceive the grains of beauty in ugliness, of truth in absurdity, and of virtue in the unswept corners of existence.

THE *Modern Anthology* is particularly suited as a reintroduction to Emerson's thought. Drawing from the *Essays*, *Journals*, and *Letters*, it regroups the most characteristic passages under themes of current interest. Among the chapters carved out by Messrs. Kazin and Aaron are "An Original Relation to the Universe" (metaphysics and religion),

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"Friendship, Sex, and Other Subtle Antagonisms," "Our Abused Age" (political and social criticism, much of it still fresh today), "Art and Artists," "The Great Man" and "Himself" (introspections).

Clearly, this is a scissors-and-paste book, but the method does no great violence to the originals, for it is a quality of Emerson's own composition that separate ideas stand apart like sculptured islands. He wrote as he thought, aphoristically, trapping the moment's insight, freeing it quickly so as not to smother it, and then capturing another. He never succumbed to the system-building urge; he foresaw, we can be sure, the inevitable sophistries in such an enterprise, and the remoteness of crisp conceptual structures from existence as directly perceived. As George Santayana said, "His finer instinct kept him from doing that violence to his inspiration."

The rules he chose to abide by were those of poetry rather than philosophy. Consequently, he felt no obligation to work an idea beyond the moment of inspiration, or to defend it thereafter. Once, when challenged to give arguments in support of his views, he answered that he had no arguments, and further, that he did not know "what arguments mean in reference to any expression of thought." He perused carefully what flora and fauna he found in his path, relieved of the burden of subjectivism by his confidence that others passed the same way.

Continuity is provided in the *Modern Anthology* by the lucid commentary of the editors, who deserve to be canonized for honestly highlighting Emerson's weaknesses as well as his strengths. Their handling of the "Friendship, Sex . . ." chapter, for instance, makes it clear that some human relationships refused to be spiritualized, even by Emerson, and remained obstinately what they were despite his vision of them as something else entirely.

The Early Lectures is a book for confirmed Emersonians, not newcomers. First of a projected three volumes, it contains twenty-two addresses given by the youthful Emerson after leaving the Unitarian ministry and before the publication of his first book at age thirty-three. Designed to meet specific educational needs of his audiences, they are mainly factual and derivative, only faintly suggesting the originality of his later thought. Nevertheless the five lectures under the heading "Biography" (other categories are "Science," "Italy" and "English Literature") are interesting, for they foreshadow the Emerson-Carlyle thesis that men shape history, rather than the reverse. In new forms, this individualism is returning today to haunt the prevailing orthodoxy.

The candor and serenity which drew people to Emerson in his own time are clearly present in both of these volumes. In him we sense the purest spirit, through him we seem to see a nobler world. If those doctrines which secured his reputation then are more to be held against him now, perhaps this is to our advantage. By clearing away the doctrines of Correspondence and the Over-Soul we can see better what remains, which is considerable. To an age stifled by convention Emerson brings a breath of creative intuition. To a world fragmented by narrow loyalties Emerson offers the unity of poetic truth. Most of all, at a time when we look, awestruck, on the kinetic power of the atom, Emerson turns our eyes to the potential power of human personality.

Highbrow Satire

KO, OR A SEASON ON EARTH. By Kenneth Koch. Grove Press. 115 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

THE JACKET blurb says, *"Ko, or a Season on Earth,* is the first poem of epic length and spirit to appear on the American scene in more than thirty years. Following in the great comic tradition of *Orlando Furioso* and *Don Juan,* Kenneth Koch has written a poem with a subtle interweaving of plots which . . ." etc. Statements like this do a young author no good.

Many poems, some quite good, of epic length and spirit have appeared on the American scene in the last thirty years. In fact, poems of this sort are almost a vice of American authors. They all do it. The conventional ones write folk epics like *John Brown's Body.* The middle brows write *Newfoundland* or—I can't choose a Conrad Aiken, he writes almost nothing else. The highbrows, again there is too much to choose from: Olson's *Maximum Poems,* Zukofsky's *A,* even Eli Siegal has epic intentions, and the compressed Robert Creeley might surprise us any day with a ten-line epic. Almost all these poems are just plain better than Kenneth Koch's *Ko.* Furthermore, some are deeply comic. Some of course are not. American poets run to the philosophic epic—but certainly Zukofsky and Olson have far more kin-

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

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ship with the great tradition of bitter comedy than, as yet, does Kenneth Koch.

There is nothing seriously wrong with this book. In fact, it is pretty good for a second book, especially one conceived on so ambitious a scale. What is this scale? *Don Juan*? *Orlando Furioso*? Certainly not. Kenneth Koch, fortunately for him, has better sense and knows his limitations. The tradition is the light, highbrow satire of *popular* comedy, invented I suppose by Apollinaire and pushed to its greatest achievement toward the end of Dadaism by Soupault, Aragon, Roger Vitrac. Its greatest representative today is Raymond Quennell.

How well does Kenneth Koch carry on this, his real "tradition"? The list of his French ancestors gives an indication to those in the know. These writers used prose, or at the most a kind of irregular free verse when the piece was in dramatic form. And whether classed as fiction or as drama, the dramatic form was kept tense, sharp, lively. Even Kenneth Patchen, who can write when he wants just about any kind of verse he wants, used prose for *Albion Moonlight*. But *Ko* is not *Albion Moonlight;* it is a somewhat lighter *Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*. Now the trouble with wit is that it must be organized in such a way that it never gets tedious. Nothing is harder to sustain. Here there operates a kind of inverse law of diminishing returns. The real resemblance to *Don Juan* and *Orlando* is formal. *Ko* is in eight line, ten syllable stanzas, rhyming ABABABCC. This may have done fine once—but the very point of Byron's verse is that it was deliberately "reactionary" even in his day. In our day it is self-destructive. It is quite impossible to hold interest with this relentless clatter, and the frames of reference that once made it a kind of ironic parody are gone.

Another fault. Young musicians—even young Serialists—usually put too much, too many musical notions, thematic or otherwise, into their compositions. So too Kenneth Koch. This tale is too busy. Too many dogs beaten. Too many jokes. Only utter hilarity like Harold Lloyd can pile up humor safely. Most humor, all wit demand the strictest ordonnance. But this is a good second book, by a promising young writer. If it is far from as good as Quennell's *Zazie in the Metro,* it is probably better than Robert Coates's *Eater of Darkness*. Once Kenneth Koch achieves a more engaging form, he may well be a comic writer to be reckoned with. Now why can't blurb writers say things like that?

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ART

Fairfield Porter

WHEN a critic suggests that something is not worth doing because it has been done before, he is in effect urging an artist toward one of the more exciting aspects of art, the attempt to achieve the impossible. The creation of life by imitating its appearance was the impossibility attempted by the first representative artists. "Life" now has subjective validity, and deadliness is concomitant with what is not achieved, or in Cézanne's phrase, not realized.

The Janis Gallery got together (for an exhibition that closed on March 5) excellent examples of the painting of Mondrian and the sculptures and reliefs of Arp, in what they call their classical phases. The show was beautifully arranged. What these artists have in common is that each in his way made a heroic effort to achieve the impossible. Each one goes to a certain limit, and insofar as they achieve this limit, which is a sort of perfection, what they have done is paradoxical. They fix something—life—which cannot be fixed. However, the paradox is a logical one, for a work of visual art is stationary, it doesn't grow or move, or if it does, it inevitably changes into something unintended. Mondrian's paintings, characteristically straight black bars dividing the white rectangle of the canvas into right angles, with smaller rectangles of red or blue, have a severe, puritanical look; as De Kooning has said, like prison bars. But though the indiscipline of feeling seems to be rigidly excluded, at the same time they are not "thought up," not systematized, nor in the narrowest meaning, willed; but reached by contemplation.

IT TOOK Mondrian a long time of much adjustment to find the exact arrangement, which in every case has the absoluteness of justice. Mondrian seems to deny sensibility, but really what he lacked was quickness of intuition, a quality close to trust. It took him a long time to arrive at his decisions. He needed protection from the world, like an ascetic. He withdrew, to be free from interruption. His unbending exactness of line, his limiting himself to the right angle and to parallels, and to red, yellow and blue, gave an outer support against inner distrust. Certainly the right angle is reliable. But his fierce will was countered by a strong attachment to rhythmical music. His later paintings, like *Broadway Boogie Woogie* (in the catalogue, but not on the wall) are dominated, not by black bars, but by the intervals between squares sectioned from bars; and *New York City, I* (1942) is dominated by yellow bars. They emphasize absolutely controlled rhythm and color. Rhythm is the most temporal aspect of a temporal art, and time is what these paintings control into fixity. The tension is almost too much. Mondrian's effort was always in a way the denial of time, as well as the denial of depth. All of his paintings resemble a section across depth. But depth takes its revenge, and the white background becomes a hole.

Mondrian paintings that relate to music make, as it were, an instantaneous cross-section through the music. Ingres "left it to time to finish his paintings," but Mondrian would not have thought of that. Mondrian's paintings would be perfect raw material for a picture restorer, who wants to make the paintings that come into his workshop look as they looked when they first issued from the hand of their creator. Already the paintings from 1921 are beginning to look a little dingy; the perfect white surface (or in 1921, sometimes gray surface) is covered with fine cracks where the paint strokes have shrunk away from each other. Mondrian denies time, which in its turn has demonstrated its supremacy.

ARP'S tour de force, in his smooth marble abstract sculptures and in the reliefs of flat jig-saw cut-outs on a plane surface, is to reconcile infinite variety with absolute definition. As Mondrian used only right angles, so Arp never uses right angles, seldom straight lines (then only straight line-segments that are part of a continuity, which in topology comes under the definition of a curve), never circles, elipses, or plane surfaces, but always irregular or ovoid curves and surfaces, and incommensurable angles. This is the infinity with which Arp is concerned. He encloses it. He cannot accept infinity, so he goes right to the heart of the matter, and uses it. He not only uses it, he polishes it: he tries to make it completely perceptible. Few artists in any field think about the question at all (maybe Arp does not either, but if not, he has intuitive knowledge of it); they accept variety, they take it for granted, it is the way things are. Arp, too, knows that it is the way things are, but he wants somehow to control it. Like Mondrian, his originality consists in not taking the obvious for granted. But what he does is not (maybe) so impossible as what Mondrian does; for instance, some infinities can be enclosed in a limited space: it is mathematically possible to make a line of infinite length on a postage stamp. His magnificent craziness consists in wishing to have this under his thumb, in not being willing to let anything escape him. And so something does escape him, as it will escape any artist who wishes to deny the mystery of his actual existence. If all there is to life is its infinite variety, Arp gets it; just as, if life can be willed, Mondrian gets it. One can say that life is more than these things, for if infinity can be enclosed on a postage stamp, or if time can be sectioned, what you have is limited to the postage stamp or contained in an instant without duration, and all outside of this is judged invalid. The question is how satisfying are either of these points of view. I think that insofar as they approach logical perfection, they are very satisfying. But sometimes one wants something else.

Snow

Night falls; beloved emblems of earth,
you leave us again with the trees
and the animals, the poor folk
locked into the tunics of soldiers, the mothers
with tear-withered wombs.
Snow kindles a glow for us now on the fields,
like the moon's. O death-stricken ones, batter
our foreheads at last! batter your way to our hearts!
Let there be one to cry out in the quietness
in this whitening circle of graves.

SALVATORE QUASIMODO
(Translated by Ben Belitt)

THERE IS something else at French and Company: a huge exhibition of the sculpture of David Smith. Smith is the first American sculptor to make extensive use of welded steel. In a way, one could call his abstraction an answer to Arp and Mondrian. He does not represent, but his variety is the variety of the direct experience of nature. Nature means landscape (his sculpture looks best out of doors), and it means also experience that comes from more senses than just the visual one; for example, the welding, *Running Daughter*; and nature includes further, one's experience of tools and machinery. Smith's sculpture is sculpture for a new country, an empty country, where a high degree of technical achievement goes with the development of new and relatively uninhabited lands. It is the Coca-Cola bottle glinting in the wilderness, the abandoned gasoline pump at the edge of the virgin spruce forest, the railroad signal tower among the sunflowers of the prairie. It is these things, taken out of context, mischievously or artistically considered. Smith has tremendous energy, and he keeps producing things that have no systematic background of philosophical program; he convinces by the weight of his endlessly various invention, like Victor Hugo, pouring out poetry. But Smith's sculpture seems to me not to be a sculpture for cities, where it is overwhelmed, and where it doesn't add. His *Tank Totems* which were suggested by watertanks on skyscrapers, would not compel your attention on the tops of buildings. In the city his *Sentinels* and *Landcoasters* look like unemployed baggage dollies: inadequate or

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superseded. Smith's various *Agricolas*, suggesting farm implements, make art out of the machinery that rusts with disuse and obsolescence around farm buildings, since they are too large to be got rid of. In this case the organic structural relation to their use with growing things complements both an artificial and natural environment, while the disk-and-bar constructions called *Albany* hold their own best if helped by a bare or uncompetitive background.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF YOU were thirty and inclined toward radicalism in the days of the Federal Theatre Project, you are likely to call Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* (recently revived by the New York City Opera) "dated." If in the meantime your radicalism has been transformed into that form of retirement that passes as aestheticism, you are prone to speak of the American piece as an inferior *Three Penny Opera*.

If however you are thirty today—or if the good old rebel time of which *The Cradle Will Rock* was a landmark passed by without your noticing it as anything more special than a period of bad business—you will probably enjoy the Blitzstein opera as a good show with a quality all its own.

The subject matter and plot of *The Cradle*—though crudely cartoonlike—is no more dated than the libretto of *La Bohème*. One is sentimental about "workers," the other about "artists." The charm of neither is specifically related to its surface story. And while it is true that without Brecht and Weill there would never have been a *Cradle*, Blitzstein has given the *Cradle* its very particular quality.

What it typifies is a certain permanent American big-city young-man cockiness, a derisive unwillingness to take any guff—political, social or casual—from anybody. It's the boy in the candy store, the man at the bar, the alert laborer refusing to be hoaxed by any pretension. It is the poor man's perpetual Bronx cheer against complacency that we hear on any city street not yet razed by traffic or the police. The music alternates between a note of vulgar guying and sweet, heartbroken yearning. Blitzstein is less sophisticated than his German models; more acid in anger, more tearful in hurt.

The new production—staged by Howard da Silva with sets by David Hays—is excellent in every respect, though Blitzstein's orchestration — otherwise very effective—seemed too meager at the end to be as rousing as intended. If this opera is retained in the repertory of the New York City Opera, don't let the snobs or the fearful prevent you from seeing it.

THE CITY CENTER was recently the scene of a perfect theatre event: the presentation by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano of Goldoni's eighteenth-century farce *The Servant of Two Masters*. This production is to tour a number of large cities and if it comes to a town within your compass, don't miss it.

The foreign language should not put you off. The production—including the dialogue—is all action. The players' very volubility is explosively and hilariously theatric, the sense of movement ceaselessly exhilarating. There is a visual histrionic joke (or sight gag) every minute. The precision of each trick or invention sparkles with the freshness of something improvised. The company is one of the finest theatre ensembles anywhere in the world. Such companies are usually associated with "heavy" drama. You will be glad to learn that *The Servant of Two Masters* is all exuberance.

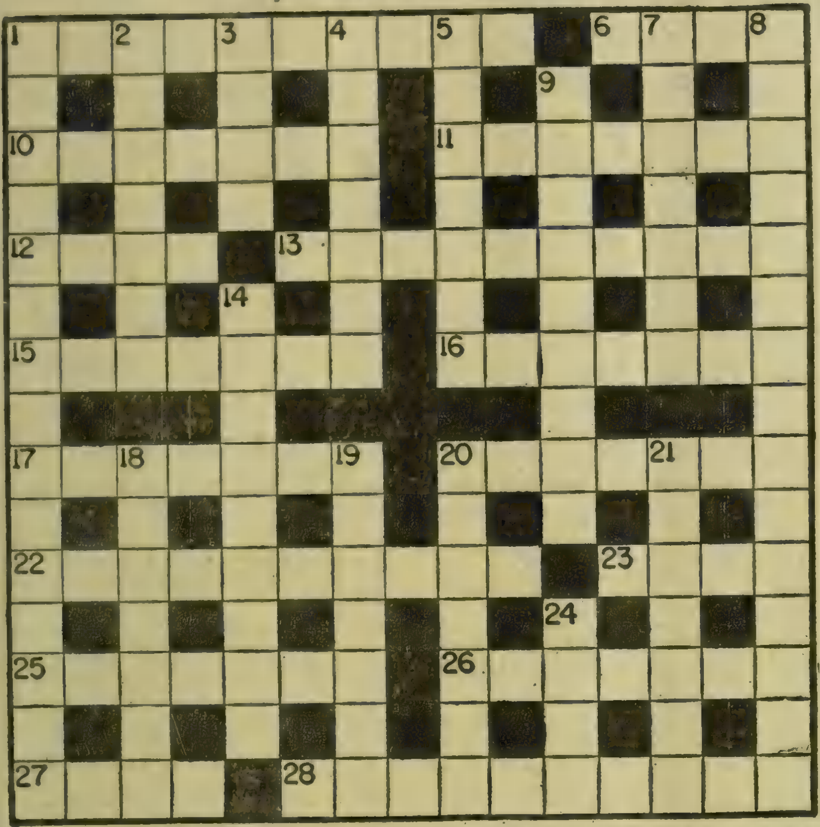
I AM a coward: I hate to admit that *A Thurber Carnival* (Anta Theatre) did not delight me. I was about to write a "rave" review of it saying that I am probably the only person in New York who didn't care for it. Or to evade the issue by saying something cryptic like, "the show is simplicity itself."

Such critical orneriness (or obtuseness) must be explained. Let it be said immediately that this series of Thurber sketches boasts two pretty girls and several admirably cast comedians—Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Peggy Cass, John McIver—and that the scenery which uses Thurber's now classic (and very individual) drawings is cleverly devised. I laughed too—though not nearly as much as most of the audience.

But I was not happy. There is something arid in this humor. I feel as if I were looking at a caricature of a latter-day Winesburg, Ohio, in which every creature was turned into a goon without charm. The world here is dehydrated, deflated, humanly emaciated. There is no trace of affection, joy, even good fellowship. The point of view is so disabused and disengaged as to appear nihilistic. Perhaps we should call it scarecrow comedy. Satire is undoubtedly implicit. But it strikes me as macabre. I am more horrified than amused by it.

Crossword Puzzle No. 858

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might be necessary in a girl-to-boy arrangement. (10)
6 To some extent a reason has no offshoot. (4)
10 To involve the fruit ball inside is completely wrong. (7)
11 See 1 down
12 See 3 down
13 Doesn't sound like a very bright hint, but it's a sign of softening. (10)
15 Evidently the last part isn't paid for, but is still provided with money. (7)
16 Some type might be like the sand—shifted. (4-3)
17 Where to expect dates to be broken, as an alternative? (7)
20 Strangely enough, the 28 is never this, despite the platitude about winning. (4,3)
22 C three H six 0 three. (6,4)
23 The responsibility seems to be placed upon you and me. (4)
25 Even gas gets even! (7)
26 A British politician in a bad condition of paralysis takes the waters in Africa. (7)
27 Soil or clean. (4)
28 The door of one was opened wide in Coleridge's poem. (10)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across But the Delius version wasn't the Tom-Tom number. (4, 3, 5, 3, 3, 4)
2 Tried hard, like a boy who is a dull fellow at heart. (7)
3 and 12 A successful revolution—reputedly to be followed by counter-revolution? (4,4)
4 Everything bound to be around it is scored. (7)
5 Rather low, but not close up to the pike, for example. (7)
7 Gives a 12 or so all over again, about such as Boreas. (7)
8 Implying a mad man couldn't tell the difference between many wines? (3,4,2,1,5)
9 The quality of flesh, when not quite cured? (9)
14 Cry appearing in chants off the floor, perhaps. (9)
18 Not kept by the teller. (7)
19 Red airs rather more conservative than "Comrade!" (4,3)
20 Most of 28's mate gets persuaded, but expressed anger. (7)
21 The place where the chamber is confused and filled with wild noise. (7)
24 Sticks up for a holier-than-thou attitude. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 857

ACROSS: 1 Mad money; 5 Oscars; 10 Vaulted; 11 Hairpin; 12 Motif; 13 Obsession; 14 and 22 Night Watch; 16 Gold leaf; 19 Lampreys; 24 Shipshape; 26 Alert; 28 Doublet; 29 Twelfth; 30 Steady; 31 Presents. DOWN: 2 Doubt; 3 Out of step; 4 Endlong; 6 and 1 down Swiss movement; 7 Applicant; 8 Sonant; 9 Chisel; 15 Gratitude; 17 Lawmakers; 18 Thatches; 20 Exacts; 21 Shelter; 23 Asides; 25 Solid; 27 Elfin.

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—*Helen Lawrenson in* **ESQUIRE** *(March, 1960)*

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LETTERS

Call for a Test Ban

Dear Sirs: At the time of the first Pugwash Conference of nuclear scientists, the U.S., the USSR and the U.K. were the sole possessors of the dread secret of the bomb. Over a four-year period, five Pugwash scientific conferences have brought together 112 eminent specialists from twenty-three major nations, East and West, all of the unanimous opinion that weapons of mass annihilation must be universally banned, and that delay can only lead to the eventual possession of the worst forms of weaponry by every country of consequence around the globe.

With the recent French explosion in the Sahara, membership in the nuclear club has increased to four. Unless international agreement is reached soon to prohibit tests and ban nuclear weapons, each of the other nineteen nations on the Pugwash list, along with others, will in all likelihood be equipping itself with nuclear weapons.

These grave considerations dictate the urgency for the early conclusion of a clear-cut ban agreement at Geneva, where negotiations have been dragging along for fifteen months. There can be no hope whatever of agreement at Geneva as long as pressure for further testing, however limited, continues to be successfully exerted on the White House and the Congress by the U.S. Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and the small handful of official scientific advisers with a vested interest in urging the United States to run the risk of more tests.

America's closest Western allies have restrained themselves from open criticism of the U.S. position with the greatest forbearance, but now seem determined to convince world opinion that they, for their part, favor a different course. The Canadian government has just announced a straightforward new foreign policy calling for the end of all nuclear testing and the complete prohibition of nuclear, biological and chemical warfare. At the same time, Great Britain is giving every evidence of intending to follow the Canadian example promptly.

The rivalries that now seem to loom large between the U.S. and the USSR will be overshadowed by the terrible hazards that will confront mankind if twenty-three or more nations become manufacturers of their own nuclear arms. The eyes of the world are focused on the President of the United States, the one man who can make the fateful decision. Let us hope that his concern for humanity and respect for world sentiment, coupled with his profound knowledge of weaponry and broad experience in warfare, will tip the scales toward the immediate end of nuclear testing as the first step in disarmament.

Cyrus S. Eaton

Cleveland, O.

Advice and No Consent

Dear Sirs: In reviewing Christiane Rochefort's novel *Warrior's Rest* (Oct. 10, 1959), I criticized Lowell Bair's translation for "rendering Miss Rochefort's vivid ribaldry in technical commonplaces." A New York friend later transmitted to me a rumor that the publisher, McKay, and not Mr. Bair was responsible for thus perverting the book's spirit. This rumor the publisher readily confirmed, insisting that changes in and omissions from the original text of the translation had been made on the advice of legal counsel because, it was felt, the original would leave the publisher open to suit for violation of obscenity codes.

Legally, of course, the publisher, as commissioner of a translation, may make any changes he desires. Morally, and aesthetically, it seems to me his responsibility at the very least is to check such changes with the translator and to permit him to revise, as no doubt he could do most competently, any "offensive" passages. But the publisher performed his bowdlerizations strictly on his own.

Moreover, after the *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley* tests, one cannot help doubt the wisdom of a prissy legalism which so seriously depreciates a book's value (and, most ironically, its market success). And is it not pernicious for publishers in any case to submit to the fiction that legal opinion is the proper judge, in a free community, of the merit of a book or any part of a book?

Paul Lauter

Amherst, Mass.

Senator Morse on Peace

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest the editorial entitled "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace" in the February 6 *Nation*.

For many years now it has been my belief that the greatest issue facing the United States and, in fact, all nations, is that of disarmament. I have tried to point out that if we continue this completely immoral armament race with the Soviet Union, our two countries are bound to lead mankind into a nuclear war. Obtaining binding disarmament agreements and using the machinery of the United Nations to settle international disputes are even more important, in my opinion, than closing the missile gap.

I shall develop this thesis during the forthcoming Presidential campaign.

Wayne Morse
U.S. Senator (Oregon)

Washington, D.C.

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THE
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EDITORIALS

There *IS* a Spirit of Camp David

It is sheer fantasy to deny it. After a decade and a half of bitter and dangerous contention, it was hardly to be expected that the two superpowers would achieve a state of millenial love overnight, but the fact is that the world has gone five months without a major crisis. Had anyone predicted, five months ago, that an acrimonious diplomatic row would break out between the United States and another country, with ambassadors mutually withdrawn and the *chargés d'affaires* being bawled out by the inflamed foreign ministers, it would have been automatically assumed that the Soviet Union was the adversary. It is not: the Republic is being badgered by a neighbor who possesses not a single nuclear device or missile — Cuba. The fact is that the United States and the Soviet Union have adopted, on an experimental and tentative basis, an attitude of mutual forbearance, and the experiment has so far been as successful as any realist in international relations could have expected. The differences remain and there is no expectation that they will be obliterated overnight. The problem is precisely for nations with conflicting ideologies and ways of living to occupy the planet together without blowing it up. For the present, at least, East and West are trying not to exacerbate the difficulties that are bound to arise. Joseph C. Harsch points out in the *Christian Science Monitor* that since World War II, we and the Soviets have been "leaning against" each other, each hoping that the other would yield. Both nations have now abandoned this posture, which was as fatiguing as it was futile, and, from the normal upright position of *Homo sapiens*, are perhaps getting a better view of each other. The Russians, for instance, have been extremely moderate in their most recent statements on the Middle East situation, while our own moderation is shown by the reversal of our announced intention to fly into West Berlin above the 10,000-foot ceiling.

Reasonable or not, this ceiling has been the custom in the air corridor between West Germany and Berlin. The Pentagon decided that it wanted to fly cargo jets at higher altitudes. This may have been for sound aerodynamic reasons, but it looked like a resumption of the leaning technique by those opposed to the Summit talks. The Communist press assumed that this was the motive, and it was joined by non-Communist elements in Britain, Scandinavia and other West European countries, which saw the plan as "provocative." Now the President has decided that the flights are not "operationally necessary" at this time, and the Pentagon has acquiesced. There is nothing humiliating about this sensible procedure; it is merely a correction of a maladroit and inopportune proposal. If our cargo jets would be safer at higher altitudes, General Eisenhower can try to work the matter out with Mr. Khrushchev at the Summit meeting. The spirit of Camp David may be succeeded by the spirit of Paris, and it may develop that if the two sides are less insistent on their rights, both will have more rights to enjoy.

Unchallenged

The Newspaper Guild of New York has given its Page One Award for the best magazine reporting of the year to Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason for their *Nation* article, "The Shame of New York." Last year Mr. Cook's *Nation* article on the FBI received the Page One Award for the best magazine writing. Two aspects of this year's award merit special emphasis. The first is that the awards committee consisted of three well-known members of the working press: Oliver Pilat, of the New York *Post*, Robert H. Prall, of the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*, and Ralph Jules Frantz of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The other is that the award was accompanied by a citation which reads: [for] "a courageous and unchallenged political survey of our city." To Mayor Robert Wagner, District Attorney Frank Hogan, Robert Moses and assorted sachems of Tammany Hall, we say: "Please note that word 'unchallenged.'"

The Cow with the Crumpled Horn

Protestants have long constituted a majority of church-goers in this country; the Protestant sects have the largest endowments, the richest treasuries and the glossiest ivies on their churches. In most American communities, the reins of social power remain securely held in Protestant hands. So dominant is the Protestant position that there is no word or phrase in common usage to denote hostility toward Protestantism to compare, say, with "anti-Semitic" or "anti-Clerical" or "anti-Catholic." In their strength and self-confidence, Protestants have even been able to indulge other groups in the illusion, fostered by local concentrations, that they—the minorities—run the country.

Yet from this country's large herd of sacred cows, the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.—and all that it symbolizes—has been excluded. Rather than a "sacred cow," Protestantism would appear to be "the cow with the crumpled horn." Kicked, goaded, milked and otherwise abused, old Betsy Protestant, fat and gentle, has been willing to chew her cud in good-natured contentment, knowing that she is, after all, the sleekest beast in the pasture and the one with the most blue ribbons. Anyone can twist her tail or beat her unmercifully with the milk stool; she merely rolls her gentle eyes heavenward. It is quite inconceivable, for instance, that the House Un-American Activities Committee would dare charge that American Jewry or the Roman Catholic hierarchy was harboring spies, traitors and saboteurs among, respectively, its rabbis and priests, much less that a Secretary of the Air Force would long remain in office if he appeared to tolerate a smear of either faith of the type involved in the notorious Air Force manual. Yet in his groveling appearance before the House committee, Secretary Sharp left the impression that the Air Force secretly agreed with the committee members.

Here and there, however, a few dignitaries have spoken out in mild protest: Francis Cardinal Spellman, to his credit, has deplored accusations of disloyalty against Protestant chaplains in the armed services (the baptism of fire "clears" them, presumptively) or "on the loyalty of the general body of ministers whom they represent." Who knows, given this gracious gesture, but that Secretary Sharp may yet be able to screw up his courage to the point where, in all manliness, he will inform Chairman Walter that he is withdrawing his withdrawal of the offensive sections of the manual.

The State of "Chassis"

The whole world is in a state of chassis.
—*Sean O'Casey*

The "chassis" which developed in the marble halls of the United States Senate on March 4 began routinely enough. "Mr. President—" Mr. Fulbright of Arkansas intoned, and was recognized, but by no one except the chair. "Mr. President," Mr. Fulbright said plaintively, "may we have order in the Chamber?" After several minutes of admonition, the Senate came to order, i.e., several Senators began listening to the speaker, who then launched into one of the most resonant orations since Demosthenes spit out his pebbles.

As is the way with great speeches, Mr. Fulbright viewed with alarm. "We endure in an era of total crisis," he began. "The great truths are denied." If any Senators were in doubt, they probably surmised by this time that their colleague was alarmed by communism. In its current manifestation, according to Mr. Fulbright, communism is something new under the sun, for "the sun itself is no longer inviolate and unattainable. For the first time a would-be conqueror could win the world; win it in perhaps thirty minutes." And whose is the fault? Not such distinguished soldiers as former Army Chiefs of Staff Generals Ridgway and Taylor, nor Generals Gavin and Power, nor distinguished journalists like Joseph Alsop and Walter Lippmann, nor yet the Rand Corporation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. Mankind moves on ideas and few men of ideas come to Washington — "They are not likely to seek service under a Chief Executive who is scornful of their kind."

In a later chapter of his oration, Senator Fulbright invoked Robert A. Lovett, Robert Sprague and Thomas Watson, Jr., who, as related in last week's *Nation*, are eager to give their all for national survival. Mr. Aiken of Vermont interrupted the flood of eloquence to ask whether the witnesses who had testified to the weaknesses of our defense were not engaged in "the manufacture of munitions or the financing of the manufacture of munitions of war, or . . . hold Government contracts, or . . . would like to have larger Government contracts?" Mr. Fulbright replied that it was inconceivable to him that such men could be motivated "by a desire for personal gain." Recalling Clark Field in 1941, when our aircraft were destroyed on the ground (Mr. Fulbright failed to give due credit to the commanding general, Douglas MacArthur), the speaker was supported by Mr. Johnson of Texas who, in a moving interlude, revealed that his sixteen-year-old daughter had come to his office earlier in the evening to pronounce her verdict on an earlier speech of Senato Fulbright: "Daddy, this is the finest speech I have read in a long time." Vindicating Miss Johnson and his other fans, Mr. Fulbright rose to even greater heights, lamenting the presence of toilet water in drug stores, the passing of the American Indian, and our condition as a "20th century Babylon, headless and heartless,' a big, fat target for the ably led Communist world and the clamoring, poverty-ridden new states." On this note he suggested the absence of a quorum and sat down.

In the same issue (March 5) of the *Congressional Record* in which Senator Fulbright's extended remarks are preserved for our posterity (if we have any), Senator Engle of California called the country's attention to the lamentable state of our defenses under the caption, "Two Red Telephones and the Atlas Missile." At Vandenberg Air Force Base, a single Atlas stands ready to fire on twenty minutes' notice, if the young officer in the block house receives the order over one of his two red telephones. About his neck he wears the encapsulated code word on a chain, just in case he should forget it. The young officer also wears a pistol. It is, of course, traditional for a soldier on such duty to be equipped with a sidearm, but it might be better to let this young officer go unarmed. He might read Senator Fulbright's speech and shoot himself.

Total Sincerity

A trade journal, *Uniforms and Accessories Review*, is our source for additional data on the new ethics of television advertising. On pages 34-35 of its spring issue appear specifications for a du Pont commercial scheduled for screening in May. The "story" will involve the adventures of a nurse, a doctor, a bed patient (young female) and her mother; the moral will be that the best healers wear uniforms made from Dacron Polyester Fibre (du Pont).

The note of ethical purity is struck in the following specification for casting the professional roles:

> The actress selected must be a registered nurse; similarly, an actual doctor must be used in the commercial.

We note with some concern that no assurance is given that the girl in bed will really be sick or that the lady hovering anxiously over her will in fact be her mother. Nevertheless this meticulous casting is a long and wholesome step in the direction of total sincerity. It operates on the double principle that doctors and nurses may properly be hired to model a commercial product and that a product endorsed by a model with a medical degree is certified to be the best that money can buy. Could anyone ask fairer than that?

Is Nixon Getting Soft on Communism?

It is a fixed rule in the demonology of communism that when anyone is accused of softness toward it, he is guilty. If he has proved himself relentless, he could not be attacked, since in every moment of his waking existence he would be hunting Reds and while he slept his encephalograms would show that, like a dog, he is hunting in his dreams. It follows that when Governor Wesley Powell of New Hampshire accused Senator John F. Kennedy of being soft on you-know-what, he had ferreted out something which would shortly become clear to every Red-blooded American. Yet, apprised of Governor Powell's statement, Vice President Nixon saw fit to issue the following statement:

> The Vice President has known and worked with Sen. Kennedy since they served together on the House Labor Committee in 1947. While they have some differences on issues, they have always been in complete agreement in their unalterable opposition to communism at home and abroad.

Governor Powell was understandably indignant and demanded that Mr. Nixon "get on the attack in this election." He reiterated that while Mr. Kennedy might be "loyal," he intended to continue to attack his "soft, straddling record in his approach to the Communist menace." The Governor should not stop there. Mr. Nixon may have climbed to power over the bodies of Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, but that was a long time ago. He cannot claim immunity on these grounds today, any more than a woman can lay claim to the title of Miss America 1960 on the strength of having been in the chorus line of the Ziegfield Follies in 1924. Let Mr. Nixon repent and harden himself, or get out of the Presidential race in favor of someone made of sterner stuff, such as Governor Powell.

Bemuse

"Bemuse" is the accepted pronunciation of BMEWS, the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System now in building to thwart the Russians. BMEWS, for those few who are curious about where their money is going, is an advanced radar system, costing up in the billions, the successor to the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line in Canada, which also cost billions but was made obsolete when the Russians inconsiderately went in for missiles instead of aircraft. BMEWS, according to Radio Corporation of America data, is capable of detecting a flying object the size of a house door at a distance of about 3,000 miles. It will be installed at Yorkshire, England; Clear, Alaska; and Thule, Greenland. The Thule equipment is presently housed in a gigantic plastic globe or radome at Moorestown, N.J., whence, as one science writer puts it, Radio Corporation of America scientists "hope it will be able to see missiles: missiles rising, war-bound from the Soviet Union, loaded with hydrogen bombs and headed for New York, Chicago and other American cities." If this means what it says, the scientists' hopes will not be widely shared.

Some of our scientists and engineers are inebriated by their achievements — the same technological fury has no doubt possessed the Russian geniuses — but the prospect is that their latest creations, like their earlier ones, will serve no other purpose than to give them something to discuss in their learned societies. BMEWS, for all its complexity and cost, will give only fifteen minutes' warning of an ICBM's approach. But if we or the Soviets go mad and launch an attack, it is scarcely likely that fewer than hundreds of ICBMs will be sent into action. Warning will be of little avail except to insure that suicide will be mutual. Nor is there any assurance, if insanity prevails, that ICBMs will be used. The Russians could just as well send submarines to within IRBM range of American shores, or closer, and leave BMEWS scanning the skies irrelevantly. There may be a political solution for the missile woes of the nations; there is certainly no technological solution.

NEGRO REGISTRATION LAWS . . *by Thomas I. Emerson*

IN THE excitement over parliamentary maneuver, we seem to be overlooking the serious substantive problems involved in formulating an adequate federal voting bill. The fact is that neither of the two leading bills now before Congress, if enacted in present form, is likely to result in the voting of more than a few thousand Negro citizens in a few scattered districts.

The basic Constitutional issues are not hard to resolve. As to Senators and Representatives, the Constitution gives Congress power to regulate the "times, places and manner of holding elections." A similar power is implied with respect to the election of President and Vice President. Constitutional experts agree that Congress has full authority to take over the entire federal election process, including registration, voting and counting of ballots in both primary and final elections, or any part of that process.

So far as concerns the election of state officials, the powers of Congress rest mainly upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. These give the federal government, acting through the courts or through legislation, authority to prevent any form of state action which denies equal protection of the laws or abridges the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Here, too, the powers of Congress are entirely adequate. To enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, Congress can assume control over all or any part of state elections.

The formulation of concrete methods for making these powers effective, however, poses far more troublesome issues. Experience over nearly a century, as well as currently, sharply focuses the difficulties and frustrations of federal efforts to eliminate racial discrimination. As long ago as 1880 the Supreme Court held that discrimination against Negroes in the selection of juries was a denial of equal protection and nullified the trial of any Negro properly raising the question. But such discrimination is still widespread in the South.

Southern resistance to the segregation decision of the Supreme Court makes the point even more plainly. Nearly six years after pronouncement of that decision, not a single Negro child goes to school with a white child in five Southern states. In five other states, there exists today only token integration, limited to a few dozen or a few hundred Negro children. In the process of thwarting the Supreme Court's decision, the eleven Southern states have, during the six-year period, enacted several hundred evasive laws. At least no one can say the South has not given the proponents of equality in voting full warning of what to expect.

Not only the degree of resistance, but the sheer magnitude of the problem, must be recognized. The report of the Civil Rights Commission last year estimated that in 1956 the total number of Negroes registered to vote in the South was 1,200,000, out of 5,000,000 Negroes of voting age in the area. This constituted 25 per cent of the potential voters, as contrasted with a 60 per cent white registration. If the percentage of Negroes registered were brought up even with the whites — assuming the white proportion remained the same — it would mean enrolling 1,700,000 new voters. Even if a far more modest increase were achieved in Negro voting — say a 10 per cent increase over present figures— it would be necessary for the federal registration system to register 500,000 new voters.

THE assumption underlying all proposals for new legislation is that no substantial increase in Negro voting can be achieved in the foreseeable future through court proceedings under existing statutes. Those statutes do, in theory, protect the Negro citizen against discrimination in registration or voting, and are enforceable by criminal prosecution, injunction proceedings and suits for damages. But the judicial process has proved inadequate to the task, as the Civil Rights Commission indicated.

The reason for this is partly that the Department of Justice has never undertaken any large-scale enforcement program. No criminal prosecutions have been brought in recent years. Since the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1957, giving the Attorney General power to institute injunction suits, the Department of Justice has commenced only four such proceedings. The department justifies this lack of action on the ground that it is necessary to proceed slowly until the Supreme Court has passed on the legal issues. But these issues are actually settled, and the explanation of the department's record is more political than legal.

Another, and more basic, reason for the failure of existing laws is that the criminal prosecution, the injunction and the assessment of damages are simply inadequate tools for coping with the infinite variety of discriminatory practices employed by a multitude of local officials. Some more direct control over registration and voting is essential.

STARTING from this premise, there are several possibilities. One is for the federal government to take full control over registration and voting machinery in federal elections and, if necessary, in state elections. Another is the enactment of a Constitutional amendment eliminating all qualifications for voting except age and residence. The bills currently under consideration, however, follow a more moderate and less certain course. They are all based upon the recommendation of the Civil Rights Commission that federal registrars be appointed to register those citizens who are being discriminated against. And they all rely upon the judicial process—criminal or injunctive — to assure that such federally registered voters will be allowed to vote and have their votes counted.

There are now three main proposals before Congress. One is a bill

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drafted by Attorney General Rogers and introduced by Senator Dirksen as the Administration's program. It provides that if, in an injunction proceeding brought under the Civil Rights Act of 1957, the court finds a pattern or practice of discrimination, it may appoint a Voting Referee empowered to recommend to the court the registration of all qualified persons who have been denied registration by state officials. A refusal to allow any person registered by the court to vote is punishable as a contempt of court.

A second proposal has been offered by Senator Hennings, Chairman of the Senate Rules Committee. This likewise commences with an injunction proceeding under the Civil Rights Act in which the court must find a pattern or practice of discrimination. Upon such a finding, the President is authorized to appoint a Federal Enrollment Officer for the election district, who may register any individual who claims discrimination. The right of such individual to vote is enforced through a supplemental injunction proceeding or criminal prosecution.

A third proposal, embodied in a bill introduced by Senators Javits and Douglas, combines the original commission proposal, with modifications, and the Attorney General's bill. It authorizes the President, without any preliminary administrative or judicial proceeding, to appoint Federal Registrars authorized to register any person from an election district who is a member of the group being discriminated against. Such persons are eligible to vote in federal elections. The bill also includes the Attorney General's procedure for registration by Voting Referees of persons who will thereupon be entitled to vote in both federal and state elections.

IN the House the Rules Committee has finally reported out a civil rights bill embodying recommendations made by the Administration last year, which does not include any provision for federal voting registrars. But the House bill is open to amendment and the Attorney General's, and probably other proposals, will be offered from the floor.

The effectiveness of these various proposals must be measured by the manner in which they deal with four main problems posed by a federal registrar system.

1. The Appointment of Federal Registrars or Referees. The first, and perhaps the most crucial, step is the appointment of the federal registration official. The essential point here is that the procedure be simple and expeditious. A formal administrative or judicial proceeding, involving the taking of evidence, a finding of discrimination in individual cases, reviews, appeals and all the intricacies of protracted litigation, is simply unworkable on the scale necessary to achieve results.

BOTH the Attorney General's bill and the Hennings bill are seriously, indeed fatally, defective in this respect. As a condition of appointment of a Voting Referee or Federal Enrollment Officer, they require a full-scale judicial proceeding, *in each election district,* in which proof must be made not only of individual cases, but of a pattern or practice of discrimination. On the basis of past experience the number of such lawsuits which could be successfully completed in the course of several years would be insignificant in relation to the number of election districts where discrimination now takes place. And if the Southern states reacted, as we must expect, by increasing the number of election districts, the number of Negroes registered would be even smaller.

The Douglas-Javits bill solves this problem, as to federal elections, by providing that the President may appoint Registrars for any election district in a county where he has reason to believe that discrimination occurs. No formal administrative or judicial proceeding is required. This simplified procedure is entirely appropriate and legal. The question of whether to appoint a federal registration official is essentially a matter of legislative policy, turning upon general conditions in the area, not on proof of discrimination against any individual.

The Douglas-Javits bill, however, does not extend the simplified procedure to registration for voting in state elections. The assumption is that, in many or most areas where Negroes obtain the vote in federal elections, political and practical forces at work will give them the vote in state elections. Moreover, if voting in state elections is refused to federally registered voters, proof of discrimination in criminal or injunction proceedings is greatly facilitated. Should this result not be realized, the Douglas-Javits bill makes available the same procedure as in the Attorney General's bill for the appointment of Voting Referees.

2. Who is Eligible to Register? Once a federal official has been appointed, who should have the right to register with him? The best system is one which defines broadly the category of those eligible and places the fewest conditions upon their right to apply.

Here, also, the Attorney General's bill is both restrictive and complicated. It conditions the right to register upon proof that the applicant has previously been denied the opportunity to register by state officials or rejected by them. This does not meet the problem. The devices employed to prevent Negro voting in the South are designed not only to reject the relatively few Negroes who actually apply for registration, but to discourage the great majority from making the attempt at all. Thus, to require each applicant to show that he has applied to state officials, or been affirmatively prevented from doing so, adds an unnecessary complication and forces the applicant to undergo the humiliation and risk of exhausting state procedures.

The Hennings bill and the Douglas-Javits bill are much preferable in this respect. They authorize the federal official to register anyone in the category discriminated against, that is, any Negro in the election district.

3. Procedure in Registering. A third factor in any scheme of federal registration involves the actual procedure of registration. This should be done in the usual way, by the applicant simply presenting himself before the federal registration official and establishing his qualifications. To the extent that this process becomes an adversary proceeding, in which hostile state officials oppose

(*Continued on page 264*)

TITANS, OLD FOLKS AND FEEBLE CLERKS

VISTA OF THE '60s . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

I

YESTERDAY, a group of metal-trades workers won a small fringe-benefit increase. Their new measure of security is as illusory as it will be short-lived. For they will not long have the jobs with which their new benefits go.

Today, industrial management, alarmed by high labor costs, firmly resolves to find a substitute for the expensive manpower in the plant.

Tomorrow, a new milling machine controlled by punched paper tape will move into the plant and the "secure" jobs will vanish. Not all at a blow, but steadily and certainly.

Thus, quietly, the American industrial hourly work force is disintegrating.

Even middle management is losing its outposts of power. That great Sahara of Mediocrity made up of men above the rank of foreman and below the rank of vice president is attenuating. "Recentralization," a word seldom heard, is a practice that will increase with each passing year. It will obliterate the middle managers' celebrated teamwork, shatter their hopes of advancement and leave them a group of feeble clerks.

Real corporate power will concentrate into fewer and fewer hands — the eager hands of a top management that controls what it does not own. The Titans of industry will be beholden to no one save the stockholders, their own consciences and a potent High Priesthood of scientists who will form a staff elite possessing immense power.

At the same time, an aging population will increasingly become a population on fixed incomes. Those people over sixty-five and retired will have long outpaced the withered industrial work force in total numbers and in political power. As medical science prolongs lives, and thereby increases the proportion of old people in the nation, a new set of political and economic conditions will assume the dimensions of majority will.

This inquiry centers on three of the most obvious effects of the radical changes we are now undergoing and then attempts to examine some of the less obvious effects and their future course.

As the production powers of America become increasingly concentrated, a marked change in the equilibrium of interests is already manifest. Probably the quickest way to get to the core of the matter is to consider, first, the agents of change (the three principal economic pressure groups) and their several interests.

The division of society into propertied and non-propertied classes is now an archaic nomenclature. Today the lines must be drawn among the three basic power blocs that interact and tend to counterbalance each other:

1. The salaried, managerial-professional class that controls (but does not own) industry and the organizations of finance and commerce;

2. The wage-earning industrial work force that acts — through its unions — as the "loyal opposition" to management's "establishment" and checks the inequities that management may promote;

3. The fixed-income, retired class (or rentiers) that tends to align itself with management in economic interests, but is a class distinct because of its unproductive nature.

As with any generalization, this division is not entirely precise; but it will give passable service. Again, to generalize, both managers and rentiers are growing in power at the expense of the wage earners.

It is appropriate, then, to examine closely what is happening to the disintegrating bloc of wage earners.

II

> I think that, upon the whole, it may be asserted that a slow and gradual rise of wages is one of the general laws of democratic communities. In proportion as social conditions become more equal, wages rise; and as wages are higher social conditions become more equal.

Thus wrote de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America* in the eighteenth century. More than half way through the twentieth century — March, 1958, to be exact — a worker named Roosevelt Barton was laid off at Chrysler's Detroit body plant. Barton took the blow philosophically. The same thing was happening to many others who were making $2 an hour, as he was. Even if he was unskilled, there would be another good job soon. At the very least, there would be the unemployment check every week until things picked up again.

A year later he was still waiting. His old job didn't exist any more. And what was harder for him to understand was that his old plant was offering its remaining workers overtime. "I could understand it at first," he said. "Sure. Car sales were down . . . they had to do something. But things are changed now and I got to drive a truck for a dry cleaner at $65 a week because I couldn't get the job back at the factory. And the wife's got to work at day work and the kids run free. . . ."

Roosevelt Barton and thousands like him in Detroit were feeling first pangs of "technological unemployment" among the semi-skilled and the unskilled. For many other wage-earning manufacturing workers, the story will be much the same. The young men without skills will be the first to go. A disproportionate number will be Negro. But until the day the wage earner gets laid off, he will be well paid — so well paid that the impersonal logic of cost reduction will oblige his management to do without him.

The clearest indication of what is happening to the wage-earning class can be seen in the membership rolls of the big industrial unions: the Autoworkers, Steelworkers, Electrical Workers, Railroad Brotherhoods and Mineworkers.

During the 1957-'58 recession, 2.4

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million manufacturing jobs disappeared; in recovery, only a fraction was replaced. From an all-time peak of 1.5 million members in 1953, the Autoworkers are down to about 900,000. From 1.3 million members, the Steelworkers have shrunk to about 900,000. The International Union of Electrical Workers have dropped from 400,000 to 300,000. Railway employment has dropped from 1,042,000 (1956) to about 810,000. The Mineworkers, once boasting 700,000 members, today have only 218,000. (The growth of the Teamsters, it should be noted, is the one exception of consequence.)

The big industrial unions form the backbone of the industrial work force. The unions' emasculation by factors beyond their control is undermining the workers' feeling of solidarity. Those still at work in manufacturing are becoming better paid, but their status is changing. The Mineworkers, with a $90-million welfare fund for 218,000 members, is a union far different from the old union of 700,000 members. "They'll get themselves down to ninety members one day, then retire themselves as millionaires," is the way one mine operator put it. His comment serves to illustrate this significant change in status. In a real sense, today's wage earners constitute a new oligarchy of skilled workers who are losing their identity as part of the industrial work force as their real income rises and their number dwindles.

Dwindling union membership figures gain more meaning and substance when added to other evidence. The evidence falls into six broad categories.

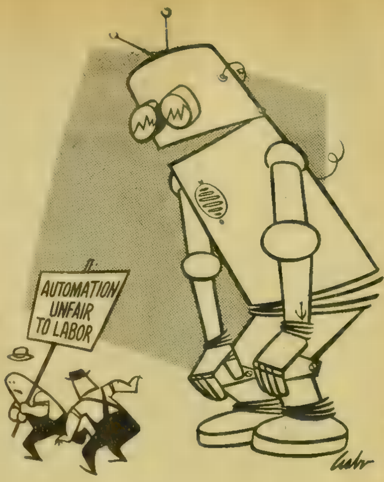
1. The labor force. In 1919, according to Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, goods-producing workers outnumbered service workers almost two to one; but by 1958, goods-producing workers numbered about 25 million, while service workers numbered about 30 million.

2. Fixed costs. The rise in fixed costs — rent, amortization and certain taxes and salaries — noted by most experts is a strong indication of a decreasing percentage of total manufacturing costs accounted for by wage earners, as, for the most part, wage costs fluctuate with volume of output. One estimate, made by *Factory* magazine along with the McGraw-Hill Department of Economics (and drawn from the U.S. Bureau of the Census annual *Census of Manufacturers*), listed these aggregate fixed-cost figures (in 1947-'49 dollars): 1939, $26.1 billion; 1947, $46.2 billion; 1950, $55.1 billion; and 1956, $75.3 billion.

3. Number of engineers. Engineers, as is well known, abound in direct proportion to the amount of highly specialized, mechanized production equipment. During a 100 per cent increase in productivity between 1928 and 1955, the number of engineers per 100 industrial workers rose by 250 per cent. To put it another way, in 1928, there was one engineer per 100 workers; in 1952, there were two and a half per 100 workers. On the conservative supposition that there were about 475,000 engineers in industry in mid-1959 (and a work force of 16.5 million, assuming no steel strike), the ratio is now about three per 100.

4. Cost distribution. Labor costs have always ranged between 35 and 55 cents on the cost dollar. Management says its direct and indirect labor costs are by far the heaviest obligation it has to meet. Past history supports this contention, but the present facts do not. The September, 1959, *Monthly Bank Letter* of the First National City Bank of New York lists these costs (in terms of percentages of receipts by 100 of the largest U.S. non-financial corporations) in the year 1958: materials (including goods and services purchased), 54.4 per cent; labor, 26.6 per cent; depreciation, 4.6 per cent; all taxes, 8.1 per cent.

5. Maintenance costs. The extremely costly mechanized and automated equipment that is displacing workers requires specialized and consistent maintenance. Thus the figures *Factory* magazine has used to describe the growth in importance of the maintenance function can be viewed also as an index of the decreasing importance (and rising costliness) of the remaining production labor. In 1947-'49 dollars, the figures for maintenance in the three postwar years compared with 1959 were as follows: 1946, $5.4 billion; 1947, $7.2 billion; 1948, $8.6 billion; and 1959, $14 billion. Adding further significance to these figures is another set of findings developed by the magazine's editors, Carl G. Wyder and Carroll W. Boyce ("Maintenance Management Practices Today," October, 1958), indicating that manufacturing industry is specializing its maintenance in instrumentation, electronics and mechanical-millwright work—all processes that require high skills, high wages and heavy training; and all of which give further indication of the pace of mechanization.



6. Wage increases. The bargaining success of the unions representing the industrial wage earners is another sign of management's incentive to automate more fully. Thus an industry such as the textile industry, which is not regarded as particularly profitable or highly modernized, has granted its workers only 52 per cent more in wages since 1947. The wage figures (uncorrected for inflation) on a per-hour basis are $1.04 in 1947, $1.58 by May, 1959. On the other hand, wages in primary metals (including steel, aluminum and copper) have risen 106 per cent from an average of $1.33 an hour in 1947 to $2.74 an hour in May, 1959. Metals producers have been busily automating for the last decade.

In addition to the steady wage gains, these union members have won an average of twelve fringe benefits, the typical package including unemployment compensation, paid vacations, cost-of-living escalation, life insurance, hospitalization insurance and other health benefits, a pension, paid holidays, workmen's compensation, travel insurance, a tuition-refund plan and overtime and shift premiums for working unusual hours. These benefits, of course, are provided jointly by the company and the government. Nevertheless, the cost that the company's portion adds to the basic wage makes management all the more anxious to decrease the hourly work force.

It should be pointed out, in concluding this discussion of the various indexes of the disintegrating industrial work force, that *total* automation is not likely to occur except in those industries that produce a limited number of products of standard manufacturing dimensions and sell them in a mass market. Thus a turbine maker will need his craftsmen and highly skilled production men at least as long as the present basic turbine design remains unchanged. But that serves to emphasize the point at hand: Those workers who remain in industry will themselves become a privileged class, losing their identity with the unskilled (the traditional fabric of the wage-earning class). In their disorganization, the poorest, least skilled will have no suitable bargaining position within institutions now available to them from which to redress the inequities they suffer.

THE SIX indexes we have examined have a relationship to the marked rise in productivity achieved by industry in the past thirty years. Since 1928, productivity has doubled. Since 1880, it has quintupled. There is a distinct relationship between increasing productivity, increasing labor costs, a weakening wage-earning class and increasing automation. Ewan Clague, Commissioner of Labor Statistics of the U.S. Department of Labor, said the Labor Relations and Arbitration Conference at San Francisco in May, 1959:

> Over a long period of time there is a reasonably close relationship between output per man-hour and the real hourly wage income of workers. . . . Since World War II there has been a change in the composition of the labor force in manufacturing. . . . There has been a difference in the growth of production workers since 1947 as compared with all employees. In January, 1948, production workers numbered about 13 million and non-production workers numbered a little more than 2½ million. The latter includes supervisors, engineers, economists, statisticians, scientists and other such groups. Note that production workers fluctuate with the business cycle, rising in prosperity and falling in business recession. On the other hand, there is less variation in the employment of non-production workers. In January, 1959, eleven years later, production workers numbered less than 12 million, while non-production workers had risen to nearly 4 million. . . .

Hence it is clear that the wage-earning class not only is weakening, but that its poorest members — as always — bear the brunt of business recessions. Without a skill, you don't draw top pay; without a skill, you are the first man laid off. Proportionately, those least able to pay, pay the most. As the strength of the wage-earner class diminishes, it will find itself increasingly helpless to bargain for the security enjoyed by non-production labor during times of business distress.

Thus the business cycle, the wage spiral, the march of automation, increasing productivity, advancing technology and an expanding economy all work together to diminish the power of the wage earner; to drive him from his traditional central role in manufacturing industry and to send him on his own Diaspora into less integrated, widely scattered service industries where his union—if any—will be equally scattered and feckless.

TO GAUGE the pace of the disintegration of the industrial work force, it is well to consider the different types of automation (which range from the negligible to the complete). This will serve not only to illustrate the probable pace of disintegration, but also to illustrate a strange paradox of automation: The lower the level of automated machinery, the higher the production skill required to operate it, and the higher the level, the less skill. Thus, as James R. Bright (writing in the *Harvard Business Review* of July-August, 1958) put it: "In the metal-working field, the effect of automatic cycling is to substitute workers of lesser training (machine operators) for machinists."

Bright's study ("Does Automation Raise Skill Requirements?") went on to list seventeen levels of automation. The first — and lowest — range includes hand, hand tool, powered hand tool, and a power tool with hand control; the range is called "Hand Control." His second range starts with a tool performing a single function on a fixed cycle, the same sort of tool with a sequence of fixed functions, a remote-controlled power tool, and a tool actuated by the introduction of a piece of material. This range is called "Mechanical Control."

The third range, classified by Bright as the "Variable Signal Response" level, ranges from a tool that measures the characteristics of the work to a tool that records performance. His fourth—and ultimate range — is labeled "Variable Control." It includes extremely sophisticated devices (such as tools that respond in speed, position and direction to a measurement signal), and ranges up to tools that anticipate action required and adjust themselves accordingly.

"At some point above level four (i.e., above the first range) the education required by the worker no longer increases," Bright concludes. He adds that in terms of physical effort, manipulative skill, experience, responsibility and influence on productivity, the worker's contribution is generally decreasing and, in many instances, is already nil.

It seems safe to conclude, then, that the need for the production worker will continue to drop along with the need for higher skills among wage earners (at least among those not already possessing them). As a result, what can be expected to happen is that a certain portion of middle-management will become downgraded to fill the gap that is too broad for the wage earner to bridge. In a few instances, no doubt, the most intelligent, best-trained workers will have a chance to jump the chasm; but not many and not often.

WE HAVE discussed the disintegration of the industrial work force in general terms. Now let us examine in specific terms the effects of what industry calls "cost reduction" or "cost improvement" in two typical plants. (Both terms describe *labor-cost* reduction, in the main. To the degree that labor-cost reduction succeeds, the hourly work force in the plant diminishes in number and in power.)

At the Sturtevant Division of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, in Hyde Park, Mass., the 1959 budget for cost reduction was $600,000. In 1956, the century-old plant cut $403,000 in costs; in 1957, the figure was $602,000; and in 1958, it was $493,000.

A good example of a cost-cutting project at Sturtevant is a one-man assembly line for an air-cleaner unit. One operator lowers an air-cleaning sub-assembly onto a roller conveyor, and then, by means of an intricate system of overhead conveyors, brings all the components together in fifty-seven minutes. The same job used to take 105 minutes. At the end of the line, he feeds the finished and crated unit to a large C-hook that lifts the unit off to the shipping dock. This is typical of how "cost reduction" cuts the labor force in an old plant.

IN NEW plants, the story is the same — only more so. When Westinghouse built its new transformer plant in Athens, Georgia, it engineered the entire layout for maximum machine production. In its 560,000 square feet of floor space, the plant has only 200 production and maintenance workers. With the managerial, engineering and other staff personnel added, there are fewer than 400 employees in all. In terms of population density, that makes the Athens plant less than three times denser than the average suburban subdivision if you figure a family of four has a one-third acre lot (about 15,000 square feet) for its own. (Four men at the Athens plant have 5,600 square feet in which to roam.)

No man in this plant picks up an object weighing more than two pounds. In building the body of the high-voltage Westinghouse transformer, fifteen *automatic* welding machines, ten *automatic* positioners, and two *automatic* turnover devices perform fifty-five assembly operations on any of thirty-two different pieces without a single production worker.

IN 1949, SIXTEEN of every 100 manufacturing employees were white-collar workers; in 1959, the ratio rose to twenty-three. Workers who remain in manufacturing will increasingly reach white-collar status. A University of Chicago research group estimates that the proportion of white-collar workers in the entire civilian labor force rose from 5.7 per cent in 1870 to 15 per cent in 1910 and to 27 per cent in 1950. Today the figure is probably close to 33 per cent. But only 16 per cent of these workers are unionized.

The differences in dress and style of life — even in manner of speech — set the white-collar worker apart (at least in his own mind) from the wage earner. Additionally, the white-collar worker, for the most part, can work at his own desk, be in physical proximity to management, be relieved of over-the-shoulder supervision, move about the office when he pleases, carry on an active social life over corporate phones, and work just nine-to-five.

Industry is not insensible to the psychological balm of status. The public relations department of the big corporation is trying to expunge the word "worker" from its lexicon; the payroll consists of "employees," not "workers." Steel, hoping to gain all the support it could in its 1959 battle with the United Steelworkers, had not laid off any of its white-collar workers in Pittsburgh after seventy-one days of the strike, despite the fact that these workers were playing gin rummy on the job, taking 180-minute lunch hours, and anxiously awaiting work assignments that were not forthcoming. In contrast, in the thirty-five-day strike of 1956, the companies laid off office and clerical help and put low-echelon managers on short work weeks after just a few days.

The sort of attitude that will become increasingly typical of workers granted white-collar security is well summed up by these phone company workers (as noted in 1958 by Joel Seidman's University of Chicago Press book, *The Worker Views His Union*):

> I think the public thinks pretty well-respected people work for the phone company. And as a general rule, when you talk to anybody and tell them that you work for the telephone company they tell you that you have a good thing there. . . . They don't take you as a laborer or somebody. They attach a little prestige to it; and the people who work here, I guess, feel the same way.
>
> They [the union] put out a paper and they show a very radical attitude. . . . And they always print all the bad things the company does and they make it sound so much worse than it is; it's so colored, so prejudiced — as if the company is your enemy.

The industrial work force disintegrates at just the time when a new codicil has been tacked onto the American dream: Respectability with Security. Workers who remain in manufacturing industry will associate themselves more with the middle-class instincts of the white-collar employee and will — as their corporations wish — call themselves employees, not workers.

As one observer has suggested, "One approach [to promoting cooperative motivation among workers] is to associate the workers' interests more closely with the management's, so that they will be willing to bear the risks and frustrations. . . . Profit-sharing plans and yearly salaries are ways of doing this."

Whether anyone sets out to associate the interests of the two groups more closely or not, they will automatically become more closely associated as the industrial work force continues to wither. The wages of those who stay will become their salaries; their militant solidarity will become prim respectability; and their sympathy for their fellow workingmen will become affection for the firm that employs them.

So much for our inquiry into the disintegrating industrial work force. Coincident to this change is a far subtler alteration going on in management that will have equally far-reaching effects.

III

The changes taking place in management have attributes similar to the changes taking place in the general economy. Whereas the three principal groups in the economy at large are the manager-professionals, the industrial work force and the retired persons, or rentiers, the divisions within management are top management, the "High Priesthood" (or staff elite) and middle management. Both top management and the High Priests are gaining power at the expense of middle management, just as in the economy at large, management and the fixed-income population are gaining power at the expense of the industrial work force.

Recentralization is bringing more power back to headquarters management, while vastly increased industrial-research expenditures (up more than 160 per cent from 1953-'54 to 1959-'60) are indicative of the growing importance of the scientific-engineering contribution to industry. The middle manager, meanwhile, loses power as more of the daily decisions which he once provided become the responsibility of centralized computers and the High Priesthood.

"If you think you've seen a lot of changes in business, just stick around a few years." That is what a senior partner in a management consulting firm told *Dun's Review & Modern Industry* magazine. "In one way or the other," said the magazine, "many top executives are saying the same. And they're not just talking about market shifts and technological changes. Equally significant . . . are the sweeping organizational changes taking place today in industry." ("Top Management Tightens Controls," July, 1959.)

Hundreds of companies that decentralized right after the war are recentralizing again. Among them are Rheem Manufacturing Co., American Bosch Arma Corp., Raytheon Manufacturing Co., Socony-Mobil, American Brake Shoe Co., and Olin Mathieson. Recentralization is motivated by the desire to control costs by means of co-ordinating marketing, finance and long-range planning. Before recentralization, Olin Mathieson's fifty plants and various autonomous divisions "were running off in different directions and the company soon was falling apart under its own weight." American Bosch Arma's "talented engineers . . . had lots of interesting irons in the fire, but costs were so high and accounting so poor that the company was racing toward Skid Row. . . ."

As the "cost-push" continues, the pressures for recentralization are sure to grow. Harold J. Leavitt of Carnegie Tech and Thomas L. Whisler of the University of Chicago, looking forward to the 1980s, have concluded that a new technology of management that they call "information technology" will totally redistribute management organization and the control of managerial power. Writing in the November-December, 1958, *Harvard Business Review* on "Management in the 1980s," Leavitt-Whisler predict four major developments:

¶*1.* Information technology should move the boundary between planning and performance upward. Just as planning was taken from the hourly worker and given to the industrial engineer, we now expect it to be taken from . . . middle managers and given to . . . specialists. Jobs at today's middle-management level will become . . . covered by sets of operating rules governing the day-to-day decisions that are made.

¶*2.* Large industrial organizations will recentralize, top management will take over an even larger proportion of the innovating, planning and other "creative" functions.

¶*3.* A radical reorganization of middle-management levels . . . with certain . . . jobs moving downward . . . while other[s] . . . move upward into . . . top management.

¶*4.* The line separating . . . top from . . . middle [management] will be drawn more clearly and impenetrably than ever, much like the line drawn in the last few decades between hourly workers and first-line supervisors.

Leavitt-Whisler foresee an increased emphasis on creativity, along with the Titans' growing ability to control their middle management. "Decentralization," they say, "has been largely negatively motivated. Top managers have backed into it because they have been unable to keep up with size and technology." But the new age "promises to allow fewer people to do more work . . . [and holds the] . . . promise of allow[ing] the top to control the middle. . . ."

IMPLICIT in this discussion (as in the preceding discussion of the disintegration of the industrial work force) is the growing centrality of the electronic computer and data-processing techniques to industrial progress. The history of that development was sketched by Jay W. Forrester, Professor of Industrial Dynamics at M.I.T., in a *Harvard Business Review* (July-August, 1958) article, "Industrial Dynamics." Forrester saw the growth of data processing as falling into five five-year phases:

> ¶From 1945 to 1950 was the period of electronic research and the demonstration that machines having many thousand vacuum tubes would indeed operate.
>
> ¶From 1950 to 1955 was the pioneering period in applying computers to the solution of scientific and engineering problems.
>
> ¶During the present period, 1955 to 1960, electronic machines are being substituted for clerical effort in commercial organizations.
>
> ¶From 1960 to 1965 we can expect to see the application of digital computers to physical process control. Already there are digital machine-tool controls. . . .
>
> ¶From 1965 to 1970 we should see all these developments converging into pioneering developments in the central management process. The routine, repetitive types of decisions will become more formalized, while management creativeness will be directed to *how* decisions and policies should be made rather than to the actual repetitive making of such decisions.

The "feedback" accorded the Titans by their data-processing ganglia will allow them to enlarge further their central role in the economic affairs of the nation. Ultimately, immense power will funnel into the hands of, at most, 10,000 men who direct the nation's 500 largest corporations.

We shall return to a discussion of the Titans' power and interests once we have explored the growth of the staff elite and the metamorphosis of middle management more fully.

DR. IRVING P. KRICK of Denver, Colo., is earning his keep at the Shell Oil Company. Dr. Krick predicts the weather. In early 1958, he gave Shell a set of predictions covering the weather in eighteen marketing areas. For the nation as a whole, he was 99 per cent right. But his outstanding accomplishment wasn't his highly accurate over-all forecast; it was his warning that December, 1958, would be much colder than normal.

"The oil industry," observed *Petroleum Week* magazine, "stands to gain greatly from any consistent improvement in predicting the weather. W. J. Sweeney, vice president of Esso Research & Engineering Co., has told the American Petroleum Institute that even a 50 per cent improvement in seasonal . . . forecasting could save the oil industry $100 million a year in reduced tankage costs and savings in lower inventories."

General Electric's recent reorganization of its "human relations" apparatus into a single department in charge of a full-fledged vice president is further indication of the growth of the staff elite. The task of G. E. social scientists is to find out "what it is that motivates people . . . to do a better job." Behavioral scientists are becoming more and more important to industry, not only in "human engineering" but in designing and distributing new products and services.

The increasing entry of industry into research is another symptom. The figures are illuminating. According to a survey conducted by the McGraw-Hill Department of Economics, the outlay for industrial research almost doubled between 1953 and 1957. Even in the recession year of 1958 the total expenditure was in excess of $7 billion. The jolt that Russian competition has given to military and defense research in America has been transmitted — almost at full force — to industrial research as well. *Fortune*, in January, 1957, estimated a total research and development expenditure in the 1959-'69 decade of $160 billion. By January, 1960, *Business Week* was estimating an annual total of $28 billion for research by 1969.

UNTIL THE present, one fact that has been slow to impress itself on industry is that there is a considerable time lag between initiation of a research program and tangible, salable results. This lag has given all but the most progressive corporations a bad case of research ambivalence and has disturbed traditional "practical" values. Hard-headed, accountancy-orientated companies have been notably unprogressive, whereas sales-orientated companies like du Pont, General Electric and Reynolds Metals have shown in their profit figures the uses of a more venturesome spirit. Yet often the very nature of research ill accords with "practicality," as was evidenced when former General Motors president Charles Wilson—an eminently practical man—indicated that "Research is what you do when you don't know what you're doing."

The capricious fate that produces valuable new processes and products in random fashion has made most of industry shy away until recently. Consequently the scientist has not felt at home in an industrial environment. But all that is changing. An industry that remembers that stainless steel was developed by mistake, that nylon just happened, and that the transistor was discovered incidentally, is adopting a new stance.

The insatiable hunger for more sales ultimately requires new products (and, more ominously, an advertising effort to "create" the need for these new products). This year, new products will account for 13 per cent of all manufacturers' sales (compared with 8 per cent in 1956), according to McGraw-Hill findings. And the same survey also reported the following pattern of relationships between capital expenditures for expansion of production of old products and expansion of production for new products:

Shift in Capital Spending
(in pct. of total spending)

	1956	*'60*	*'65*
Old Products	46	30	22
New Products	6	17	30
New tools and processes	48	53	48
Total new expenditures	54	70	78

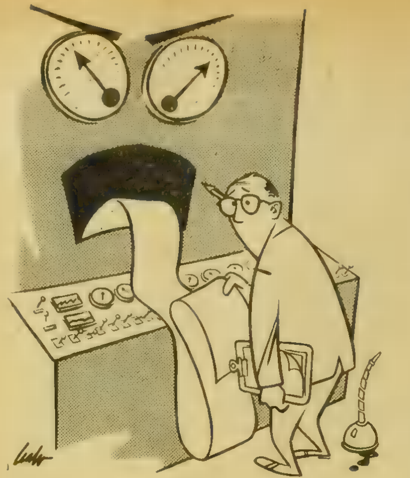
Source: *"Survey of Manufacturing Industry, 1958," McGraw-Hill.*

Thus industry's increasing dependence on research—and therefore on its High Priesthood—will sooner or later result in a high degree of independence and power for the men who will be the principal source of increased sales potential. But it will also result in a long-range downgrading of the status, numerical importance and authority of middle-management positions. In fact the high authority to which middle management has risen will be viewed, in retrospect, as an organizational fluke.

Imagine, for instance, the ABC Manufacturing Company's Eastern Plant, which last year produced $1,860,000 worth of Whammits. Its net profit was $96,000; it spent $360,000 for direct labor, $540,000 for direct material and $234,000 for manufacturing overhead in winning its profit.

Middle management at Eastern had always supervised the control of direct labor (including regular time, overtime, bonuses, taxes and fringe benefits); direct materials (including opening and closing inventory management); and overhead (including supervision, inspection, fuel, power, supplies, maintenance and repairs).

But sooner or later the greater part of these control functions can and will be "computerized," and the computers will be programed by men who know far less about plant operations than they know about



mathematics. Functions aimed at controlling direct costs of labor (such as methods improvements, plant layout, production planning, sales co-ordination and accounting) will respond to the unafraid clacking of a computer. Direct-material functions (like quality control, value analysis, inventory control) will follow the same course. Manufacturing overhead (for example, material handling and certain types of scheduling) will likewise be governed by the impersonal and remote judgment of a computer that gets its sense of values from the High Priesthood.

Thus middle management has good prospects of mutating into a class more in keeping with its lust for security—a class of docile and feeble clerks.

IV

While the industrial work force decomposes and management grows more highly structured, the fixed-income class—increasing with the increase in longevity—becomes a vastly more influential power bloc. Its demand for a stable dollar will meet with sympathetic response from the Titans. What better way to fight off higher wages than by a sturdy stand in favor of price stability and against "inflation"?

In July, 1959, 67,596,000 Americans were at work (2,500,000 were in the armed services, and about 3,500,000 were unemployed). Of the total number at work, 12,212,000, or 18 per cent, were in the industrial work force (identified in the federal census as "operators"). The next largest group, clerks, acounted for 13.8 per cent of the total, while craftsmen-foremen, the third largest group, accounted for 13.2 per cent.

But already, by 1959, the fixed-income population had surpassed the industrial work force. With a membership of about 14,000,000, the old folk represented a bloc equivalent to more than 21 per cent of the entire active group of working Americans. Even if we include some of the craftsman-foreman category and some service workers as part of the industrial work force, it would contain, at most, no more than 14,000,000 members. At the most liberal estimate, then, the industrial work force is no larger than the fixed-income group.

But figures put out by the Census Bureau indicate a rapid growth of the fixed-income population. The population estimates for "over-sixty-five" Americans (drawn from the Census Bureau Series P-25, No. 187, "Current Population Reports—Population Estimates") are as follows: 1960, 15.8 million; 1965, 17.4 million; 1970, 19.6 million; 1975, 21.9 million; and 1980, 24.5 million.

In this same period, as we have seen, the industrial work force will become severely attenuated and will probably have ceased to operate as an effective economic power bloc. (That is not to say that the entire "wage-earner" class will be dispersed; far from it. The point is, rather, that its solidarity and cohesiveness will be so weakened that it will no longer constitute an effective countervailing force.)

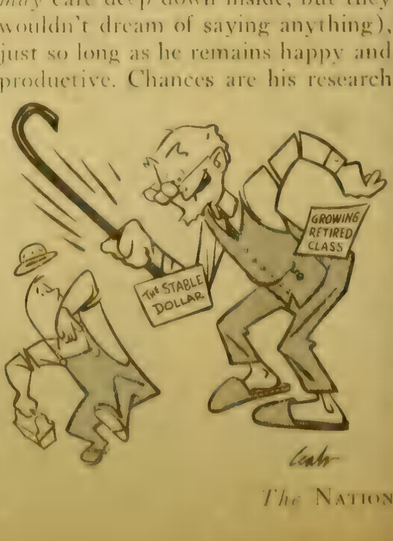
"If you stand still in this business," a General Electric vice president used to quote, "you only move backward. . . ." That is precisely the problem caused by the rising demand for stability by the fixed-income Americans. Their understandable preoccupation with a stable dollar has already had much to do with the direction of the great debate in Washington on price stability versus economic growth. The fixed-income population's interests have had no small part in shaping the public opinion that seems to support President Eisenhower's tight-money, anti-inflation policy. Indeed, the present relative price stability is evidence that this group is finally regaining some of the political power it had lost to the industrial work force in the years of the New Deal. But the old folks and the laborers can ill afford to swap power between themselves. The Titans' ability to play them against each other while remaining ostensibly aloof and disinterested is the hallmark of a durable, resourceful and flexible elite—although not necessarily of an elite much concerned with economic justice or equity.

V

These, then, are the Americans of the future:

¶A timid Bucknell graduate (class of '48), uncomfortable today in his middle-management job whenever he has to make decisions, will find his job as a quality-control co-ordinator a bit easier tomorrow. They've just completed the ultrasonic test line, and the test results will henceforth be recorded on punch cards. The outward signs of status will remain his. But the inner strife of responsibility and authority will trouble him just that much less. He can rehearse the night's offerings on the *Jack Paar Show* as he absent-mindedly pens a reply to a memo from the plant-safety engineer.

¶A restive chap bearing a shock of hair that would have given his employer doubts as to his political orthodoxy twenty years ago, will enter his office late. But no one will rebuke him. Resident mathematicians are too rare and too costly for senseless rebukes. No one cares if his coat doesn't match his trousers (they *may* care deep down inside, but they wouldn't dream of saying anything), just so long as he remains happy and productive. Chances are his research



boss is just as late, just as preoccupied, just as indifferent to corporate litany and ritual. Today the mathematician will derive half a formula governing odd-lot production scheduling that will save his company $5,794 over the following six months. Small wonder that top management is indulgent. Imagination is the one raw material without surrogate.

¶A man who has been up until 3 A.M. goes into a richly paneled room. In his brief case is a sheaf of papers that lists sixteen major proposals for new capital equipment. In rapid succession he hears the petitioners, pierces their vague descriptions with rapier questions. By noon he has decided to reject six out of hand, refer three others to the board of directors, and provisionally approve the rest. He retires to his own office where lunch awaits him. He pores over the production records, the monthly profit-and-loss reports, the sales figures; he scans inventory, marketing and research reports. At 6 P.M., dinner arrives at his desk. He returns to his papers. His head is infinitely capacious: it is an orderly file, a fast and accurate synthesizer, analyzer, computer, gauge. He leaves for home at 10, a full brief case in hand. He will continue to work on into the night.

¶In the warmth of the Southern sunshine, a pleasant old man plucks his pension check from a mailbox. His sense of security is stronger today than at any time in recent years. Life was not always so free of turmoil. But, for now, he knows that there are those who look after his interests. And that knowledge sustains him in a way that his older friends cannot be sustained.

¶A man who does not understand tedious economics walks in the chill night air to clear his head. Tomorrow, again, he will make the rounds: the state employment agency, the union hall, his old plant-personnel office. And the answer he hears at each place will be the same two syllables: "Nothing." He is just beginning to realize that his sort of man in industry is obsolete. For, without a skill, he might as well give up. He might as well drive the dry cleaner's truck at $15 a week less than he used to get at the auto plant. He might as well agree to let his wife go to work.

Such are the particulars of the disintegrating industrial work force, the enfeebled Clerk, the Priest of arcane knowledge, the aggrandizing Titan, and the patient Old Folk. And underlying all is the rising plateau of costs that causes daily rewriting of the established formulas of production, distribution, marketing and consumption.

Under these circumstances one can only hope that public policy will work to maintain economic balance. Else we are left as mute spectators in the contest H. G. Wells foresaw when he wrote, "Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe."

STRIKE INSURANCE . . *by H. Howard Ostrin*

IN A FREE society the right of employees to withhold their labor is inviolate and unassailable—no less basic, indeed, than the fundamental rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." One must recognize, however, that under our complex economy, a prolonged work stoppage, particularly in a key industry, may trespass upon the rights of the general public. Sound public policy, therefore, requires that every bona fide effort, short of compulsion, be made to accelerate the termination of all strikes.

Free collective bargaining first received the imprimatur of our government in 1926, when Congress passed the Railway Labor Act. In addition to providing machinery for the settlement of railway and airline labor disputes through mediation, fact-finding and voluntary arbitration, the Act requires employers in these industries to bargain collectively with representatives of their employees. In 1935, the Wagner Act extended this concept to all other industries engaged in interstate commerce. Twelve years later, the Taft-Hartley Act extended the requirement of good-faith bargaining upon unions in their dealings with employers.

Mindful of the public's stake in industrial controversies, the Taft-Hartley Act is introduced by a succinct observation that strikes can be prevented or minimized if management and labor recognize that neither party, in its relations with the other, has the right "to engage in acts or practices which jeopardize the public health, safety or interest."

Any device which prolongs a dispute or otherwise impinges upon the public interest should therefore be discouraged, if not rejected. By the same token, any tactics employed in the course of a labor-management impasse which contribute to, or result in, a combination to restrain or stifle free competition should be enjoined through the application of our anti-trust laws.

It is within this frame of reference that the subject of strike insurance and its effect on the collective-bargaining process is here considered.

Subtly referred to as "suspension insurance" by the members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association (ANPA), as a "mutual assistance pact" by our major airline companies, and as a "service interruption agreement" in the railroad industry (where its sponsors are presently seeking adherents), these industry-wide strike-insurance arrangements manifestly are intended to provide self-help in the event of work stoppages.

As an economic counter-weapon, doubtless beyond contemplation of Congress when it gave statutory approval to the collective-bargaining process, this stratagem may conceivably impede negotiated settle-

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ments, prolong strikes and stifle competition—all to the detriment of the general public. In its relatively short lifetime, strike insurance may already have contributed to the demise of one company which perhaps relied too much upon its potential as a strike-breaking maneuver.

On June 30, 1955, the American Newspaper Guild, one of the first unions to be confronted with strike insurance, called upon the Attorney General of the State of New York to investigate the subject of publishers' strike insurance "as a possible conspiracy in violation of the insurance and other laws of the State of New York." On August 2, 1956, the Attorney General (the post was then occupied by Jacob K. Javits, now U.S. Senator) responded:

> Upon investigation, this office learned that insurance against business losses due to strikes did exist and was being made available to members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.
>
> The material which this department has acquired in the course of its investigation, including copies of the insurance policies then in use, was referred to the State Department of Insurance. On July 26, 1956, I was advised by that department that the filings of each insurance company involved were rejected on the ground that approval of such coverage would be *contrary to public policy*. (Italics supplied.)

Referring to this rejection of a strike-insurance rate schedule by the New York State Insurance Department, *Editor and Publisher*, an organ of the ANPA, in its August 18, 1956, issue, noted that the ruling applied only to carriers licensed to do business in New York State. Said *Editor and Publisher*: "The strike insurance group merely transferred its insurance to other companies. . . ."

Available evidence supports the conclusion that strike insurance can be procured only from foreign firms.

"SUSPENSION insurance," though not generally publicized, has been available to members of the ANPA for many years. The details of the plan currently in effect are particularized in a seven-page memorandum issued by the Newspaper Publishing Premium Fund on May 29, 1958. The sponsoring committee anticipates "that the aggregate coverage issued by the underwriters will not be less than $17,500,000." Premium checks are payable in U.S. dollars to the order of the "Montreal Trust Company."

In the event of "total suspension of publication," the full daily indemnity will be paid beginning with the eighth publishing day after the strike starts and will continue thereafter for a period of twenty-five, fifty or 100 days, depending upon the premium paid; or upon termination of the strike, whichever occurs first. Benefits are also payable in the event of a partial suspension of publication. These consist of reimbursement for actual losses such as fixed charges, expenses and loss of profits; provided that the total benefits paid do not exceed the amount that would have been paid in the event of total suspension.

The maximum daily benefit is fixed at $10,000 per publishing day and $500,000 in the aggregate, payable in U.S. dollars. (The underwriters are located in Canada.)

The cost of insurance is determined on the following basis: $123, $163.50 or $203 per $100 of premium indemnity, depending upon whether the insured desires twenty-five, fifty or 100 days of coverage. Sunday insurance may be purchased by the payment of an additional premium.

Indemnity payments will be made only if the insured publisher offers to arbitrate his dispute with the striking union. He need not, however, offer to arbitrate where the strike issue involves news and editorial policy, assignment of editors, reporters or writers, pension or welfare plans, union shop or other forms of union security unless such provisions are already included in the collective bargaining agreement.

WHETHER strike insurance contributed to the demise in 1956 of the century-old Brooklyn *Eagle* and the consequent loss of more than six hundred jobs is a debatable matter as to which reasonable men may differ. That it affected the course of negotiations and paradoxically led to an avoidable strike is much less subject to speculation.

After nearly five months of fruitless negotiations with the *Eagle*, the Newspaper Guild of New York offered to have an arbitrator determine whether its members were entitled to receive the wage increase they were then demanding. Had the publisher accepted, a strike would have been averted. Instead, the *Eagle* invited the Guild to arbitrate the entire agreement. Since money was the only real dispute between them, the Guild rejected the publisher's proposal and the strike ensued.

Were it not for a subsequent arbitration proceeding involving the Guild's demand to recover severance pay and other fringe items on behalf of its members whose employment terminated with the suspension of the paper's publication, the publisher's offer to arbitrate the entire contract might well have been shrouded in mystery to this very day.

During the severance-pay arbitration, where the writer appeared as counsel for the Guild, the following admissions were elicited from the publisher:

¶The *Eagle*, as a member of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, had been carrying strike insurance for approximately twenty years at an annual premium cost of close to $10,000.

¶Receipt of the daily indemnity benefits under the insurance policy (in this case $5,000) was conditioned upon a firm offer by the publisher to submit its dispute with the Guild "*to a fair and impartial arbitration by a disinterested party. That is, any agency which can be shown to be fully disinterested, fair and impartial in the ordinary sense in which these words are commonly employed, and to abide by such arbitration.*" (The italicized words are taken verbatim from the insurance policy.)

Acceptance of the Guild's offer to arbitrate would clearly have satisfied that condition. But this was not what the publisher wanted. In the first place, acceptance would have averted a strike and there obviously could not have been any recovery under the strike-insurance policy. Secondly, and this was admitted, the Guild would have been successful in so limited an arbitration.

So the publisher, mindful of the language of its insurance policy, made the following proposal:

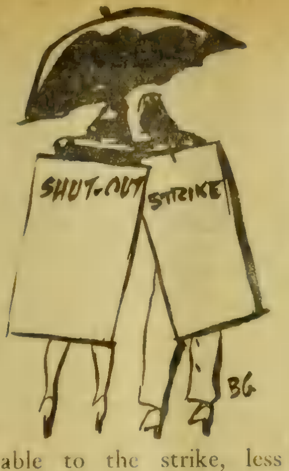
Management is willing to submit the settlement of this contract in its entirety, clause by clause, *to a fair and impartial arbitration by a disinterested party. That is, by an agency which can be shown to be fully disinterested, fair and impartial in the ordinary sense in which those words are commonly employed, and to abide by such arbitration.*

A strike occurred; the *Eagle* collected $250,000 in strike-insurance indemnities and, on March 6, 1955, went out of business. Commenting on the *Eagle* strike, *Fortune,* in its April, 1957, issue, wrote:

> One reason why the Brooklyn *Eagle,* a large community newspaper, could afford to hold out during a month-and-a-half-long Newspaper Guild strike is strike insurance carried by the paper. ("It is true that the *Eagle* has strike insurance," admits Publisher Frank B. Schroth. "I also have burglary and fire insurance.") . . . Almost every major daily in New York as well as many in other cities carries strike insurance. The risk is spread among the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Lloyds of London, and a U.S. insurance company.

THE Airline Carriers Mutual Assistance Pact of October, 1958, is simply another form of strike insurance with a slightly different twist. Sponsored by American, Capital, Eastern, Pan American, United and Trans World Airlines, the agreement provides for "mutual assistance" in the event any participating company's flight operations are shut down by reason of:

> *1.* A strike called to enforce demands in excess of or opposed to the recommendations of the Board established by the President of the United States under the Railway Labor Act; or
>
> *2.* A strike called before the employees on strike shall have exhausted the procedures of the Railway Labor Act; or
>
> *3.* A strike which is otherwise unlawful.



Should any of these events occur, the parties not affected agree to pay over to the struck operator an amount equal to their increased revenues attributable to the strike, less expenses. Such payments are to be monthly or more frequently, if the parties so agree, for the duration.

The agreement obligates the struck company to make every reasonable effort to encourage the public to patronize the non-affected operators during the strike period. This simply means that if a strike should be called against Capital Airlines, Capital will undertake to urge its customers to patronize its airline competitors to the exclusion of rail or bus facilities.

The Federal Aviation Act of 1958 mandates the Civil Aeronautics Board to reject an agreement between or among airline carriers which offends the Railway Labor Act or the public interest. Accordingly, and at the board's invitation, the carriers and affected labor organizations participated in oral argument on the question as to whether the Mutual Assistance Pact should be approved.

In its decision made public on May 20, 1959, the board unanimously rejected that portion of the agreement which dealt with the diversion of traffic by a struck company to other subscribing carriers, saying that the "concerted effort to shuttle traffic among a restricted group of carriers is repugnant to anti-trust principles. . . ." The remainder of the agreement, however, was qualifiedly approved by a vote of four to one.

Rejecting the unions' contention that the agreement repudiates good-faith collective bargaining as required by the Railway Labor Act which has jurisdiction over labor relations in the airline industry, the majority observed:

> Nothing by the parties shows that the operation of the agreement will, in fact, induce the carriers to disregard the obligations imposed by law. . . . The record is devoid of any showing that the duration of any dispute was prolonged as a result of the [agreement].

In this connection it is noteworthy that the majority was sharply criticized by the dissenting board member, Minetti, for its failure to require an evidentiary hearing in order to explore the critical issues raised by the agreement.

The board's majority also turned down the unions' argument that the pact, if allowed to stand, would bring carriers who were not parties to a particular controversy into a strike situation.

To fully appreciate the unions' position in this regard, one must understand that the Railway Labor Act prohibits multi-employer bargaining without employee consent. A collective labor agreement in the airline and railroad industries can be made only with a single company. Assume, therefore, that Airline Pilots Association strikes Capital Airlines to enforce its contract demands. Under the Airlines Mutual Assistance Pact, the non-struck subscribing carriers are required to marshal their economic strength on behalf of Capital against the striking union. In these circumstances, the Pilots Association will necessarily be contending against a formidable group of carriers instead of the one with whom it has a dispute.

A striking union which enlists the support of unions having collective bargaining agreements with neutral employers is chargeable with unlawful secondary boycott activity. Apparently, so far as the CAB is concerned, a group of carriers having no immediate dispute with a union engaged in a strike against another company, may nevertheless lend economic force to the striking company. For the time being, at least, the secondary boycott in reverse has gained the imprimatur of one governmental agency.

The unions also unsuccessfully attacked that portion of the agreement which provides for mutual assistance in the event a union calls a strike without accepting the recommendations of the Federal Emergency Board. Emphasizing that Congress intended such recommendations to be free from compulsion, the unions argued that the mere existence of the pact not only violated the concept of free collective bargaining, but also could so reduce or neutralize its economic potential as to compel acceptance to the alternative of striking against the combined economic strength of all parties to the agreement even though the dispute might be with one company.

Obviously impressed with this argument, Mr. Minetti wrote:

> . . . The purpose of the agreement is to provide the combined economic power to enforce settlement of labor disputes on *whatever* terms an Emergency Board may recommend. The agreement thus aims at perpetuation of the tendency to defer bargaining until the issuance of an Emergency Board report, since its only effect on present bargaining practices is to make them more attractive.
>
> This increased use of Emergency Board recommendations as a carrier's first counter-offer is an unequivocal violation of the bargaining mandate of the Railway Labor Act, since the statute requires good-faith bargaining *before* the creation of an Emergency Board. No carrier can know, during the negotiating period which precedes the establishment of an Emergency Board, what recommendations an Emergency Board will make or even if the creation of an Emergency Board will be recommended. As a practical matter then, the carrier cannot freely bargain in good faith if it intends to rely on Emergency Board recommendations, since it would thereby risk offering its employees more than the Emergency Board will ultimately recommend. The absence of good-faith bargaining during this period, however, is in flat violation of the Railway Labor Act. . . .

STRIKE insurance appears to have attracted the interest of the railroad industry as its most recent adherent. The *Wall Street Journal* of July 13, 1959, reported the fact under the following headline: "Railroads Devise Plan to Hedge Their Risks If Unions Walk Out; 'Secret' Policy Would Pay Fixed Costs."

Referred to as a "service interruption agreement," the proposed policy of insurance is scheduled to become effective when railroad companies accounting for 65 per cent of the industry's gross operating revenues agree to subscribe.

According to the *Wall Street Journal,* envelopes containing the proposed policies have been addressed to some 300 members of the Association of American Railroads—marked "Confidential." A memorandum preceding the mailing advises officials how to brush off the press in the event it learns of the plan.

THE insurance provides for the pooling of funds with benefits as high as $600,000 per day payable to a struck carrier. Rejected by U.S. insurance companies, the policies are being underwritten by a newly formed Bahaman company known as the Imperial Insurance Co., Ltd. of Nassau, which in turn is associated with Lloyds of London.

This is how the plan is expected to function:

1. Each subscribing carrier, at the very outset, will be required to deposit with a Nassau bank the equivalent of its own fixed charges for one day. These are defined to include property taxes, pension and interest charges, sinking fund payments, equipment trust obligations and all costs of "supervisory forces necessary to preserve the railroad's properties in a stand-by position."

2. Premium costs will be determined by the frequency and duration of strikes in each year.

3. Annual administrative costs, presently estimated at $150,000, will be assumed by the participating companies.

4. In the event of a strike, the insured carrier will be fully protected against all of its fixed charges for the duration of the stoppage.

These are the limitations:

1. The plan will not become operative unless at least 65 per cent of the industry's gross 1958 revenues sign up.

2. Benefits will not be paid if 50 per cent of the industry participating in the plan is struck.

Other conditions are as follows: The strike must not be in conflict with the Railway Labor Act, and it must not be the result of the carrier's attempt to enforce demands contrary to the recommendations of a Presidential emergency board.

Guy L. Brown, President of the Engineers Union, is quoted as having said: "I think you would see quite a few of our lawyers in court if the companies try anything like strike insurance."

If current negotiations in the railroad industry should break down and a strike result, it is not inconceivable that railroad strike insurance may well affect its scope and duration. Insulated against fixed charge losses for the duration, the struck carriers will be less exposed to the normal economic pressures which produce early settlements. This, of course, will militate against the public interest.

DEMONSTRABLY, the propriety and legality of strike insurance is open to serious question. It has officially been declared to be against public policy in New York State. The Civil Aeronautics Board, after rejecting a key provision in the Airline Carriers' Mutual Assistance Pact, qualifiedly approved the remainder of the agreement.

There is little doubt but that the railroad unions will challenge the legality of the "service interruption agreement" in their industry by invoking the Railway Labor Act and possibly the anti-trust laws.

Following a strike against the Ridder newspaper in St. Paul, Minnesota, the American Newspaper Guild requested a Congressional investigation of strike insurance, and the matter was referred to the McClellan committee. So far as the writer is able to determine, the committee never got around to this question. Certainly no public hearings were held. Evidently the committee was so preoccupied with its concern to expose union abuses that it never could find the time to inquire into the subject of employer strike insurance.

It remains for the courts, or perhaps another Congressional committee, to consider the effect of strike insurance upon the collective bargaining process and the public at large.

New Hampshire Inquisition . . *by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

NEW HAMPSHIRE's treatment of civil liberties and political freedom, and its hunting out of subversion — like the tough and unpredictable Yankee mind that has ruled in those granite hills for over three hundred years — defies simple accounting. Records of subversive acts in that region consisting "chiefly in Throwing about (by an Invisible hand) Stone, Bricks, and Brick-bats of all Sizes, with several other things, as Hammers, Mauls, Iron-Crows, Spits, and other Domestick Utensils," come down to us from 1682 — a full decade before any of the extraordinary events that gripped nearby Salem, Massachusetts. That was a period of political unheaval, and hate-filled, fear-ridden colonists of the royal province were awaiting the arrival of a governor appointed to oppose them.

But during the next hundred years the pendulum swung out, and in 1783 these same Yankees, now secure and with their house in order, drafted into the Bill of Rights of the New Hampshire Constitution an article still on the books as the "Right of revolution," urging that "whenever the ends of government are perverted, and public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to reform the old, or establish a new government."

In our time, with the political order threatened as sharply as it was in the seventeenth century, and hysteria set raging through the nation, the pendulum took a sharp swing back again. Near the height of the new fever, New Hampshire adopted its Subversive Activities Act of 1951, making the right of revolution and even its advocacy a crime punishable by imprisonment, fine, or both. Then, two years later, with the revolution article of the State Constitution bluntly circumvented, the state attorney general was authorized to carry out an investigation of subversive activities and to prosecute violations of the 1951 Act.

When Attorney General Louis C. Wyman's report of his investigation appeared in 1955, true to purest New England tradition it contained a large share of old-time "Invisible hand" excesses; in fact, what it amounted to more than anything else was an up-to-date version of the old stone-throwing conspiracy. As quaint as anything recorded in 1682, for instance, Wyman's report sought to determine whether there was "a Communist cell or Communist activity . . . among pupils in the schools of Franklin" after children "had come home with pieces of paper on which it was written they were Communists. . . ."

But to move on from local history and custom, events of the past weeks in New Hampshire go beyond reminding us that the seed planted by the late Senator McCarthy and his kind is still capable of yielding fruit. At this late date, when national jitters have calmed noticeably almost everywhere else, Attorney General Wyman has succeeded in jailing one man, holds still another in the shadow of the prison, and gives no indication just how far he proposes to go in his absurd one-man inquisition.

Absurd because his report, which purports to be about subversive activities and is the bedrock on which his recent successes rest, reveals that the Attorney General and every other state official he has weaseled into his service are seriously delinquent in their knowledge of (1) what subversion is, (2) what subversive persons are, and (3) how a subversive would behave.

Absurd because for all the casuistry of its 300 pages, somehow the report still manages to demonstrate the opposite of what it claims to prove. Absurd, moreover, because Wyman has yet to uncover one act of subversion or even to come up with one individual he could get to subscribe to those magic words, "overthrow of the government by force and violence."

But the crowning absurdity of all — what caused the investigation to grow to its present dangerous excesses — is that Wyman was able to convince the legislature, the courts and the people of the state that the thin, ridiculous material he had assembled (at a cost of $31,500) was the real thing and that it struck at the root of a terrible conspiracy to break New Hampshire's constitutional form of government. In 1955, by an overwhelming vote, the general court gave the Attorney General an additional $42,500 to extend his investigation two more years. Then in 1957, abandoning its own powers, the legislature handed him a blank check to proceed on his own as a legislative committee — at any time and at his own discretion.

WHAT material Wyman gathered in that report bears examination. There was the example of the school children quoted earlier. In that same vein of puerility, investigating Parent-Teacher Associations, Wyman found (in newspaper columns) that an Elizabeth McKenna had been appointed to the program committee of the Brentwood PTA.

> It goes without saying [writes Wyman] that the program committee is a particularly influential post. Elizabeth McKenna's husband is Rev. Warren H. McKenna, to whom there is devoted a separate section of this report. Rev. McKenna himself testified . . . that the only meetings he had attended in New Hampshire had been PTA meetings.

And there on that piece of nonsense, in a highly publicized report, Elizabeth McKenna is left hanging — by a thread of a suggestion of guilt.

More serious is the long and detailed section on Dartmouth professor Vilhalmur Stefansson. Among other things, Wyman dug up Louis Budenz' testimony before a Senate subcommittee in 1951 naming Stefansson a member of the Communist Party. Questioned by Wyman, Stefansson said he had never been a member of that party; confronted with the Budenz testimony, Stefansson said it was "essentially incorrect." Then Wyman did two things

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by way of wrapping up his case: he wrote Budenz, asking him to back up his statement, and he gave Stefansson's testimony to the Justice Department, requesting "any evidence which could be made available . . . indicating perjury on the part of Mr. Stefansson. . . ." Of the results of the former, Wyman writes:

> Mr. Budenz, having monumental demands made upon his time by his academic and lecture commitments, failed to respond to prior inquiries by this office on other matters. At the time this section of the report was being prepared an additional request was made of Mr. Budenz to testify regarding this matter, but based upon his prior commitments he informed this office he was compelled to refuse the request.

And of the latter, Wyman wrote only this: "At the time of printing this report no reply had been received." But there in his pages — and reproduced serially with added photographs in New Hampshire's one Sunday newspaper for everyone "to clip and preserve . . . in scrapbook form" — the allegation stands. This is one of the Attorney General's most diligently employed flagrancies, the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

Then there is another of Wyman's favorite tricks: heavily italicizing a quoted text to bring out the emphasis he wishes to give it. The following is quoted exactly as Wyman used it. It is from the nearly fifty pages of his report devoted to Willard Uphaus' World Fellowship camp.

> George Abbe was listed as directing another "workshop" on "creative writing," August 10-19, 1953. According to a release by World Fellowship, Mr. Abbe described the purpose of the seminar, noting that, "*Liberal* movements fail at many points because they rely upon clichés . . . like 'freedom,' 'equality,' 'the masses' . . . 'fascist,' etc. The *progressive* needs to study semantics to broaden and enrich his means of putting across *truth*, of depicting *the actual world of injustice* so colorfully, freshly, and convincingly, that whole marginal areas of people now offended by propaganda slogans like '*the liberation of the working class*,' and '*public ownership*,' will be won to *forward-moving* programs." . . .
>
> One of the texts was to be Paul M. Sweezy's "Monthly Review."
>
> On the face of World Fellowship's own description of this so-called "workshop" it appears to have been nothing but a training ground for more effective propaganda techniques so that "the liberation of the working class" and "public ownership" will be fed us in a new, less easily recognizable form. "*Liberation* of the working class" is strict Communist line derived from the Marxist doctrine of the class struggle. . . .

Wyman does credit himself for the added emphasis, but the distorted interpretation he passes off as unadulterated "facts."

Even the famed Sweezy case that reached the U.S. Supreme Court looks foolish when quoted from Attorney General Wyman's report. As a guest lecturer at the state university, Sweezy stated that "socialism is coming everywhere whether we like it or not."

> Communism [he said further] is one form of socialism, the form that socialism takes in countries that are ruled by despotic tyrannies and are torn by social crises or war. It cannot be wiped out by force. . . . It follows that all hope of developing a more free and humane form of socialism depends on maintaining peace, recognizing the necessity of coexistence. . . .

In his comments on this excerpt, the Attorney General asks whether Sweezy's statement is true or false and "(b) Whether, if untrue, it is in fact objective teaching to an adolescent class at a State University or subtle advocacy. (c) Whether, if untrue, it approaches or constitutes the formula for subversion. . . ." Well, it's a full six years since Sweezy uttered his "subversive" remarks, and no students have yet stormed the state capitol with red flags.

Wyman also investigated the activities of individuals — twenty-three of them, of which four families account for more than half the number. About one of these families the Attorney General disclosed that four of its five members had signed 1952 Progressive Party nomination papers; he further revealed that all five "as late as 1953," according to "reliable" and "unimpeachable" sources, held insurance policies in the International Workers Order.

Enough illustrations. If dissolution of the constitutional form of government is the subversive's plot, as Wyman holds, then certainly as the state's chief law-enforcement official he should know that anyone really intent upon overthrowing a government is not likely to be out signing open letters or petitions, or circulating nomination papers for the Progressive or any other party, or operating a nationally advertised public camp, or doing any of the other legitimate acts he has cited in his report as questionable behavior.

BUT NO one has yet discovered the existence of these revolutionists. Even former Governor Hugh Gregg, at the height of the hysteria, admitted: "We have not produced evidence that saboteurs are wiring our bridges for demolition; nor plotting destruction of power dams and power plants; nor threatening our municipal drinking supplies. . . ." Indeed, an esteemed and much-feted Nashua housewife, who spied for the FBI as a member of the Communist Party and who therefore should be the supreme authority on any revolutionary conspiracy in the state, reports no more than this:

> The [Communist Party] meetings would invariably be held at private homes. The gatherings . . . range between five and fifteen in attendance. I never knew of any mass meetings. . . .
>
> After the collection of dues, the guest speaker is introduced. He usually starts talking about the latest issues of the day, labor disputes, economic recessions, and so forth. He would then deliver any directives from the higher-ups — things to be accomplished, money to be raised and similar projects.
>
> Ordinarily, the guest member would then distribute pamphlets or fliers to be circulated in the area. Sometimes these were given out at factory gates. Other times they are circulated house-to-house. The speaker would then touch upon specific security measures and conduct to be followed by the members. And he would probably close with announcements of party business being conducted elsewhere.
>
> Following the talk a special collection is usually taken. The purpose might be for a comrade who has been arrested or for a member who is sick or fighting deportation.

> Then the meeting is closed, maybe an hour or so after it began. . . .

If that's the kind of gathering that has New Hampshire residents in such a state of nerves they're willing to shell out a good $74,000 to be cured, they'd be better off investing in some form of mass therapy. If otherwise, it begins to be obvious that Wyman can't really be interested in subversion after all. In a modern, monolithic state such as ours, and in the face of current prosperity, revolution stands about the chances of a Model-T Ford at the Indianapolis races. No one, least of all New Hampshire's half-dozen bona fide Communists, is going to pull off a coup anywhere in America. But dying orders—and New Hampshire old-guard Republicans today are certainly at the end of something — will clutch desperately at some issue for survival. And best of all for the makers of New Hampshire's current phenomenon, the issue—then if not now—had national impetus.

When a few years ago Governor Gregg, who appointed Wyman to office, said that the nation's Republicans had done "a vastly superior job than the Truman regime" in rooting out subversion, and that the state Republican Party could seek votes on this one program alone, it was an indication that the revolution New Hampshire Republicans fear most is not Red revolution, but a "revolution" by the Democratic Party — the sort of thing that happened to neighboring Republican Maine when it elected and re-elected a Democratic governor, and that happened to next-door Republican Vermont when it sent a Quaker pacifist Democrat to Congress.

WYMAN'S career as inquisitor is not only founded on excesses of absurdity, but in its execution he is guilty of having conducted an investigation entirely on the one-man, private level. Initial authority was granted him in 1953. He was to make an investigation with respect to violation of the 1951 Subversive Activities Act, and to determine whether any subversives were located in the state. He was "authorized to act upon his own motion and upon such information as in his judgment may be reasonable or reliable." At the same time, the section of the 1951 Act requiring all information to be kept confidential was changed in favor of allowing the Attorney General to make public any of his findings and even testimony. If he found evidence of a violation, he was to proceed with criminal prosecutions. In addition, rules of procedure granted that:

> Being a fact-finding investigation in aid of the legislative process, judicial rules of evidence will not apply. . . . Relevancy, pertinency of questions, and admissibility of evidence, shall be determined by the Attorney General.

Leabo

Attorney General Wyman

First of all, this extraordinary latitude made Wyman at once judge, jury and prosecutor. Yet at the same time he had to keep up no pretense of being impartial, for as a public crusader against "the Red menace" he could not very well have minimized his slim findings. To the contrary, he had constantly to build them up. Also, since he sought to prove his own points, he could operate — outside of established American ways — under an assumption of guilt. And since he alone, under the procedural rules, was judge of what were "facts," he could admit opinion and hearsay as proper testimony.

Second, with the choice of throwing out privacy in favor of issuing publicity, the Attorney General embarked down the road of exposure for the sake of exposure, in spite of the fact that such an object serves no requisite legislative purpose and has been cited as impermissible by a number of high court justices.

Third, no one was ever found to have violated the law, so there has never been a criminal prosecution. Many declined to answer Wyman's questions, invoking valid Constitutional grounds. Yet among all these witnesses, civil court action was initiated and pursued against just three: Paul Sweezy and Willard Uphaus, both of whom invoked the First Amendment, and Hugo De Gregory, who invoked the Fifth.

Fourth, except in one instance — a standard of proof of membership in subversive organizations — every piece of legislation prepared on Wyman's initiative and urged by him on the legslature has only extended and enlarged his investigative powers and has done nothing to strengthen any anti-subversive laws. The first important new legislation Wyman sought was an act permitting him, at his own discretion, to grant a recalcitrant witness immunity. But the bill was temporarily defeated. Several weeks later, Wyman prepared another version — this time the Attorney General was to make an application for immunity to a superior court justice — and apparently this version satisfied Wyman's critics, for it was overwhelmingly passed. Under this accepted version, the Attorney General could still strip a witness of his Constitutional rights merely upon a statement to the judge that an immunity grant was in the public interest, without the witness having an opportunity to challenge the proceedings.

SO SURE had Wyman been of the acceptance of the early version of his immunity bill that, well in advance of the legislature's action on it, he subpoenaed one witness, Hugo De Gregory, to be available to answer a mandate of the legislature when that mandate was not yet law. Again, before the revised bill was passed, Wyman issued De Gregory a subpoena to appear after the new bill's passage. Not only was Wyman still premature with regard to the legislature's mandate, but this time he was also leaping ahead of the courts, since no court yet had authority to grant the immunity. Even when the law was finally passed and Wyman made his private appearance before the judge to apply for the grant of immunity, he was not content just to file his petition. "For the convenience of the Court," he attached to the petition his own proposed immunity grant.

Late last summer, Wyman must have realized that the immunity law he had invoked against De Gregory had expired two years before, in June, 1957. Suddenly, during the final days of the 1959 legislature, the House Judiciary Committee reported favorably on a bill authorizing school-district treasurers to use facsimile signatures on checks. Passage was recommended with two amendments. The first substituted a new title: now it was to be "An act relative to . . . immunity of witnesses." The second substituted an entirely new text, which turned out to be an extension of the 1955 immunity law. For eight months previous to this, no such bill had been before the legislature and no public notice given of its existence. It was adopted by a perfunctory voice vote, and the next day the Manchester *Union-Leader* credited Attorney General Wyman with recommendation of the bill's new version.

THUS DOES Wyman exhibit his omnipresence. The legislature passes an immunity law, but only after the Attorney General asks for it, drafts it and rescues it from defeat. The court hands down a grant of immunity, but it is Wyman who commands it and even supplies a written text for the judge's convenience. And since the separation of powers presumed to exist among the three branches of government appears to have been abandoned in New Hampshire to suit the Attorney General, when a witness declines to answer questions Wyman can summon up his other, legislative, self, or interpose the courts at will, so that a stubborn witness is never in contempt of the Attorney General, but of those other bodies. Consequently, rather than his being their instrument, as one should expect the law to provide, the court and the legislature become the instruments of the Attorney General.

Red-baiters fall into two classes. An out-and-out, rabid type who would have all "Reds"—the liberals, the plain dissenters and the real radicals — either locked up or executed as traitors; and a second, slightly higher type, the solid citizen who recognizes the "menace" and wants the "Reds" punished effectively, yet lawfully and within the scope of the federal Constitution. Uniquely, Attorney General Wyman has at once managed to satisfy both types.

On the one hand, he has had the backing of New Hampshire's only state-wide newspaper, the Manchester *Union-Leader,* whose publisher, William Loeb, is a Red-baiter of the first category. Satisfying the second class, Wyman has his businessman's manner — an appearance of quiet diligence and suave determination. He has been neither offensively crude nor offensively loud in the way of the late Senator McCarthy, and it is said that the Attorney General even opposed McCarthy's methods as undignified. In fact, Wyman presents such a façade of equanimity that even those who mildly oppose him praise his "dedication."

What is really behind the Attorney General's character?

Wyman has strong ambitions and yet can't be written off as a simple political opportunist. True, with New Hampshire as his laboratory, he has gone ahead and projected himself nationally. As one of the heads of an association of attorneys general, he argued before the U.S. Supreme Court in the important case of *Pennsylvania v. Nelson,* favoring the states' right to hold their own investigations into alleged subversion rather than leave the field solely to federal jurisdiction. While the decision went against Wyman's side, none the less he won some admirers in the Southern states. But the six or seven years Wyman has served as New Hampshire's Attorney General appear to be an overlong apprenticeship if he were merely out for the governorship or a seat in the U.S. Senate, as some have claimed. And Wyman has hinted he might throw up politics altogether for private law practice. All of which could mean that the outcome — retirement or advancement, abandonment or reward — is not to be Wyman's choice alone.

BUT aside from whatever political motives may have inaugurated the inquisition — either for Wyman personally or for Styles Bridges' gang of New Hampshire Republicans holding the power — Wyman is in it for additional deep reasons. He believes himself a representative and upholder of a way of life. Out of his record as criminal prosecutor, a consistency in his outlook, a point of view, emerges. Briefly it is this: the strengthening of law enforcement at the expense of individual rights; semi-police-state control; a firm crackdown rather than a compassionate hand. He has expressed this attitude in his adherence to a plan for a kind of concentration camp for delinquent youths; he expressed it in the frame of mind he brings to his law-enforcement manual, wherein he outlined "When a Search Warrant is Not Necessary"; he expressed it when he recently spoke out against a U.S. Supreme Court finding that sought to protect suspected persons against summary arrest and detention. He has consistently viewed the guarantees of the Bill of Rights — that stone wall against police invasion — with suspicion wherever they have gone contrary to his will. Last summer, when U.S. Supreme Court rulings in the Uphaus and De Gregory cases bolstered Wyman's inquisition, he crowed that "These decisions break the back of the Fifth Amendment as far as we are concerned."

Which brings us to these aspects of Wyman's make-up: his egotism, bordering on megalomania, that doesn't allow him to accept either criticism or defeat or to admit error; his self-righteousness, which allows him to take bold shortcuts with the law or to go against or around it entirely when he finds it in his way. What sort of Attorney General, sworn to uphold the Constitution, could *want* to break the back of any of the Bill of Rights Amendments? What sort of man could hold such basic contempt for the rights of individuals?

BOOKS and the ARTS

Lucky Jim and the Martians

NEW MAPS OF HELL. A Survey of Science Fiction. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt Brace and Co. 161 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

DURING the spring of 1959, when he was a visiting lecturer at Princeton, Kingsley Amis devoted one of the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism to a series of lectures on science fiction. The topic recalls so forcefully those projects dreamed up by his scapegrace hero, Lucky Jim, as crusades against entrenched dignity that it is only prudent to suspect Mr. Amis of being whimsical at the expense of seminars, visiting intellects, display scholarship and the solemnity of collegiate audiences.

But Mr. Amis is a wit as well as a practical joker, and the flavor of the joke here is that, having taken a theme for reasons his audience was almost certain to suspect as frivolous, he made something impressively substantial of it. His lectures, now published, are a thoughtfully enticing introduction to a literature officially considered sub-literary and unavailable to cultivated minds.

Mr. Amis' platform methods are exemplary. He defines: "science fiction presents with verisimilitude the human effects of spectacular changes in our environment, changes either deliberately willed or involuntarily suffered"; he discriminates: science fiction is not to be confused on the one hand with fantasy (elves and centaurs) or on the other with space-opera (galactic pirates and death-ray pistols). And he seeks origins, looking back first to Lucian of Samosata, but more fruitfully to Swift, the utopias of More and Bacon, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and obviously to Verne and Wells. After weighing what each of these, and a number of lesser contributors, gave to the modern era of science fiction, Mr. Amis offers a precise date for the opening of that era — 1926, the year when Hugo Gernsback founded the magazine, *Amazing Stories.*

Science Fiction
A Bibliography for Beginners

Magazines

Amazing Stories
Astounding Science Fiction
Galaxy Science Fiction

Novels

The Black Cloud by Fred Hoyle
A Canticle for Leibowitz by Walter Miller, Jr.
The Case Against Tomorrow (anthology) by Frederik Pohl
Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke
No Blade of Grass by John Christopher
The Demolished Man by Alfred Bester
Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury
Player Piano by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
The Puppet Masters by Robert A. Heinlein
The Space Merchants by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth

BUT all this, though carried out in fine scholarly style, could be mere playfulness. The lecturer, however, takes on an appealing tone of heightened earnestness when he comes up to the contemporary work. Mr. Amis moves rapidly, thoroughly and with sparkling dexterity through the magazines, the anthologies and the novels that contain his subject (he acknowledges an interest in the field dating back to childhood). He employs various distinctions (e. g., economic, social and political utopias) for segmenting the literature, and this was probably a courtesy to the listeners seated before him with their notebooks poised. But he is rather impatient with the categories he sets up, and I am not going to reconstruct them here. At the end of his excursion he sums up: "One is grateful for the presence of science fiction as a medium in which our society can criticize itself, and sharply," and "one is grateful that we have a form of writing which is interested in the future, which is ready . . . to treat as variables what are usually taken to be constants, which is set on tackling those large, general, speculative questions that ordinary fiction so often avoids." The pressure of his thesis is to engender in others this regard for a form of writing that is commonly viewed as disreputable merchandise even by its steady purchasers.

Mr. Amis does not deny that science fiction is popular entertainment, but he says firmly that it is not mass entertainment. He supports this partly by producing figures to show that the total public for science fiction in the United States is about half a million, or three-tenths of 1 per cent of the population, and partly by citing themes and quoting passages of such political or social sophistication and heterodoxy as to make the notion of a mass following improbable. I have read some of the works cited, and I do not think they are quite as forbidding to the simple or flaccid mind as Mr. Amis makes out. The "think" passages can usually be skipped with no damage to the narrative, the implications can be allowed to lie quietly beneath the heady action, and as for the heterodox urgings, Mr. Amis himself observes in another place that the challenge to authority or custom is almost always phrased in terms of a return to values and practices of a saner past — heaven in most science fiction bears a marked resemblance to Boone country. Nevertheless, Mr. Amis is right that the ideas, the warnings, are there, and can set an active mind into roads of speculation that other forms of contemporary fiction rarely offer.

IT IS as a means, then, of "dramatizing social inquiry," of "providing a fictional mode in which cultural tendencies can be isolated and judged," that Mr. Amis admires the form. It tests the human organism by placing it in extreme and unprecedented situations (science fiction is plausible within its own presuppositions; no matter how bizarre the environment, the characters work with believable tools and normal faculties — super weapons and super men belong to fantasy fiction). It derives excitement by materializing the fears that are now widespread and often unacknowledged. Prominent among these are the dread of finding that one is being used and the fear of uncontrolled technological advance. World after world of the most spectacular novelty and malignant terror has been engendered by projecting these almost universal worries to logical extremes.

Odd-looking monsters are losing their position as villains in science fiction, though they often show up as object lessons in the live-and-let-live philosophy that has become almost the religion of these writers. Their place as the motivating menace has been taken in large part by the omnipotent administrators of the *status quo.* Hell is implied in a society where "the economic system has swallowed the political"; the devil as manager aims to reduce humanity to its function as consumer and he operates by offering a "pleasure so overmastering that it can break down the sense of reality." This is not, as you might jump to the conclusion, the pleasure of sex; it is more often than not some variety of escape from activity: four-walled television, a melody mathematically designed to be irresistible, a chewing gum loaded with a tranquilizer, or fine wires connected directly to the pleasure centers of the brain (this experiment, if you are skeptical, has recently been performed with alarming success on rats). Mr. Amis makes the point that, whereas the so-called business novels deplore advertising and the attendant commercial excesses as degrading the people who engage in them, science fiction denounces them as potentially destructive of humanity at large.

All of this has little to do with space and the atom, two subjects generally thought to dominate science fiction. They are not, Mr. Amis shows, as important as they once were, and they are called upon now for different purposes. Science fiction that goes voyaging among the stars now takes the navigation itself pretty much for granted (it is in space-opera that galactic technology is still a subject for amazement) and the interest centers on the intelligent beings who wait at journey's end. These usually compare very favorably with man— they typically lack one or more of our most corrosive drives — and the struggles kindled by contact are predominantly ethical. Science fiction writers are anti-colonial and anti-missionary; they strongly advise against messing around with the customs and values found on other planets.

When the atom figures, it is largely in the context of a world that has narrowly escaped extinction in a nuclear war. Such stories exercise a good deal of ingenuity in describing how man, often a severely mutated man, takes up again at the tribal, flint and stone level. The atom clears away most of the existing furniture and lets the writer isolate just what things man does find indispensable.

IN THESE lectures, Amis acts more as an advocate than as a critic. He tends to overlook or to forgive the shortcomings of his writers. Thus, to the predictable objection that the characters in these works are two-dimensional, he answers that in most science fiction the real protagonist is an idea — less politely, a gimmick — and that to flesh out the characters would be to introduce a confusion of emphasis. He acknowledges that the imaginative craftsmen of these novels are more deft at setting up desperate predicaments than they are at solving them — they almost always do solve them (this is popular fiction) but often in arbitrary or fortuitous ways. He admits, but will endure, the bad lyricism, the heavy moralizing, the flat humor, the clichés and the borrowings. These are outweighed, he would hold, by the imaginative curiosity, the concern for man's future, the satiric bite and the insistence on moral independence of this literature in an otherwise dim, discouraged and self-preoccupied time. He makes a case, and he should become the hero of those of us who have felt constrained until now to buy and read our science fiction in places where we were not known.

My only serious reservation about Mr. Amis' elegant academic show comes from something said to me recently, and coincidentally, by another lecturer visiting at Princeton. Today's young scholars troubled him, he said, because they seemed to be hunting for portable areas of scholarship. The ideal subject for concentration has become one in which the literature is compact, the authorities few, and a demonstration of mastery comparatively easy. The search for neat, autonomous packages of knowledge, he feared, would produce a generation of complacently shallow experts. Quite without meaning to, Mr. Amis demonstrated to his Princeton audience just how such a package should be wrapped.

The de Gaulle Era

FRANCE, TROUBLED ALLY. By Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. Harper & Bros. (Council on Foreign Relations). 512 pp. $5.75.

THE FIFTH REPUBLIC: France's New Political System. By Nicholas Wahl. Random House. 95c paper.

FRANCE: THE NEW REPUBLIC. By Raymond Aron. Oceana (Fund for the Republic). 114 pp. $2.95 cloth; $1.25 paper.

William G. Andrews

A FRENCH army major in 1932 described the decline of traditional authority in his day. All respect, he said, "that was formerly accorded on a basis of function or birth now is paid only to those who know how to establish their personal authority."*

It is not the least of the ironies enshrouding the mystical figure of Charles de Gaulle that he dedicated those lines to his erstwhile commander, Marshal Pétain, against whose functional authority he would successfully assert his own commanding personality eight years later. And today, after twenty more years, he is engaged in another supreme test of his personal authority. Having surmounted a crucial showdown with the bombastic but chicken-hearted *pieds noirs* of Algiers and their feckless friends in uniform, he knows, nevertheless, that his battle to re-establish French order and civic discipline is far from won.

In a sense, this effort to rally the united obedience of the French gains momentum from his simultaneous drive to restore the "grandeur" of *la Patrie*. From Stalin and Hitler to Nasser and Sukarno, nationalism has served as a prime instrument for submerging internal discord. But such a route is not without its pitfalls. The cumbersome, antiquated Saharan A-bomb that is sifting psychological strontium-90 throughout the Afro-Asian bloc may, in the end, provide less "bang for the *Nouveau Franc*" than a united NATO. Or unfulfilled expectations of resurrected grandeur may sink the French even deeper into the old morass of *incivisme*, cynicism and national lassitude. Or again, if the cost of refurbishing de Gaulle's famous "madonnas of the frescoes"* is levied inequitably, he may sow seeds of dissension that will bear bitter fruit when nationalist fervor subsides.

These pitfalls loom large in the view of Princeton's Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. In perhaps the most comprehensive, extensive and significant study of postwar French politics and diplomacy yet produced by an American, Professor Furniss describes with sympathy but cruel insight the dilemma that has confronted the Quai d'Orsay since 1945.

In the earliest postwar years France sought to bridge the widening gap between the U.S. and the USSR. But as the cold war developed, she found herself too weak either to bind East to West or to stand alone between them. She then sought to hitch her star to a unified, French-dominated Europe only to be confronted by the fearsome prospect of a Europe dominated by the phoenixlike Germans. She retreated into "indecision and procrastination" until the whirlwind disengagement inter-

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**Le Fil de l'Epée*, p. 67 (1944 edition).

WILLIAM G. ANDREWS, author of Pierre Mendès-France: A Study of Political Ideas in Action, *teaches Government at Dartmouth College.*

**Call to Honour*, p. 3.

lude of Mendès-France, and thereafter the Fourth Republic lapsed into its final, mortal phase of *"immobilisme."*

Professor Furniss believes that "French foreign policy cannot be understood except in the light of the political, economic, and social setting in which it is shaped." Consequently, in addition to a well-written and perceptive account of the evolution of postwar French diplomacy, he supplies an informative analysis of the societal foundation on which it rested during the last four years of the Fourth Republic. Unfortunately, little of his data is drawn from the years after 1955.

It is also unfortunate that he seems to suggest that *"immobilisme"* did not appear until after the Mendès-France government. In fact, it may be traced back through the Vichy regime into the Third Republic. Henri Queuille, René Mayer and Joseph Laniel, who best typify the *immobiliste* premiers, all held office before Mendès-France. It may be argued that the Algerian war which erupted in November, 1954, brought on the final paralysis. But it did not produce *immobilisme* and an Algerian settlement will not, by itself, end it.

Turning to the Fifth Republic in the last third of the book, Professor Furniss doubts that the Gaullist regime has altered significantly the foundations on which French foreign policy inevitably must rest. De Gaulle's objectives and strategy are essentially the same as those of "the ephemeral statesmen of the Fourth Republic." "The major difference," as Furniss sees it, is that de Gaulle believes he can unite behind his policies a country that was never united in support of his predecessors'. The author feels that de Gaulle will fail and assembles persuasive data and arguments to show that he is creating the danger of even greater disunity by heaping the main burden of his "austerity" program on those elements of French society which are least able to support it.

NICHOLAS WAHL of Harvard shares the view that de Gaulle must avoid exacerbating social discord. Unlike Professor Furniss, he makes no evaluation of the regime's performance so far in this respect, but he views the Gaullist movement as reformist and obviously is much more favorably inclined toward the new regime than is Furniss.

Whereas Professor Furniss emphasizes the continuity between the Fourth and the Fifth Republics, especially in respect to foreign policy and its socio-economic base, Professor Wahl stresses the differences. "From a country resigned to second-rank status," he says, France "has become a nation that demands equal voice among the great powers." He describes the "considerably altered . . . expression of traditional French political opinion," calls the new constitutional structure "a radical departure from all past French experience" and says that the policy-making process has been "radically altered."

Professor Wahl, having blocked out a much narrower field for examination, has treated his subject accurately, succinctly and lucidly. His interpretations are usually judicious, if sometimes tinged with an optimism that may not stand up in the light of the long-run implications to French democracy of concentrating so much power in the hands of a "providential man."

PROFESSOR RAYMOND ARON of the University of Paris is very brillliant and very French, a highly explosive mixture any time, but especially when it is combined with a most singular amalgam of liberal and conservative tendencies. In October, 1958, Aron discussed the new French constitution for some Fund for the Republic consultants who believed his views "would contribute to their own examination of the American Constitution." Robert M. Hutchins rather smugly observes that "their belief was justified" and the discussions have now been published.

Threnody on the Demise of As and Now

Forgive me
while I drop
a gentle tear.

Presently,
now is dying.
So is *as*.

(Not *dying*,
but obsolescent,
like we say

in all the
leading papers
presently.)

Proximately
soon will be
extinct

like a door-
nail, like as
and now

sure are
gonna be dodos
proximately.

Parm me
pliz while
I exude

a modicum of
lachrymal
secretion.

DILYS LAING

I did not find Professor Aron's comments particularly useful in understanding American constitutional problems, but his provocative insights into politics, both French and general, and his infuriating factual errors, *non sequiturs* and inconsistencies rather surprisingly blend into an effervescent and stimulating broth. For instance, he transforms American political parties into "strong" parties, introduces "separation of powers" into the British system for the first time since Montesquieu, and transports North Africa out of the "Moslem world."

Also, he disposes of the Communist problem in France *à la Soustelle* by the simple expedient of electoral-law legerdemain and considers the Suez controversy "the only big political battle in Britain" since the war, completely disregarding the fact that nationalization of industry was the central issue in at least four general elections.

On the other hand, his arguments that the "logic of industrialization is that you have to have consensus in order to make this very interdependent economic system work" and his descriptions of the inclination of the French for "benevolent oligarchy," of the place of "crisis government" in modern society, and of the dilemmas facing de Gaulle are excellent.

Perhaps because of its structure as a largely spontaneous discussion, the book is a bit discursive and one does not read Professor Aron at his brilliant best. Nevertheless, his somewhat random thought is well worth the attention of those interested in French affairs and he has also dropped a few tempting nuggets drawn from his major study on *Industrial Society and War*, which was published recently in France.

When all is said and done, these three books discuss the emperor's clothes, his palace, his ancestors and his problems, but none of them tackles the main point of interest directly. They all give considerable attention to de Gaulle because he simply cannot be ignored, but we still lack in English a full-length study of him.* Yet, like his leader of 1932, both he and his regime derive their authority primarily from his personal qualities. I understand that Professor Wahl has been working for several years on a political biography of de Gaulle and that it is scheduled for fall publication. It may finally provide the keystone for an understanding of the new French regime.

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*As this review went to press, notice was received of Stanley Clark's *The Man Who Is France*, announced for March publication (Dodd Mead).

LETTER from ITALY

William Weaver

ONE EVENING last month, as the film director Federico Fellini was coming out of the Milanese theatre where his new picture *La dolce vita* (The Soft Life) had just had its première, an elegantly dressed man stepped up from the crowd and shouted at him: "You are dragging Italy in the mud!" With that, the stranger spat on the director, while other shouts arose, attacking Fellini or defending him. The next day he received something like 400 telegrams, the majority of which accused him of being a traitor, a Communist, an atheist, or things unprintable.*

The film (which will no doubt open in New York shortly) is a series of long episodes, giving a rather grotesque view of the corruption of the Roman idle classes, from the film world to the aristocracy, mixed with sensation-seeking journalists and defeated intellectuals, actors and café society. Many starchy *Milanesi*, after witnessing the picture, said in effect that, though such things may very well go on in Rome, they could never happen in serious-minded, hard-working Milan. The answer to this came the next day, when the Milanese police announced that they had finally broken up a huge call-girl organization, which had been furnishing relaxation to tired industrialists of the city (at upwards of 100,000 *lire* a night).

In Rome itself, audience reaction to the picture was calmer, and so far no Roman has spat on Fellini, though he has been denounced in the local press, or at least in its right wing. And the Vatican organ, *L'Osservatore romano*, devoted a long editorial to the film, unhesitatingly calling it "obscene" and "disgusting," and demanding that the authorities withdraw it from circulation at once.

As this is written, *La dolce vita* is still playing at two Roman first-run houses, standing room only, four shows a day. And observers believe that it will survive even the Vatican's pummeling, especially because the director has some ecclesiastical authority on his side. When his preceding film, *Cabiria*, was about to appear, Fellini and his producer were afraid that its touchy subject matter (prostitution) might arouse Italy's censors. So Fellini took a print to Genoa and there had a private showing for Cardinal Siri (one of the church's smartest prelates and a Papal candidate at the last consistory). The cardinal gave the film his approval. He has also seen *La dolce vita* and has apparently expressed satisfaction at the work's moral viewpoint.

La dolce vita's troubles began long before it opened. The producer originally scheduled to make it took one look at the long, rambling script (much of which was left in the cutting-room) and turned Fellini down. Several other producers flirted with the idea, then backed out. When at last a producer was found and the shooting began, it took weeks longer than planned.

Those were entertaining weeks for the Romans. Rome really is a small town (far more provincial than *La dolce vita* might lead you to believe), and everybody knows or knows *about* everybody else. Last summer, while the film was being shot, half the city turned out to watch Anita Ekberg wading in the Trevi fountain or Lex (former Tarzan) Barker slouching around outside the Excelsior Hotel. And what seemed like the other half of the population played bit parts in the picture: members of aristocratic families played aristocrats (a Ruspoli, for example, and a Rodd), abstract painters played abstract painters, Miss Iris Tree, actress and poet, played a poet and read one of her poems. *La dolce vita* was a godsend for foreign actors passing through the city, and in need of a little cash.

"I'm in *La dolce vita* this week. . . ." was a commonplace remark at the outdoor cafés of the Via Veneto last July.

"What scene?"

"The orgy."

"Oh, I'm in the night club. . . ."

So Fellini has made a kind of family album of Rome (with some of the portraits touched up and brightly colored, as they often are in albums), and the Romans are flocking to look at it. Though not all of them come away indignant, few come away without some kind of opinion. And in reply to the *Osservatore's* attack, the left-wing papers are devoting columns and columns to Fellini's defense. Long interviews have appeared in *La voce repubblicana* (of the center Republican party) and in all the illustrated weeklies, while *Paese Sera* (more or less Communist) has twice in the last three days dedicated its entire back page to quotes from leading Roman literary and intellectual figures. *Unita'* (out and out Communist) has had a front-page editorial attacking Fellini's detractors. And while an association of Rome's parish priests demanded the film's withdrawal, a public meeting of writers and film-makers (presided over by Alberto Moravia) was called to discuss the work and express solidarity with the director.

THE UPROAR of the Fellini opening has shadowed another event of last week, also concerned with Rome and the film world. This was the publication of a little volume entitled *The State as Film-maker* by the economist Ernesto Rossi, a leader of Italy's small, intellectual and pugnacious Radical Party.

Rossi has written in the past some fierce and acutely documented works on Fascist economy and government and its hangovers in the Italy of today. In the new study he discusses the incredible amount of state support given the film industry in Italy and, at the same time, the marked reluctance of official or quasi-official organizations to discuss or itemize the amounts of these pump-priming contributions, now that the pump is flowing merrily.

The Fascist regime heavily supported the budding Italian film industry through its infamous Ministry of Popular Culture, and the industry repaid the support by making films like *Scipio Africanus* to glorify the dictator; or else the old "white telephone" comedies, to stultify the movie-going masses.

Immediately after the war, in the glorious period of *Open City* and *Shoeshine*, the film-makers of Italy were on their own. But the producers—and with them, the directors and actors—were soon pestering the new republic for handouts. At a mass meeting in Rome's Piazza del popolo, Miss Anna Magnani put her hands on her chest and shouted: "Save the Italian film" to an applauding public.

The Italian film was saved, and has been ever since—handsomely. The government took steps to protect it against the invasion from Hollywood (in those days, Italian films were not popular with the Italian public), and at the same time instituted a system of "prizes" to be given to locally made pictures. As Dr. Rossi points out, the prizes have got larger and larger, as the industry has grown and prospered; but while government censorship exists, there is no control of the artistic worth of the films to which money is given. Obscenity is condemned, but not vulgarity. So that films like *The Labors of Hercules*, which took in 630 million *lire* at the box office in its first year, was given 101

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*Two Fellini films, *La Strada* and *Cabiria*, have been widely shown in America.

million by the government. And this was not the government's largest contribution nor, alas, the worst film of that year.

Movie-making in Italy is booming. Shady characters in small offices speculate on big names, counting on the prize money. They plan super-colossal productions; some of them are really made, others end only in a rain of unpaid bills and drawn-out Italian law suits.

The *Hercules* films have been a huge financial success in Italy and (to our shame) in America. Dozens of imitations now glut the Italian market, and dozens more are being prepared, on Biblical or classical themes: *The Battle of Marathon, Sappho, The Venus of Lesbos, Constantine the Great, Sodom and Gomorrah, Carthage in Flames*—these are the titles of films recently released or currently being cast. Producers gloomily predict that the classical craze can't last but all of them are desperately trying to slip in under the wire.

Meanwhile, the government's generosity continues. Directors, like Rossellini and Fellini, chafe at government censorship, but few of them (and still fewer producers) want to give up government money.

Rossi compares the film industry in Italy to a kept woman. "If she wants to make love where she likes, then she will have to give up her allowance." Or, she can always go out and work. The box office success of *La dolce vita*, for one example, indicates that, if she once tried it, the kept woman could do very well on her own.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

LILLIAN HELLMAN'S new play *Toys in the Attic* (Hudson) adumbrates a number of themes. There is first the theme of the havoc that a sudden access of money may cause in the lives of those who have always dreamed of money but never got any. When the ne'er-do-well Julian Berniers comes home to New Orleans, his two doting and indigent sisters are thunder-struck by the gifts he pours on them with a triumphant cry that he has become rich. The gifts are showy clothes for which they have no taste—and disproportionate to what they desire.

This leads to the second theme. The sisters have always spoken of a trip to Europe and the eventual purchase of the old house in which they have lived for many years. But these benefits represent fancies, not appetites. What the sisters need—especially the younger one who is incestuously attached to her brother—is the feeling that he depends on them. This theme is related to the one more fully (and convincingly) stated in Miss Hellman's *The Autumn Garden*: one's destiny is fashioned by what one does, and the dream of a goal other than that toward which one's habitual acts lead is mere self-deception. The sisters are upset by their brother's sudden affluence because it threatens to make him independent of them. Their hankering for Europe and the ownership of the house are toys in the attic—playthings that are useful only as psychological ornament.

Then again the play suggests that some people cannot use money. It is not a reality to them; it is the mirage of their suppressed yearnings. Their actual mode of living precludes them from employing money rationally as an instrument to attain ends for which their behavior has prepared them.

There are still other strands of meaning in the play: persons denied love grow batty; children whose parents were prevented from giving them love become warped. Others whose need for love is frustrated are rendered demoniacally possessive.

All this is interesting and valid. But the actual conduct of the play's narrative jumbles and confuses the various themes. The play is congested by irrelevantly melodramatic turns of plot, implausibilities and jabs of lurid violence. What begins as a fascinating revelation of humble characters in a modest environment turns into a series of hysterical spasms too diverse in motivation wholly to satisfy our aesthetic, or to persuade our moral, sensibilities.

The play is signally well written with that combination of selective realism and subtly rhetorical phrasing which gives Miss Hellman's dialogue a distinction approaching nobility. One's attention is held for at least two acts, but the third act, with its exasperating burst of fireworks, creates the perhaps erroneous impression that we have been craftily deceived.

An admirable cast—Jason Robards, Jr., Anne Revere, Maureen Stapleton, Irene Worth—plays with point and precision. Yet I was gnawed by a suspicion that if the direction had been just a

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little less tightly tidy, if there had been a shade more naturalness or ease of breath, the play might have seemed more truthful.

HENRY IV (Part 1) is a history lavish in language. The tapestry is richly woven with full-bodied characters: Falstaff is in every way so immense that one feels that his substance holds the play together and makes the internecine war which supplies the play's plot secondary to the rank humanity he personifies. I have never failed to enjoy this play, and have always envied the English for having produced a dramatist who could make the world believe that their medieval kings and courtiers spoke with the tongue of genius.

Everything in the Phoenix Theatre production is lucid, sensible, digestible. Eric Berry's Falstaff is very likable, and John Heffernan as a yokel servant and as a rebellious knight plays with a marked instinct for characterization. There is one weak performance, no really bad ones, most are sympathetically earnest. In brief, a meritorious presentation of a masterpiece.

I HAVE conscientiously refrained from reviewing several plays which have opened on Broadway and which have had, or may have, runs of some length. To me they are rotten eggs and it would afford me no pleasure, and the reader little profit, to condemn them. But a play that I might ordinarily consider to belong to this category, Félicien Marceau's *The Good Soup* (Plymouth), shall be made an exception to this rule.

The Good Soup was an enormous success in Paris where I first saw it—and probably, like Marceau's earlier play, *The Egg,* elsewhere in Europe. The author has recently explained that Marie-Paule, the central figure of *The Good Soup,* illustrates what degradation people will subject themselves to if they fear "not having." Marie-Paule is a trollop who finally makes good: she cashes in on the gravy, the "good soup."

The Egg was about a man who learns that the way to win in this world is to cheat: he literally gets away with murder. There were witty touches in *The Egg* and the racy French slang of *The Good Soup* gave it a certain unpleasant but arresting tang of the Paris gutter. But both plays—the latter in particular—are composed of scenes little better than burlesque house blackouts.

Cynicism, when it is informed by shrewd observation, indignation or pain, can serve the purposes of the theatre very well. But Marceau's cynicism is nothing but a pimp's wink. A cast of notable actors—Ruth Gordon, Diane Cilento, Mildred Natwick—demean their talents in such an exhibition.

JEAN GENET'S *The Balcony* (Circle-in-the-Square), which abounds in scabrous verbiage and imagery, is a literary and theatric phenomenon requiring more explanation than space this week permits. I shall return to it. Let it suffice for the moment to say that it cannot be written off as an example either of decadence or of aggressive *avant-gardism,* even though Genêt—like several of his contemporaries in France—might have adopted as his slogan Prince Hal's boast (in *Henry IV*) "I'll so offend, to make offence a skill."

ART

Fairfield Porter

EVER SINCE the academicians associated beauty with that which is respectable and unchallenging, artists have hesitated to use the word. But abstract artists, consistent with their Platonic ideals, associate beauty, an abstract word, with simplicity and coherence. Robert Engman, head of the sculpture department at Yale, exhibits at the Stable Gallery abstract metal constructions, cut, bent and polished from squares of brass, that are baffling in direct proportion to their simplicity and logic. Leather shaped into a shoe is not baffling, for one can imagine its flat origin, and perceive what it has become. But it is hard to follow in Engman's constructions the transition from original flatness to a volume suggesting a surface again. There is a twisted thing that partly rolls and partly rocks on its corners; having a constant diameter, it could do the work of a ball bearing. There is a smooth bent square with two obvious clear holes in it; and these holes are bounded by only one circumference. Constructivist sculpture began a long time ago, but I am aware of none so radically inventive as Engman's. He is neither mathematician, scientist, nor philosopher; what he does is make things up. His experiences are created out of whole cloth without any roughness to catch the burrs of sentiment. In leaving nothing to conjecture, he stimulates your imagination. He is at once completely matter-of-fact and utterly mystifying.

Marriage Song

womanliness is a vase
without flowers it sits upon a shelf
love permeates the small white room
a fragrance thyme or marjoram
i sing of you who gave me
this garland round my soul

Susan Moira Mok

Engman speaks of beauty as an abstract quality, but for Jasper Johns, who exhibits at the Castelli Gallery, beauty is how you do it. He used to try to force your awareness of process by applying it to subjects of such ordinary or exhausted symbolism as the flag or lower-case letters, with the contrary result that he forced you to look at the subject. His ability to animate the vapid was more distinguished than the paint texture. It was as though he printed doggerel in order to make you look at the type face, but succeeded only in giving new life to stale verse. Now he is beginning to give up the subject, and though he fastens window shades and thermometers to the canvas, what one appreciates is the irregularly starry surface of red, yellow and blue strokes. He has been absorbing a great deal from New York style non-objective painting.

WHEREAS Johns opposes subject and performance, finally isolating the performance as a thing in itself, the subject of Jane Freilicher's paintings (at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery) is partly implicit in the performance. Her paintings describe nature, what Blake called the vegetable world of Wordsworth. Their non-objective form sometimes inhibits her sensibility. The subject is the outdoors, the country and the weather. There is a characteristic vertical-diagonal shear across the canvases like a visible cold front. Except for one landscape, dominated by the horizon between dark ground and pinkish sky, presenting the essential structure of landscape, nature is not structure to her, but rather a sensuous experience. As a whole, nature is irregular and it is partly in its specific irregularity that it reveals its presence. Being tied to no place, except near the sea, the irregularity looks abstract. So beauty does not mean for her clarity and logic, but the total fact that nature is naturally specific and never the same.

For Paul Georges, who exhibits fifteen self-portraits at the Great Jones Gallery, beauty is to be found in reality, of which art is the mirror. And for Georges logic is subordinate to reality. Reality is stronger than thought, feeling, the means of its achievement, the artist's ego or his subjectivity. He uses tonal contrasts and close values and a freely decided choice of colors, of which red, green and brown stand out. His paint is thick and juicy. In the large painting facing the door, divided into the painter on one side and the wide brown back of the canvas on the other, there is a rapid linear indication of the feet. All these means, any means at all, and the variety of individualities in one single model, impress on you the reality of the person looking out at you. Realist painters often complain that the human figure should be the chief concern of art, and that it is missing from current styles. But most of these artists seem to see only some arbitrary, even abstract concept of the way man should look. They see a lay figure or a caricature: they do not see without prejudice. Because Georges gets an unprecedented and always different individuality, he can be called one of the few true realists painting in New York.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

A NUMBER of contemporary American works which have found their way to the recording studio recently are sufficiently distinguished to encourage anyone looking hopefully for signs of the cultural explosion the United States is supposed to be undergoing.

Perhaps the most interesting record of the group I have before me is the one made under the auspices of the American International Music Fund, an organization founded by the late Serge Koussevitsky to aid live composers. To mark its tenth anniversary, the fund's directors instituted in 1958 a recording guarantee project. This provided that leading symphony orchestras in the United States and Canada should perform a number of works new to their repertories, and record the performances on tape. Copies of these tapes were then placed in the Library of Congress, the Philadelphia Free Library and the public libraries of New York, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Cincinnati and Dallas, for audition by persons who might promote their future performance. From the group of fifty-two works taped in the first year, two were selected for recording under commercial auspices. The jury for selection consisted of Nadia Boulanger (France), Carlos Chavez (Mexico) and Alfred Frankenstein (U.S.), and the works they chose were the *Symphony No. 1* by Easly Blackwood and the *Symphony No. 2* by Alexei Haieff. Judging by their quality, I would say the jury must have done its work with discernment.

EASLY Blackwood's *Symphony No. 1* was written when he was twenty-two years old (he is twenty-seven now), and there is no mistaking the mark of extraordinary talent upon it. It has a technical fluency which composers sometimes labor a lifetime to achieve; it not only uses the orchestra with the kind of virtuosity that seems to be second nature to recent generations of Americans, but goes beyond this to pose arresting ideas. The first movement is as stimulating and convincing a pronouncement as I have heard in a long time.

The work often reflects the style of Shostakovitch, has passages openly devoted to the Hindemith of *Mathis der Maler* and a movement stemming from the oom-pa-pa waltzes of the late, late Viennese, but these influences do not much disturb me. Echoes of other people's styles are to be expected in a composer of such facility and youth. They are cause for concern only if they show the hand of an absorptive academic type, and on the evidence of this symphony, Blackwood is not one of these. He speaks from an individual mind. There are spots in the *Symphony No. 1* where the composer's gestures, though well executed, do not mean very much. That is the work's only major flaw, and on balance I find it a piece that I will want to hear often again.

Alexei Haieff's *Symphony No. 2*, which shares the disk, is a more mature work and an admirable one. According to the program notes, it is a transcription of an earlier piano sonata; that is surprising, for the symphony sounds innately orchestral.

Haieff is one of those composers to whom Stravinsky is obviously God; at a number of crucial points he lapses into the language of his master, and at such moments his work loses thrust. Nevertheless, he is capable of strong, original statements, and large portions of this symphony are utterly convincing by virtue both of their economy and their elegance. (RCA Victor LM-2352).

COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, INC., has issued a splendid performance of Miriam Gideon's *Symphonia Brevis*, conducted by Jacques Monod, with the Radio Orchestra of Zurich. On the same disk are Charles Mills's *Prelude and Dithyramb*, Paul Schwartz's *Concertino for Chamber Orchestra* and Paul Pisk's *Passacaglia*. These last three works are all of professional caliber, and attractive, but the *Symphonia Brevis* is clearly ahead of them in authority and pungency. Miss Gideon seems to have absorbed some of the technical principles which underline the music of Stravinsky and, perhaps, Schoenberg. But her message and manner are her own, and her craft is as lovely and meticulous as Vermeer's. Her *Symphonia* should be picked up by the major orchestras (CRI-128).

JOHN CAGE's *25-Year Retrospective Concert*, reviewed in these columns on May 31, 1958, was recorded on the spot, at Town Hall, and pressings are now available from George Avakian, Box 374, Radio City Station, New York 19. Mr. Avakian's wife, the violinist Anahid Ajemian, is one of the performers on the disk, and it is appealingly evident that both husband and wife put great faith in Mr. Cage's music. Listening to these records, I find that my opinion of the music is exactly what it was when I heard it the first time. In the process of recording, a couple of the works have been enhanced by the recorded hall resonance, and one, which looked and sounded silly in performance (the composer patting the wood of the piano), now only sounds silly. Otherwise, the records are a faithful reproduction of the event.

These records are a valuable docu-

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ment, because Cage has been a center of disputatious activity for a long time, and is a clearly profiled figure in contemporary American musical life. Some of the individual pieces are more winning than is the Retrospective as a whole. This supports my suspicion that the worst idea in the world is a long, retrospective program of one composer's music. There is not time in a single evening to give the kind of overview provided by a retrospective showing of paintings. And, with music, there is no possibility of withdrawing attention, as one can do at a gallery. The audience is captive; it *must* listen. I find that the music's irritation potential takes over at the same point on the records as it did in the hall. For a comparison with the original effect, purchasers of these disks might, just once, listen to them straight through.

INQUISITION

(*Continued from page 241*)

the applicant, cross-examine him, or otherwise harass him, it will fail of its purpose. Few Negroes will be willing to submit to such an ordeal.

The original Attorney General's bill was later modified to preclude such tactics in the proceeding before the Voting Referee. But it still allows state officials to contest the Referee's recommendation before the court. Such a proceeding is restricted to consideration of any "genuine issue of material fact" and the applicant's "literacy and understanding of other subjects" must be determined only on the basis of his answers made to the Referee. Yet there remains opportunity for questioning and otherwise harassing the applicant on other issues, particularly as to whether he has exhausted his remedies before state officials.

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The Hennings bill is perhaps the best on this score. It allows a challenge only at the time a federally registered voter casts his ballot, and the challenge must be made by suit in a federal court. Such a challenged vote must be counted, subject to the later determination of its validity in the court proceeding. The Douglas-Javits bill is similar, but permits a challenge prior to the actual casting of a ballot. The procedure under both bills affords some opportunity for harassment. But the postponement of challenges until the voter has cast his vote (or been certified as eligible), and the requirement that a new suit be instituted in federal court to raise the issue, lessen the likelihood that the right to challenge will be abused.

4. Enforcement of the Right to Vote. Enforcement of the right of the federally registered voter to cast his vote and have it honestly counted is, of course, vital to the whole scheme. In this respect the Attorney General's bill offers an advantage by permitting summary contempt proceedings in the litigation already in progress. The Hennings bill relies for enforcement upon newly instituted injunction or criminal proceedings. The Douglas-Javits bill is similar, except where the Attorney General's procedure has been employed.

The latter two bills have been criticized for the inadequacy of their enforcement procedures. But this problem, which occurs at the terminal stage of the procedure, may not turn out to be as difficult as predicted.

The failure of state officials to allow a federally registered voter to vote would produce a clear-cut and readily proven issue. If enforcement bogs down at this stage the only recourse, as the South is presumably aware, is full control of the election process by the federal government.

IN SUMMARY, our analysis indicates that the Attorney General's bill is crucially inadequate in its treatment of three of the four major stages in a federal registrar system. It requires a full-scale judicial proceeding in each election district before the system can be put into operation; it severely restricts the class of persons eligible to apply for federal registration; and it opens substantial possibilities of harassment and delay in the procedure of registration itself. The advantage it offers in readier use of contempt enforcement is more than offset by these deficiencies.

The Hennings bill is seriously defective only at the first stage. But this is crucial. Like the Attorney General's plan, it could be put into operation only in a relatively few election districts over the course of years.

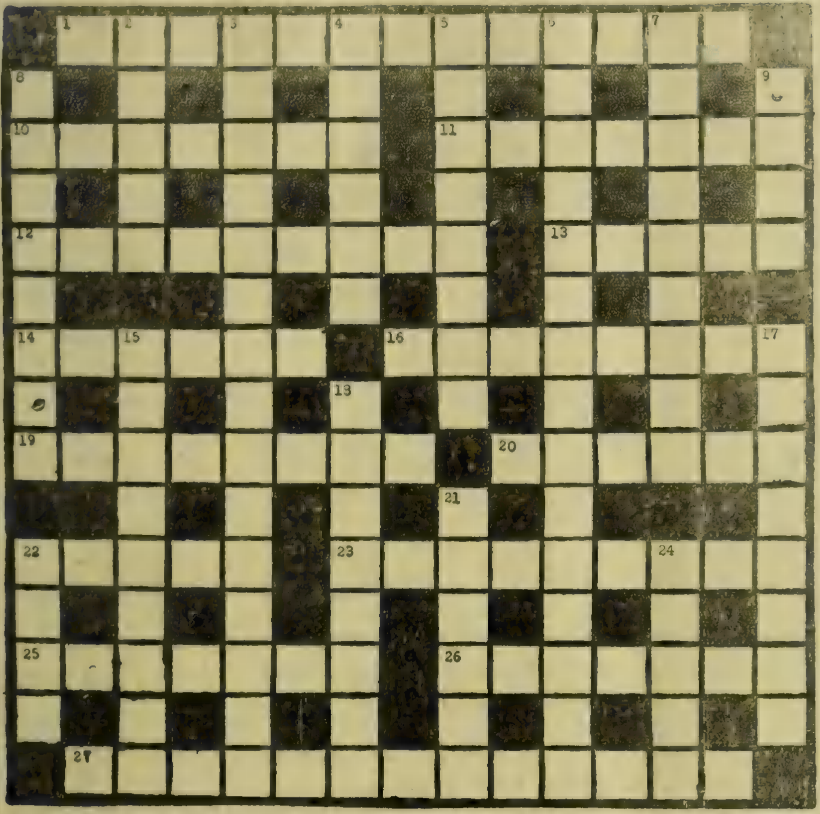
The Douglas-Javits bill, which has received little attention, offers the best possibilities of success. If vigorously administered, it should prove effective in permitting substantial numbers of Negroes to vote in federal elections. Under such circumstances the franchise is likely to be extended, at least in many localities, to state elections also. If this does not occur, the alternative provisions incorporating the court-appointed referees at least are no worse than the Attorney General's bill.

EVENTS may prove that no system of federal registrars or referees can be made to work. All such plans rest ultimately upon the judicial process to force recalcitrant, ingenious and committed state officials to do what they are resolved not to do. All plans, in providing for federal registration of Negro voters only, contain elements of Jim Crowism. None of the plans deals directly with the underlying problems of physical intimidation and economic coercion which keep many thousands of Negroes away from the polls.

But it is vital that those genuinely concerned with equality in voting, both in the legislature and out, insist that Congress do the best it can within the framework now accepted. It is unlikely there will be another favorable opportunity within the next few years. And the failure of Congress to devise legal techniques adequate to solve the voting problem can have the most dangerous repercussions in the whole struggle for equality through law.

Crossword Puzzle No. 859

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Interesting meeting place when coming through the Rye! (8, 5)
10 They might be beat on a sailor's chest. (7)
11 Often grand in the first business. (7)
12 Copper meeting, as the Englishman's castle isn't likely to be heated (9)
13 Back at what Markham's man was with at the lake. (5)
14 See 22 down
16 Rather a grim sort prior to ancient Calendula. (8)
19 Shake the devil out of what Grant did to Lee. (8)
20 What one probably does without any honor. (6)
22 Look over the state of the line formed in a ball, perhaps. (5)
23 Repeaters might be. (9)
25 Frank might have this privilege. (7)
26 Light vessel of old, yet made of iron. (7)
27 It's nut-green in a dull background. (13)

DOWN:

2 Prometheus was one. (5)
3 The art of keeping up with yesterday, according to the maxims of archy. (15)
4 It doesn't help when put on top of Trauma. (6)
5 Certainly not a bad time for the inventor. (8)
6 He might be happy if part of his client is fat. (10, 5)
7 The sort of horse Bing found nearby. (9)
8 A crazy cat's coat should be short. (8)
9 An arch sort of disappointed remark! (4)
15 The ability to remember, or enter into an arrangement. (9)
17 After dinner, they may be wrongly emphasized. (8)
18 Part of the Summer in Guernsey is spent in getting one of those 17. (8)
21 Save things to stick on the gaming table? (6)
22 and 14 Pay for what the Pilgrims did? (4, 6)
24 Ghosts play by him. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 858

ACROSS: 1 Obligatory; 6 Area; 10 Embroil; 13 Diminuendo; 15 Endowed; 16 Hand-set; 17 Instead; 20 Best man; 22 Lactic acid; 23 Onus; 25 Avenges; 26 Limpopo; 27 Dust; 28 Bridegroom. DOWN: 1 and 11 Over the Hills and Far Away; 2 Labored; 3 and 12 Good turn; 4 Tallied; 5 Raffish; 7 Rewinds; 8 Any port in a storm; 9 Proudness; 14 Sweepings; 18 Secrets; 19 Dear sir; 20 Bridled; 21 Mindoro; 24 Smug.

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Truth?

> A Federal narcotics official disclosed yesterday that . . . the secret purpose of the 1957 Apalachin conference . . . was to give up the lucrative but dangerous narcotics traffic.
>
> The Federal agent's disclosures provide the first gleam of official light on the puzzling get-together. . . .
>
> *New York Herald Tribune, Feb. 28.*

Readers of *The Nation*, we are happy to say, got their "gleam of light" in this instance quite a bit earlier than the readers of the *Herald Tribune*. Here's the proof:

> While all the matters up for final decision at Apalachin are not known, government investigators feel positive that one of the most important decisions was to take this particular Mafia mob out of narcotics smuggling.
>
> *Fred J. Cook, The Nation, Feb. 6.*

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So a game of musical chairs is played. Over-anxious, the Northern Democrats offer excellent proposals which the well-disciplined Dixiecrats support with tongue-in-cheek, knowing that, in the full House, the Republicans can be relied upon to vote against any proposal which does not carry the GOP label. Then, in their turn, the Republicans offer still another watered-down variant of the original tricky Rogers proposal which the Northern Democrats find unacceptable. The Northern Democrats are unable to halt this process of attrition and yet, as the debate is reported, the public gets the impression that Republicans are for civil rights and Democrats are not.

There is a very real danger that Congress will eventually enact a Republican-sponsored "voting" measure which, although about as useful as a nine-dollar bill, the Northern Democrats may feel compelled to support as a tactic of desperation. If a hoax of this kind is perpetrated, it may so disillusion Southern Negroes in the possibility of political action as to give massive momentum to direct action sit-ins and similar demonstrations which can easily lead to violence. Should this happen, the primary responsibility will fall on the Republicans who, with Northern Democratic support, have the power to pass an honest civil-rights bill.

Tinguely's Contraption

We feel great sympathy for Jean Tinguely, a Swiss artist who belongs to that noble company of missionary-aesthetes whose lives are dedicated to outraging convention. Spiritual son of Marcel Duchamp, he has seized on the nihilism of Dada and added motors to it—his work is mockery in motion. Out of scrap and delinquent technology, M. Tinguely has built machines that wheeze and jangle, flay their arms and shake their innards and plunge furiously into the exhausting work of doing nothing. He also produces devices which, a coin being dropped in the slot, will draw your own abstract for you, suitable for framing.

Most recently, M. Tinguely constructed a work of art that destroyed itself—or almost: certain details of timing were off and at one point a fireman stepped in with an extinguisher. This machine, 23 feet long by 27 feet high, contained, among other cast-off objects, eighty bicycle wheels, a piano, a child's go-cart, a bathtub, an addressograph machine, a meteorological balloon, saws, hammers, flames, a radio and rolls of paper. It was called "Homage to New York." Powered by fifteen motors controlled by eight timers, the edifice reduced itself to a shambles in half an hour.

Now this is outrageous behavior and right-thinking people should be made profoundly indignant; what are right-thinking people for if not to be made indignant at the appropriate moment? So you would expect that Tinguely set up his contraption in someone's remodeled stable, and that it went through its rites amid the guttering of candles and the reciting of Beat poetry. You would be wrong. The "occasion" took place in the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art and was attended by an invited audience of the museum's most cherished friends and patrons. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of Museum Collections, welcomed M. Tinguely with a few appreciative words, endorsements of other curators and critics were distributed, the performance was thoroughly official.

This is what protest has fallen to in our day—a garden party. Can any champion of irreverence think of a gesture M. Tinguely might make that would turn Mr. Barr gray with rage and send the museum's benefactors twittering in consternation back to their penthouses?

The Graveyard

Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, Arizona, is where old airplanes go. At present, 3,000 of them, originally valued at $2 billion, are lined up in silent rows awaiting their fate and furnishing pathos for the visiting journalist. Some will be reprieved and fly again, probably not for the Air Force but for less exacting federal agencies. The aircraft in storage include F-100 Super Sabres, F-101 Voodoos, F-102 Delta Daggers, F-104 Starfighters, F-105 Thunderchiefs. Besides the fighters there are transports, helicopters and bombers (including the B-36, never in combat, which cost the taxpayers $3.5 million apiece and would have made Grade A flying coffins if they had ever been sent into action). Technological obsolescence has overtaken these machines, and after they are stripped of usable parts, most of them—in the words of the journalist—will be "dragged like a protesting monster to the guillotine"—an eight-ton blade which is hoisted some fifty feet above the doomed aircraft and crash! chops off a wing, a nose, a tail section, which then goes to the melting furnace. The journalist failed to mention one consolation. With every drop of the guillotine, the Air Force writes a contract for a replacement aircraft or missile, and the taxpayer will shell out anew.

Death of a Prophet

Youthful Senator Richard Neuberger died suddenly while the civil-rights filibuster was in full swing; his colleagues took time out to pay him tribute. The eulogies cover many pages of the *Congressional Record* for March 9. The Senate is always gracious on such occasions, of course, but this time the speeches conveyed a sense of bereavement the more remarkable in that Mr. Neuberger was a freshman Senator, generally considered only a very small cut above page boys. For us at *The Nation*, the comments of Senator Ernest Gruening (D., Alaska), a former editor of this publication, naturally were of particular interest.

> It was in the late summer of 1933 [Mr. Gruening said] that Dick dropped into the office of *The Nation*, of which I was then one of the editors, to report on what he had seen on his visit to Germany, from which he had just returned. Hitler had come into power only a few months before. . . .
>
> I asked Dick to write of [his visit] for *The Nation*, and he did so. He wrote an article entitled "The New Germany," which was published in the issue of October 4, 1933. It was the first realistic, first-hand revelation in any American magazine of what was taking place in Nazi Germany. . . . It was Dick's first literary contribution to any magazine of national circulation. . . .

This early venture into print proved, for Mr. Neuberger, the beginning of a writing career which prepared the way for his ultimate election to the Senate. Yet it is doubtful whether, in the course of a quarter-century of unremitting labor over his typewriter, he ever wrote anything quite as important, or which did him more credit as humanist, than this first piece for *The Nation*. At a time when many noted American tourists were reporting that the horrors attributed to Nazism were much exaggerated—among them were Mayor James Curley of Boston and Dean Henry Wyman Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education—Mr. Neuberger poked around in the murky corners of Hitler's New Germany and found out that the worst and cruelest reports were only too true. What's more, he foresaw then that Hitler's advent must inevitably bring on war.

We think it worth while to reprint here the first two sentences of Mr. Neuberger's article:

> "Visit the New Germany," the American tourist reads in the advertising columns. . . . Embellished with photographs of picturesque scenery and stately cathedrals, the advertisements strive to persuade the tourist that Hitler's new Germany is virtually identical with the old Germany of charm and *Gemuetlichkeit*. . . .

Well, there is again a New Germany, and its *Gemuetlichkeit* is again spread over the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines. We at *The Nation* mourn Mr. Neuberger's death for personal reasons—and for professional reasons as well. One wonders what he would have written about the New Germany circa 1960.

'CHALLENGE' on the CAMPUS . .

by Dan Wakefield

New Haven, Conn.

AT THE tables down at George and Harry's restaurant-bar in New Haven, a handful of Yale undergraduates who suspected that neither the *Whiffenpoof Song* nor the *Howl* of the Beats provided the ultimate answer to the young generation in America, conceived and initiated an idea called "Challenge." Now, a year later, the Challenge idea has not only become a primary topic of talk and activity at Yale, but has stirred more interest in dozens of college campuses throughout the country than anything since Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne invented the forward pass. Its aim is to "confront individuals with the crucial issues of today's world" and challenge American college students to stand up and take a part in dealing with them.

Last week, Challenge held its second colloquium at Yale on the topic of "American Democracy: Myth or Reality?", featuring such varied interpreters of the American Dream as A. Philip Randolph, Barry Goldwater, Harold Taylor and Thurgood Marshall. The first colloquium, held last December, presented "The Challenge of the Nuclear Age," with interpretations by Hubert Humphrey, Carlos Romulo, Gen. James Gavin and geneticist Dr. James Crow. The featured participants not only act as lecturers, but attend "coffee seminars" with the students to answer questions and present their views in a manner more informal than is possible from a platform.

The colloquiums are the feature each semester of a program that begins with evening gadfests, down at George and Harry's, meetings and discussions among students of each of Yale's ten colleges, discussions with campus professors on the semester's Challenge theme, and "lead-up" speakers to provide background information. The full-house audiences of last week's colloquium were made up not only of Yale students, but of more than 500 visiting undergraduates, from forty or so colleges around the country, who have started, or hope to start, Challenge programs on their own campuses.

THIS SPRING'S program began with some words by William C. Devane, Dean of Yale College, who explained that when several students came to him last year with the idea of Challenge, he told them he didn't think it would work, and he was glad to see now that he had been wrong. So much for the inspirational stimulus of the older generation. The three students who conceived the Challenge idea—Sam Bowles, Ralph Bryant and Richard Celeste—eventually got backing from Dean Devane and leading Yale faculty members, as well as important Yale alumni and New Haven civic leaders; but originally they were greeted by friendly skepticism on the part of their elders.

The students seem to have been far ahead of their adult advisers, both in desire and imagination. The Rev. William S. Coffin, Yale chaplain and one of the first faculty people to whom the students went for help, recalled recently that when

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they contacted him. "These fellows had thought of everything. They wanted to get the best people for the first colloquium, and they weren't kidding when they said the best. When they started out they wanted Camus, Schweitzer and Bertrand Russell. They were asking me last spring about how to go about getting Camus—they'd already written letters and had friends of his write letters—and I suggested that they get in touch with Germaine Brée, in New York, who wrote the book on Camus' work. One of the fellows said 'Oh yes, I'm having lunch with her tomorrow.' "

The three Challenge originators finally called a meeting with some of the faculty members to "pool ideas." Ralph Bryant, one of the student trio, explained that "We bought a jug of sherry and got eight or ten faculty members in and told them what we wanted to do. The faculty was pessimistic — because of a lack of funds."

THE students refused to share the pessimism. One of them, Richard Celeste, had won a $1,000 Yale undergraduate prize, and he contributed $700 of it to get the Challenge movement under way. That summer all three worked to raise funds, and through contributions from the New Haven Foundation and the Danforth Foundation, plus interested Yale alumni, they had $7,000 by November. They also had a list of sponsors, including Connecticut Governor Abraham Ribicoff, Rep. Chester Bowles (his son, Sam, was one of the movement's originators), New Haven Mayor Richard Lee, faculty members such as Henri Peyre and Harold Lasswell, and alumni including Arthur Watson, president of I.B.M., and Henry J. Heinz II, president of H. J. Heinz Company.

The Challenge originators were also far ahead of their elders in conceiving the operational aspect of the movement. The most obvious thing, of course, would have been to name a president, secretary and treasurer—the usual American procedure for getting things done whenever three people get together. But the students felt that it then might turn into just another campus political group, with factions and internal politics detracting from the real purpose. The three originators weren't looking for campus prestige—their records at Yale had already won them offers of Rhodes scholarships—and they decided to work on an informal basis, without official titles or offices, in nightly sessions at George and Harry's which anyone interested was welcome to attend. The maturity of the students involved can best be measured by the fact that this has worked.

Stephen Kass, a Yale junior who was one of the organizers of the Challenge spring colloquium, explained to a visitor that "We didn't want an 'Empire.' Everyone's welcome to our meetings, and the guys who come most often and take the most interest take the jobs that have to be done. But nobody has a title, and the work is passed around. The guys who organized the winter colloquium were mostly seniors, and they've stepped aside now and mostly juniors have done the work on this one. There are freshmen, sophomores and grad students, too. A graduate art student designed our literature and stationery. The fellow who's introducing A. Philip Randolph today is a freshman."

THE common ground on which these students of different ages, educational interests and political ideas have met is best summed up in the words of Challenge's own statement of origins and goals:

> As university students we are concerned with understanding the world in which we live. Yet we find that our environment is narrowing and fragmenting our awareness of the contemporary challenges. Our concern and sensitivity have become intellectualized and sophisticated to the point where we are unable to respond creatively to those crucial issues which are so complex that they often seem remote.

This sense of remoteness that so often hangs, like Fitzgerald's romantic mist, around the spires and towers of college campuses was vigorously dispelled during Yale's spring Challenge weekend. Although the featured speakers recited from the podium the same basic texts that they offer to all public gatherings from the Baptist Fish Fry to the Phi Beta Kappa luncheon, they were brought down off their oratorical heights in the coffee seminars—one of the most important aspects of the weekend colloquiums. In a quick stop-in tour at some of these student-speaker sessions, a visitor heard a Yale undergraduate question Philip Randolph on how a white college student could help bring about the integration of the segregated musicians' union locals in New Haven; Harold Taylor, the Leonard Bernstein of progressive education and former president of Sarah Lawrence College, was asked if he didn't think most American college students had to be *forced* into learning anything; Barry Goldwater, who, in his formal speech, had recommended the breakup of unions into autonomous local units, was asked if he would recommend the same program for General Motors.

ON THE Sunday of the Challenge weekend, more than fifty visiting students got together with some of the Yale men to discuss the problems and prospects of organizing a Challenge program on their own campuses. They were there from Antioch, Columbia, Smith, the University of Texas, Sarah Lawrence, Oberlin, Russell Sage and other schools of all types and sizes now involved in one stage or other with starting a Challenge program. Some wondered how such a program could be made successful on a small campus not as well known as Yale. Ralph Bryant commented:

"The most expensive thing is the colloquium, with outside speakers, but that isn't necessary, and we don't feel it's the most important thing we've done. Most colleges aren't able to throw a big colloquium, but they can get seminars and discussions going with professors on their own campus. We decided that our success shouldn't be measured in how many big names we got for colloquiums, or how many people attended, but how many individuals at Yale radically changed their lives—like deciding to go to work in Africa, or actually doing something about what's going on in the world."

Yale students have already begun to make that kind of response

THE HOFFMAN PLAN . . *by Jane Stolle*

TWO distinguished travelers returned from opposite corners of the world recently with the same words ringing in their ears: "We want aid—but on our own terms."

President Eisenhower listened to the Latin Americans and took note. Paul Hoffman, director of the U.N.'s Special Fund, took steps—had taken some even before he left for his recent swing through Asia.

As head of the branch of the U.N.'s Technical Assistance program concentrating on research and development projects which will pave the way for fruitful investment in underdeveloped countries, Hoffman hears the "aid-without-strings" plea daily. Former colonies, small countries no longer content to subsist at a starvation level on a one-crop economy, medium-sized countries tired of big-country hegemony — all are asking for one thing which, at the present time, the U.N. is unable to give them: massive, multilateral aid.

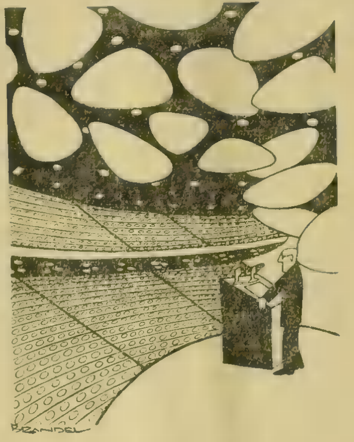
Hoffman, in a recent pamphlet, *One Hundred Countries — One and One-Quarter Billion People,* has some concrete proposals to make on how to get it to them. Businessmen will be interested in the subtitle: *How to Speed Their Economic Growth — and Ours.* He emphasizes eight points:

1. "Economic assistance is not charity, and it must not be so considered." The "have"-nation governments feel — rightly, Hoffman thinks — that tax money should not be used for give-away. Appositely, the "have-nots" lose their self-reliance and self-respect when they are charity cases.

2. "Economic assistance should be divorced from international politics." The attempt to buy good will with power-tainted money is neither efficacious nor welcome.

3. "It is urgent to speed and expand programs of technical assistance, especially work such as that of the U.N. Special Fund in surveying natural resources and training people" to make use of them.

4. "A steadily expanding world economy will be necessary." Hoffman, a true U.N. statesman, is troubled by the effect that common markets— whether Middle Sixes or Outer Sevens— may have upon the developing economies of underdeveloped countries. "Liberal trade policies must be maintained so that the developing countries may earn their way as far as possible through their own exports and savings. . . ."



5. "Greater initiative and effort on the part of leaders and people of underdeveloped countries themselves will be necessary."

6. "Greatly expanded use should be made of the services of the U.N. and its specialized agencies operating in the development field." Not only is such multilateral aid more acceptable because it is "stringless," *but the U.N. can be "tough" — when "toughness" is called for — without being accused of seeking any political or commercial advantage.*

7. "There will have to be an increase in the flow of public and private investment capital from the industrialized countries to the less-developed countries from the present level of about $4 billion a year to an average of $7 billion a year, over the decade 1961-70." Of the $3 billion additional needed annually, increased private investment and easier-terms public bank loans could supply $1 billion; the rest must be supplied from other sources. "This will have to be public money supplied for investment in . . . highways, schools, training institutes, community services, communications, and so on — facilities which are not immediately revenue-producing, but which yield large returns in the generally increasing output of a developing economy." Though these may not be "bankable" loans, they are the best investments that far-seeing, industrialized countries can make. They are the means for speeding their economic growth — *and ours.* They are the trails leading to "a great new economic frontier"—as Hoffman puts it, a market of $320 billion over the next decade for the exports of all developed countries, of which $14 billion would end up in American pockets. This will be possible provided the one and one-quarter billion peoples of the underdeveloped countries are enabled to raise their per capita income by $25 in ten years — from $100 yearly, as it is now, to $125.

8. "The proposed International Development Association," Hoffman believes, "is admirably suited to make loans of this kind, but its proposed capitalization of $1 billion to be spread over five years is far too small." Ten billion dollars would come nearer to meeting the needs, and if and when the I.D.A. becomes a reality, as President Eisenhower has urged, its capitalization will either have to be expanded, or another institution set up to do the job that must be done, Hoffman says.

HOFFMAN is in the vanguard of men who are actually planning massive aid to underdeveloped countries. The trickle of technical and financial assistance that has flowed to those areas from private investment, the World Bank and other national or multi-national sources is dangerously small. Guinea, stripped of administrative and technical personnel and capital when she voted "no" to de Gaulle, appears to be flirting with East Germany. Soviet money and Czech technicians are helping her build up the underpinnings of a developing economy. All of Africa is on the move toward the twentieth century, and most of Africa is potentially rich. But it will take time to turn her forests and her minerals and her fields into negotiable securities. Will she become a pawn in the East-West struggle—and have to choose up sides, as Guinea seems to be doing?

Mr. Hoffman says, no, not necessarily.

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to the challenge they have been presented with. Twelve undergraduates are going to Africa this summer to build schools; a half-dozen have applied to teach in Nigeria next year; eight Yale students were the first Northern collegians to initiate a sympathy picketing for the Negro sit-in strikers at Southern lunch counters. On the weekend of the Challenge colloquium, Yale student Al Lowenstein spoke at a rally which raised several hundred dollars for the Negro students expelled from Alabama State College.

There is, according to the student leaders, a marked increase in political activity on all sides. "Before," one of them said, "it was just a small clique that took part in political activities. All the political groups have come to life this year, both on the Right and the Left. We got Bill Buckley for a Challenge speech before the student Conservative Society did, and they had to get on the ball. The same kind of thing has happened with the liberal groups."

The aim of Challenge has not been to build up any particular partisan group, but to destroy what it calls "privatism" — the withdrawal into one's personal affairs to the neglect of the world around them. In a résumé for other colleges called "Organizing a Challenge-Type Program," the Yale students explained that one of the basic problems is deciding "whether the program will advocate openly a particular political point of view or will remain aloof from expressing a preference for one side or other of the political spectrum." Although "all of us have strong political ideas," the Yale students decided to keep the movement non-partisan, in order to appeal to a wider group of students and sponsors. "By seeming to rise above purely political issues, the program will influence many people who consider politics somewhat unworthy of their attention. . . . It will be somewhat frustrating not being able to advocate your own political feelings, since you will have to try to present both sides. Also, the group will not be able to take political action as a group, but only as individuals. . . ."

THIS is the course that the Yale students decided on, and it has already proved its success. Editorials in many college newspapers have praised it as the answer to the way up from apathy, and institutions which have not yet begun similar programs have sounded notes of guilt and hope. Perhaps the most eloquent came from *The Sophian*, the Smith College newspaper, which announced plans for a Challenge program at Northampton beginning next fall. Speaking of the vital need for it, *The Sophian* said:

> So, sometimes we write home to mummy and daddy about the World Situation, and occasionally we mention it to dear ol' Joe. Dear Joe smiles and asks us to dance.
>
> We think of the money America spends on beer and cigarettes and we worry about the economy, and democracy, and things, when we see another TV antenna go up across the street. We remember "The News of the Week in Review" as we re-read *Vogue*. We frown about our culture and its values as we tip the Negro waiters, and we promise we'll talk about the image of America sometime to somebody when we tour Europe this summer.
>
> We muse, and shake our well-brushed heads, and say America's challenge is Soviet communism, and we can't fight that, can we? When we get out of school, maybe. In the meantime it can all slide off our shiny heads, our feminine shoulders, our manicured hands. Bravely we can look to the future, stars in our eyes, thinking that someday we too shall do great things.
>
> We're the very picture of American Youth. We gaze at the wide horizons of the world before us, with a questioning mind, filled with faith, hope and charity. We forget that challenge, like charity, begins at home.

The best critique of this "silent generation" has come not from Kenneth Rexroth or the editors of *Time*, but from one of its own undergraduate observers; the best challenge to its role in the future has come not from parents or professors, but from its own campus leaders.

The Impotent Suburban Vote . . *by Robert C. Wood*

ACCORDING to most observers today, suburbia is a great American dream come true — or, at any rate, partially true. A yearning for grassroots living pulls city-dwellers to the countryside, persuades them to invest their higher incomes in ranch houses, barbecue grills, grass seed and septic tanks. A vision of a pastoral scene turns potato fields into mass developments, transforms sleepy half-rural towns into commuter bedrooms, gives a whole generation of children a first-hand knowledge of green grass and fresh air, and changes the family habits of the nation. Underwritten by unparalleled prosperity, supported by ingenious technology, accentuated by economic trends which push jobs as well as people into the hinterlands, the dream is reality for almost fifty million Americans.

Yet the fulfillment of one man's dream is often the realization of another's nightmare. The tip-toe-back-to-nature movement may delight the souls of real-estate brokers, architects, bankers, contractors and the makers of home appliances. But it spells trouble for suburban school superintendents wrestling with the influx of new families, traffic engineers juggling new patterns of commuter movements, conservationists watching land being chewed up in hundred-acre bites, transit operators faced with mounting deficits. It calls forth prophecies of gloom

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from family counselors concerned with the disappearance of grandmothers from the fireside circle and from experts in local finance caught in a web of spiraling tax rates. And it comes close to striking terror in the hearts of professional politicians.

THE REASONS for the politicians' concern are not hard to understand. For one thing, the rise of the suburb means change — physical, economic and social transformations on a massive scale and at a rapid pace. Twelve million Americans do not move in ten years without provoking dislocations in the *status quo*; and though the words "explosion" and "revolution" are overworked descriptions of the suburban migration, they are not inaccurate. Second, the experts are not all unanimous in their explanations of the origins of the dream. It may be simply another token of the drive toward middle-class respectability, taking its place alongside of the new car and the dishwasher as evidence that another status-seeking family has "arrived." Or it may spring from a simple, basic instinct to escape the tumult of the man-made city and return to the soil. Each of these interpretations carries quite different political implications: whether the inner drive toward recognition takes precedence over the pulling power of the "little place in the country" is an issue vital to a campaigner.

Thus, the politician is faced with his worst enemy: a big change obscurely understood. Like the faithful college alumnus, he is instinctively predisposed against any change; it makes his professional job of maintaining stability more difficult and carries personal occupational hazards. From local alderman to Presidential candidate, every man who runs for public office necessarily works on a set of assumptions about the nature of his electorate. To see his constituency not only move between elections, but be reshuffled, upset in its living habits and beliefs, and not to be sure why, shakes his operating strategy to its foundations.

Further, the size of the shift means that more than local elections are involved. Although there are as many definitions of suburbs as there are shades of blondes, the 50 million who can be classified as suburbanites today by the Census Bureau, compare to 61 million who live in the central city and urban fringes of metropolitan areas, about 25 million in smaller urban places and about 42 million in rural areas. Conservatively, then, one out of four Americans are suburbanites. If the present trends continue, by 1975 the total number of suburban residents can easily exceed 85 million — representing about 80 per cent of the new population growth. To this factor of sheer numbers should be added the propensity of eligible suburban voters to exercise their legal prerogatives. According to figures compiled by G. E. Janosik, 89 per cent of the registered voters in 33 suburban counties turned out in the 1952 Presidential elections. Under these circumstances, a suburban "bloc" — if it exists — is the decisive voice in national elections, and the fortunes of national public figures and national parties are at stake.

THE politician's natural distaste for change has been intensified, in the case of suburbia, by postwar folklore about the suburban man. Some of the earliest — and most plausible — interpretations have argued that the suburbanite is not just an American who moved. He is a new American, his personality transformed by his exposure to the half-open spaces, his attitudes dramatically altered by the acquisition of a mortgage and a power lawn mower. The man escaping from the city is a man freed from party loyalties of the past, a man with a new outlook on political issues.

To the candidate, this possibility has implied a new set of complications. The suburban voter is often believed to have "a politically independent state of mind." He is thought to respond to a different approach, as Mr. Harriman undertook in his well-publicized shirtsleeve visit to a Long Island cookout. The dilemma is pinpointed by a Massachusetts state senator, whose district included both city and suburban wards. "I'm a split personality now," the senator confided recently. "You can't wear a sports shirt and a stiff collar on the same TV program. But it's not just the campaigning that is different — speeches in one place and coffee hours in another. It's deeper than that. My city people still know who they're against and what they want. My suburbanites seem to love everybody and want everything."

Disruptive as the new image of the suburbanite has been to all politicians, it had at least until 1958 brought joy to Republican circles. The "conversion" theory not only makes suburban residents ready converts to the small-town style of politics, substituting symbols of home-ownership and community duty for class and sectional loyalties: since the small town is typically the wellspring of conservative sentiment, it also presumably enhances the appeal of the GOP.

Thus, in 1952, leaders in both parties tended to read the rise of the suburbs as a powerful factor in the Eisenhower victory. Suburban pluralities for Eisenhower in six key states outweighed Stevenson's city pluralities by 243,000, enough to be decisive in the outcome for each. In New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania, nearly half of the Republican plurality was provided by the suburban counties. Seventeen out of twenty-four suburban Congressional districts around the twenty largest metropolitan areas chose Republican Representatives that year. Between 1948 and 1952, the suburbs in the fifteen largest metropolitan areas increased their Republican plurality from 773,000 to 1,688,000. On a first reading of the record, Robert Taft could claim exultantly that "The Democratic Party will never win another national election until it solves the problem of the suburbs." Jacob Arvey could sourly agree that "The suburbs beat us." The new man, it seemed, to the degree he was a partisan at all, was a Republican man.

EVENTS since 1952 have been discouraging to the advocates of the "conversion" theory and to the Republican Party. A closer reading of suburban ballots cast since 1948 shows that the size of the Republican pluralities was the result of Democratic defections in the cities, not Republican gains in the suburbs. Between the 1948 and the 1952 elections, the central cities in the fifteen largest metropolitan areas showed a greater shift to the Republicans than did the suburbs. If the ranks of the Democrats had held fast in the five largest of the key cities in 1952, Stevenson would have had a majority of the total suburban-city vote in these areas. In 1956, the same trend continued, the Republicans making greater inroads in each major city than in the surrounding suburbs (exceptions were Los Angeles and San Francisco).

Obviously, it was not just suburbanites in these elections which led to the Democratic crack-up. In his 1952 and 1956 post-mortem election interviews, Samuel Lubell found that the neighborhoods from which suburbanites had moved showed a heavier Republican shift than the new election districts they now inhabited. And in the non-Presidential year of 1958, votes in the suburbs surrounding central cities tended to move again in the same direction as the cities themselves.

These parallel shifts of city residents and their suburban neighbors suggest that the voter is not "converted" so much as he is transplanted. Social and economic standing, ethnic background, religious affiliation and family political tradition remain the major factors influencing the vote regardless of where the voter is found.

THE "transplantation" theory does not leave the national political game where it was before the Model T, however. As an individual, the former city resident may be politically unaffected by his move, but the pattern of the total migration has had some important effects on party fortunes. The loss of population in the central city and corresponding increase in the suburbs means that in Congressional and state legislative elections, suburbanites tend to be under-represented. Between 1952 and 1956, in the nine largest metropolitan areas, the total vote cast in city Congressional districts declined by more than 400,000. For the twenty-six suburban seats, the total vote rose by more than 400,000. Not only are all suburbanites losing political influence in relation to their numbers, but Republicans are placed at a particular disadvantage. With higher-income families moving out, city and inner suburbs are left with more Democrats among their smaller populations. Moreover, Republicans tend to move into already solidly Republican suburbs, while Democrats are most likely to settle in contested districts. Thus, in non-local legislative contests, city districts go automatically to the Democrats, and in the suburbs, when two-party races develop, each Democratic vote counts for more.

It is this combination of transplanted people in compartmentalized voting districts that led Lubell to wonder if "the Republicans can ever hope to capture control of Congress again." And it is this combination, taken together with the importance of personality in Presidential campaigns, that raises the prospect of a national government divided between a Democratic Congress and Republican President not just as a rare event, but as standard operating procedure.

QUITE apart from the almost accidental disruptions of the new political arithmetic, there may be an even deeper impact. Observers in a number of suburbs report not so much a shift between parties, as a de-emphasis on all politics, especially party politics. While the suburban voter may not change his colors, he's wearing them more casually and, especially at the local level, he seems inclined to disavow partisanship as an effective means of conducting the public business. For those philosophical believers in party government and the role of parties per se in a democratic society, this "do-it-yourself" tendency is disturbing. Party regulars can continue business as

usual — but their business becomes less and less important.

In many suburbs, of course, this new style simply reflects the fact that a good two-party fight is no longer feasible. As the clustering effect of "like seeking like" continues in the migration, each suburban voting district tends to become predominantly one party or another. The smaller the district, the less likely it is that a respectable minority exists to contest any election. Each community retires behind its own political barricades, secure from any real challenge by the other.

But an even deeper antagonism against the party appears to be at work. With memories or legends of the old city boss engraved on his mind, the suburbanite tends to deprecate the usefulness of the party politician. He partakes of an independence, in Janosik's words, "so fierce that the extent of political activity on election day is the distribution of small sample ballots at the polls and occasionally bringing an elderly lady by automobile to vote." He indulges in a new cult of urban localism, described by an Illinois study commission as "a devotion to the history, traditions, folkways, politics, housing arrangements, zoning laws and a hundred other things individually associated with each of the communities." In these circumstances, in place of outright politicians, the suburbanite looks to "wheels" to spark civic affairs, "goes it alone" in deciding public issues, reaches for a consensus among right-thinking citizens to replace compromise among partisan-thinking men. When he discovers that cliques, factions and elites still operate under the cloak of neighborliness, he retreats into political apathy.

IT IS of course even more difficult to gauge the importance of the no-party trend in suburbia, the erosion of customary American political practices, than it is to ferret out the motivations for the suburban dream, or to calculate the effect of population shifts on the two major parties. But it is at least clear that one result of more people moving into smaller towns has been to reduce the likelihood of vigorous political activity, party or otherwise. Whether or not the drive for middle-class acceptability or the search for green utopias is the major force behind the suburbs, their existence as political entities means an increase in political insularity and parochialism.

The separate social clusters we are developing, the new localism we are establishing, the abandonment of the city as a melting pot in which unlike people learn some tolerance, the ghettos we now enclose in boundary lines, all speak for the weakening of the political instruments required to conduct common affairs. As we strive, on the local basis, to get the right industry in town, or to keep the wrong people out, as we scramble to evade local taxes and to put the state hospital or juvenile delinquent home in someone else's backyard, we are unlikely to solve the domestic problems which, in fact, may be the key political issues of the day. Under present arrangements, there is no chance for suburbanites to vote directly on what kind of commuter transportation they desire, where they wish parks to be within the region, or how they propose to develop the open spaces which are left. With no real mechanism for expressing their collective opinions, suburbanites have, in effect, disenfranchised themselves. The suburban vote is important not because it is different from the national vote at large. It is important because it is stubbornly divided against itself.

Hoffa in the Garden . . *N. E. Parmentel, Jr.*

JOLTING Jimmy Hoffa, the most battle-scarred Young Lochinvar out of the West since Stan Ketchel came out of Hamtramck, was the main eventer at Madison Square Garden one night last week. At this latter-day Michigan Assassin's Garden debut, Jimmy dazzled ringsiders with some fancy footwork and his surprise secret punch — a stiff Left hook.

Host at the clambake was New York Teamster's Joint Council, claiming over 150,000 members in "everything that moves," as prexy Johnny O'Rourke likes to say. That night, however, only about 9,000 of the faithful showed to honor Hoffa, the brotherhood's beleaguered international president. Unorganized New York cab drivers were urged to attend, but O'Rourke's gravelly plea fell on deaf hackie ears.

The Garden was bedecked with bunting, huge pictures of Hoffa and banners blaring a "WELCOME JIMMY." The O'Rourke boys had assembled a show emceed by Phil Foster, a bellowing Henny Youngman. First act was a pair of jugglers, late of the Ed Sullivan show. They were replaced by some Latin Quarter tumblers who cavorted while Foster gave us some humor-cum-wisdom on life. After a while this jokester introduced The Mariners, who obliged with some songs with no discernible resemblance to sea chanteys.

Foster leaped back onstage, whistling and urging a "real Teamster welcome" for Alan Dale, who would look good booked into Chez Joey. Dale, who was accompanied by three female violinists in cerise-pink, sang some stock Italianate numbers, while Teamsters greeted him with "sing some Irish songs." This act was followed by a band playing *Paso Dobles* while some Spanish dancers looked sultry. The Teamsters all cried "*Ole!*"

Phil reclaimed our attention with the Teamster Theme, to the tune of *The Caissons Go Rolling Along* — and "if you ain't got the words make 'em up." After two false starts, we were rolling merrily along with "Drivers, clerks, canners too/Is to mention but a few" and "Organized, one and all/We may trip but never fall" at the fever pitch demanded by the *maestro*. This concluded the

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NOEL E. PARMENTEL, Jr., has contributed articles on politics and labor to several national magazines.

Still, he knows the country a lot better than a number of fly-by-nights who later settle and hatch tomes. Limited though he is, Maraini makes a number of just observations (among them: "There is still something degrading associated with money in Japan, and this often leads to hypocritical behavior of the kind which with us is associated with sex.") which is more than either Sacheverell Sitwell or Cecil Beaton does. In Maraini we have the international-modern attitude, the way John Gunther would probably write if he stayed long enough in one place to do so. With the latter two, however, we move backward: with Sacheverell Sitwell we are back in the "beautiful land of enchantment" phase, and in Cecil Beaton we are almost returned to our "strange, wee land" beginnings.

THE SITWELL book unhappily confirms what one has always uncomfortably suspected: that he is splendid when handling the past, the timeless, the safely dead; but that the living leaves him cold. Admirers of his work, and until now I was among them, will be disappointed. *The Bridge of the Brocade Sash* is written, perhaps necessarily, almost without reference to that great knowledge of arts, aesthetics and esoteric curiosa which is his; he simply doesn't know enough to write a book of "travels and observations in Japan." Yet, completely outside his milieu, he has refused to desert what he already knows and, rather than attempt to approach the country on its own terms, he writes as he always does. The results represent a triumph of the invidious.

Among the meaningless comparisons which stud the book we learn that there "are some points of similarity . . . between Todaiji and the abbey church of the Geronimos" and, one feels, for that matter, St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue; in speaking of the cryptomerias, he says that we have "nothing like this in the West for it is of no use to compare the fir trees of the Black Forest." Of no use at all, yet compare he does. The book is crammed with meaningless place-name-droppings like this.

There are other indications that he is unsure of himself. In all these comparisons Japan wins hands down: Granada is as nothing compared to Kyoto. He feels, apparently, that nothing less than blanket approval will suffice, that he can no longer trust the judgment which, until now, has never been shown as anything but infallible. This lends an oddly querulous tone to the book.

Since he is not sure, he begins to wonder: what about the moss in the Kokedera, is it "accidental," might it not have "rioted and got the upper hand"? and what about Gagaku, is it really untouched, and would the composers "ever recognize their tunes"? and the rock garden at Ryuanji, is it "a triumph of genius; or is it an accident"? and are the rocks really in their original positions? has the sand "really been raked that same way for four centuries"? These and like questions (all supremely beside the point of the objects themselves) vex him; completely unsure of his aesthetic judgment he falls upon that tourist favorite: Is this authentic, are we seeing the real thing?

It is typical of his approach, and of his despair, that in defining the rock garden he should be thrown back upon a description he wrote of it in 1945, long before he saw the real thing. It is a fine description, the best thing in the book, but it has blessed little to do with Ryuanji. And directly after the rock-garden set-pieces comes: "But it is time now for the evening meal. . . . We take off our shoes, are given slippers that are much too small, and led by a posse of *neisans* upstairs. . . ." One notices the difference. The moment he attempts to give the flavor of something alive he becomes Auntie Sachie, someone's much beloved nanny, writing back to her charges from the extreme Orient.

Since he kills off anything living (using such formidable weapons as the downright cliché, the wishful misunderstanding and the utter error) and, at the same time, is not equipped to handle major Japanese works of art, it is not surprising that he is at his best on Japanese dolls, fabrics, kimono, geisha, *inro*, match-box designs, and those other decorations through which the Japanese attempt to make life beautiful. And it is not surprising that this single excellence, so completely divorced from anything human, should make the book read like those 1910 volumes which tell all about the wonders of Kyoto but fail to mention that anyone is living in the place.

CECIL BEATON, on the other hand, sees the people all right, but mainly because they fit so admirably into the compositions created by a fluent camera and a facile pen. His geisha are elegant pieces of furniture placed just so; that little dwarf on the temple steps stepped straight from the pages of *Vogue*. It was in fact "people" that originally brought Beaton to Japan. He came on assignment from *Harper's Bazaar* and one of his duties was to photograph "society" for those exclusive and glossy pages. One can imagine his, and their, chagrin at discovering that there is no "society" except that represented by a distant royalty and by the dumpy wives of current zaibatsu, surrounded by fringed velour, cast ormolu and other indications of Edwardian high life.

The disappointment shows: the pictures are pedestrian, and very poorly reproduced for a volume as expensive as this one; in some cases they are even visibly retouched. The text is post-Henry Adams gush, but it does give a wonderful indication of what one can learn about Japan in just one short month. One can learn that Haneda Airport, the world's most hectic, contains "an atmosphere of tranquillity and immaculate precision"; that "today, every Japanese dabbles in the art" of flower arranging; that in the elegant Osaka Bunrakuza there are "simple, peasant audiences"; that Madame Azuma, who is to Kabuki as Cyd Charisse is to ballet, has "the dignity and assurance of Sarah Bernhardt"; and (my favorite) that "one reason for the perennial youth of these people is that there is never a frown or look of anxiety on their faces."

It will be noticed that the attitude, whether one loves the country or hates it, is emotional. What one rarely finds among travelers to Japan is that measured quality so admirable in Doughty in Arabia, Kinglake in Persia; what one sees of Tocqueville in America, Borrow in Spain and Gide in Africa. The two extremes of Lafcadio Hearn encompass it, the letters of Chamberlain suggest it, Fenollosa hints at it; Kipling's letters show that he knew what he was talking about; Cocteau, though adopting superciliousness as a style, saw the country full and whole; later, Roger Poidatz, under the name of Thomas Raucat, wrote *The Honorable Picnic*, far and away the best novel about the country; and, still later, D. J. Enright published a very just evaluation in *The World of Dew*. This, though comprised entirely of very near-hits, is a select company indeed and to it one must now add Donald Keene and his admirable *Living Japan*.

THE TITLE indicates the author's attitude: he is interested in Japan as it is, not as it was, nor as he wants it to be. In the introduction he writes how he initially recoiled from the "modern living" aspect of the country, how he "might have remained buried in . . . studies of old literature and art. . . ." But he did not, and this near-escape has given him an inestimable advantage over those who merely enthuse or merely despise: it has given him a sane and level-headed view of the country.

He is the precise opposite of "the

tourist [who] may be so affected by legends that he has read of the Land of the Gods that he may wonder, when he sees farmers spraying their fields with insecticides, what magical rites are being celebrated." Rather, he knows the abyss between public and private behavior; he knows how and why Japanese politics are so utterly corrupt; he knows that "the guest bears the responsibility for entertaining the geisha."

Yet, he has avoided the extreme of cynicism. Again and again the tempered justness of his attitude reconciles apparent opposites. He observes that "the men who today make transistor radios have the dexterity of the craftsmen who carved sword ornaments a hundred years ago"; that, though the old apprentice system is often cruel and wasteful, still "the apprentice who is . . . determined . . . will develop greater perfection than another . . . to whom [it] is just another job"; that the tea ceremony may appear "about as spiritually challenging as afternoon tea poured by a London matron," yet, "even if the Japanese girl has learend by rote, with no comprehension of . . . the whole ceremony, the observer cannot but be struck by momentary glimmerings of a beauty which has the marks of long tradition."

Keene, resisting expression of an emotional attachment, has written with studied fairness, and in so doing has created what will undoubtedly become the standard text on the country. His approach is one pre-eminently suited to this second half of the century. It is sober, just, impeccably informed and extremely well expressed; it also shares much more with Benedict, Reischauer and Dore than it does with any past or present Marainis or Sitwells.

Yet, if one misses something in this book (and it is scarcely fair to complain of missing something that the author never intended including), it is the personal view, that which is so irritatingly evident in Maraini. Perhaps, indeed, it is Keene's measured sanity which makes his book so bland. This does not mean that one would trade Keene for Maraini, but it does mean that Japan has not yet found its Doughty, its Kinglake, its Borrow.

Class and Sanity

SOCIOLOGICAL THEORY & MENTAL DISORDER. By H. Warren Dunham. Wayne State University Press. 298 pp. $5.50.

MY NAME IS LEGION: Foundations for a Theory of Man in Relation to Culture. By Alexander H. Leighton. Basic Books. 452 pp. $7.50.

William Caudill

BOTH of these books attempt to improve understanding of the relation between psychiatric illnesses and the social settings in which they occur. Both authors ask essentially the same questions, but Dunham looks back at research accomplished over the past twenty years, while Leighton looks to the future, particularly to the two forthcoming volumes of research results for which his present book provides the framework. Together, these books provide a good introduction to this field of study, but the reader will have to work at his task because, while the language is fairly straightforward, the arguments are presented for a professional audience.

Dunham's book is a collection of papers, some of them now classic in the field, published in various American and British journals during the past twenty years. In addition, three studies are presented here for the first time. They are organized according to the three central problems with which Dunham is concerned: "(1) Does the incidence of mental disorder and its various types show any significant variations by social class, ecological space or time periods in a given society? (2) Can any relationship be established between the type of pre-morbid personality structure and the kind of mental disturbance or mental symptoms that a person develops? And (3) Is the cultural organization of society primarily selective or causative with respect to the differential incidence of mental disorder within a given human society or between different human societies?"

The findings for which Dunham (in work carried out with R. E. L. Faris) is best known come from analyses of the ecological distribution of first admissions to state and private hospitals in Chicago. Dunham's principal findings were that, taken as a whole, mental disorder shows highest incidence in the impoverished areas surrounding the central business district, with the rate falling off in all directions toward the more prosperous periphery; that the schizophrenic rates follow this same pattern; but that the pattern for manic-depression is much more scattered and with a tendency for increase in areas of relatively high social and economic status.

As Dunham points out, the discussion of these, and other similar, findings raises many questions. "Are statistically significant rate differentials between local districts . . . actually caused by differences in the very texture of social life or are such rate differentials caused merely by the selection of cases, by the mobility of cases, by statistical manipulations of the data, or by a combination of these elements? This is a real sixty-four-dollar question." Dunham also mentions that a careful study by Hollingshead and Redlich of cases under treatment in New Haven shows that the uneven distribution of such cases in the social class structure is not a chance matter. However, the Hollingshead and Redlich study does not discover what factors within the class structure account for the differential distribution, and that is the crucial question. All of this points to the need for studies of communities that will count all cases of psychiatric illness (not just those under treatment) and will look for the relations between such illness and patterns of socio-cultural integration or disintegration.

LEIGHTON'S volume (and those scheduled to follow it) is the report of just such an attempt, and Leighton is under no illusion that the relationship is of a simple one-to-one character — rather the entire book is a sophisticated discussion of the problems inherent in visualizing such relationships. His book reports the findings of the Stirling County Study of Psychiatric Disorder and Socio-Cultural Environment — an intensive, ten-year project carried out in several communities in Nova Scotia. The project is conducted by Cornell University in collaboration with the Department of Public Health of the Province of Nova Scotia.

Since the study as a whole was concerned not only with research but also with the treatment of psychiatric disorder, and ultimately with preventive psychiatry, the title for the first volume was chosen, appropriately enough, from the text of St. Mark (5: 5,9): "And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones. . . .

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And [Jesus] asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."

This volume is divided into three parts. In the first, Leighton defines psychiatric disorder in terms of three probable origins: psychological experience, physiological imbalances and heredity. In the second part, he traces possible connections between psychiatric disorder, viewed as a process, and the socio-cultural environment, also viewed in terms of process. Out of this discussion, social disintegration is suggested as a major influence on the development of psychiatric illnesses in the community. The third part of the book outlines the research plan followed in the study.

It is impossible in a short review to go into the logical development of Leighton's argument. Since he is striking out in original directions, he may well draw fire from some social scientists and dynamic psychiatrists. Leighton should, however, prove to be a worthy adversary as his thought is sophisticated and provocative. In addition, throughout the text, there is a beautiful interweaving of clinical material and conceptual discussion. The book is to be recommended in itself, and because it whets the appetite for the more substantive findings that are to be presented in later volumes.

LETTER from DUBLIN

Louis O. Coxe

WINTER shows few northern cities at their best and Dublin is no exception. For days it has been very cold and bleak, with snow and consequent hazards, but if one has recently returned from Liverpool, as I have, Dublin seems fair, unsullied and full of delights to the eye and ear. Perhaps one should go to Liverpool first in order to receive the stimulus at the full. When I have the courage, on a fair day, I walk the couple of miles or so from my house in Donnybrook to Trinity College, in the very heart of the city, and there is always something new or some new effect in the familiar. Perhaps Joyce knew what he was about when he set himself to effecting total recall.

Dublin is a wonderful combination of the cosmopolitan and the provincial. One can get about on foot very readily; from any point of vantage you can see the Dublin hills. Fifteen minutes' drive from the city and you are in rural Ireland, and indeed it is no novelty to see donkey carts and pony carts trotting into town from the hills to the west and south, nor to see cattle being driven down the sidewalk in front of a line of semi-detached villas, most of which sprout TV antennas. The variety, the pageantry of a muted sort, strike one forcibly after the uniformity of most American cities, and Trinity College itself is in a sense a summation of many of these contrasts. An Anglican and Anglo-Irish enclave in this Roman Catholic country, it yet includes students from all parts of the world, from Nigeria to Sweden; I would guess that there are more students from foreign parts than native Irish; most of whom, of course, go to the National University. Such a quantity of students gives to central Dublin an air of youth and gaiety. And the Irish girls one sees on Grafton Street! I read recently a snide account of a visit to Dublin in some English magazine. The author was rather sniffy on the beauty of Irish girls: it was, he pointed out, a mere matter of hair, complexion, eyes and expression. As the Beats say, let's sell this cheap hotel, man.

BUT a representative of American Culture like myself cannot properly go about admiring the girls, so I shall admire an extraordinary occasion I assisted at (in the French sense) a couple of Sunday nights ago: a poetry-reading, by Padraic Colum, Donagh MacDonagh and Thomas Kinsella, at the Busarus Theatre (capy. ca. 175). It was packed, and the audience left reluctantly after three solid hours of poetry and songs played on the harp and sung by Mrs. Yeats, the poet's daughter-in-law. I must confess it struck me as something of a Tribal Rite. Monsignor Paddy Brown, recently retired from University College, Galway, introduced the poets and in the case of Kinsella, the youngest, provoked a round of applause when he thanked God that another poet had been born to Ireland. Certainly one had to join in the applause, for every reason, not the least of which is that Kinsella

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RANDOM HOUSE
NEW YORK

is certainly a poet, and a good one. Donagh MacDonagh, the son of one of the patriots of '16 whose name is immortalized in Yeats's, "Easter 1916" and in Oliver Sheppard's magnificent memorial sculpture in the General Post Office, had a few harsh words for the British, as one might expect of a man whose father had been executed by them. Padraic Colum was received with great affection by the whole crowd, young and old. Altogether, such an evening is so remote from American experience that only the English language, on the ear more musical than normally, seemed a known thing. Even at my own lectures on American literature there has been a good and on the whole faithful crowd; they seem to come because they like literature and think it worth while to listen to talk about it. There is no question of credits or degrees or even of improving something, apparently. And so the readings at the Busarus showed me, I think, how seriously yet how easily the Irish cherish their culture. It belongs to them, like their church and their past and their dead.

ONE disappointment has been theatre. I have seen little Irish drama, new or old, that I would call really good. This month the universities of Ireland, including Queens Belfast as well as, oddly, Cardiff, are giving a drama festival at the large Olympia Theatre — five plays in five nights, and not one Irish, I believe. The Abbey's season has been dull; the only bright spot is the apparently settled decision to commence the building of the new theatre on the site of the old, burnt out in 1952. The Gas Company Theatre in Dun Laoghaire has somehow managed to get the permission of O'Casey to do one of his plays, so perhaps one may get to see them all when the new theatre is built, provided O'Casey and the hierarchy don't have another falling-out. And John B. Keane, the author of *Sive*, another kitchen tragedy out of Kerry, has a new play which is headed for Dublin. Perhaps it will get beyond the stereotypes of *Sive*, though I delighted in that play if only for the talk, rare enough on the stage these days. The students who are interested in drama, and they are many, seem greatly concerned for the future of the Irish stage, and though they lust after Adamov and Ionesco, many seem consciously to want to revive a national drama that shall be both native and yet aware of what the French and the Americans are doing. They get a bit discouraged when they put on *The Rose Tattoo* only to have it banned, or when they buy tickets to see in Dublin the English production of *The Ginger Man* and read in the paper on the morning after the opening that The Powers have intervened and sent pornography packing. I suppose someone has to pay to keep Ireland pure, but the price sometimes seems exorbitant.

Despite such drawbacks, one certainly does not have the feeling of living in a theocracy or a land of bigots. Nearly anyone I meet seems to me to express himself with ease, humor and in the most supple of vocabularies. The English would call this the mere gift of gab, but it is a gift indeed and one which the American enured to World Basic Grunt, can only covet. And their country and countryside seem to fit them perfectly, as well it might with what they have gone through to possess it.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IN Friedrich Duerrenmatt's brilliantly synthetic play *The Visit* (City Center) the lady who is its prime mover says "The world made a whore of me, so I am turning the world into a brothel."

Jean Genêt's brothel in *The Balcony* (Circle-in-the-Square) is a house of mirrors, a temple of illusion, one might say art itself, where things are truer than life. In this brothel—where there is more obscenity than sex—acts turn in on themselves (as in art) and thus achieve a certain purity. They have no practical consequence. What the brothel does is give men a presentment of their dreams in their essential meaning. The patron who impersonates a bishop realizes and enjoys the cruelty which is at the root of his absolution, the "judge" his kinship with the criminal, the "general" his taste for command.

The ambitious of the world also aspire toward the glorification or perfection of image which is the service the brothel performs. The workers of the world are in revolt. The brothel alone seems protected. The revolution is drowned in blood. When its leader comes to the brothel it is to become the glorified simulacrum of his captors and rulers—and he castrates himself in doing so. The dictator (the chief of police) becomes the new Hero—dominating even legitimate royalty and the lords of religion, justice, war. This Hero—vulgarian without accredited linage—who has always yearned to become a great figure in the brothel's galaxy—need no longer do the work which has raised him to power. Having established himself and dug the people's faces in the mud with their orgastic consent, he will now rule by his legend alone—the aura of grandeur which the art-institution of the brothel has given him. Some people still remember their moment of revolt, secretly murmuring "the rebellion was wonderful"—so that despite their defeat they may some day rise again.

Is this confused? Not very. Genêt's construction is nightmarish, perverse and chaotic as are the creations of our fantasies, but like them it has its own illuminating vividness, its lurid clarity and a language—as intensely solid as a classic—which gives the play a substance that cuts through the darkness. Since Genêt has lived his nightmare and has withal a certain artistic grip on it, he is genuine poet, whereas Duerrenmatt who is only terribly clever is not.

The Visit is clearer—an anti-capitalist parable without real commitment because it is without real identification—a work of shrewd manipulation of materials other writers have originated. *The Balcony* has its obscurities—no explanatory gloss will elucidate its every metaphorical twist—but in this it resembles every true work of art; true art always retains a certain elusiveness because the emanations of the artist's unconscious project beyond the control of his will.

ALL this does not mean either that I "agree" with Genêt or that I consider him a great dramatist. It means that I recognize that he exists in a creative sphere which the more practicable Duerrenmatt does not enter. I suspect that Genêt belongs to a category of artists who, while marginal to the mainstream of major work (that which possesses great duration and broad applicability), retain a certain symbolic significance for their time. Such artists act as a ferment, giving rise to what may be described as a salutary disease—through which we recognize what is happening in and troubling the epoch. These artists do not reveal the world as it is or we as we truly are: they isolate and bring into view the symptoms which threaten us. They are portents and protests. Hence their value—for in art everything must be said, everyone must be heard. To feel and understand what is ailing us is more curative than the balm of the bland entertainers or the engaged propagandists.

France has produced more such artists perhaps than any other modern nation. De Sade, Huysmans, Lautréamont, Jarry, Laforgue, Artaud, maybe even Rimbaud, not to mention certain other of our contemporaries in Paris—

novelists, playwrights, poets, painters—belong to this special artistic manifestation. America is too young for important artists of this sort to emerge. When they appear here they usually seem imitative or phony—bad boys aping mythical monsters. It is true that we are beginning to be so infected, but the circumstances which make a Genêt authentic are still a bit remote. So *The Balcony* is mostly an oddity with us, a side-show novelty.

If José Quintero's production is far from being an organic embodiment of the play, one must at least credit it with earnestness of effort in a supremely difficult task. Resources beyond the capacity of any American management are required. (I have heard that there have been some excellent productions in Germany.) The present production is distinctly superior to the one I saw in London in 1957. Nancy Marchand here plays with authority and intelligence. Salomé Jens is attractive with the ambiguous glow needed for the occasion, and David Hays as designer is appropriately inventive within the limited means available. The cast as a whole plays arduously. But one regrets the opportunity missed to make the production as hauntingly alluring and gravely demoniac as it might be.

IN THE meantime on Broadway Frank Loesser with *Greenwillow* (Alvin Theatre) offers some pleasant tunes, nice sets, cute choreography and an agreeable cast (Anthony Perkins, Cecil Kellaway) in the kind of pseudo-idyllic Americana to which I fear I am congenitally allergic.

ART

Maurice Grosser

UNDER the title *A Change of Sky*, the American Academy of Arts and Letters is showing through April 3 — along with a similar literary exhibition — some seventy-five American pictures chosen for having been painted abroad. The works range in time and kind from a sentimental *Savoyard Boy*, done in The Hague by Eastman Johnson in 1853, to an abstract *Forms on a Table* by Patrick Henry Bruce, painted in Paris in 1930 in the primary colored Dutch-style cubism that was so fashionable that year.

As is normal enough in any exposition on a theme, the quality of the pictures varies enormously. On the credit side, there is one of the best of the Mary Cassatts, on loan from Boston; a charming Maurice Stern of 1903 of ladies and merrymakers on *Bastille Day in Paris* without any of Stern's later linear hardness; fine landscapes by Twachtman, Charles A. Platt and Inness; some masterful Duvenecks; an unexpectedly excellent Eilshemius from Samoa; two brilliantly colored Haitian scenes by Gifford Beal; an even more brilliant Cubist still life by Alfred Maurer; the least conventionalized Arthur B. Davies I have seen — a wide angle landscape of Italian hill-town and valley; an enchanting John La Farge of lagoon and palm-covered atoll with wading fisherman; and a beautiful water color by Maurice Prendergast of the Piazza San Marco, with flags, in a representational style quite different from the work of his I know. On the debit side are several of the less interesting early Winslow Homer English seacoast water colors; a painted, gilded and incised decorative gesso panel by Charles (not Maurice) Prendergast, quite without quality; a vulgar, if entertaining, Elihu Vedder of Roman Maidens in pre-Raphaelite Greek draperies, bathing and cavorting on a strand; and an equally vulgar but just as diverting work by Robert F. Blum — a Japanese street scene with candy vendor and children, painted in picayune detail and framed in a filigree of gold lacework — the show's one example of the 1880 French salon style.

AS this array of pictures painted abroad serves to demonstrate, there are two distinct reasons why painters travel: Either they go to Europe as students, to learn the trade; or, as mature artists, they travel the world in search of the picturesque. The first reason is the more decisive. The early training a painter receives determines both his stylistic advantages and the level of his professional competence. Perhaps the most revealing thing to know about any painter is where he went to school.

Take Duveneck for an example. His training in a Munich that specialized in old-master technique (of glazes, varnish medium, with rich, brown, transparent shadows on a tinted ground) forever formed his painting manner. Inness' work as a young man in the school of Daubigny was responsible for his pre-Impressionist, atmospheric style. Whistler's Japanese and Manet influences were acquired in his student days in France where also, as young people, Theodore Robinson and Mary Cassatt became real Impressionists and Alfred Maurer a real Cubist. And Marsden Hartley's bright tones and massive brushwork stem directly from the Fauvism and Expressionism he encountered as a young man in France and Germany. Whereas Elihu Vedder would probably not have undertaken his highly literary allegories, nor would he have executed them in so stringy and linear a style, had he not studied in Italy — in his day, as far as painting went, the most provincial of the major European countries.

Traveling for subject matter has much less influence on the painter. When John La Farge went to Samoa, it was for subject matter alone. He was already a formed painter with a water-color manner acquired at home by making sketches for stained glass windows. But this training was provincial and insufficient. And despite his pictures' extraordinary charm, they are sadly lacking in professional quality, and the one oil on display here is quite inept. Maurice Stern

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went for exotic subject matter to Bali, Italy, and elsewhere. But being Paris-trained, he painted it all in the characteristic manner of the Cézanne-influenced *Ecole de Paris* of the twenties. In the same way, Guy Pène du Bois went to paint in France. But the mannerisms of figure drawing in his pictures here shown demonstrate that the painter was really New York-trained. His ball-headed and cylinder-bodied personages derive from a literal interpretation of Cézanne's dictum that all forms can be analyzed into combinations of cylinder, cube and sphere — a limited view which formed the basis of a mannerism much in favor in New York when du Bois was a student.

Perhaps it matters less today where a painter goes to school, since everywhere in the world the student has available to him identical instruction in modern art. But I suspect that this instruction is itself a course in mannerism. At any rate, though the basic patterns originated in Paris some fifty years ago, it is now from everywhere but Paris that they are coming back to take us all by storm. And, as the pictures in this exposition illustrate, there is a fundamental difference between the professional traditions handed down in the great painting centers, and the rather narrow range of mannerisms taught and cherished elsewhere. If I were a young painter intent on learning my trade, I would prefer to study it where the most pictures were being made and sold and where the greatest variety of techniques and traditions were available — in Paris, or in New York perhaps, but not in Rome or Venice or Ann Arbor.

THE MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART is holding until May 8 an exhibition of African sculpture — masks and figures from Bambara in the Western Sudan. There are seated personages, here called Queens on account of their very real dignity, masks worn in initiation societies, wooden headdresses carved in variations on antelope motifs, and ceremonial objects covered with thick but now deodorized crusts of what the catalogue terms a "sacrificial patena," composed in all probability of the three basic magical substances — semen, blood and spit. It is a fine show and well worth visiting. The objects themselves are impressive examples of primitive art. And, unlike what I have remarked in other exhibits here, the pieces seem to be shown more for their ethnological and human interest, than for their more questionable value as naive prototypes of the contemporary abstract styles.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

BY FAR the most successful of the Japanese films that have been shown in series in New York this winter is Akira Kurosawa's *Ikiru* (variously translated as "To Live!" and "Doomed"). The last in the sequence of films offered, it has settled down to one of those very profitable art theatre runs.

The reasons for this are clear. First, insofar as any Japanese director has a "name" in America, Kurosawa has one — for *Rashomon* and *The Seven Samurai*. Second, *Ikiru* is a powerful, beautifully conceived and constructed film. And third, it raises no barrier of culture or tradition to baffle our audience.

An aging government clerk, who has wasted his adult life in the paper-passing of bureaucratic inaction, learns that he will die in six months. Death is an idea he can bear, but the realization that he has never lived overwhelms him. He sets out, ill, timid, without experience, to make good that lack in the time left. A raffish but humane bohemian hack initiates him into the commercial fun of Tokyo's night life. The old man enjoys himself, but dissipation is not what he seeks. He attaches himself to the young warmth of a girl who offers initial puppy amiability but is soon confused and bored. Finally, he recalls a petition for a small playground in a bleak slum that has for months been shuttling hopelessly through the bureaus. He determines to get that project built in the weeks left to him.

In a postscript, a long postscript, the old man's associates gather at his wake and recall his startling, his appalling persistence in the face of official indifference and in defiance of hieratic protocol. They say he shamed them, but as they grow drunker they say also that he was a hero. They become excited, reborn in wine; the playground he achieved shall be their symbol in a great revolution of public service. But in the morning they are sober and nothing will change. Only a dying man would take the giddy chances involved in action.

This is not only a moving and understandable tale, it is even a familiar one — Emil Jannings is the key allusion and Kurosawa's picture recalls powerfully the German social films of post-World War I. The cringing courage of the old man, the cold impatience of his up-and-coming son, the bohemian friend as though drawn by Beardsley, the strident vulgarity of the night world, the fast cutting for bitter comment, the symbolic realism, the pitiful details of the hero's personal habits, the eyeglass-glinting arrogance of authority, the retching drunken heroics — they all stir the ghosts of UFA. *Ikiru* is no copy: it is much too vibrant and individual to be so demeaned. But it is, by a curious trick of historical parallels, a major work in an impressive school that disbanded forty years ago.

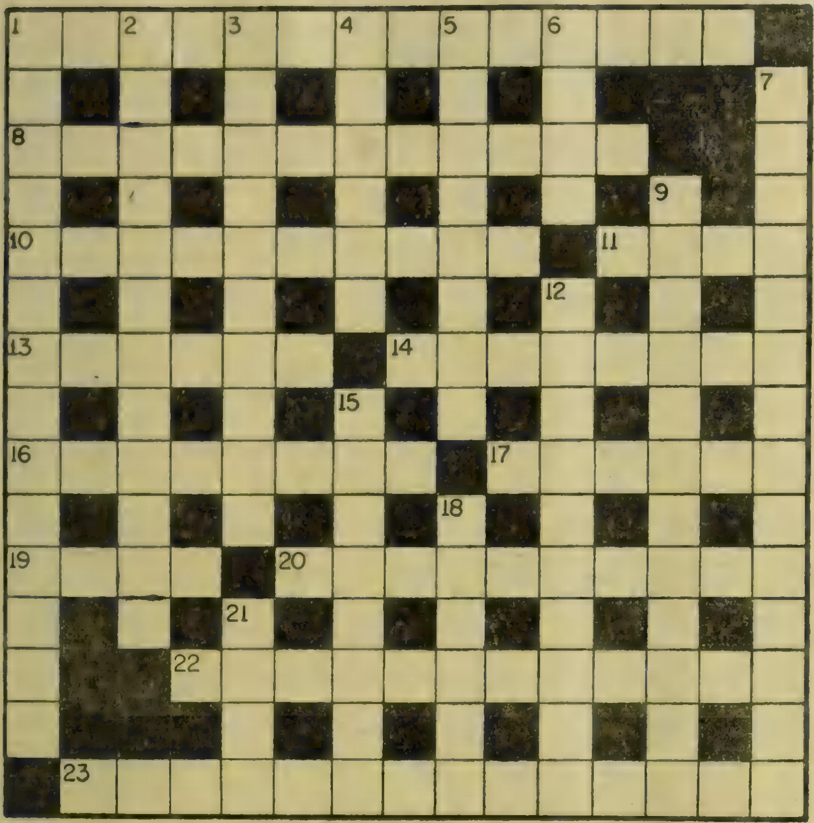
JAPANESE picture making is going to play an increasing part in the world's screen art, and we need to know something of its background. *The Japanese Film*, by Joseph Anderson and Donald Richie (Tuttle), is a history as valuable as Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now*. It shares with that famous book the virtue that, whereas one turns to it most often for facts, one is trapped time and again into reading it for pleasure.

I DON'T KNOW how long ago Ingmar Bergman made *A Lesson in Love*, but he has come quite a distance since then. Not that the picture is a bad example of its type, but it is almost ludicrously an example. The faintly naughty comedy which is really quite proper because the two erotically belligerent principals are married all the time is an early and enduring device to keep expensive studio space profitably employed. Bergman serves it up with enough knockabout brawls, funny coincidences, amorous susceptibilities, prat laughs and moist sentiment to obscure the fact that the characters come, not from life, but from comic valentines. Being Bergman, he also serves it up in flashbacks. These serve to show what responsibilities pull on the adulterous couple, and what shared memories of dalliance trick their warring bodies into concessions of affection. Some of the recollections — particularly those giving prominence to an endearingly miserable tomboy daughter (Harriet Andersson) — are charming, but the cut and jump technique damps the excitement of the pell-mell obstacle race to the bed of reconciliation.

It is a little startling to find Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Bjornstrand, who have since become important vehicles of the great man's brooding talent, employed in this extravagent romping, and in truth they look as though they knew they were marked for loftier work — a little tight around the mouth, a little stiff at the kicking up of heels. However, *A Lesson in Love* will pass the time cheerfully, though I advise a quick exit during the last scene. Bergman signs the piece with a bit of symbolism — a small child dressed in cupid wings and carrying a bow — that monstrously foretells his infatuation with visual metaphor.

Crossword Puzzle No. 860

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not the author of "Genevieve" or "Parnassus on Wheels"—one is self-limned. (14)

8 Husbands might quarrel with their wives so! (It's no way to maintain your balance.) (12)

10 With a broken pencil or so, it might have grave implications. (10)

11 Not in order to get a portion of vanilla ice cream! (4)

13 Perhaps a Louisville Slugger is used in self-defense. (6)

14 This rice is associated with Roger Ackroyd. (8)

16 The condescending manner of French with a double gin flip? (8)

17 Central vein. (6)

19 Carol brings his head in. (4)

20 Acting this confused, the conclusion could be ironic. (10)

22 Did Tennyson to the 600, invoking a certain amount of interest. (6, 6)

23 Blue feathers mixed with the trash? (4, 2, 3, 5)

DOWN:

1 Near the match, in part and in toto? (6, 3, 5)

2 Not an 11 control of government, but it might make a catcher toil. (12)

3 Brahmins might confuse the country with the head man traveling around. (10)

4 It seems to be a badly tailored robe that finally goes on the king! (6)

5 Cars usually don't go on it. (3, 5)

6 Such vessels might be easily shot up. (4)

7 Early settlers gathered at the bottom. (14)

9 One might be used to pound cake mixture in very light form. (9, 3)

12 Did his mine have a reduced output? (10)

15 This certainly isn't called for! (8)

18 Unpleasant sensation the sewer might be responsible for. (6)

21 Press club, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 859

ACROSS: 1 Stepping stone; 10 Tattoos; 11 Opening; 12 Centrally; 13 Tahoe; 16 Marigold; 19 Outlived; 20 Passes; 22 Conga; 23 Iterative; 25 Mailing; 26 Cresset; 27 Uninteresting. DOWN: 2 Titan; 3 Procrastination; 4 Insult; 5 Goodyear; 6 Theatrical agent; 7 Neighbors; 8 Staccato; 9 Ogee; 15 Retention; 17 Desserts; 18 Meringue; 21 Rescue; 22 and 14 Come across; 24 Ibsen.

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"The Shame of New York," which appeared as a special issue of *The Nation* on October 31, 1959, has won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for the year's best magazine reporting. The accompanying citation reads: "[for] a courageous and unchallenged political survey of our city, resulting from a tremendous job of investigation and searching analysis."

Our warmest congratulations go to the authors, Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason; and, in their behalf as well as our own, we extend thanks to the Page One judges: Oliver Pilat of the New York *Post,* Robert H. Prall of the New York *World-Telegram* & *Sun,* and Ralph Jules Frantz of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

For Mr. Cook and *The Nation,* history thus happily repeats itself. Last year the Page One award for the best magazine feature-writing went to Mr. Cook's "The FBI" (*The Nation,* October 18, 1958).

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LETTERS

Gov. Williams on Peace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," *(The Nation,* February 6) should be on the Required Reading List of every aspirant for public office in 1960.

Peace is indeed the number one problem of our time. The politics of the atomic age demand frank debate of the peace issue in the context of specific proposals: Increased aid for India, a disarmament plan, an immediate A-bomb ban, recognition of Communist China—these are the stuff of a realistic program for peace. . . .

The great political challenge of the months ahead is the dramatization of the peace issue. People say, "But peace should be bipartisan." Well, I believe that while the dramatization of peace as an imperative should be bipartisan, the peace proposals themselves should not and cannot be bipartisan. The open-air thrashing out of alternatives is democracy's formula for coping with the complexities of the peace problem. We should welcome rather than fear honest advocacy of alternative routes to the abolition of force as an instrument of world order.

G. Mennen Williams
Governor, Michigan

Lansing, Mich.

Patient Lecturer or . . .

Dear Sirs: Mr. Trimble's review [Feb. 20] of Morton Feldman's *Atlantis*, recently performed at the Music in Our Time series, may be well taken. At any rate I am in no position to take issue with it. His account of the forum that followed, however, struck me as rather curious. According to him, a "deeply serious and interested audience" displayed its eagerness to learn about contemporary music from the lips of the composers. Mr. Feldman, he complains, wanted only to "play with the audience like a cat with a mouse," "to confuse and obfuscate" his listeners. . . .

Having been present at the forum, I must evince my surprise at this description. The group of people assembled were emotional and even hysterical at having heard something they did not understand. Their questions became increasingly angry and personal, verging at times on insult. The composer's answers, on the other hand, remained calm, precise and to the point.

Kate Nickerson

New York City

. . . Patient Audience?

Dear Sirs: Does Miss Nickerson recall a middle-aged couple who spent seven minutes trying to find out how performers in another city could know what Mr. Feldman wanted them to do about some aspects of his semi-accidental music if he was not there to instruct them? Finally the answer *did* come: directions were written in the score. Does taking seven minutes to give such a simple answer constitute speaking precisely and to the point? And before this answer came, a number of conflicting ideas, including the opposite of the final answer, went 'round and 'round.

As for the composer's calm demeanor, I submit that in such cases, it is always more effective to whisper than to shout.

Lester Trimble

New York City

Helping the Sit-Ins

Dear Sirs: As a French student attending school in Nashville, Tennessee, I have followed the lunch-counter demonstrations and trials with great interest. All of us ought to ask ourselves: "How can I help these young courageous Christians?" The following are some suggestions:

1. We can talk to everyone with whom we come in contact regarding the goals at stake.

2. We can write or telegraph to friends; to the district and main offices of the chain stores involved; to editors; to city, state and national officials, including the 1960 candidates. In conjunction with these letters, we can appeal for financial assistance for the students (checks and money orders should be made out to: Nashville Christian Leadership Council, First Baptist Church, 319 8th Ave. No., Nashville, Tenn.).

3. We can urge everyone to vote for candidates who will actively support the democratic ideals for which the student sit-ins are fighting.

Michel W. Kildare

Nashville, Tenn.

See article by James McBride Dabbs on page 289 of this issue. — Ed.

In Defense of Dr. King

Dear Sirs: In the course of the wave of student sit-ins inspired by Dr. Martin Luther King's philosophy of non-violent direct action, the state of Alabama has indicted the well-known Negro leader on tax charges. The indictment, be it noted, came shortly after the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, of which Dr. King is president, and the NAACP had announced a crusade to bring a million new Negro voters to the polls for the 1960 Presidential elections. Thus the indictment appears fortuitously timed not to demoralize the student protest movement, but to wreck the Southern Negro voting drive.

In the conviction that the defense of

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Peace Gap

Most of the talk about nuclear defense and survival is nonsense, for the simple reason that the speakers have been unable to adjust to the enormity of nuclear weapons and, while spicing their discourse with kilotons this and megatons that, are really thinking and feeling in terms of the TNT bombs of World War II (which were quite bad enough). Now and then, however, one of our publicists does some hard thinking before he gets up to talk, and what he says shows it. This was the case with Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey when he addressed a Democratic luncheon at Los Angeles on March 18. The speech almost synchronized with the abandonment by Governor Rockefeller of his proposal for the compulsory building of fallout shelters in New York. It followed by a few days the disclosure of the plunge of an aberrant Matador missile into the Formosa Strait. The missile could just as well have fallen on the China mainland; in that case, Governor Meyner's observations might have come too late.

How would you feel, the Governor asked his West Coast audience, if you learned that Communist China had gained possession of the ultimate weapon? The policy of the nuclear deterrent has holes in it already, he said, but it loses all meaning when applied to a country which, though the most populous in the world, is far less vulnerable to nuclear attack than we are. If there is any way of forestalling the development of nuclear weapons by the Chinese, it is in the American interest to act on it. This we have not done.

Governor Meyner believes that the Soviet Union is no more eager to see nuclear weapons in Chinese hands than we are. This might account, in part, for the fact that the Soviet leaders have been so active in seeking an agreement to ban tests. The United States has not taken advantage of this opportunity. The Governor pointed out that at the London arms-control talks in 1957, at which Governor Stassen represented the United States, such an agreement could have been reached. "At London," Mr. Meyner said, "Governor Stassen made considerable progress. . . . But as soon as he was on the point of concluding what could have been an historic agreement, he was pulled out . . . and given a new set of instructions . . . to attach other conditions which it was certain the Russians would not accept. The size of that blunder is incalculable." In Meyner's estimation, the blunder may be repeated: "Now that the Russians are coming around, now that they have withdrawn their objections to many of our proposals for inspection, we are shifting our ground. It is beginning to sound like the London talks again. And I wonder whether Mr. Wadsworth is being Stassenized."

Senator Symington and other professional alarmists have popularized the "missile gap." Gaps are created by missed opportunities. In effect, Governor Meyner is calling attention to the "peace gap." If the Governor will keep on doing this, and Americans have retained their political sense, it will be easier to bridge the peace gap than the missile gap, and more rewarding by far.

Shufflin' Sam and Ole' Doc Teller

Like the Midwest vagrant whose conviction was reversed by the Supreme Court, the disarmament conference is merely shuffling along. And yet, though the pace must be disappointing to those who expected a disarmament agreement before the delegates had quite hung up their hats, the present shuffling in Geneva is decidedly less tedious than on earlier occasions of the sort. Where last year the foreign ministers locked horns for a week over the shape of the table and the order of seating, Messrs. Fredrick M. Eaton and Valerian A. Zorin and their respective advocates and protocol experts simply sat themselves down at a rectangular table in alphabetical order, using, without Soviet protest, the English names of their countries. Each day the delegations move around by one space as the chair rotates. The Canadians sit placidly between the Bulgarians and Czechs. They are all going to sit for a long time and they know it: Mr. Eaton is reported to be looking for a Swiss school for his children. With a ten-minute limit on speeches, there were no harangues at the opening and there have been few since; apparently there is a correlation between vitriol and length. Each side has a three-phase plan and the initial discussion was whether "general and complete" was the same as "general and comprehensive." Mr. Zorin abandoned "general and complete" and the conference went on.

The nuclear-test suspension conference, likewise sited at Geneva, went on also and Dr. Edward Teller, the proud father of the hydrogen bomb and eminent foot-dragger on international agreement, was at the old stand. He called a press conference in San Francisco and declared that for the first time he was departing from scientific tradition by stating his conclusions before revealing his data. "Our present methods of underground detection," Dr. Teller told the reporters, "looks really inadequate now." Such blasts could be muffled—"decoupled"—by setting them off in a nice round hole a few hundred feet in diameter, and seismic techniques could not detect them. Dr. Teller pointed with alarm to the 200-, 300-, perhaps even 500-foot holes that must exist in the Soviet Union and the resulting peril to the United States which, week after week, postpones the tests so urgently needed for its survival and Dr. Teller's continued eminence as a savant and statesman. But, strangely, even in his own ball park the San Francisco *Chronicle* gave Doc only a modest play, and the rest of the press handed him about as much space as the groundhog gets when he comes out to look for his shadow. Apparently Doc has finally decoupled himself. Meanwhile, in Geneva, the conferees in both conferences continued to confer, shuffling along slowly but, it would seem, ineluctably.

Something of Value

Approximately 160 undergraduate newspapers are currently publishing a weekly column called, variously, "Lynn Swann Speaks About LIFE," "Frank Deford Looks at LIFE," "Through LIFE With John Moore," "Chuck Klopf Looks at LIFE," "Russel Clem Looks at LIFE," etc. The person named in each case is a campus "journalist" who, from now until the end of the school year, will get $20 a week from the Luce organization for reading the current *Life* and putting his by-line — in large type — over a column in which he tells his fellow-students how great an issue it is. Lynn Swann, a workman worthy of her hire, puts it this way: "Get the most out of LIFE. Not only is the weekly magazine entertaining, but it can be helpful in studies as well. You'll find that quotes and facts from LIFE will add 'life' to the otherwise dull reports. Besides, reading LIFE is fun." Miss Swann's column, which goes on to say what a dandy issue *Life* got out under date of March 21, appears in the Texas Christian *Skiff* next to a story that announces in the headline that the university's New Philosophy will "Endorse High Ideals, Broaden Goals."

A few of the institutions whose student papers are lending their pages to this campaign are Rochester, Princeton, Tulane, Arkansas, Virginia, Iowa State, Smith, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma. *Life* is spending a lot on it — some $3,200 a week for editorial fees, plus advertising space rates in the papers. But then it is buying a lot of fresh, young enthusiasm. What this campaign teaches (in addition to the message that *Life* is great fun and good for your grades) is that the critical judgment of some youth may be bought for twenty bucks.

It is a lesson that should be driven home as early as possible, before the personality has had time to freeze into an attitude of self-respect. Recently, the Old Crow whiskey people offered McKinley Kantor $2,500 (that's 125 times $20) to sign a paragraph praising their liquor. Mr. Kantor replied that he sure liked the whiskey, but had a prejudice against signing his name to another man's words (Robert Ruark, author of *Something of Value*, took the pen from Mr. Kantor's squeamish fingers and signed with a flourish).

The boys and girls whom *Life* has hooked are not apt to pass up that kind of easy money from any feeling of jealousy for their good names. They will graduate from writing endorsements for *Life* to signing encomia for beauty creams, salad dressings, automobiles, winter resorts, mattresses and toilet paper (many of which statements will appear in the advertising pages of *Life*, so that eventually that foxy publication will get its money back a hundredfold). As these boys and girls grow older and fatter, the rental fees for their names will become larger and larger. Any girl in Times Square will tell you that in her trade it works just the other way around.

The Chilean 'Note'

The following news item has not yet appeared in the world press — but it may, and soon:

> Late yesterday the State Department released the full text of the recent Chilean note. It reads: "Chile deplores violence in all its forms and hopes that the Negro people of Alabama will be able to obtain redress of their legitimate grievances by peaceful means. While the Republic of Chile, as a matter of practice, does not ordinarily comment on the internal affairs of governments with which it enjoys normal relations, it cannot help but regret the tragic loss of life resulting from the measures taken against the demonstrators in Montgomery, Alabama."

If the text sounds vaguely familiar to the reader, it is because it is a paraphrase of the statement recently issued by the State Department concerning recent events in South Africa.

No similar events have yet occurred in Montgomery, Alabama — and there is still time to see that they don't. But they could easily occur, and the same obloquy will then descend upon us that the Afrikaners of South Africa must now live with. Unless there is an early change in the deep South — which is difficult to imagine

— or the federal government can assert its authority, bloodshed will occur and the United States will receive remonstrations, not utter them. American Negroes are no longer willing to remain second-class, voteless, segregated citizens. Their protest is peaceable, but that will not avail them. Governor John Patterson of Alabama warned, "If they keep this up, they're going to find what they are looking for — which is trouble. . . . If they keep on, somebody will be getting killed. And it is our sworn duty to prevent this."

His idea of his sworn duty is to allow the Montgomery police to deputize armed horsemen who, the Governor says, are "men of very fine reputation, most of them the wealthy cattlemen living in this area." He offered this inside view of the gubernatorial mind to Robert S. Bird of the New York *Herald Tribune*, whose conclusion was that "Montgomery is now under hard police control . . . but incidents will continue, for neither side can back down . . . and eventually, most white citizens believe, sporadic violence will break out." The violence may not be sporadic, and "eventually" may be all too soon. [See "Dime Stores and Dignity," by James McBride Dabbs, on page 289 of this issue.]

A Passion for Legality

If all laws governing campaign contributions were strictly enforced, most candidates for office would have to organize pencil-selling brigades. This is a fact — however unacceptable — of American political life that everyone, unfortunately, accepts; so rarely does a prosecution arise under the laws that when it does, there is legitimate room for speculation as to why somebody has been seized so suddenly with a passion for legality. One of the laws in question is a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act under which unions may contribute to local and state candidates, but not to federal. The device employed by most unions to get around the provision is to contribute to a local candidate with the understanding that a portion will be relayed to a federal aspirant. But Harold J. Gibbons, who besides being vice president of the Teamsters is head of Teamster Locals 688 and 405 in St. Louis, disdained such subterfuges. Instead, he got 60 per cent of his membership voluntarily to pledge 35 cents a month each to a special political fund out of which — it is now alleged — certain monies were paid to Congressional candidates. The plan is not new. A federal grand jury looked into it in 1954 and saw nothing wrong. Even the McClellan committee which, with tongue sharper than a serpent's tooth, commented at great length upon the iniquities of Hoffa and the Teamsters, failed to say anything about the practice.

Now, at long last, the Department of Justice has gotten around to indicting Gibbons for violation of the provision. Has Gibbons become a bigger target since 1954 and 1958 — or merely a more useful one? After all, we are on the eve of a national election, and what better way for the Administration to warn labor to walk warily during the campaign than to crack down on a union which is in public disrepute anyway? The temptation for the conservative Administration must have been all the greater considering some of the alleged beneficiaries of Gibbons' donations: Senators Morse and Hennings and Congressmen Roosevelt and Reuss — all Democrats and all liberals. What a way for a rackets-ridden, anti-social union to act!

It's all very embarrassing, and especially for the AFL-CIO, which up to now has been taking the position that anything that hurts the Teamsters benefits labor. Perhaps its leadership will see a little more clearly now what some of us have been saying for a long time: the harassment of the Teamsters has been motivated not by a passion for purity, but by a spleen against labor.

A MANUAL FOR 'LEVEL 7'

Training the Nuclear Warrior . . *Mordecai Roshwald*

FROM Plato's *Republic:*

> Don't you think then, said I, that, for the purpose of keeping guard, a young man should have much the same temperament and qualities as a well-bred watch-dog? I mean, for instance, that both must have quick senses to detect an enemy, swiftness in pursuing him, and strength, if they have to fight when they have caught him.
>
> Yes. . . .
>
> Then, Glaucon, how are men of that natural disposition to be kept from behaving pugnaciously to one another and to the rest of their countrymen?
>
> It is not at all easy to see.
>
> And yet they must be gentle to their own people and dangerous only to enemies; otherwise they will destroy themselves without waiting till others destroy them.
>
> True.
>
> What are we to do, then? If gentleness and high temper are contraries, where shall we find a character to combine them? Both are necessary to make a good Guardian, but it seems they are incompatible. . . .

MORDECAI ROSHWALD, author of the recently published Level 7 *(McGraw-Hill), teaches at the University of Minnesota.*

It looks like it.

* * *

> . . . They are to be found in animals, and not least in the kind we compared to our Guardian. Well-bred dogs, as you know, are by instinct perfectly gentle to people whom they know and are accustomed to, and fierce to strangers. So the combination of qualities we require for our Guardian is, after all, possible and not against nature.

These passages could serve as the guiding principles for a present-day trainer of commandos, marines and shock-troops of sorts. It is doubtful whether they are of much use for the training of military personnel in the age of nuclear push-button war.

LET'S have a closer look at the military personnel of the present and the near future. Whether manning an airplane with an H-bomb, or a ballistic-missile base, or a nuclear submarine with sixteen Polaris missiles, the men have hardly any chance of *seeing* the enemy, still less of baring their teeth and barking at him. Our modern Guardians are well enclosed in kennels — whether stationary, floating or flying.

Of course, one can visualize the enemy without seeing him. As a matter of fact, it may be easier (in the case of human beings, if not of dogs) to arouse hatred of an invisible enemy than of a tangible one. One can always depict the other side as consisting of one-eyed Cyclopses, baby-eaters, devil's disciples, not to speak of atheists and nihilists (or tyrants of Wall Street, as the case may be). Yet, I contend that in the dawning age (or maybe it is already late in the morning) of nuclear push-button war, such conditioning would be quite dangerous.

For, if the enemy is so fiercely hated, some energetic airmen, or submarine crew, are likely to want to do away with him. With the perfection of the means of delivery of the nuclear bombs, this is bound to become increasingly easy. A few angry men might start off an atomic world disaster. To prevent such a development, the psychologists responsible for the training — or, as they put it, conditioning — of today's Guardians must bear this in mind and refrain from making the defense personnel hostile to the enemy.

Yet, if the personnel is not hostile to the enemy, how is it going to be ready to destroy him by the millions? If there is any logic in the emotional make-up of normal human beings, an act of unprecedented destruction must be based on a great amount of hostility.

Moreover, this hostility must not be limited to the enemy: it must include one's own country as well! For the nuclear personnel must be ready to retaliate not only after the total destruction of their own country, or after an all-out attack on it; they may have to retaliate to a limited attack — say, an attack confined to the overseas bases of their country. In retaliating to a limited attack, however, the defense personnel are inviting a total re-retaliation, that is to say, the destruction of their own country, home, family. Thus, the military man must, at times, be insensitive, if not hostile, to his own people — another deviation from Plato's military manual.

SO THE watch-dog model no longer serves. No more old-fashioned patriotism for soldiers! The Guardians of the nuclear age must be prepared to be friendly or hostile both to friend and enemy — at the will of the command! (The psychological make-up of the commanders is another troublesome subject.) Is it possible to condition men to change suddenly from a *universal* friendliness to a *universal* hatred (or indifference)? It is possible to have such a mixture of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Of angels and devils (or imbeciles)?

Perhaps not impossible! After all, human emotions do not spring from logic, and ambivalent attitudes are a familiar notion among psychologists. And yet ambivalent feelings, changes of mood, emotional inconsistencies are one thing; an *operational use* of these tendencies — a split-second change from Jekyll to Hyde — may be another matter.

It is up to the psychologists to solve this question. As a layman, I dare to interfere only because, as a potential victim of a psychological mistake, I cannot but urge the psychologists to be extremely cautious. They must choose, as our Guardians, people of emotional stability, yet at the same time of emotional convertibility (from love to hatred). The psychologist must be careful to deprive the button-pushers of the last rudiments of humanity and conscience — but only at the right moment! Our Guardians must be made patient, for possibly the moment of pushing the buttons will never come; and yet impatient once the moment of button-pushing arrives. They must be made humble — actors rehearsing for a drama which they may never have an opportunity to enact.

(Or is it possible that the problem I raise can be dismissed, and the nuclear-defense personnel trained for total annihilation simply as a military duty, or as a technical job, or both — a thing to be accepted, yet not to be thought about during non-working hours devoted to wife, children and Sunday church-going! Still, a problem remains: where can one find technically competent people whose general level of intelligence and imagination are so low?)

The difficulties of the psychologists' task may persuade the architects of defense to rely less on human factors and to concentrate on mechanical devices. In the age of automation, it is not inconceivable that rockets might be made to retaliate automatically. If a trigger-pulling apparatus could be developed which would register and react to a nuclear bomb exploding within a certain radius, but which would remain insensitive to ordinary explosions and earthquakes, not to speak of nuclear mishaps on a neighboring firing-site (are there more qualifications needed?), the human factor could be eliminated altogether.

Or, one could think of a trigger-pulling device which would react to a radar warning. The radar, registering a flying missile (but not a civil airplane or a scientific satellite), would — automatically — pull the triggers of the missile fleet at its command. The President, the generals and the ordinary Guardians could continue to lead the lives of normal, or even abnormal — but normally abnormal, not abnormally normal — citizens.

Or could they? I doubt it! For mechanical devices — even in the age of automation — are not infallible. Rockets may escape their electronic controls (this has already happened), radar can mistake meteorites for an enemy attack (this also happened); and what about a single nuclear bomb fired by a madman from a small country and triggering the automatic retaliatory power of a big nation? There are bound to be still other mechanical and quasi-mechanical heels of Achilles in such automatic systems — nobody can now predict how many.

How then can we assure our survival in this splendid age of Progress? Surely, we cannot put our trust in dog psychology, whether Platonic or Pavlovian. Nor can we trust in a mechanical device: to suspend the lives of millions of people on a screw is to demand too much even from the greatest enthusiast of modern engineering.

What then? Well, there are some people who think that controlled disarmament, followed eventually by a world authority, is the best and simplest way out (see, for example, Bertrand Russell's lucid essay on *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare*, 1959). Admittedly, some problems arise in this connection, too; but at least human survival is not subjected to the reliability of dog psychology, or to the infallibility of technological devices.

But these people are called impractical idealists! Anybody who thinks about present-day realities in terms of *preventing* a nuclear Armageddon, rather than *preparing* for it, is an incurable idealist. On the other hand, generals, rocketeers, nuclear scientists working for the military, and military psychologists are the realists.

Requiescant in pace.

DIME STORES and DIGNITY . .

by James McBride Dabbs

Mayesville, South Carolina

THE "SIT-IN" actions of Southern students, mainly Negro, have already done one thing: they have given the lie to the usual defense put up by the white South that "everybody is satisfied down here."

Of course, it will still be maintained by many whites that everybody *is* satisfied, and that these student demonstrations are solely the result of outside interference. But they won't be as sure as they once were.

As a matter of fact, there probably has been some help from outside. The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) has been doing some work in the South for several years — mainly, however, on Negro registration for voting. But the speedy, South-wide spread of the sit-ins indicates spontaneous activity. And even though some of this activity may have been suggested by outsiders, it would not have occurred unless the will to action had been present.

As for the objection to outside interference, the white South will just have to accept the fact that in the world today it's hard to tell what's outside and what's inside. The lives of Negro students, like the lives of all of us, are daily influenced by world-encircling ideas. The suggestion for the sit-in came from Martin Luther King, of Montgomery, who got it from Mohandas Gandhi, of India, who got it from H. D. Thoreau, of Massachusetts. The Southern butterfly can never return to its provincial cocoon; it is adrift now on the winds of the world.

As to the immediate cause of this movement, the Southern Regional Council, which has made the most thorough study of it to date, says this:

> The movement began in North Carolina, the state most commonly identified with so-called token integration. There is sufficient evidence to conclude that one irritant which motivated the students was resentment over the pace of school desegregation. As such, the lunch counter demonstrations are a sign of the hollow inadequacy of a desegregation scheme designed simply to skirt the law.

It's rather interesting that, so far as I know, nobody has yet blamed the NAACP for the sit-ins. This is remarkable, since all other "non-Southern" actions of the last half-dozen years have been blamed on the NAACP (and the "nine old men"). The failure thus to place the blame may be due to a dawning realization in the white South that something more than a few personal devils is responsible for the changes we are involved in.

BUT THE white South is ignorant not only of causes; it is ignorant also of the present situation. I am sure that many a white Southerner has become aware only within the last month that Negroes are not served at the lunch counters of ten-cent stores. An outsider may ask, How is such ignorance possible? It is not only possible, it is human. Excluding the rather large number of whites who rarely, if ever, eat in ten-cent stores, and who therefore would have no experience of the exclusive nature of these lunch counters, the whites who do eat there accept without question the custom. Very few people question long-established customs; they live by them without being aware of them. There is therefore at least this gain in the present situation: many a white has been made aware of a privilege he didn't realize he had, and he may begin to question his right to it.

In two or three instances, the sit-in demonstrations have been made in public libraries; and some friends of the students have raised the question as to whether the public library should not have been the entire focus of the challenge. It is true that the public library, being supported at least in part by public funds, is a logical point of attack

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JAMES McBRIDE DABBS, South Carolina farmer, is author of The Southern Heritage (*Knopf*).

Under the caption "An Appeal for Human Rights," this ad, drawn up and paid for by students of six Negro colleges, appeared March 9 in the Atlanta Journal and Atlanta Constitution. Said Georgia's Governor: "This left-wing statement does not read like it was written in this country."

ADVT. ADVT. ADVT.

We, the students of the six affiliated institutions forming the Atlanta University Center — Clark, Morehouse, Morris Brown, and Spelman Colleges, Atlanta University, and the Interdenominational Theological Center—have joined our hearts, minds, and bodies in the cause of gaining those rights which are inherently ours as members of the human race and as citizens of these United States.

We pledge our unqualified support to those students in this nation who have recently been engaged in the significant movement to secure certain long-awaited rights and privileges. This protest, like the bus boycott in Montgomery, has shocked many people throughout the world. Why? Because they had not quite realized the unanimity of spirit and purpose which motivates the thinking and action of the great majority of the Negro people. The students who instigate and participate in these sit-down protests are dissatisfied, not only with the existing conditions, but with the snail-like speed at which they are being ameliorated. Every normal human being wants to walk the earth with dignity and abhors any and all proscriptions placed upon him because of race or color. In essence, this is the meaning of the sit-down protests that are sweeping this nation today.

We do not intend to wait placidly for those rights which are already legally and morally ours to be meted out to us one at a time. Today's youth will not sit by submissively, while being denied all of the rights, privileges, and joys of life. We want to state clearly and unequivocally that we cannot tolerate, in a nation professing democracy and among people professing Christianity, the discriminatory conditions under which the Negro is living today in Atlanta, Georgia—supposedly one of the most progressive cities in the South.

Among the inequalities and injustices in Atlanta and in Georgia against which we protest, the following are outstanding examples:

(1) Education:

In the Public School System, facilities for Negroes and whites are separate and unequal. Double sessions continue in about half of the Negro Public Schools, and many Negro children travel ten miles a day in order to reach a school that will admit them.
On the university level, the state will pay a Negro to attend a school out of state rather than admit him to the University of Georgia, Georgia Tech, the Georgia Medical School, and other tax-supported public institutions.

According to a recent publication, in the fiscal year 1958 a total of $31,632,057.18 was spent in the State institutions of higher education for white only. In the Negro State Colleges only $2,001,177.06 was spent.
The publicly supported institutions of higher education are inter-racial now, except that they deny admission to Negro Americans.

(2) Jobs:

Negroes are denied employment in the majority of city, state, and federal governmental jobs, except in the most menial capacities.

(3) Housing:

While Negroes constitute 32% of the population of Atlanta, they are forced to live within 16% of the area of the city.

Statistics also show that the bulk of the Negro population is still:

a. locked into the more undesirable and overcrowded areas of the city;

b. paying a proportionally higher percentage of income for rental and purchase of generally lower quality property;

c. blocked by political and direct or indirect racial restrictions in its efforts to secure better housing.

(4) Voting:

Contrary to statements made in Congress recently by several Southern Senators, we know that in many counties in Georgia and other southern states, Negro college graduates are declared unqualified to vote and are not permitted to register.

(5) Hospitals:

Compared with facilities for other people in Atlanta and Georgia, those for Negroes are unequal and totally inadequate.

Reports show that Atlanta's 14 general hospitals and 9 related institutions provide some 4,000 beds. Except for some 430 beds at Grady Hospital, Negroes are limited to the 250 beds in three private Negro hospitals. Some of the hospitals barring Negroes were built with federal funds.

(6) Movies, Concerts, Restaurants:

Negroes are barred from most downtown movies and segregated in the rest.
Negroes must even sit in a segregated section of the Municipal Auditorium.
If a Negro is hungry, his hunger must wait until he comes to a "colored" restaurant, and even his thirst must await its quenching at a "colored" water fountain.

(7) Law Enforcement:

There are grave inequalities in the area of law enforcement. Too often, Negroes are maltreated by officers of the law. An insufficient number of Negroes is employed in the law-enforcing agencies. They are seldom, if ever promoted. Of 830 policemen in Atlanta only 35 are Negroes.

We have briefly mentioned only a few situations in which we are discriminated against. We have understated rather than overstated the problems. These social evils are seriously plaguing Georgia, the South, the nation, and the world.

We hold that:

1. The practice of racial segregation is not in keeping with the ideals of Democracy and Christianity.
2. Racial segregation is robbing not only the segregated but the segregator of his human dignity. Furthermore, the propagation of racial prejudice is unfair to the generations yet unborn.
3. In times of war, the Negro has fought and died for his country; yet he still has not been accorded first-class citizenship.
4. In spite of the fact that the Negro pays his share of taxes, he does not enjoy participation in city, county and state government at the level where laws are enacted.
5. The social, economic, and political progress of Georgia is retarded by segregation and prejudices.
6. America is fast losing the respect of other nations by the poor example which she sets in the area of race relations.

It is unfortunate that the Negro is being forced to fight, in any way, for what is due him and is freely accorded other Americans. It is unfortunate that even today some people should hold to the erroneous idea of racial superiority, despite the fact that the world is fast moving toward an integrated humanity.

The time has come for the people of Atlanta and Georgia to take a good look at what is really happening in this country, and to stop believing those who tell us that everything is fine and equal, and that the Negro is happy and satisfied.

It is to be regretted that there are those who still refuse to recognize the over-riding supremacy of the Federal Law.

Our churches which are ordained by God and claim to be the houses of all people, foster segregation of the races to the point of making Sunday the most segregated day of the week.

We, the students of the Atlanta University Center, are driven by past and present events to assert our feelings to the citizens of Atlanta and to the world.

We, therefore, call upon all people in authority—State, County, and City officials; all leaders in civic life—ministers, teachers, and business men; and all people of good will to assert themselves and abolish these injustices. We must say in all candor that we plan to use every legal and non-violent means at our disposal to secure full citizenship rights as members of this great Democracy of ours.

for citizens challenging their exclusion from the use of public services; it is true also that a demand like this, apparently motivated by the desire for intellectual advancement, would seem to most people more praiseworthy — though they themselves might not practice it — than the desire to eat at a cheap and convenient place. But probably most students could more easily be moved to challenge their exclusion from one store counter among fifty than from an entire building devoted to intellectual advancement. Students are also human.

The appeal of the variety-store demonstrations lies just here: that while Negroes are cordially invited to trade at forty-nine counters, they are forbidden to trade at the fiftieth, just across the aisle. This is both injury and insult. In making their challenge here, however, the students have aroused a deep, though shadowy, opposition among the whites: eating together, the two races will be indulging in almost the ultimate intimacy. It may be absurd that the ghost of the tribe should hover over the lunch counter of a modern variety store; it may be a matter for scornful laughter that whites should expect to buy aristocratic privileges for a dime. But people are like that. We need a modern Cervantes to laugh us out of our absurdity.

THOUGH the police of the cities involved have not in every instance acted professionally, there is much to commend in their handling of a new and difficult situation. As to the legal rights of the students in these demonstrations, this is a matter that will have to be settled by the courts. The white South, however — that is, the Southern power structure — faces a complex problem in handling this new kind of protest. Police forces are interested in the maintenance of law and order. For historical reasons, this means in the South primarily the maintenance of order — an order more customary than legal. Furthermore, Southern order rests generally upon one assumption: the Negre on the bottom, the white on top. This was the settlement made during the last quarter of the nineteenth century; as regards the position of whites and Negroes relative to one another, it was the same as the slavery settlement. Whatever is done to shake the order based upon this assumption is by definition disorderly. In a region where words are powerful, even to protest against it is disorderly. Such a protest, the Southern authorities will continually inform the people, may cause the reaction of violence — may develop into violence, they say — as the threatened whites attempt *en masse* to restore the old order (of course, they don't explain it just this way).

Since 1954, the white South has been trying to reconstruct its image of Negro-white relations. Except for the more backward areas, we have quit talking about white supremacy, or the white-on-top, the Negro-on-the-bottom, and have begun to talk about equal-but-separate. We've finally got around to the *Plessy vs. Ferguson* decision of 1896. I fear we're too late; we held out too long on *Plessy vs. Ferguson*; now we're up against *Brown vs. Board of Education*; and the Negroes aren't going to be satisfied with the earlier ruling.

But even the advance to *Plessy vs. Ferguson* would not solve the problem of order, though it would make it easier of solution. Order would simply change from the white-on-top, the Negro-on-the-bottom, to the white-and-the-Negro-side-by-side-but-separate; and anything that challenged this order would be considered disorderly. The Negroes must challenge this order. Therefore the Negroes are disorderly.

HOW will the Negroes handle this problem? They don't want real disorder any more than the whites do; but they know that, second to the law, their strongest force is the recognition by the white South and, indeed, by the nation, that they are not satisfied. But how shall the South and the nation realize this unless they continue to protest? And how shall they protest without being considered and even being treated as disorderly? Furthermore, how shall they maintain the spirit of protest unless they express it? How shall they keep "the edge of deprivation sharp" unless they continually recall their deprivations?

They will find a way. They have too much on their side to stop now; they hold the winning hand. Perhaps their greatest resource is that they know pretty well the whites they have to deal with. They will help us to defeat ourselves.

CAN YOUR COPILOT FLY? . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

"NORTH PLATTE Tower," called the copilot excitedly. "This is Flight 36. We're en route to Chicago, but we've got an emergency, and we're coming in. Call a doctor and an ambulance. Looks like the captain had a heart attack, so I'm going to bring her in."

He signaled an emergency on the hostess call, and both girls hurried to the cockpit. With the aid of the engineer, they lifted the captain and wrapped him in blankets on the floor. The copilot trimmed the plane, engaged the autopilot momentarily, then shifted to the captain's seat. He handled the plane smoothly, like a veteran; an observer would not have known that he was nervous.

When the plane came to a stop in front of the terminal, the copilot had a moment to think of his passengers. Over the public-address system, he told them that the cap-

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL, an airline pilot since 1942, is a lecturer in Transportation and Management at the Graduate School of Business at Stanford University.

tain had fallen ill. He expressed hope that the unscheduled landing would not inconvenience them unduly.

At the hospital in North Platte, Captain Hale was pronounced dead on arrival. "Quite sudden," said the doctor. "One of those unexpected coronaries. He looked like a man in perfect health. Took two regular physical examinations each year. Just one of those things impossible to predict."

Flight 36 then completed its trip uneventfully.

OF COURSE, the mathematical chances that an airline captain will suffer a heart attack in mid-air are small. But the possibilities of his being stricken with food poisoning or diarrhea are not. Many times pilots have become so debilitated by such "minor ailments" that the copilot had to complete the flight.

Today most airlines are well aware of the importance of thorough pilot training. Well-equipped classrooms provide schooling in meteorology, navigation, airline operations and a host of other subjects. A cut-away engine demonstrates the internal workings of the latest jet turbines. A cockpit mock-up allows student pilots to practice starting jet engines while monitoring the instruments. Nearby an instructor at a console can simulate a flooded engine, or one with faulty ignition.

Expensive simulations can teach pilots on the ground many of the things they should know in the air. These amazing devices, some costing as much as $1 million, incorporate a completely instrumented cockpit. Here also the instructor may simulate emergencies which a pilot may encounter, but which are too expensive or too dangerous to practice in the air: engine fires, ruptured windows, a landing with but one engine. All airline captains, and most copilots, receive such training. Copilots on the better lines are thoroughly qualified for the jobs which, in an emergency, they may be called upon to perform.

But this is not true on all lines. More than one chief pilot has been asked to justify a training plan for copilots whose costs can easily be computed, but whose benefits cannot. There have been tugs of war between conscientious chief pilots and cost-conscious controllers. The surprising truth is that nowhere in the Civil Air Regulations is extensive copilot training required!

For captains the regulations are clear. No pilot may command a commercial transport plane without first being thoroughly qualified. He must have a commercial license, an instrument rating, an air-transport rating, and he must pass a proficiency test on each type of plane that he flies. Once rated on a plane, he must take periodic checks to prove that his proficiency is maintained. But for the copilot, the regulations require no more than that he take off and land the plane three times.

How does this work out? Let's imagine the chief pilot of an airline looking over the file of a new employee, shortly due to arrive. The boy's recommendations sound good. "One of the best insurance salesmen I've ever known, friendly, personable," said his last employer. "Able, conscientious, should go places," said his college dean. But the boy hasn't been near a plane for two years. Probably he's never even seen a DC-3.

IN DUE time, the new pilot arrives. He fills out forms, checks out manuals, and is measured for his uniform. Next he goes with a check pilot to be introduced to the airplane. Cargo handlers remove the last of the baggage from an incoming flight, and the two pilots climb in. "Not much time," says the check pilot. "We've got to get her back for the afternoon schedule."

The check pilot taxies the plane into position and opens the throttles. Five hundred feet down the runway he yells to the new pilot, "It's all yours. You get her." The new copilot completes the take-off. They follow the traffic pattern around the field and come in to land. The check pilot handles the power and keeps one hand on the wheel. He coaches the new boy on the landing, overriding him occasionally on the controls. Before the plane comes to a stop, the check pilot yells, "Touch and go!" and applies take-off power. Thirty seconds later they are again in the air, starting on their second circuit of the field. The third time around the copilot makes the landing himself. "Not bad, not bad at all," says the check pilot. "Of course, with a load of passengers, you'll need to be a bit smoother. But you'll get on to it all right. All you need is a little time in the airplane."

Thirty-five minutes after his first introduction to the plane, the copilot is qualified — or at least that is what the forms say. He has made three take-offs and landings. In the normal course of events, some captains with whom he will fly may take a personal interest in him and teach him the finer points about airline flying. After a year or two of informal on-the-job training, he may become fairly proficient. Or he may not.

WITH THE advent of the jets, proper training programs become of even greater importance. Two years before the first commercial jet flights in this country, the Air Line Pilots Association began a study of military jet experience. The conclusion seemed clear: Jet operation was so complex that two pilots were required full time; at times, in congested areas, three would be needed. The third man could also provide relief to the others when they relaxed or made necessary trips to the cabin.

Most of the airlines agreed, manning cockpits accordingly. But there was a vast difference in the manner in which they trained their men. The better lines recognized the responsibility borne by each crew member. Captains and first officers (copilots) alike were qualified to fly the plane. Second officers were trained not only for their regular duties, but also to relieve the first officer in an emergency.

On other lines, however, a different philosophy prevailed. Copilots were given but two hours of flight training — hardly enough to enable them to handle the plane! Some second officers were scheduled on flights without any training at all. Some were given a manual to read, but no training in the plane; others were not even furnished a manual. Even today, on one airline, half of the second officers are not qualified to man the controls. A federal aviation official has notified this company that on its planes, the second officer ". . . is not considered qualified to provide relief of any other flight crew member as required by routine or emergency conditions. Therefore [he] is only to be used to serve as a lookout . . . [and] is not to operate any controls. . . ." Although this airline carries three pilots on its jets, it is little more than coincidence if the first and second officers are fully qualified.

Concerned about lines with faulty training programs, the Federal Aviation Administrator proposed a new regulation which would require all first officers to hold a type-rating on the aircraft they fly, and that every six months they be given a proficiency check. The Airline Pilots Association hailed the proposal, suggesting that it be extended also to cover second officers on jets. Industry reaction was mixed. Some well-managed carriers regarded it as just another government regulation designed to force them to continue the things they were already doing. But the loudest complaints came from lines whose pocketbooks would be hit. They argued that the regulation was both unnecessary and too expensive.

It is no secret that good training costs money. One major airline estimates its training costs for jet flight crews at nearly $2 million to date. Experienced airline captains training on jets have required from twelve to forty-five hours of training — at a cost of something like $1,000 an hour. Average cost of qualifying a jet captain on this line is about $20,000 — the profit on several thousand air-line tickets!

Copilot training, too, costs money — about $50 per hour on a DC-3, $200 per hour on a DC-7 or Constellation, and as much as $1,000 per hour on a jet. On lines where myopic keepers of the purse speak louder than the pilot-training departments, training costs have been kept to a minimum — and copilot competency as well.

IN THE past, the situation was not critical. Most newly hired copilots were reasonably well qualified to fly a DC-3. It could be maneuvered at slow speeds and could be flown by one man. In an emergency, almost any copilot could manage to land it in a nearby field. The "workhorse of the air" was tolerant of mistakes and variations in flying techniques. Its sturdy landing gear could withstand a terrific bounce.

But all this has changed. Instead of twenty-one passengers potentially dependent on the copilot's ability to pilot a DC-3 at 160 miles per hour, there are eighty passengers on a DC-7 (cruising speed 275), or 120 passengers on a jet (cruising speed about 600). While the mathematical chances of the captain's taking ill are probably not much increased, the contingent responsibility of the copilot has gone up. Clearly he may have the responsibility of many more lives, and the operation he may direct is much more complex.

Should the copilot be called upon to fill the captain's shoes, the second officer would take his seat on the right. So adequate second-officer training can spell the difference between a marginal operation and one that is perfectly safe.

But the FAA's proposed regulation was not enacted. Substituted was a requirement that all airlines submit their pilot-training programs to the FAA for approval. There is no doubt that this regulation can accomplish the same ends. But will it? Will the standards set in Washington be sufficiently high? Since standards are open to interpretation by dozens of FAA agents throughout the land, what assurance will there be of uniformity of interpretation? Is there still a possibility that "paper" qualifications may be substituted for real flight training?

Today when a passenger climbs aboard a plane, he has no guarantee of the qualifications of several members of the crew. Riding an airplane soon? Next time you fly, ring the bell for the hostess. Ask her if she knows whether the copilot can really fly.

Seas, Poles and Outer Space . . *Howard J. Taubenfeld*

SINCE October 4, 1957, when the space age began in earnest with the launching of the first sputnik, international politics have been marked by two contrasting tendencies: one, the typical, frightening, noisy pattern of cold-war crises—Hungary, Berlin, Suez, Quemoy, Laos, the India-China border; the other a quieter, less publicized drawing together of the great powers to meet the challenge of man's new and limitless potentials. Some statesmen have evidenced increasing awareness of the dangers inherent in *national* rather than *international* approaches to such vast arenas of potential conflict—or progress—as the seas, the Antarctic and, of course, the limitless reaches of outer space. From the international point of view, it has been a time of achievement, but also a period of by-passed opportunities, particularly with respect to outer space.

The recent Soviet closure of a portion of the Pacific for missile testing has forcibly reminded us that there are space-age problems even in control of the high seas—the three-fourths of the globe which has served as man's high road for over two thousand years. These problems are difficult, but we must bear in mind that the great principle of "freedom of the seas" is really of comparatively recent origin and, in

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application, has always been highly qualified. Until the seventeenth century, nations claimed whole seas as their own; today, one still hears an occasional Soviet claim to dominion over the Arctic Sea.

Even after the emergence of English sea power helped convince the world that the high seas were too vast for monopoly by any one state, nations maintained their claims to absolute sovereignty or control over their surrounding coastal waters. These claims now extend from a commonly accepted minimum of three miles to as much as 250 miles, as the second Conference on the Law of the Sea, now in session at Geneva, attests. Moreover, even without asserting sovereignty, nations have always claimed the right to extend their jurisdictions outward for fiscal, customs and security purposes. The United States, which has traditionally opposed any extension of the three-mile rule, nevertheless claims the unilateral right to exploitation of its oil-rich continental shelf at any distance from its coasts. And, perhaps most important, in wartime the concept of freedom of the seas has been honored more in the breach than in the observance; the seas become as unfree as the stronger navy can make them (though the United States has fought wars over precisely this issue). Even in peacetime, nations holding war games commonly close off parts of the ocean for brief periods.

But it is the changing technology of the space age which has caused the recent increase in peacetime incursions into the freedom principle. The speed of approach of a missile or jet plane, for example, has made it necessary for the United States and Canada (and other countries, no doubt) to extend air-defense identification zones, in which inbound craft must identify themselves, for hundreds of miles out over the seas. Part of this system involves the use of "Texas towers," themselves permanent structures in the seas at substantial distances from the coasts. Missile testing has also brought its inroads: the Russians recently closed off several thousand square miles of the Pacific; the United States has likewise partly closed off, for similar purposes, a 5,000-mile corridor over the Atlantic. The United States has also shut off as much as 40,000 square miles of the Pacific around Eniwetok for nuclear tests.

DESPITE THE battering given the principle by these technological exercises, there is still general agreement that the high seas are free for legitimate use by all. Long ago it was recognized that nations have a common interest in preventing interference with lawful ocean traffic by pirates, slave traders and other "common enemies" of mankind; indeed, these evils were stamped out largely by common efforts. Cooperation continues in keeping the seas safe. Thus there are widely accepted "rules of the road" for operation of vessels; jointly supported iceberg patrols, rescue services, navigational facilities and research programs exist and often perform self-sacrificing services.

Even in the more difficult economic sphere, international programs attempt to guarantee sharing of the exhaustible resources of the deep. Rights in fur sealing in the Pacific, in fishing for several types of marine life in both major oceans, and in whaling, particularly in Antarctic waters, have been regulated by multinational pacts. (Unfortunately, greed has continually reduced the stock of whales in southern waters.) In general, one must conclude that continuous international cooperation on the seas is historic, useful and civilizing—a testimony to the fact that men of different nations can unite in cooperating against the blind forces of nature. It is noteworthy that the new challenges to man's continued cooperative use of the ocean highways arise not from nature, but from man.

Two recent series of events further emphasize both the community of interest in the seas and the difficulties that old-fashioned nationalism and new-style weaponry are posing. From mid-1957 through 1958, scientists from sixty-six nations participated in the International Geophysical Year (IGY), a vast program of co-ordinated scientific research which had as three of its special concerns the seas, the Antarctic and outer space. At IGY's close, an international research program designed to continue to probe oceanic mysteries was organized under a Special Committee on Oceanographic Research. The committee is now preparing a multinational study of the Indian Ocean.

On the political side, developments were also promising—but only in part. A first Conference on the Law of the Sea was held under U. N. auspices in 1958, and the delegates from the eighty-six participating states succeeded in codifying, and making additions to, many of the rules of international law applicable to the seas. But the counterpoint of political disagreement and economic rivalry was also present. The conference was totally unable to agree on any change in the three-mile limit to national sovereignty over coastal seas. Three miles, six miles, twelve miles, 200 miles and other distances were proposed by different states, each proposal being differently motivated.

Iceland, for example, insisted on twelve miles because of valuable off-coast fishing banks over which she wanted exclusive fishing rights (she has since attempted to arrest British fishermen within this limit; Britain, in turn, has sent warships to defend her citizens). The Chinese Communists likewise now claim twelve miles for the obvious purpose of bringing certain disputed offshore islands within her coastal waters. The Soviet Union also claims a twelve-mile belt, as do many other nations, both to obtain additional fishing preserves and perhaps for political reasons as well. If generally accepted, a twelve-mile rule would shrink the high seas by some three million square miles. Opposition of the United States to any large extension of territorial waters is based on the fact that these waters are officially neutral in time of war, giving the submarine powers — the Germans in the last war—inviolable bases of operations. In the light of these conflicting economic, political and strategic interests, the conference could come to no generally agreeable compromise.

NOW LET us look briefly at several missed opportunities for harmonizing international programs for the sea frontiers—programs that could get necessary jobs done without creating fears or unnecessary rivalries. On the scientific side, for example, Soviet oceanographers appear to be far ahead of all others in mapping the ocean deeps. This information is of great interest to scientists, and also, unfortunately, to submarine commanders. The Soviets have made only part of their knowledge available to the world scientific community. How many fewer fears would be aroused if such information were gathered by an impartial international scientific group and made generally available?

Another example: it has been discovered that some portions of the ocean floor bear quantities of valuable minerals. (It has already been noted, above, that continental shelves have been opened to petroleum operations.) What will be the status of claims to "mining" these floors when it becomes possible to do so? Will nations stake out claims, or will they support claims made by their nationals? Who will own or control the vast quantities of minute ocean life, the plankton, which we may some day learn to use as food for humans? Does any nation have the right to interfere with the ocean currents and perhaps alter weather conditions around the world? The possibilities for bitter rivalries are obvious. Might not the creation of an international research and development agency prevent most of these problems from becoming sources of future conflict?

IT MAY be hoped that the current Conference on the Law of the Sea will continue the codification and extension of sea law begun in 1958. It is doubtful that easy agreement will be reached on such problems as the width of the territorial sea. And it is certain that the creation of new international organs, designed to seek out scientific knowledge and to develop resources, will not be considered. The tendency to think in terms of international solutions, even when they offer the best chance of general gain, has always been weak in national statesmen.

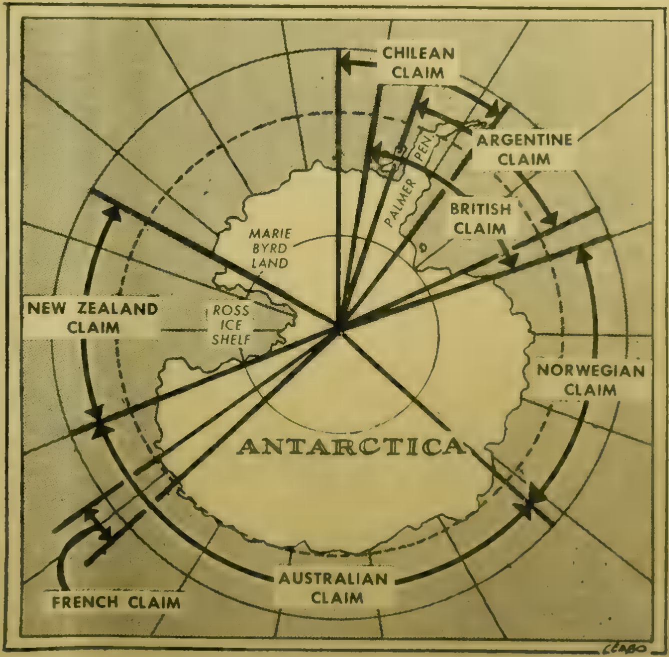
There has been a similar mixture of success and failure with regard to reaching international solutions of problems posed by the Antarctic and by outer space.

Antarctica is the coldest, highest, windiest, least accessible, least known, least hospitable of the continents, lying almost entirely under an ice sheet up to four miles thick. Its very existence was in dispute until the early nineteenth century. Yet, since 1908, seven countries—Britain, Australia, New Zealand, France, Argentina, Chile and Norway—have made extensive territorial claims there. The United States and, more recently, the Soviet Union, have also been active in Antarctica; but both, while rejecting the claims of other nations as not based on effective occupation, have thus far refrained from making formal claims in their own behalf, though they have reserved the right to do so.

Strangely enough, this desolate area has aroused strong emotions in several nations. Indeed, Argentina and Chile have made their claimed Antarctic territories (which partly overlap) officially part of their respective national homelands. British claims, in turn, overlap both of the Latin American claims. The very name of the disputed area reflects the bitter dispute: it is the Palmer Peninsula to cartographers in the United States, it is Graham Land to the British, Tierra O'Higgins on Chilean maps, and Tierra San Martín to Argentina.

Why the rivalries over these inhospitable lands? The usual congerie of reasons in international politics comes to mind—economic potential, prestige, strategic considerations. What does the Antarctic offer on these scores?

Strategy. To Australia, New Zealand and Latin America, Antarctica is a southern neighbor, though 700 to 1,000 miles away across storm-tossed seas. None would want it in "unfriendly" hands—the legitimate flying of a Soviet flag over a Russian scientific base within the Australian claim caused consternation in Australia during the IGY. The British, recalling the use of Antarctic waters by German raiders in two world wars, are also averse to "unfriendly" control. United States Congressmen, in particular, think both of the long record of American Antarctic exploration and of the potential problem if the Panama Canal were destroyed and all shipping forced round the Horn. On the other hand, American naval officers, aware of the logistic difficulties involved in any use of the Antarctic as a base, and of the capabilities of long-range nuclear submarines, now tend privately



Seven nations lay claim to territory in the Antarctic. (Map source: The New York Times.)

to downgrade the strategic importance of the area. Nevertheless, rightly or wrongly, the countries ringing the Antarctic do not discount this importance to themselves.

Economics. The Norwegians, for example, are interested in Antarctica expressly because they wish to protect their whaling industry. The possibility that great mineral wealth exists there is doubtless significant in keeping alive the active hopes of several nations. Vast amounts of very low-grade coal have been found, as well as traces of over a hundred minerals, including uranium. However, so far no commercially usable discoveries have been made, and the ice sheet over much of the continent, combined with the problems of transport, represent fantastic difficulties in the path of mineral exploitation. Mining the seas is probably a far more practical alternative. Nevertheless, the "untold wealth" which may prove to lie in the Antarctica remains a block to the renunciation of national claims.

Prestige and politics. The prestige of adding vast areas, however empty, to the national territory, the internal political importance the claims develop in countries like Argentina and Chile — these are real enough factors to political leaders. Indeed, disputed territorial claims can even be a political convenience in such countries, serving as a distraction from difficult domestic problems.

WHATEVER the status of national claims, science has a broad interest in the Antarctic as a vast unexplored region, for what can be learned there that affects the world at large, and for the area's useful location for making celestial observations. In the space age, the South Pole is uniquely situated (the North Pole is located not on land, but in the Arctic Sea) to permit the establishment of a station for receiving transmissions from weather satellites which—in polar orbits—would pass over it on each ninety-minute tour of the earth; and also for tracking many flights into deep space. The Antartic is already of great concern to meteorologists, since it is the world's ice-box and has a direct effect on all weather, particularly in the Southern hemisphere.

A massive, cooperative scientific Antarctic program was undertaken during the IGY by the seven territory-claiming states, plus South Africa (which claims some sub-Antarctic islands), the United States, the Soviet Union, Belgium and Japan. There was an understanding that operations would not constitute grounds for further territorial claims. Much new geological, meteorological and similar data were gathered; scientists of different nationalities worked in each other's stations; and a Special Committee on Antarctic Research (SCAR), with membership open to any nation whose scientists winter-over in Antarctica, has been formed to continue the work. Most important, in May, 1958, the United States Government invited the eleven other IGY Antarctic participants to create a treaty which would maintain an IGY-type of non-political cooperation. After more than a year of painful, secret negotiations, the treaty conference met in October, 1959.

THE resulting document, signed last December, is a useful though limited approach to creating conditions conducive to international cooperation. For at least a thirty-year period, political claims to territory are "frozen" at their present status. Antarctica is to be open to peaceful scientific exploration by all, and military operations are barred. In addition, the world's first ban on nuclear testing has been agreed upon, and a novel observer-inspection system is provided. The treaty has already been hailed as a monument to American diplomacy. But it still must be ratified by all twelve signatories to become effective. Since the citizens of Chile and Argentina have been taught to regard parts of the Antarctic as their "national patrimony," ratification in those countries may prove difficult. Indeed, the no-nuclear-testing provision was apparently inserted largely to make the treaty more attractive to the people of those two countries.

So long as the Antarctic remains relatively worthless to man for strategic and economic purposes, such a limited arrangement may well serve man's needs. But a bolder attempt might have been made to settle the Antarctic issues definitively and permanently, while the area is still of uncertain real value, while there are as yet no clashes of major power interests—and therefore some real hope of success existed. The time was ripe for the establishment of some kind of internationalization of the area. Of course, Argentina and Chile would have been in opposition; the British and New Zealand Prime Ministers, however, are already on record in favor. It is therefore difficult to understand our own reluctance to support the British and New Zealand viewpoint, and to give up our right —under proper safeguards—to make any territorial claims. Surely this would have been worth while even at the risk of losing some as yet unknown advantage, or of rousing the ire of some Congressman or Latin American ally. An opportunity to try an experiment in political internationalization and control under quite favorable circumstances, which might have served as a proving ground for similar controls in more critical areas, such as outer space, has been missed.

THE ANTARCTIC and outer space are similar in that (1) there is no present ability to exploit the natural resources of either; (2) in both cases, national claims to sovereignty have either not been made or have not received general recognition. The two areas differ significantly, however, in that the Antarctic has only limited strategic value, while the military dangers implied in national rivalries over outer space are all too real.

Since October 4, 1957, when the Soviet Union electrified the world with its successful launching of Sputnik I, almost two dozen satellites have been placed in orbit; the moon has been impacted and photographs made of its dark side; animals have been recovered alive from rocket nose-cones, indicating that men will fairly soon be able to make the trip; and plans have been formulated which will see men on the moon and the planets within a few decades—if nations are willing to devote enough of their resources to these projects. Soon, we are assured, globe-circling satellites will make accurate world-wide weather forecasts possible. And soon, satellites will be able to serve, for defense or aggression, to keep the world under constant surveillance. While technology rockets forward, no programs for political controls to avoid conflict in space, or to assure that technology is used only for peaceful purposes, are now under discussion.

In a very real sense, space, like the seas, will ultimately serve as a great highway. The difficulty arises from the speed of the vehicles which use it. The danger from rapidly moving aircraft has already led all nations to assert an absolute right in the air space above their territories, and has prevented that space from becoming even as "free" as the high seas. The incredible speed of rockets complicates the problem. Clearly, all nations have an interest in seeing that man's space capabilities are restricted to peaceful pursuits, and that earth's rivalries are not projected outward into a new and limitless arena of conflict.

NOW and for some time to come, space problems are actually earth-oriented problems. Some of them—interference with radio communications on earth by satellite radios, the allocation of radio channels for radio astronomy and for space-vehicle use, liability for damage caused to persons or property on earth by a space vehicle, methods of identifying the nationality of spacecraft, etc.—are either already under consideration by appropriate international agencies like the International Telecommunications Union, or probably soon will be. Solutions to these problems are likely and will be very welcome, but the most fundamental issue—that of the peaceful use of space—will remain.

Both the Soviet Union and the United States have publicly asserted that space should be reserved for peaceful use only, yet both repeatedly test missiles which reach 600 miles in height; and the United States performed a major scientific experiment in exploding nuclear devices at very high altitudes (the tests indicated, incidentally, that such explosions had significant effects on radio and radar sets on earth). Both countries participated in the IGY, and all satellites launched through 1958 — with the exception of the American SCORE communications satellite — were announced as IGY, i.e., international, experiments. Even so, the Russians, who considered the launchings as part of their ballistics-missile program, have refused to furnish types of data which other participants have readily exchanged. Both sides agree that space should be free for scientific experiments by all, but the Soviet Union refused to cooperate in the IGY's space successor, COSPAR, for almost a year until Communist countries were given "parity"—the first such purely political demand advanced in any of the cooperative scientific programs undertaken to date.

Both sides have brought space issues to the U.N., but both have opposed the concept of international political control over outer space: the USSR has demanded "parity" as a condition to participation even in U.N. study groups, while the United States has insisted that the U.N. be given no more than a modest "co-ordinating" role in space problems. Following policies very much like those followed toward the Antarctic, neither nation has made any claims, but neither has been willing to give up its right to make them. This seems a short-sighted and dangerous attitude.

Limitation of the use of space to peaceful purposes is at best a tricky problem. A hundred or so satellites circling the globe on purely peaceful missions, it has been estimated, would cause great confusion on radar defense screens. With only a half-hour between the launching of an intercontinental missile and its impact halfway round the world, any confusion enhances the danger of accidental nuclear war. The definition of "peaceful" is itself not easy —a weather satellite containing a television camera will pick up not only cloud formations, but also ground objects—perhaps for target use. And without internationally controlled launchings, or international inspections at the launching sites, or capture in space when that becomes possible, how will anyone know that a satellite on an ostensibly peaceful mission does not actually contain a weapon?

As our experience with atomic weapons, the Antarctic and the problem of territorial waters indicates, it is always difficult to secure agreements for international controls once national positions harden. We have the current lessons of rivalries in the Antarctic to remind us again of the inglorious history of earlier colonial rivalries. Already technological developments have far outdistanced political controls. In the past, President Eisenhower urged that enforceable agreements for outer space should be reached "in time" but the United States has been following a hesitant, step-by-step policy in this regard, while the Soviet Union has been running away not only with the propaganda laurels, but also with a fair share of the technological laurels. What has the United States to lose in urging that there should be evolved "in time"—as the President suggested—a broad international program for the development of outer space for the benefit of all the peoples of the world? The generous, sincere espousal of such a program might arouse among the uncommitted nations a feeling of general involvement in space activities. Would it imperil national security? No one has yet shown that it would. And failure of the Soviets to cooperate would mean a serious propaganda defeat for them. Without international controls, outer space could prove to be not a high road for the free commerce of all nations, but an avenue to world disaster.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

Dr. King is a defense of the fight for freedom in the South, a group of distinguished Americans—they include Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Harry Belafonte, Dr. Algernon Black, Norman Thomas, the Rev. Donald Harrington—have formed a Committee to Defend Martin Luther King, Jr., with headquarters at 312 West 125th Street. The committee needs funds. It is to be hoped that *Nation* readers, who constitute a significant section of American liberal opinion, will contribute generously.

BAYARD RUSTIN
Executive Secretary
New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Sins of Biography

IN SEARCH OF SWIFT. By Denis Johnston. Barnes & Noble. 240 pp. $7.50.

Vivian Mercier

THIS BOOK, its subject and its author are all astonishing. Swift the writer can always startle us, no matter how often we read *Gulliver* or "A Modest Proposal" or any of those other man-traps he contrived; Swift the man has been the subject of so many posthumous clinical studies since Oscar Wilde's father started the fashion that a book which proclaims Swift normal, as Denis Johnston's does, is by that very fact remarkable; and the epithet "astonishing" can also justly be applied to the author of this new piece of Swiftiana.

Let us consider for a moment Professor Denis Johnston, O.B.E., of Mount Holyoke College: no doubt that genteel institution is well aware that it harbors one of the few specimens of the Renaissance Man now in captivity, but he is not so well known as he should be in the rest of the United States. Son of an Irish judge and bred to the law himself, Mr. Johnston has had a play produced successfully on Broadway (*The Moon in the Yellow River*), been Programme Director of B.B.C. television, performed, written and directed for the stage, radio and television on both sides of the Atlantic, and taught in drama and English departments in the United States. Though never a soldier, Mr. Johnston spent three dangerous years as a B.B.C. war correspondent, arriving at Tito's headquarters by parachute on one occasion, if my memory does not deceive me. Politics is about the only field favored by Renaissance types into which he has not yet ventured, but if he ever does, I predict that he will display there the same impatient brilliance which he has shown in every other walk of life except, possibly, the law.

Such a man could never be content with writing a straightforward biography of Swift: his book is something far more fundamental, a critique of preceding biographers of Swift and of the slipshod or dishonest methods of biographers in general. Ultimately, Johnston is seeking to undermine the faith of all of us, scholars and laymen alike, in the veracity of the printed word.

He could hardly have chosen a better position from which to launch his attack on biography, for the life of Swift is beclouded not only by want of information on some very important points but also by a plethora of contradictory information and misinformation, some of the latter demonstrably supplied by Swift himself. Johnston takes particular pleasure in showing how, within this maze of uncertainties, each biographer arrives at his own certainties. Often, of course, one biographer copies from another without attempting any independent research; in the process, the guesses of one man become established facts for his plagiarizer.

For convenience sake, I should make clear at this point that Johnston has his own rival theory about the central riddle of Swift's life — the curious relationship with Esther Johnson or "Stella" — which has inspired so much assertion and speculation on the part of the Dean's biographers. Johnston, lawyerlike, prefers genealogy to psychoanalysis: Swift and Stella never married, he believes, because they were, in effect, uncle and niece; Swift was the illegitimate son of Sir John Temple, whose legitimate son, Sir William, was the natural father of Stella. Johnston further believes that, although the relationship between Swift and Stella remained platonic, Swift was sexually normal, enough so to make Esther Vanhomrigh ("Vanessa") his mistress. Vanessa demanded marriage, but Swift refused lest Stella be humiliated or her secret revealed.

NATURALLY, Johnston offers all the evidence he can find to support his theory, but the value of his book does not depend on our acceptance of the new hypothesis. He devotes a majority of his pages to demonstrating that most statements about Swift's descent, birth, early years and emotional life are either untrue or unverifiable and contradictory. Since biographers are so often content to pilfer from secondary sources, we need not be surprised that Johnston found some primary sources which had been overlooked in previous lives of Swift.

The most interesting of these clues are the entries made in the Black Book of the King's Inns, Dublin, by Jonathan Swift, senior, while he held the menial office of steward of the Inns. The dates of the entries suggest that the supposed father of Swift probably died before January 23, 1667, while young Jonathan was not born until November 30 of the same year. (If this be true, I wonder whether Abigail Swift had any qualms about naming her son Jonathan.) Conflicting identifications of the house where Swift was born, as well as the very curious story of his being kidnapped by his nurse, suggest that some sort of concealment was afoot during Swift's babyhood. Later, Swift received a good education, supposedly paid for by his uncle Godwin Swift, only two of whose own sons were nearly as well educated; yet Swift felt no gratitude toward Godwin, who may have been acting merely as paymaster for someone else. Furthermore, Sir William Temple's patronage of Swift has never been fully explained, either by the alleged blood relationship between Swift's mother and Lady Temple or by Sir John Temple's having been "a great friend to the family" — unless this phrase was intended by Swift as a euphemism.

Those primary sources which biographers have already used were often accepted quite uncritically. Johnston

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VIVIAN MERCIER is writing a book on the Irish comic tradition and teaching English at the University of California.

Sun and Shadows

Sun was born when Shadows was,
Born in a moment, bred and wed:
Each one wears the other's ring
And sleeps within the selfsame bed.

I saw Sun and Shadows lying
Thigh over thigh beneath the trees;
They turned in bed at every breeze,
Yet where he goes she flies before him
To his asking still denying.

Four bare legs within a bed,
Two are hidden, two are bright,
Two are dark and two are shining,
To her sable he is golden
And yet she will not bear his sight.

Shadows rise and shadows fall:
When he grows tall then they grow
small:
When he grows small then they grow
tall:
As we all must rise and fall.

Hilary Corke

believes that Swift's own autobiographical fragment contains some deliberate lies as well as accidental confusions about dates. By the way, even Johnston himself is not quite free from the biographer's tendency to transmute possibility or probability into established fact. An important link in his chain of evidence is an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757 stating that Stella was Sir William Temple's daughter. The anonymous author's informant was "most probably a Mrs. Mayne of Farnham," says Johnston on page 93. Twenty pages later he is writing, "Mrs. Mayne, who — as might be expected — was C.M.P.'s source of information. . . ." Probability has apparently become certainty in the intervening pages.

The reader unfamiliar with biographical scholarship may find it hard to believe how casual most ancient and some modern biographers have been. For example, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's ancestry seems to have been quite deliberately traced to a nobler branch of the Sheridan family than the true one by the writer in the venerated *Dictionary of National Biography*; indeed, Sheridan's earlier biographers are so contradictory that Miss E. M. Butler wrote a book on the subject rather similar to Johnston's, calling it *Sheridan: A Ghost-Story*. The greater the writer, the greater the accumulation of cock-and-bull stories around him: see Sir E. K. Chambers' book attempting to separate Shakespeare from his legend.

I am not myself a Swift specialist, but a friend of mine who is regards Johnston's book as plausible enough, though he thinks we can never hope to be certain about the truth of the Swift-Stella-Vanessa triangle. My friend particularly agrees with the insistence on Swift's sexual normality. There is a current tendency to belittle Swift's denunciations of the human race as the warped rationalizations of a neurotic or psychotic. If Johnston's theory could be proved correct, we might have to accept Swift as, in Johnston's words, "a perfectly normal man, of colossal proportions, motivated by two of the most universal, the most lovable, and the most dangerous of all human emotions — "Pride and Pity." This would inevitably change our attitude to the works as well as to the man. We might even have to begin taking Swift seriously.

When We Were Young and Poor

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR. By Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell. Doubleday & Co. 436 pp. $4.95.

Benjamin DeMott

T. S. ELIOT says that a man capable of experience finds himself living in a different age every decade of his life; the use of Norman Rockwell's "as told to" autobiography is, oddly, that it contributes to the definition of the different age now at hand. This is not to claim that *My Adventures as an Illustrator* is an entrancing item: it has moments of power, but they tend to sink into the text like splinters of glass in a sea of mayonnaise. Neither is it to claim that Rockwell's character as constructed in the book is an attractive sight: beamishness, timidity and Gee-Gosh-Shucksism ("The public liked me!") are even less winning in print than in paint. It is only to assert that, such is our chaos, true news of the times can turn up almost anywhere, and that when a *kitsch* book raises a key question or clarifies a situation hitherto obscure, it had best not be regarded as a joke.

The question that Rockwell's book indirectly raises is: in the America of the sixties what will be the most popular substitute for thought? The answer that it indirectly supplies is: nostalgia for the leanness of yesteryear. Everyone appears to agree that America is entering upon its bloated age, and people are already casting about for ways of making this event real to themselves. The ordinary man usually has some scrap of symbolic evidence, some detail or other about prices or wages—as for example that certain snow-plow drivers in western Massachusetts earn $10,000 a year—which he cites as proof of Where We Are Heading. And a superb "younger" poet, Robert Lowell, has already undertaken to express the present as a time when

> . . . even the man
> scavenging filth in back alley trash
> cans
> has two children, a beach wagon, a
> helpmate
> and is a "young Republican."

Still, knowing the social facts is not the same thing as knowing the answer to the question specified. Had a man been certain at the start of the thirties, or forties, or fifties what the prevailing substitutes for thought in those decades would be (they were: defeatism, then heroism, then McCarthyism), he might not have managed to avoid becoming a victim of his times, but he would have been able to stop talking like a fool. And, though unheroic, this achievement is no proper object for scorn.

THE social facts offered up in *My Adventures as an Illustrator*, as it unwittingly plots the future of American mindlessness, are drawn for the most part from an extremely solitary and unexciting life—boyhood in the Yonkers and Mamaroneck and upper New York of sixty years ago, classes at the Art Students League, early luck with George Lorimer and the *Post*, a few weird trips to Europe, a meaningless marriage, a divorce, a good marriage, a steady increase in income, a stag dinner with Ike, a studio in Stockbridge. . . . And whenever these facts have direct bearing on Rockwell's Career or Hopes, they are set down in the familiar idiom of *The Reader's Digest*:

> I no longer believe that I'll bring back the golden age of illustration.
> I realized a long time ago that I'll never be as good as Rembrandt.
> BUT
> I think my work is improving. I start each picture with the same high hopes, and. . . I still try my darnedest.

But when Rockwell turns away from a consideration of his own Progress or Doggedness, his voice changes in the direction of seriousness, and even gains a measure of strength:

> The . . . memory is of a vacant lot in the cold yellow light of late afternoon, the wind rustling in the dry grass and a scrap of newspaper rolling slowly across the patches of dirty snow. And a drunken woman in filthy gray rags following a man and beating him over the head with an umbrella. The man stumbling through the coarse littered grass, his arms raised to cover his head, and the woman cursing and screaming, beating him incessantly until he fell, then standing over him, kicking and striking him again and again about the head and belly and legs. And I remember that we kids watched, silent, from the edges of the lot, until a policeman ran up and grabbed the woman. Then the man got slowly up and, seeing the policeman struggling with the woman, attacked him, swaying drunkenly and swearing.

And it is by attending to this voice—the

BENJAMIN DeMOTT, a young novelist who teaches at Amherst College, is at work on a travel miscellany, The Unprofessional Eye. *His* The Body's Cage *was published by Little, Brown.*

voice of the witness rather than the actor—that the reader arrives at an understanding of the meaning of the sentiment which in Rockwell's mind currently passes for thought.

Defining this sentiment on the basis of the memory just quoted is not easy: the image of violence is hardly less plain than the sense of bareness, and repugnance for both rather confuses the issue. Elsewhere in the book, though, bareness and leanness are felt in positive terms, and are set up more or less as ideals. Again and again Rockwell introduces subjects for the (undeclared) purpose of showing his reader what money Used To Mean. He describes, for example, the procedure he followed for quieting restless child models in the old days when his studio was in New Rochelle. He would place a stack of shiny new nickels on the table beside his easel and then: "Every twenty-five minutes, when it came time for the model to rest, I'd transfer five of the nickels to the other side of the table saying, 'Now that's your pile.' The kids liked that." Is there a child in New Rochelle today who (for five nickels and at the bidding of a commercial artist) would shut his mouth and stand still for a half hour, or who prefers coins to bills, or who doesn't know about checks? To be sure, it is the reader who asks these questions, not Rockwell: the latter "draws no conclusions."

He tells at length of his stay in a city boarding house, and evokes a tough world of kitchen slavies and young married couples of defeated hope, without ever remarking that Young Marrieds of today, Influentials all, have not seen even the *outside* of a boarding house. And when, in a few warmly affectionate pages, he describes the trolley excursions of his youth ("From the Battery to the far Bronx and back, an evening's pleasure, for only ten cents. I remember that everyone I knew—grownups, kids, maiden aunts—had a trolley pillow which had been made by the ladies of the family especially for these Sunday and evening excursions"), he does not point a moral at the end about the sparse integrity of the people's former entertainments, as Richard Hoggart would do: he simply returns to his Career,

But the moral, to call it that, is there, and as the book proceeds (the passages mentioned occur early), Rockwell's fascination with poverty and hard times (he seems to have experienced little of either) comes ever more clearly into sight. In pages that blend Tennessee Williams with Wright Morris, he tells of a wretched pensioner named James K. Van Brunt who lived in a dingy room filled with a collection of mementos from a life pitiably bare: popcorn from a bag he had bought his wife "at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893," "a cigar smoked and dropped by General Ulysses S. Grant . . . during a dinner given in his honor at the 7th Regiment Armory in New York City," "a piece of rafter burned in the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago on the thirtieth of December, 1903, in which fierce conflagration six hundred and two persons lost their lives," steel shavings from a visit in 1909 to the Bethlehem Pittsburgh plant, a seashell commemorating a weekend he spent with his wife in Atlantic City in 1914.

In one passage there is even an attempt to evoke that forgotten sensation, hunger:

> Joshua Biengraber asked me one day, "Were you ever actually hungry?" "Sure," I said. "No," he said, looking closely at me, "I don't believe it. You haven't got it in your face. You don't know what it is. . . . I can remember sitting on a bench in Central Park just after I came to this country. I didn't know a soul; my pockets were empty. And I just sat there. For days it seemed like. I was so tired and hungry that I didn't even have the courage to get up. You don't know what it's like. You feel all hazy inside. And weak, like when you've been sitting in a hot bath for an hour."

It is possible to regard a preoccupation of this kind as mere embroidery on the familiar American fable of Guilty Success. And certainly a part of its interest derives from the suggestion implicit in it of a new way of viewing the endless, garishly sentimental series of tough guys gazing in pious wonder at little old praying ladies with which Rockwell dressed the *Post*—namely, as a kind of perpetual vision of shabbiness. The man insists that he likes to paint people who were "wrinkled and corroded . . . by the grubby life they led," and that painting "sleek" and "conventional" Americans gives him no more pleasure than "painting a slab of warm butter." And clearly the objects of his eye have been, almost from the beginning, worn hands, back alleys, station restaurants, mangy cats, Dads in undershirts and suspenders, kids who never saw Ivy chinos with paisley linings.

Perpetuum Mobile

(from the Swedish of Gunnar Ekelöf)

The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old usual baldheadedness
The good old disgraceful usualness

The good old usual disgracefulness
The good old disgraceful kindliness
The good old kindly ramblingness
The good old drivelling secretness

The good old secret hurtfulness
The good old blessed drivellingness
The good old hurtful scurviness
The good old scurvy blessedness

Middleclassedness the old delicious
Disgracefulness the old scandalous
Baldheadedness the old friendly
Baldheadedness the old usual etc.

ROBERT BLY and
CHRISTINA BRATT DUFFY

BUT seeing the subject in terms of Rockwell's individual career effects a reduction of its significance which though comfortable is wrongheaded. The author of *My Adventures as an Illustrator* has had, after all, a huge success as a producer of absolutely mindless versions of the country; there exists a real possibility that he should be regarded as a prophet of mindlessness, a man who knows as a matter of instinct where and how the national brain will next shut off.

This possibility gains weight when it is regarded in the light of the similarity between the direction of his sentimental rumination and the direction of homely barber shop gossip. And, it becomes a positive likelihood when you consider, apropos of the nostalgia that presently unites intellectuals and shop men, how much easier it is to yearn for the time when *we* were young and poor than for Mont St. Michel. The optimist assumes that all thinking folk understand the relation between fat and fatuity; he is sure that people know that abundance is meaningless unless met with a taut will and intellect, a genuine eagerness to invent responsibilities and obligations; he believes that poets and barbers alike will eventually go forth to meet plenty with something in mind other than a longing for hard bellies. But faith of this kind cannot be validated at the moment. What is required for this purpose is evidence that people are in process of learning the lesson that a yearning for leanness amounts only to a substitute for thought, a device to quiet guilt. Norman Rockwell's "adventures" demonstrate (all unintentionally) the importance of this lesson by drawing an image of the flaccidity of mind, the moral limpness and silliness, to which a failure to learn it can lead. And for that reason, and no other, it is just to call the book that describes them a valuable gift to the age.

The Near-Sighted Maverick

RING THE NIGHT BELL. The Autobiography of a Surgeon. By Paul B. Magnuson. Little, Brown & Co. 376 pp. $5.

George A. Silver

THE TONE of this review can only reflect puzzled respect. The book is hardly great literature. There is the usual nostalgic story of a Midwestern boy growing up at the turn of the century, the usual experiences with snow and horses and conflict with the turmoil of the modern world. The flavor of the writing is four-square Middle Western, rather direct and dull. The book is a series of victories for a country boy who put one over on a hostile world. Cross-grained and irascible, he is a nineteenth-century hero whose greatest reward was to practice medicine. And he did love medicine! He loved pus from the time he was seven years old and he loved fixing bones and the smell of disinfectant and most of all he loved the idea that other people needed him.

Yet in telling of this boy's life in furiously changing times, in telling what it meant to become a doctor in the first half of this century, Dr. Magnuson is just fairly readable. Why? Well, mostly because he is telling a private tale. He was a participant in great social events but he lacks social insight. The whole shoddy story of Workmen's Compensation, for example, the collusion and deceit, the dreadful manifestations of employer ruthlessness in the stockyards and on the railroads, the picture of maimed, mangled and murdered men who went through his hands, victims of the conscienceless lack of safety precautions, all these things just barely appear. *The Jungle* might never have been written. As Magnuson writes, one meets the president of the railroad company who was his friend, the director of medical services in the packing company who employed him, and so on. The workers themselves appear only incidentally — as grateful and appreciative patients whom he patched together. The enemy is not a corrupt industrial structure:

> Industrial work is a very tricky thing for a doctor, not just because of the medical side of it, but because there is an awful lot of money at stake, and where there is money, you will find lawyers. Where there are lawyers, you will always find some who are less than scrupulous, and who try to take advantage of the poor innocent doctor.

This pretty much sets the tone. Also, he talks a lot like a poor country boy but he points out that when he went to Washington for the Veterans Administration, his first year's salary was one-fifth of the income tax he had paid the previous year!

DR. MAGNUSON played two large roles in American medical history. The first was as the Assistant Medical Director of the Veterans Administration after the Second World War, in which post he helped to set up the high standards of medical care of the "new" Veterans Hospitals as opposed to the former hospitals which had been shoddy tombs of corruption and graft, monuments for the American Legion. He was the designer of the "Deans' Committees" whereby the medical schools set standards and policies for the Veterans Administration Hospitals. Dr. Magnuson (along with General Paul Hawley and General Omar Bradley) played a large part in assuring that the veterans of World War II got the first-class medical care to which they were entitled. He does make this point, but most of the time he is off on a white charger fighting bureaucracy. He is against big government. You might think that government represented some abstract beast with which he had no connection or concern, instead of the organized social effort that created (to name just the one immediate thing) the Veterans Administration.

Then, Magnuson — as a maverick and against the will and wish of the American Medical Association — took over at Harry Truman's request the direction of the President's Commission of the Health Needs of the Nation and arranged for the various hearings, studies and investigations. The eventual publication of this series of reports is an important contribution to medical care for the American people, principally because it points in a clear direction to the solution of those needs. Yet Magnuson sees this as a sort of a lark in which he rather patronizingly allowed the United States to get a glimpse of some of these things. He never sees the *social* significance of this event. I wish he had had more perspective on his time and his role.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital in New York.

ART

Fairfield Porter

WHAT WAS revolutionary about Impressionism was that color, which distinguishes painting from the other visual arts, was for the first time considered primary in the painter's concern with the subjectivity of vision. Subjectivity, being personal, is not conceptual, and neither is it abstract. The Impressionist was not interested in what was out there, but in how, whatever it was, it looked to the one who was looking. The Impressionists used color instead of the contour to express materiality, and since they were realists in the sense of not being romantic, color had to have substance. And color, which may give the spectator a great deal of pleasure, comes from the artist's intellect; drawing, which is accessible to the spectator's intellect, comes from the artist's emotions.

The Armory show of 1913 was a Post-Impressionist exhibition, and it had a disastrous effect on American painting: for example, the damage it did to the

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style of Bellows, Sloan and Eilshemius. In 1913, the difficulty for American painters was that society was anti-art; it gave the artist the choice of making silly and acceptable fantasies, or of expressing society's anti-artistic beliefs. Since Post-Impressionism emphasizes concept, it can suggest that art is valid because it "means" something. The Armory show pointed out to American painters an anti-artistic direction, like that of German Expressionism. A vulgar idea of art teachers that comes out of the Armory show is that "modern" is equivalent to distortion; that art is valid if it teaches, satirizes, or propagandizes. But the Impressionist revolution, which implied that the value of art is intrinsic, was much more of a revolution than any that succeeded it.

AMERICAN painting of the present fashion has been called "abstract-expressionist." This means that the texture of Expressionist painting, whose form came from social comment, was divorced from that use in being made non-objective. However, since non-objectivity suggests anarchy, it makes a social comment after all. American non-objective painting followed American socially conscious painting; by the time it was accepted, a social tie-in was no longer required by the audience, and American painters were well on the way to painting for a public that accepted art as intrinsically valuable. If art is valuable for itself, then again one can appreciate the radical originality of Monet, whose work is being shown in a large exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. This exhibition coincides with several good shows of New York painters who connect more closely with Monet than with Picasso. It is not so much a connection with the Impressionist theory of the primacy of light as with the Impressionist practice of making a distinction between color and graphic description. Not contour, but color gives substance. In this connection, Thomas Hess once wrote an article on painters as writers and writers as artists. Writers draw well, but that is usually all; on the other hand, painters do not have a feeling for words as entities with their own life, but go in for ideas. Take for example the artists' magazine *It is*, weighted with an overlapping sequence of one leaden sentence on top of another; or Mallarmé's remark when Degas showed him some sonnets he had written, "But Degas, a sonnet is made of words."

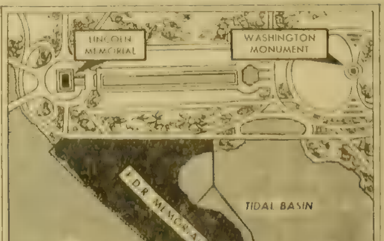
The paintings of Herman Rose at the A.C.A. Gallery connect not only with Monet's primacy of color, but with Impressionist light as well. There is a cityscape of the upper East Side, that is full of such light as Monet or any other Impressionist would have been proud to have achieved. A non-objective painter who starts from color is Esteban Vicente at the Emmerich Gallery. That he constructs out of color does not mean that the color is in "good taste," nor that it is bright. At times it is certainly both of these things, but much more important is the fact that whatever the color, color relationships give the canvases their life. Neither line nor edge creates the form of the color, but what it is inside itself. The Howard Wise Gallery (a new gallery subtly designed by Wilder Green) exhibits 10 by 16 foot canvases by Milton Resnick that have the superficial look of Monet's water lily murals. Resnick's color is linear, defining no clear areas smaller than the whole. At the Peridot Gallery still lifes and landscapes by Leon Hartl are made of shimmering pinks and grays with the generalized light of a fourteenth-century Florentine. At the Janis Gallery, Franz Kline's paintings are for the first time made of color. His forte has always been light, but previously any of his colors could have been exchanged for any other. These paintings, parallel to De Kooning, have a speed and largeness that is inimitable. What holds them in place is not so much the up-and-downness of gravity as that they look like part of the wall. At the Stable Gallery, Alex Katz's flat, representational paintings combine a tightness of adjustment of areas with an accuracy of color, less found in nature than created for nature. Though Hartl and he are realists, they are both abstractionists in color. Rose's color is his personal convention, a habit of the palette; Resnick's color is the color that the Impressionists used for nature; Vicente and Katz use colors like weights in a scale.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THE LONG-DISCUSSED memorial to Franklin Delano Roosevelt to be built near the Washington and Jefferson monuments in Washington, D.C., is all at once being pushed with odd, unseemly speed—especially since we are now under a Republican administration which, if not about to decamp from Washington, at least intends to change the guard this fall. On March 20, came the announcement of a formal architectural competition. Programs for this competition will go out in April; the list of architects and offices wishing to compete will be closed May 16; four months later all entries must have been submitted; from these, six will be selected for the final round which will last three months. Very fast, for monumentality. All in all, the architectural evocation of a wide, intricate political personality is being given less time than the arranging of the Johansson-Patterson return heavyweight bout, which should be a less contemplative affair, although you never can tell.

Most of the basic conditions for this competition are very good. The site is not only spacious and prominent, but symbolically well located. Lying between the Potomac and its tidal basin, the ten-acre parcel is bounded mostly by water, and that seems appropriate for the last of our seagoing Presidents. The committee advising the memorial commission is headed by Chairman Pietro Belluschi of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and includes Samuel Glaser, R. Sturgis Ingersoll, Lewis Mumford, G. Holmes Perkins, Hideo Sasaki and Jay S. Unger — men who obviously had the visual uses of water in mind in selecting this land: a tall tower, a wall, or a walkway cantilevered



out over the shoreline would be mirrored in the quiet river. The first of these seems unlikely, because a tower might compete with the Washington needle up the way; besides, the committee has already implied that it wants something less classically formal, more creative. It could be gardens, plazas, sculptures, fountains, pools, or combinations of these. The solution wisely has been left wide open. This means, however, that the competing architects must gather and co-ordinate teams of artists, landscape designers and sculptors into their efforts, which again tightens the timetable. In this day of intense demand on architectural offices by their bread-and-butter commercial clients, it will be difficult for some gifted architects to cut loose from their obligations so rapidly. I can see a lot of summer vacations going up in smoke, perhaps taking a marriage or two with them.

THE guiding committee has picked out three characteristic qualities of F.D.R. for recording in bronze: "his warm feeling for people, above abstract causes or principles," "The good neighbor policy . . . of give and take, on the basis of need and sympathy" and his "Vital sense of the unity of all mankind." These might seem to call for a nobly proportioned picnic area, with everyone sharing the salt.

What might also have been stressed are the man's courage, impulsiveness, determination and confident gaiety. When I first heard of the coming competition some months ago, an undignified and inartistic image popped immediately into my mind: the car is a jaunty old Ford or Plymouth four-door convertible, circa 1935 model, especially equipped for a handicapped driver. The canvas top has been folded down, although the day is gray and misting slightly. In the front sits F.D.R. with the brim of his fedora turned upward, his heavy jaw clenching that cigarette holder, also tilted upward in the way that so maddened my elderly Republican friends. He is smiling broadly. He is at the wheel.

I don't mean to suggest a new kind of equestrian statue. I mention this image only to indicate how difficult it will be to design a suitable monument to this gigantic, real man, still so close to us. His memorial must include a wide range of feelings, from dignity to delight, pathos to arrogance.

Realism is a lot to ask in a monument, just as monumentality is a lot to ask of modern American architects. The tone of most monuments is a temple-like nostalgia, and perhaps it is all that can be expected. But our official tributes to past greatness betray too often a sentimental and stylish meagerness of spirit. The Europeans, I think, show themselves better able to express a tragic sense in their ceremonial architecture. And they too are aware of the significance of Roosevelt. That brings me to the aspect of this competition that is disconcerting.

The earlier printed report submitted by the memorial commission to Congress said that its advisory committee had "unanimously decided that the best way of providing a suitable memorial is to hold an international competition." Yet the competition as finally announced is open only to residents of the United States—no Le Corbusier, no Nervi, no Aalto, no Candela, or their young. What kind of thing is this? Would it be too embarrassing if a Chinese, or German, or Cuban submitted the winning design? Away back in 1922, when one of F.D.R.'s least liked countrymen, the late Colonel Robert McCormick of Chicago, sponsored a competition for the Tribune Tower, now standing on Michigan Avenue as his own memorial, even he, the bitter isolationist, was broadminded enough to make the architectural competition world-wide.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE MOST invigorating concert I have heard this season came recently when Fritz Reiner, in his second week as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, and pianist Rudolf Serkin, played the Bartok *Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra.* The Philharmonic had never before played this work. Indeed, it seems that the Concerto has had only one or two performances in the United States since 1928, when Reiner introduced it in New York with the Cincinnati Symphony and the composer, himself, as soloist. Willem Mengelberg, who had planned a month earlier to present Bartok in his American debut as composer-pianist, with the Concerto as a vehicle, had decided that the Philharmonic could not prepare the work in time. He substituted a solo piece, the *Rhapsody, Opus 1,* written when Bartok was twenty-three. The composer was understandably disappointed.

It is not hard to imagine that the technical and interpretive problems in this music would have been intimidating in 1928, although Reiner, even then, seems to have been enough of a virtuoso

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to meet them head on. The music must have seemed much stranger then, and performing techniques among the rank-and-file musicians were not what they are today. I am surprised, however, that even during the period of intense interest in Bartok's music, which came immediately after his death, and subsided only a bit when the music became repertory material instead of a *cause célèbre*, the *Piano Concerto No. 1* was still permitted to languish. For it is clearly a masterpiece.

BARTOK'S best music, it seems to me, manages to resolve two musical attitudes which are usually considered contradictory: that of the colorist, who creates vague, blurred effects, using color for its own sake; and of the strict logician, who tends always toward fine-line work. His thematic material is etched in lines as clear and delicate as those in a Leonardo drawing. The colors, however, are created by means that are almost opposed. When he is in a purely coloristic mood, they seem to have been put on with a delicate thumb, and certain passages in this Concerto wherein piano sonorities are intermingled with those of the orchestral percussion section, just for color and mood, fall into this category. At other times, one hears passages which, superficially, bear signs of this blurred, colorist approach. When they are examined, however, one finds that they are actually the product of an interlocking of fine, logically formulated lines so complex that they seem to dissolve into color. It is probably Bartok's ability thus to operate over a broad technical range, with pure colorism at one extreme; pure linear writing minus color connotations at the other; and a middle ground consisting of linear techniques which incline toward either pole, as the composer wishes — it is probably this exact ability which provides his music with its stylistic cohesiveness.

SERKIN and Reiner, in their performance of the Concerto, chose to give it full measure of warmth and roundness. With this piece, as with many by Bartok, the performers must choose between a strident, hammering, irascible approach (which is stylistically correct), and a softer, more luxuriant and sensuous posture, which is equally valid. These, I suspect, were contradictory qualities in Bartok's personal nature, and they are present in the music as well. Because I prefer the more opulent manner, I am glad when musicians of the caliber and generation of Serkin or the Budapest String Quartet take Bartok's music in hand. Invariably, they stress its bulk and mature sensuousness, and the music assumes deeper meanings. Sharp, nervous performances, which the younger musicians tend to provide, can be exciting but they do not give as complete a picture.

It is for that reason that I preferred the Serkin-Reiner performance, with its slower tempi and mysterious moods, to the one just recorded by the composer's son, Peter Bartok, with Leonid Hambro as soloist and Robert Mann, first violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet, conducting the Zimbler Sinfonietta. These latter musicians place the accent on the work's driving energy, and upon total clarity. It is a beautifully engineered recording, and so is the performance splendid in every respect. Despite a preference for the Serkin-Reiner approach, I am delighted to own this disk, especially since it is the only record ever made of the *Piano Concerto No. 1*. (It can be had, with the solo *Rhapsody, Opus 1* on the second side, by mail order from Bartok Records, 111 West 57 Street, New York 19, N.Y. Bartok Records No. 3131.)

ON HIS program with the Philharmonic, Reiner also included Stravinsky's *Divertimento: Suite from the Ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée,"* and the Ravel orchestration of Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*. I have never been particularly fond of *The Fairy's Kiss*, despite the fact that its craftsmanship is so elegant and that there are some portions which I find almost hilariously amusing. Most of the music strikes me as pale and vaguely effete. There is also an over-strong air of eclecticism, which could probably not have been avoided in making an *homage* to another composer, in this case Tchaikovsky. Reiner gave the *Suite* a miraculously apt performance, stressing its high style and musical joking without at any point losing subtlety or point. His reading of the *Pictures from an Exhibition* was fascinating from beginning to end. When he finally let out the whole orchestra in the last section, *The Great Gate of Kiev*, my strong impulse was to stand up and yell "Hurray!" Less sedate spirits in the balcony did.

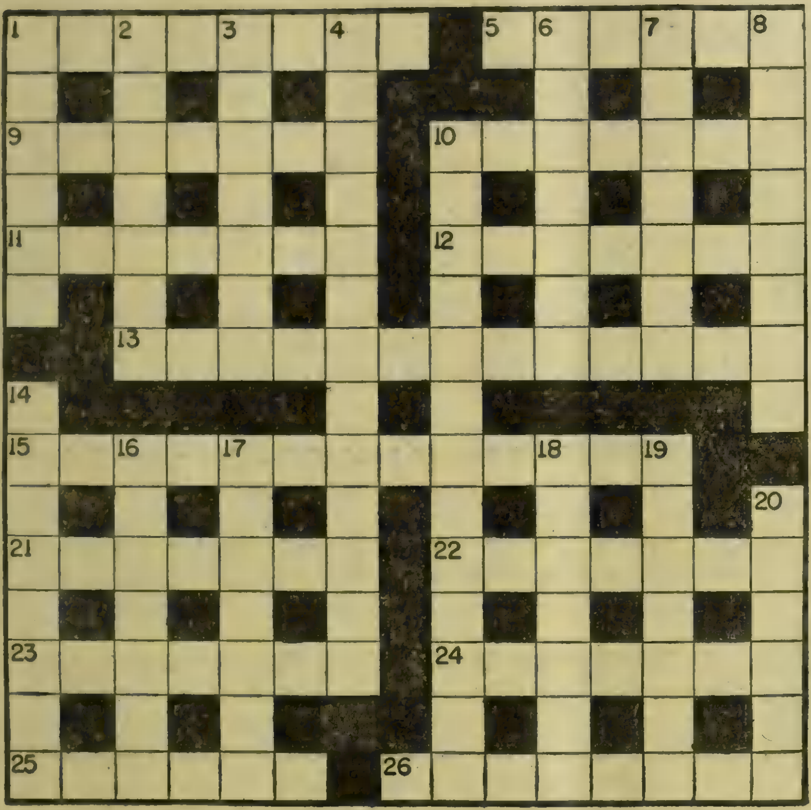
Where the Man Most Was

Where the man most was
water crackled
fire hardened
earth rushed
air drowned all

ALEXANDER LAING

Crossword Puzzle No. 861

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A pest, if penned up and put in the proper level of society. (8)
5 A copy of the Dauphine with a good finish at the factory, perhaps. (6)
9 Wool around the neck, or metal under the body? (7)
10 Not so dense as to make the color go further! (7)
11 Plush isn't the word for it! (7)
12 Might be less than a year unless pressed, being out on a limb. (7)
13 The base of the pole? (6, 7)
15 In the main, all is nasty, but might only appear so. (13)
21 Suggests a rather primitive place for the tribe. (7)
22 Did her hat have a point to it? (7)
23 Smoothing things over on board. (7)
24 If unhappy with the results of a lead from your hand, these might help! (7)
25 Greybeards might be rather loony, with a few feet cut off. (6)
26 It's the tongue in snakes that causes slanders. (8)

DOWN:

1 Put a little time in the full extent of craft. (6)
2 Saying "No" almost causes a fuss in other than false circumstances. (7)
3 The sort of story that wins the Munchausen medal? (7)
4 Rushed the platform between flights? (6, 7)
6 Put a cap on the drink — it might help you get the proper angle. (7)
7 You might consider this place as being different. (7)
8 Another name for one who leads from a six to just under the ace? (8)
10 It doesn't have that traditionally golden quality. (13)
14 Trying to be like something pithy, perhaps. (8)
16 To be proper for the answer? (7)
17 It implies sharing a rather heavy point! (7)
18 Carry a challenge with you in traveling? (7)
19 Countrymen of any sort to hunt up. (7)
20 On the other side of matched lines, by the sound of it. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 860

ACROSS: 1 Autobiographer; 8 Overspending; 10 Necropolis; 11 Laic; 13 Abatis; 14 Christie; 16 Deigning; 17 Midrib; 19 Boar; 20 Histrionic; 22 Credit charge; 23 Down in the dumps. DOWN: 1 Around and about; 2 Theocratical; 3 Bostonians; 4 Oberon; 5 Red light; 6 Pans; 7 Knickerbockers; 9 Battering ram; 12 Diminished; 15 Unbidden; 18 Stitch; 21 Iron.

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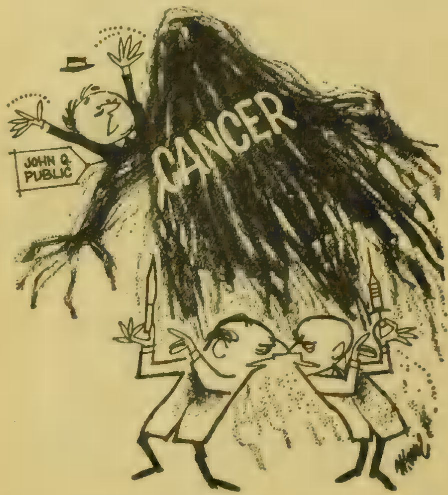
THE CALIFORNIAN

This monthly publication started out as a tabloid newspaper called THE CALIFORNIA LIBERAL, then grew into a full-fledged magazine of national and international importance. Some of the articles which appear in the APRIL issue will give you some reasons why:

CANCER QUACKS AND CURES: CALIFORNIA'S EXPERIMENT — California, first state to legalize control of cancer medicines, must come to grips with Dr. Andrew C. Ivy and the drug Krebiozen, and with the man who has been called America's number one cancer quack: Harry Hoxsey. Vital details you have not read in any other national magazine.

THE PRIVATE POWER FALLACY — More than 100 of the nation's biggest power concerns, operating in unison under the name "America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies," are currently waging one of the costliest and most grossly misleading campaigns in the history of American advertising.



SAM NEWHOUSE vs. THE UNIONS — America's third largest chain publisher is involved in an effort to turn the tide against the trade union movement with strikebreaking methods used in the four-month-old Portland newspaper strike, one of the most sordid episodes in American journalism. Details about this strike you have not read before.

NAZIS YESTERDAY AND TODAY — A Nazi propaganda film that ran nine months in San Francisco; a list of top ranking Nazis in control of West Germany's government and militia today; and some neo-Nazi hate groups in the U.S.A.

DISSECTING THE PRESS — Newsweek, magazine of rumor; Examiner and Safeway: a cozy relationship; The Vanity Press; "Today"; "Exclusive."

STORIES THE DAILIES WON'T PRINT — False ads and monopolies in the world of business.

BANK vs. SOCIAL CREDIT — The Canadian dollar, under a nationalized central banking system, has surpassed the U.S. dollar, under a privately owned central banking system, both in value and demand on the world market.

TO PACIFIC TELEPHONE: NON-TAXABLE — The telephone company turns a trick.

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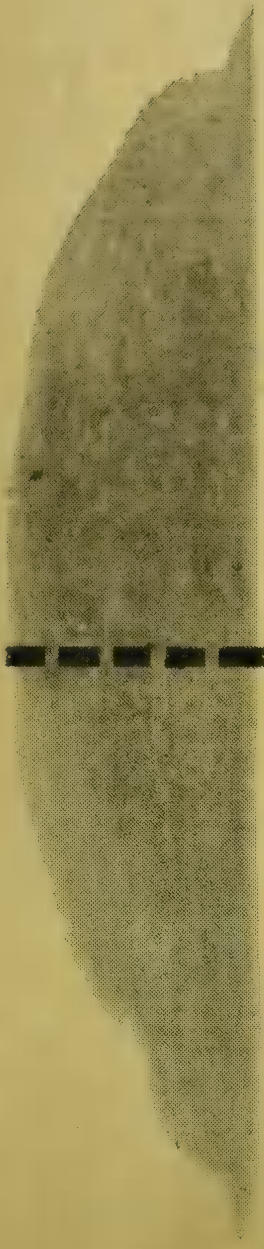

A PROGRAM FOR THE PRESIDENCY

Wayne Morse

NEO-NAZISM on the MARCH

Heinz Pol

MURDER and ONOMATOLOGY

George R. Stewart

MONITORS vs. THE TEAMSTERS

William Goffen

LETTERS

The Chessman Case

Dear Sirs: The mail has just brought me the March 26 *Nation,* and I am at once impelled to write you, and at a loss for words.

Praise and gratitude from me, as Caryl Chessman's attorney since he has been on Death Row, you would have every right to expect. But my reactions to your bold editorial and forthright article go much deeper than that.

For so many years Caryl has been waging a virtually friendless and unpublicized battle; it is all the more heartening, then, to know that a publication such as yours, people such as you, care—care not only about salvaging the life of one individual, but about hastening the oblivion of California's shameful "little green room" and all that it implies.

Thank you for the sentiments of your editorial and the straight reporting of Dick Meister's story.

ROSALIE S. ASHER

Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs: For several months I have been trying to get a fellow worker to read *The Nation's* coverage of the Caryl Chessman case. He has consistantly refused on the grounds of: lack of interest, "he's guilty anyway."

However, with a recent issue of *Time* concerned also with the Chessman case, I was able to persuade him that it might make interesting reading to get two different points of view. This morning my copy of *The Nation* was returned to my desk along with the statement that "this man should have a fair re-trial. I still feel he is guilty, but it would be unjust to execute him on the basis of present court records."

MATTHEW A. COHEN
Boston University

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the March 26 edition of *The Nation* with the editorial on Chessman.

I have long been opposed to capital punishment. The bill which I introduced in this session of Congress (H.R. 870) is my current legislative attempt on the subject.

I believe the Chessman incident very well typifies the legal adage, "Bad cases make bad law." Under other conditions and circumstances, and without a Chessman case on the front pages of the newspapers, I am sure the California legislature would have acted differently. I am doing my best to keep the Chessman case out of any discussion of my bill.

ABRAHAM J. MULTER
M. C., New York

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Following is an excerpt from a letter I have sent to the Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court:

> The death of Chessman, like the death of Michael Servetus in John Calvin's day, would be not California's or America's guilt especially, but the common opprobium of the whole civilized world. . . .
>
> You, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, have the rare opportunity of striking the first blow for freedom against capital punishment. . . . The honor and dignity of world opinion demand no other course.

I. LEO FISHBEIN, M.D.

Miami Beach, Fla.

New Hampshire Voice

Dear Sirs: One who has suffered since 1954 at the hands of Attorney General Louis C. Wyman naturally finds it hard to comment without emotion on Mr. di Giovanni's article, "New Hampshire's One-Man Inquisition," in your March 19 issue. To me, the article is lucid, factual, devastating. Of all the forceful points made, the one that impressed me most is that which shows how Mr. Wyman satisfied the two classes of Red-baiters. And it is in satisfying the second class—those who want the "Reds" punished effectively, yet lawfully, that he has been most destructive of our Constitutional liberties. . . .

Despite the testimony of well-known churchmen who have known me for a quarter-century or more, Mr. Wyman called my religion a "fake" before the U. S. Supreme Court. When a few New Hampshire ministers spoke in my defense, or signed petitions for clemency, he assailed me before a men's club in a Concord church. . . . Mr. di Giovanni makes a strong point when he speaks of Wyman's extraordinary latitude which has made him at once judge, jury and prosecutor.

Through all this, I have lived in the hope that the American people will rediscover their heritage and stop the inroads on their liberties.

WILLARD UPHAUS

Boscawen, N. H.

[The Rev. Uphaus is in a New Hampshire jail on contempt charges arising out of his refusal to name persons who attended a summer camp allegedly "infiltrated" by Communists.—Ed.]

Integrated Officialdom

Dear Sirs: I am an avid reader of *The Nation* and particularly enjoy your labor articles. I want, however, to correct a statement in "The Negro Bids for Union Power," by Dick Bruner, which appeared in your March 5 issue. Mr. Bruner says that "only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership." I am a member of the Tobacco Workers International Union (not mentioned by Mr. Bruner) and we have two very able Negroes on our International Executive Board. . . . I cover five Southern states for COPE and I believe that in all these states Negroes have been elected to their respective state AFL-CIO boards.

WILBUR HOBBY
Regional Director, COPE

Durham, N.C.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Afrikaner Dementia

Only the Afrikaners and their leaders will be surprised at the dramatic turn of events since the March 21 blood-letting at Sharpeville. In a few short days, they have succeeded in precipitating a debacle which has been predictable for a generation. Demented to the point where they could not recognize that Hitler's racist politics had ended in disaster, they elected to rise to power through the same demagoguery. Once in power, they gerrymandered constituencies, undercut constitutional guarantees, robbed both the Africans and the Cape Colored of even token representation, and thereby invested themselves with a permanent monopoly of state authority. The effect was to sever every avenue of formal communication not merely with native opinion, but with those white critics who sought to talk sense.

Then the regime proceeded to organize African and Colored unrest by enacting, and enforcing, interrelated phases of the crazy apartheid program. Previously, the Africans particularly had been weak, demoralized, without organization, virtually leaderless. But of recent years, as many as 1,250,000 Africans have been tried each year for trivial offenses against the apartheid program, including 500,000 for so-called "pass law" offenses alone. No finer tonic for organization could have been invented. Not content with this folly, the regime then set the stage for revolutionary demonstrations by enactment of a "subversive control act" which made it impossible for the Africans' unrest to find legitimate political expression. Again and again the regime has sought to "thin out" the native leadership by mass arrests; the predictable consequence has been the development of a "hard core," tough, militant leadership — in depth. At the same time the regime, by appealing to racial fears and hatreds, has made "white" South Africa the most heavily armed civilian population in the world; the whites are armed to the teeth with rifles, shotguns and sidearms — which could, of course, be taken from them on some blood-red morning. To complete the madness circuit, the regime has sought to isolate itself. This year, some time after May 31 when South Africa celebrates its golden (bloody?) jubilee, the electorate will be asked in a referendum whether they want the country to step out of the British Commonwealth and become a republic.

Then, to cap all this complicated madness, panic-ridden police, without provocation, opened fire with Sten guns and .303 rifles on a laughing, unarmed crowd of 2,000 (not 20,000, as reported) demonstrators, including women and children; many of the victims were shot in the back, fleeing. No enemy of the Afrikaners, living or dead, could have plotted the destruction of their idiot regime with more scientific precision than they themselves have done. "Whom the Gods would destroy . . ." was never more applicable.

Unfortunately, there is no writ which can issue from the World Court or the United Nations to have the regime show cause why it should not be declared insane and a guardian appointed. But by rallying world opinion, the U.N. is doing the next best thing. Without a friend in the world, the regime will be thoroughly isolated if it opts for independence (as it well may do). The danger is that it will become more authoritarian and ruthless as the final hour approaches. In that case, the U.N., by encouraging both white and African opposition to the Nationalist regime, might yet create a combination of pressures, world-wide and domestic, which would spare the Afrikaner leaders that last mad scene of suicide in the bunkers. The great demonstrations in Johannesburg and Capetown demonstrate the capacity of the natives for disciplined, courageous, highly effective political action. The striking, almost unbelievable, suspension of the "pass" laws is a measure of the power these demonstrations can exert. Does this victory mean that the hallucinated patient can still respond to "shock therapy," or is it that he merely wants to gain time to plot further acts of madness?

The Difference

The following colloquy occurred at the President's press conference of March 30:

John Scali (Associated Press) — "Mr. President, after months of deadlock [over a nuclear test ban] do you have any reason for believing that at this stage the

Soviets are any more sincere in wanting an agreement?"

A. "Well . . . I can't presume to describe with any accuracy what are the motives of somebody else [but] all the signs are that the Soviets do want a degree of disarmament, and they want to stop testing. That looks to me more or less proved . . . they want to negotiate further; no question in my mind."

Although the President incorporated some reservations in his reply, the New York *Herald Tribune* headlined Marguerite Higgins' report: "Eisenhower Calls Soviets Sincere in Desire for Nuclear Test Ban."

What a sad headline for a dedicated cold warrior to see on the first page of a newspaper which surely cannot be accused of lack of zeal in that self-same cold war! Yet it is not a bad dream, but reality. A change has occurred, not so much in the manners and mores of statesmen — they still do a good deal of playing to the gallery and delight in their own small triumphs — but in what they wrangle about. Before Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, each side was tirelessly engaged in pouring abuse on the other, and their ceaseless recriminations were such that agreement could never be reached. Dirty capitalists, atheistic Communists, greedy colonial exploiters, bloody murderers of Hungarians, and so on — such was the language of diplomacy. Now both sides pay somewhat grudging tribute to each other's *bona fides.* They still shake their heads, but no longer their fists.

And what is the gravamen of the current complaints? Merely that the other side is not as zealous in disarmament, in test-banning, in yearning for peace and constructive endeavor, as our side is. And that we have a better plan for attaining these laudable objectives than they have. The fact that the tone is less strident, everyone has observed; but the fact that the plane of contention is infinitely more moral and rational is hardly commented on, although no one can fail to be struck by it if he merely lays a copy of a metropolitan journal of April, 1959, alongside one of April, 1960.

Wave of the Future

Congressmen are getting more mail on H. R. 4700 — the Forand bill to provide a measure of medical care for the aged — than on any other issue. This is not surprising. Medical costs are soaring while the supply of doctors relative to the increase in population is declining. Yet "across the ditch," in Britain, medical care has improved, the supply of doctors has gone up, and the vehement protests of the profession to "socialized medicine" have abated. Word of all this has gotten around more widely than one might imagine. Opinion polls taken in 1956 and 1957 by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center indicate that most people favor government help in providing low-cost medical and hospital care. "Socialized medicine" is still a dirty phrase with American doctors, but "free medical care" is the wave of the future. Legislators who fear the retaliatory power of the A.M.A. should take note of certain facts. As against the 11,000,000 oldsters who could benefit by the Forand bill, there are about 200,000 doctors. Even counting the doctors' wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, they constitute only a small voting force nationally.

Medical care for the aged touches every family, regardless of party affiliation. The appeal is not sectional, narrow or remote; it is nearly universal. Small wonder that it has become the top bread and butter issue of 1960! And the opposition is largely restricted to a single lobby which, although rich and noisy, is by no means all-powerful. Belatedly, certain Republican leaders — specifically, Senators Cooper, Javits and Scott, who belong to the modern or "bright" wing of the party — have decided not to acquiesce in the Administration's opposition to medical care for the aged and are drafting legislation similar to the Forand bill, though more restricted in coverage. Probably the Forand bill could be pried out of committee only by a discharge petition. But even the liberal Democrats who favor the bill — and there are many of them — are reluctant to sign a petition which they feel is unlikely to muster the requisite 219 signatures. But the bill's supporters ought to make an issue of it even if there is little or no chance for passage at this session. There may be risks in such a course, but the bark of the A.M.A. is a great deal worse than its bite. Medical care for the aged is an issue with which the Democrats could badger the Republicans from coast to coast, in metropolitan areas and in rural districts. The aged are everywhere, and most of them need help.

Honest Curtis LeMay

In the days when Governor Rockefeller had Presidential ambitions, his heart bled for the citizen of the Republic who, in the aftermath of a nuclear attack, might absorb a few thousand roentgens from fallout dust and so perish without a scratch on his hide. He conceived the idea of compelling this citizen, for his own good, to knock together a shelter of concrete blocks in which he would spend a few weeks in the company of his loved ones, waiting for the fallout to abate, and then stroll out into the sunshine to rebuild his community. Only 31 per cent of his intended beneficiaries approved the Governor's plan and it was knocked in the head by his own Republican legislature. If there were any politics in the Governor's proposal, the answer is now at hand: shelters don't garner votes.

But the issue, though pretty sick, is not dead. Representative Chet Holifield of California has a heart, too, and it also bleeds. He complains that the nation's civil-defense program is in "deplorable" condition and he is throwing his influence, such as it is, back of a "gigantic" shelter program which is to cost $5 billion a year for the next four years, while the Russians obligingly wait. Apparently, though nobody builds them, everyone believes in shelters — everyone but General Curtis LeMay. Tough LeMay ridiculed the plans of the gentle Holifield in terms so vigorous that the committee chairman was startled. "Maginot-line thinking," LeMay called it. "You can't fight a war with shelters." He wants more missiles — and more airplanes, too; the latter may be obsolete, but after all he was weaned on them. If his heart bleeds, that is what it bleeds for. The citizens he leaves to the politicians.

The Uses of Barbarism

Time is running out on capital punishment in the United States and Canada. Dr. George Gallup finds that as recently as 1953, 68 per cent of the general public favored capital punishment. In the latest Gallup poll, the figure is 51 per cent — a sharp drop, in the space of seven years, for such an intractable social issue. In Canada, it is also running at 51 per cent, down from 71 per cent in 1953. In both countries, 7 per cent are undecided. But the trend is clear, and in this country it should be accelerated by last week's barbarous execution of James W. Rodgers, a forlorn but rather gallant uranium miner, in Utah's state prison. Rodgers, exercising a privilege which the compassionate state extends to those who have been given the death sentence, opted to die by the firing squad rather than by hanging. Asked by the warden if he had any last requests, he said: "Warden, I done told you I want a bulletproof vest." Five anonymous riflemen fired four bullets into him as he sat in Utah's infamous wooden chair. They shot through a slit in a burlap curtain. The rifleman with the blank bullet may feel that he is innocent, but he is as guilty as the rest of us; he, too, is a killer. The wife of a night watchman in North Carolina summed it up neatly when she said: "I don't believe in taking what you can't give — life."

Saving the Past

The world political unrest that was touched off by the decision to build the new Aswan dam on the Nile has overshadowed until very late in the day the realization of what this immense irrigation project threatens to one of the greatest art repositories on earth. The Nile from the Third Cataract in the Sudan to Aswan in Nubian Egypt is lined by monuments unrivaled in beauty and historic importance. They are huge, impassive, enigmatic and awe-inspiring. As things now stand, they will disappear within four or five years under the flood waters and they will never be seen again.

Most, if not all, of them can be saved. Some can be moved, stone by stone, to new safe sites; some can be preserved by dykes and ramparts (many, of course, have not yet even been discovered; but much could be done in three or four years of intensive archaeological digging). All that is required is money—in this case an estimated $30 million.

UNESCO has made this project its urgent responsibility. The governments of Egypt and the Sudan, agonized by the choice between the material needs of present and future generations and the heritage of noble monuments from their great pasts, have offered the nations of the world rich enticements to participate in the rescue work. Half of all future finds in the threatened area may be claimed by the parties that uncover them, excavations will be authorized in other areas, certain temples may be removed from Nubia, and an important collection of ancient objects will be given up by the Egyptian government.

The amount of money needed is not large if divided among some eighty-one nations; the time is short, but not too short if, let us say, one-tenth of the energy now being dedicated to moon shots were diverted to the rescue of the priceless relics of the Nile. Space adventure and the "peaceful" development of the atom are both problematical enterprises and both can await our convenience. Meanwhile, we know that we need the great witnesses to our spiritual past, and we know that those now guarding the banks of the Nile will not await our pleasure.

Symbolic Action

In ordering a reduction in the cruising speed of Electra turbo-prop airliners, after two recent crashes, from the normal 400 miles per hour first to 316, and later to 295, miles per hour, the Federal Aviation Agency may think that it has reassured the flying public. It has not. If the FAA had reason to believe that the planes were dangerous, it should have grounded them immediately; this is what Australia's Civil Aviation Department did on the bases of preliminary reports from the FAA. In any case, the public was, and is, entitled to an explanation of FAA procedures. If there are, in fact, structural defects in the Electra, it would follow (a) that the FAA did not set up proper standards for certification of the planes in the first instance; or (b) that the air lines were given special dispensation to operate the planes despite their failure to meet these specifications. The public is also entitled to know why the FAA feels that the issuance of an order to reduce cruising speed is appropriate administrative action in a matter of this gravity. The explanation may be entirely adequate, but on its face the FAA's order strikes us as another attempt to substitute publicity for the type of vigorous action that builds public confidence in regulatory agencies.

A Program for the Presidency . . *by Wayne Morse*

IN OREGON, a man automatically becomes a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination — regardless of his own wishes — if 1,000 voters sign a petition to that effect. When supporters accorded me that honor, I decided to become a serious candidate and have entered the primaries in Maryland and in the District of Columbia.

Perhaps it is because I am an educator by profession that I think something important can be accomplished through my candidacy. The campaign itself is a great educational institution; it can, if conducted with vigor and full debate, bring victory to needed liberal policies, if not always to a given candidate. I think everyone who runs as a liberal, and not merely as an office-seeker, should conduct his campaign on that basis.

Of course, the Presidency itself is also a great educational institution, and should be used as such. It is not only in his official acts that a President exerts great impact. What he advocates, works for, and believes in, has effect far beyond the legislation he may sign into law or administer.

The President is the executive leader of the American people. If he has no convictions about the issues we face, our nation can have no sense of purpose. If he has private convictions, but not the courage to act on them, the nation lacks dedication.

I believe very strongly that our President must be a leader of public opinion, not just a follower of it. He must be willing to "stick his neck out" by talking about things which may not be well understood, and may even be unpopular at the time.

There are four general areas where I think the Presidency must perform an educational function — and soon.

Civil Rights

How often has it been said that legislation to strike down segregation, or to outlaw racial discrimination in employment, is a waste of time because "you can't change the way people feel by passing laws"? The truth is that Constitutional rights, and those contained in our still-limited state fair-employment-practice laws, can indeed be both legislated and enforced. We need a President who will recommend enactment of effective laws and fight for their passage.

But insofar as progress in racial and religious equality remains a matter of the attitude of individuals, the President is also in a powerful position. How he himself feels and acts on these issues strongly influences the American people's reactions.

President Eisenhower has made it clear that he views the struggle of colored Americans for equal treatment as a strictly legal matter. He will enforce, where he must, the decisions of the courts. But he holds himself above the moral and social implications of the fray.

In a day when the struggle of mankind against bloody tyranny has cost the lives of millions, bled us of material wealth, and guided our international policies for the last twenty years, we need a President who believes in doing something more about human equality than his official duty to enforce the law. To be dispassionate in this regard may be the requirement of a judicial office (even that is questionable), but for our Chief of State to be so is to deprive America of a great force for freedom, both at home and abroad.

The Urban Explosion

A second critical area where the President must serve as an educating force is the rapidly increasing urbanization of our country. Added to the population explosion which began in World War II, this increasing trend to city and suburban living is fast creating new problems and intensifying old ones. The amalgamation of our cities is proceeding along economic and geographic lines which are no respecters of municipal, county or state lines.

I think it safe to say that in problems of juvenile delinquency, social insurance, slums and urban blight, education, mass transportation and water supply, "we ain't seen nothin' yet" compared to what the next twenty years will bring.

Yet President Eisenhower has just sent a veto message to Congress in which he said that water supply is a "local problem."

Too often, a community handles this "local problem" by dumping sewage into the nearest river and letting the folks downstream worry about it. In the Midwest, it is a matter of dumping sewage into the Great Lakes and letting the people in another state worry about the safety of their beaches and their drinking water. That is the President's idea of a "local problem."

The measure he vetoed would have authorized the federal government to increase from the $50 million a year now authorized to $90 million a year its matching grants to cities for construction of sewage-treatment works. Yet I do not think it will be long before even $90 million will prove inadequate. Much the same is true of the relatively modest programs of urban renewal, delinquency control and education for which some of us in Congress have been fighting.

This does not mean that federal undertakings are the sole answer to our changing living patterns. It does mean that existing governmental forms and policies may well be growing obsolete, and that we had better be thinking hard about how we are going to cope with this increasing urbanization.

America is changing as rapidly today as it has in any period of history. We must have in the White House a President who is aware of this fact, and who is willing to talk about it to the American people.

Labor

Much the same can be said of the economic face of America. The character of our labor force, for example, will change radically in the next ten to twenty years, posing a new challenge to the role of unionism in the American economy.

The rise of organized labor in America in the thirties coincided with a new mass-production economy and with a depression which produced great unemployment. Industrial unionism, using its political as well as its economic power, achieved a legislative framework which greatly expedited union organizing.

In the year 1960, the unionized mass-production industries are declining as a supplier of jobs to the labor force. Union membership as a percentage of the labor force has already slipped from its 1953 peak.

The Department of Labor survey of manpower for the decade which has just begun shows that new jobs will come mainly in the white-collar occupations. Yet today, only 9 per cent of white-collar workers are organized.

The number of young workers and women workers will greatly increase during this decade. By 1965, workers under twenty-five will have doubled. By 1970, women workers will constitute one-third of the entire labor force.

The bulk of these new workers will enter occupations not now organized to bargain collectively with employers. Thus, in terms of organizing both industries and individuals, unions have a tremendous task ahead of them.

It was because of these facts that I could not vote for the 1959 Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin law, with its new shackles upon union organizing. Organized labor cannot rest on its oars and still maintain itself when the economy of which it is a part is not resting.

As one who believes that collective bargaining affords the best means of assuring that workers will gain a fair share of the wealth they have produced, I think we must have a President in 1960 who will offer more to organized labor than what mere political expediency dictates.

Foreign Policy

Transcending even these important domestic matters are the international issues which will be at stake in the 1960 election. If nuclear war occurs, it won't matter much what we do or fail to do at home in the next decade. And one of the saddest aspects of this campaign to date has been the preoccupation by both parties with the "missile gap" at the expense of the "peace gap."

No one has given stronger support than I to the maintenance of military supremacy by the United States. The Soviet Union must always know that she has everything to lose and nothing to gain by an attack of any kind upon the United States. But we seem to be forgetting that war should always be the last, the ultimate, means of self-preservation. Instead, proposals for the loosing of nuclear missiles have become the first and often the only answer offered to settle our disputes with the Communist world — even on the part of some who lay claim to leadership.

Above all, the Democratic Party should be exposing the fraudulent "peacemaker" claims of Vice President Nixon. Mr. Nixon is now trying hard to drape himself in the Eisenhower cloak of world traveler, yet in fact he was part and parcel of the Dulles policy of brinkmanship which preceded the "new Eisenhower."

Senator Morse

Which of these two policies would Mr. Nixon, as President, actually adopt? That is the most vital question the American people have to consider between now and November. That is why it is so important that Mr. Nixon's record of aiding international brinkmanship be brought out.

The record has been pointed up by the recent publication of Anthony Eden's memoirs, carrying as they do the story of how Mr. Dulles sought to involve this country in the war in Indochina. History records that it was Churchill and Eden who prevented our involvement, who in fact saved us from a slip off Mr. Dulles' cherished "brink of war."

Mr. Eden tells of the presentation made to him and the French by Mr. Dulles, urging them to support an American attack on Communist centers in Indochina and — as might prove necessary — upon the mainland of China.

Eden states:

> Dulles repeated his thesis about the vacuum created by the collapse of France as a world power. He appeared to share my doubts as to whether intervention by air would be decisive, but said that if I felt able to stand with him he was prepared to recommend the President to ask Congress for war powers.

At this point, Mr. Eden adds in parenthesis:

> (I am not sure that this is the right technical phrase, but this was its effect, for it would give the President special powers of the widest character to move armed forces.)

Here was an example not of open covenants, but of very dangerous secret diplomacy.

It was the understanding of those concerned in the secret sessions that an air strike by the United States against Communist centers would not prove effective; it was the prospect that American troops would be sent into Asia that brought Mr. Nixon forward.

In an address on April 16, 1954, to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, an individual identified by *The New York Times* only as "a high Administration source" declared that the United States should and would send troops to Indochina, if the French stopped fighting there. The individual was identified the next day as Vice President Nixon.

That this sequence, in which the Vice President played a key role, did not involve the United States in an Asiatic war was due to the refusal of the British leaders, not our own, to go along. Mr. Eden describes the outcome as follows:

> They [Dulles and Admiral Radford] now recognized that this could no longer save Dien Bien Phu, but still wanted to rally French and Vietnamese morale and to prevent a general disintegration. Congress

> would be more likely to approve such action if intervention were to be on an Anglo-American basis. . . .
>
> I told the Prime Minister [Sir Winston Churchill] that I disagreed both with the American belief that such intervention could be effective and with the view that it could be limited to the use of air forces. I doubted whether intervention would have any substantial effect in rallying public opinion in Indochina, and I was certain that it would not be welcomed by nationalist opinion in southeast Asia generally. Militarily, I did not believe that the limited measures contemplated by the United States could achieve substantial results; no military aid could be effective unless it included ground troops.
>
> Sir Winston summed up the position by saying that what we were being asked to do was to assist in misleading Congress into approving a military operation, which would in itself be ineffective, and might well bring the world to the verge of a major war.
>
> We agreed that we must therefore decline to give any undertaking of military assistance to the French in Indochina.

Much the same technique was used in obtaining the sweeping grant of war powers from Congress to be used in the Middle East and the Formosa Straits. Unfortunately, both were passed with Democratic votes, but mine, I am proud to say, was not one of them [see "How Dulles Tricked Congress," by Wayne Morse, *The Nation*, Sept. 20, 1958]. When these resolutions were enacted, it was said that we must trust in President Eisenhower. But when that kind of law is passed, its powers devolve on his successors, too.

These blanket grants of authority for a President to make war are on the books. How they would be exercised if Mr. Nixon were in the White House should give every American pause, particularly in view of the Vice President's advocacy of sending troops to Indochina.

THE existence of these war-power resolutions makes it imperative that we choose a President who understands that conventional war will more than likely lead to nuclear war, and that nuclear war will destroy *us* as well as the Soviet Union.

We must have a President who believes in the United Nations and is ready to use it for the peaceful settlement of international problems. We should make all the progress we can toward disarmament; but disarmament, while desirable in itself, is more likely to follow than to precede the establishment of the rule of law in world affairs.

Our Administration must take the lead toward establishment of the rule of law. That is why I have proposed that we ask the General Assembly to seek a ruling from the International Court of Justice on Western rights in Berlin. Similarly, we must make use of other U.N. procedures in the settlement of disputes. I have suggested that we propose to the Soviet Union the placing of the entire city of Berlin, both East and West, under U.N. jurisdiction. Some say the U.N. was not set up to do this, or that the Kremlin would never agree in any case. My answer is that the main purpose of the U.N. is to save future generations from the scourge of war. Let us use it in any way that can be devised to serve that purpose. And if the Soviet Union will not agree, let *her* be the one to make that clear to the world, not us.

No American President should keep the peace through unilateral concessions. But as a nation, we have scarcely begun to examine these other alternatives to war. Here is the greatest education job of all for our President to do.

The Revolutionary War slogan, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," is no policy for the nuclear age. We must have in 1960 a President who understands this, and who is equipped to devise new policies, has the ability to present them to the American people, and the courage to fight for them internationally.

NEO-NAZISM on the MARCH . . *by Heinz Pol*

IN 1958, more than 200 anti-Semitic acts were officially recorded in the German Federal Republic. In 1959, the number rose to more than 350. Since the notorious Cologne incident last Christmas, more than 600 new ones have occurred. And, while the authorities in Bonn have been forced by world opinion to publish a White Book on anti-Semitism, they have yet to explain the real forces which lie behind it.

HEINZ POL is the U. S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of the leading liberal dailies of West Germany.*

The truth is that, in West Germany, anti-Semitism is only the symptom of an old German sickness. German nationalism, in the garb of neo-Nazism, is marching again — and is marching more arrogantly each week. And involved are not just a handful of misguided youths, incorrigible Nazis or mad extremists. There are several hundred thousand "activists" with friends and sponsors almost everywhere. They have their political parties, societies and cadres. They seldom carry the swastika or other emblems of the Third Reich; their banner is the black, white and red Imperial flag — the real symbol of *"Deutschland ueber alles."* They are the great menace to the new Germany, to Europe and to peace — mainly because nobody takes them seriously. Only those who remember the 1920s, when small Nationalist groups systematically undermined the Weimar Republic (which acted most generously toward them) can grasp what is going on in Germany today.

There are two reasons for this resurgence of nationalism. First, there never was a real and thorough housecleaning in the Federal Republic. The new Germany did not rid itself of the past; it left intact, in [illegible] itions of pow[illegible] behind [illegible] strata of the middle [illegible] classes, the reactionary judges, civil servants and state functionaries, who had made Hitler possible.

These people, still vigorous and determined and lacking only a [illegible] matic figure to lead them, are to[illegible] again behind the stirrings of [illegible] organizations. The slogans they are spreading have a familiar [illegible]. In the twenties they talked of the "infamous treaty of Versailles"; today they shout against the "intolerable NATO that puts Germany under the command of foreigners."

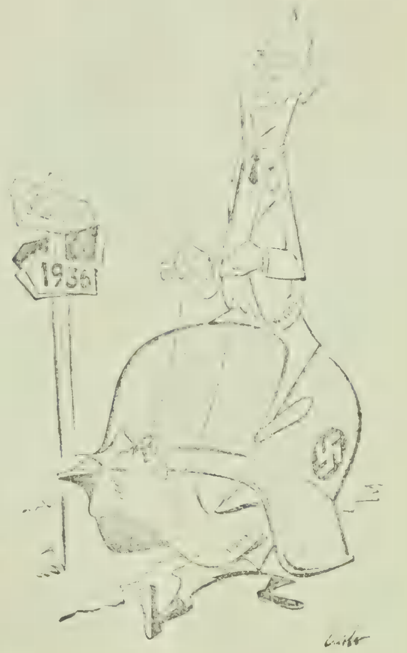
The second cause of the nationalist revival is the remilitarization of the Federal Republic. Mr. Adenauer's brilliant idea, conceived in 1950, of rearming the Germans in order to have more cannon fodder to be used against communism, was a godsend to Nazis, nationalists and militarists who, up to that time, had gone into hiding. At once they became heroes again — heroes destined to save the West. Their enemies of yesterday, who had called them the scum of the earth, were now running after them, forcing weapons into their all-too-willing hands. No nation in the world could have taken this abrupt switch without turning completely cynical — least of all the Germans with their militaristic tradition.

FROM ABOUT 1950 on, the new growth of nationalism becomes manifest. It was greatly helped, wittingly or unwittingly, by the leaders of the new German regime. From the outset, the Bonn foreign office has been overstuffed with functionaries of the Hitler school. True, few of them had actually been members of the Nazi Party; they had been much too clever to commit themselves. They served Hitler faithfully because the *Fuehrer*, by and large, carried out the Pan-German program which also was their own. Today, these foreign-office officials are indispensable, just as they were indispensable when the Weimar Republic took over from the Kaiser's monarchy. They are indestructible because nobody in Germany has ever wanted or dared to raise another [illegible] d of diplomats and foreign-af[illegible].

[illegible] n the other depart[illegible] Bonn government [illegible] Adenauer has not [illegible] single high-ranking [illegible] the Weimar Republic to help him build his new regime. He has never asked a German Jew of any prominence to return to a position in the Bonn government. His adviser on all personnel questions is the notorious Dr. Globke, coauthor of the Nuremberg laws. Globke's position, as well as the presence in the Bonn cabinet of the Minister of Interior, Schroeder, a [illegible] ler, and the Minister [illegible] and Expellees, Dr. Oberlaender, who was one of the most rabid Nazis of the Hitler period, [illegible] rage the nationalists [illegible] their opposition. Now and [illegible] courts strike out at former Nazis found guilty of despicable crimes. But the Bonn regime [illegible] letely indifferent to[illegible] activities of the more dangerous nationalist movement.

The evidence against the *Deutsche Reichspartei* as a reservoir for every openly reactionary element, as well as every covertly neo-Nazi and anti-Semitic element, is overwhelming. Yet the federal government has refused to act against it. The party is by no means insignificant. In the Rhineland-Palatinate alone it attracted 87,000 votes in the last elections; it collected some 200,000 votes throughout the country. The party's leader is Wilhelm Meinberg who was once, among other things, a director of the *Hermann Goering Werke*. Today he is an adviser on industrial and agrarian problems to many leading German corporations. It is not difficult to understand why his party has ample financial means.

OF MORE recent origin than the *Deutsche Reichspartei* are numerous youth groups which have sprung up everywhere. Wearing uniforms similar to those of the Steel Helmet organizations of the twenties and thirties, or of the S. A. of the Hitler era, at least 40,000 to 50,000 teenagers and young men and women up to twenty-five march through the streets of their cities on weekends, singing old war songs and shouting slogans which openly defy the official foreign policy of the Federal Republic. Their slogans are anti-NATO, anti-alliance of any kind: [illegible] proclaim that they will fight only for Germany — and without outside help.



[illegible] NTLY, about half of the originally [illegible] ly scattered youths have [illegible] to form the so-called *Na[illegible] Jugendbewegung Deutschland* (National Youth Movement of Germany). Its leader is Hans Schultz, a twenty-seven-year-old employee in a chemical plant near Frankfurt. One of the key paragraphs of his program states:

> The Allied powers of the last World War who together destroyed the German Reich are not to be regarded as friendly powers, but as alien forces whose aims are in direct opposition to the vital interests of the German people.

The National Youth Movement's tendency to uphold the Nazi tradition is only thinly concealed. A second youth federation, consisting of about fifteen groups, is more or less oriented toward the old Prussian and Pan-German tradition. It includes the revived Steel Helmet and the Scharnhorst, Bismarck and Kyffhaeuser youth groups, which originated in the twenties. Their extreme

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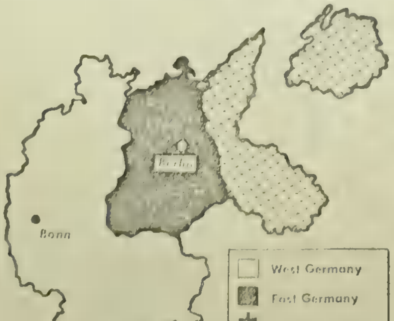
nationalistic activities paved the way for Hitlerism.

A third youth movement, catering to students, has lately gained momentum. It is called the *Bund Nationaler Studenten*, and has cells and cadres in every university of the Federal Republic. It has its own newspaper (*Studentenvolk*), which is violently nationalistic. The *Bund* already counts more than 2,000 students as active members. Among their speakers are people like Herr Suendermann, who was second to Goebbels in Hitler's Ministry of Propaganda, and William Schlamm, the former Austrian (and long-naturalized American) writer who preaches the gospel of a war of aggression by Germany against its Eastern neighbors. Schlamm is a spectacular success among German Fascist groups. He makes no bones about being a Jew, and is acclaimed by his followers as a new "intellectual leader." These facts indicate that anti-Semitism is not always primary in the neo-Nazi movement.

THERE is the very interesting though rather involved case of the *Waffen SS*. Today's apologists for this Nazi organization — and one finds them among the highest ranks of the Bonn government — claim that it constituted a part of the *Wehrmacht* and was therefore not involved in the "police actions," i.e., murders and other crimes, committed by the regular SS.

This is far from the truth. The *Waffen SS* was a conglomeration of formations assigned to different tasks. Many of these served exclusively during the war years as the principal instrument for subduing occupied territories by means of terror and extermination. The *Waffen SS* alone was responsible for the massacres of Lidice, the Warsaw Ghetto, Ouradour and many others; 35,000 *Waffen SS* troops were assigned to guard the Bergen-Belsen, Ravensbrueck and Auschwitz concentration camps — a lucrative business, since the guards received, as an official bonus for their services, a large part of the valuables — watches, jewelry, luggage — taken from victims before they were shoved into the gas chambers.



This map, with its flavor of irredentism, appeared on the cover of a brochure put out by the West German Embassy in London. (Explanatory symbols added.)

OF COURSE the organization grew enormously during the later war years, mostly by recruiting volunteers and, toward the end of the war, even by impressing them. Many units served more or less as part of the regular *Wehrmacht*. Therefore every *Waffen SS* veteran cannot now be regarded as a criminal or fanatical Nazi. But neither can it be said, as former SS generals and nationalist groups are saying, that *all Waffen SS* veterans were innocent of all crime. Today, under the leadership of former generals, *Waffen SS* men have joined together in a veterans' organization for the purpose of claiming indemnities and pensions from the state and infiltrating into key positions of the Federal Republic, and especially into the new *Bundeswehr*.

In October, 1959, a meeting of the Association of the Holders of the *Ritterkreuz* took place in Regensburg, Bavaria. (The *Ritterkreuz*, an invention of Hitler, was the highest decoration given to officers and soldiers for outstanding services during the war.) The association has more than 1,000 members, mostly generals, admirals and colonels, many of them former *Waffen SS* officers. One of the guests at the Regensburg meeting was Sepp Dietrich, one-time commander of Hitler's personal SS guard, who was sentenced to life imprisonment by an American tribunal for ordering the massacre at Malmedy, only to be released by the Western powers a few years later. Today, he is an active neo-Nazi and maintains many personal links with former comrades in and outside *Bundeswehr*.

The walls of the Regensburg meeting hall were decorated with black, white and red flags, everyo sang *Deutschland ueber alles* speakers extolled the great pas the German army (which had no been really "defeated," but "stabbed in the back"). Four ranking officers of the *Bunde* attended the conclave, and Fourth Panzer Division sent its to entertain the guests.

Last summer *Waffen SS* gen sponsored, in the city of Han first postwar mass gathering of mer SS troops. The chairman, P zer Army Commander Meyer, greetings from several member the *Bundestag* and from the he of two states of the Federal Pe lic. Among the guests were sol and officers of the *Bundesw*

There are functionaries in the *Bundeswehr* and in Bonn are honestly striving to eradica pernicious remnants of Germ itarism and nationalism. But efforts are stymied by the re of the Nazi traditions so dearl ished by former members of H *Wehrmacht* and the *Wa* And how can one fight the SS in the German army when so of its present leaders, and so ma leading politicians, participa ly in meetings designed to k spirit alive? And how muc Chancellor Adenauer help th cratic cause when, on Au 1953, he said in Hanover, "T of the *Waffen* SS were all other soldiers"?

Up to now, Adenauer has not to make any public qualific this sweeping and untrue sta But who would dare contra Chancellor who, by his past formance, is anything but Adenauer may do his utmost vince statesmen in Wash London and Paris that the n man army exists only to pro West from the Eastern ba and must therefore be equip mediately with nuclear wea may proclaim in Rome the same words used by Wil and Hitler — that Germany sacred mission to fulfill, namely, to save the civilized world. He may even, ten years after becoming Chancellor, visit (for the first time in his life) a former concentration camp and speak (under the gentle pressure of world opinion) a few words of regret for the unknown victims. But all this cannot absolve him from a great responsibility — the responsibility for building a new Germany that will never fall back into the abyss of violent nationalism, as it has so often done in the past. In this responsibility, the Chancellor is failing.

Restitution payments for German Jews and other victims of Nazism are systematically obstructed by federal, state and city employees, many of them former members of the Nazi Party. At the same time, the pensions and indemnities paid out to dignitaries and representatives of the Third Reich are handed over promptly and lavishly. The Federal Republic pays the sum of 2,636 marks per month to each of the former 1,036 *Wehrmacht* generals and admirals (including, of course, officers of the *Waffen SS*). With this pension, they not only live comfortably, but are able to devote their time to writing their memoirs and organizing nationalistic groups. Their social standing is as high as ever.

IT GOES without saying that the policy of the Western Allies, and especially Washington's, is vastly responsible for the reawakening of German militarism and nationalism. The West missed its opportunity in the first postwar years to help liberal forces in West Germany lay a truly new foundation. Later, the West forced upon a reluctant majority of the German people a remilitarization program that could only lead to a revival of all that is dangerous and destructive in the German mind and body. This is a sad story which deserves more thorough study.

Have things already gone too far? Many Americans are perfectly satisfied with developments in Germany. They like nothing better than the sound of the goosestep, although only a few years ago they swore that German militarism would never rise again. Recently *The New York Times* published an enthusiastic appraisal of the first combined German-American maneuvers in Bavaria. The appraisal concludes with the following statement: "Exercise Wintershield showed that the new German Army still has some major problems. But it has some extremely capable, aggressive commanders and non-coms, and the seeds of its past military greatness are sprouting again."

The writer, Hanson W. Baldwin, unwittingly echoes the words of the German neo-Nazis and old-time nationalists who seek to transform the Federal Republic into a *Machtstaat* — a power state. If and when that happens, it will be interesting to see how the Hanson Baldwins of this country will appraise German "military greatness."

MURDER and ONOMATOLOGY . .

by George R. Stewart

THAT FEBRUARY morning I was thinking of an eleven o'clock class. As a professor of English, the last thing I expected was to get involved with a murder trial.

The note in my box meant nothing to me—I would have guessed, if I had stopped to guess, that it was an invitation to speak somewhere, which I would turn down. I called the long-distance operator of the number indicated, and was connected with Downieville, a small mountain town, 200 miles away. The name brought memories. I had fought a forest fire near there; I had fished the streams; I had once kept the fire-lookout on Sierra Butte.

But a man's voice was speaking, introducing himself as Lynn Compton of the California Attorney General's office. He was acting in the Motherwell trial. Had I heard of it? —Yes, I had read the papers.—Well, an old student of mine was up here, a reporter, who said I was the greatest authority in the world on names. —I accepted the compliment, not caring to argue the claims of other scholars on long-distance rates. — Well, this Motherwell says he didn't commit the murder, but he knows who did, and it was a man named Dee-A-vious. — How do you spell it? — D-'A-V-I-O-U-S.

I had never known the name, and it did not even seem a likely name to exist at all. But names are protean, and I have learned not to jump at conclusions about them.

Mr. Compton went on. Not only had they been unable to find the man D'Avious, but they had not even been able to find anyone of the name. The FBI had checked its files (315,000,000 names, they claim) with no results. Would I do what I could? I agreed. He gave me a few more details.

I am no devotee of murder trials. But this case had already seemed to me an unusual one. I can imagine it turning up, a few years from now, in one of those "true murder" collections.

Larry Lord Motherwell was the grandiloquent name under which he was being tried, though originally he had been Frank Eugene Caventer. His first wife testified (in connection with his sentencing) that, according to her belief, he had twice tried to murder her and their two children in 1945 and had actually murdered a third child. His second wife had been found, in 1953, drowned in the bathtub. They had had a defective child. In 1954, he took this fourteen-months-old baby from the home to which it was entrusted, and later the body was dug up from a grave in a pet cemetery. Mother-

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GEORGE R. STEWART, noted novelist (Fire, Storm, *etc.*) *is also an onomatologist, and the author of* Names on the Land *(Houghton-Mifflin, 1958).*

well claimed that the baby had died a natural death, and that in panic he had just buried the body. A grand jury failed to bring an indictment. After all this, it is perhaps anticlimactic that two women testified, with some asperity, as to how he had undone them with blandishments, and, in one case at least, taken money along with affection. In 1958, aged forty, he became involved seriously with Mrs. Putney.

Although Motherwell presents some uncommon qualities, the really bizarre person in the case is Pearl Putney. Her husband had been a rather prominent member of the State Department in the twenties. He died, leaving her a widow of about forty. She devoted herself to the care of her aged and ailing mother. Thus she lived quietly in Washington, D.C., for about thirty years. She did not go out with men; she was almost timid in manner; by most people's standards, she was a recluse. At last her mother died, and Mrs. Putney, at the age of seventy-two, came under the influence of Motherwell. She was not wealthy, but in her infatuation she realized cash to a sum which has been reported as $50,000. She then departed with Motherwell on what the papers have constantly called "a last fling." It could better have been called "a first fling."

IN THE summer of 1958, the two of them drove across the country to California, registering as man and wife. The night of August 14 they spent in a motel at Marysville, California. On the morning of the 15th, they checked out. There is no record of Mrs. Putney after Marysville. On the 16th, Motherwell bought an airplane ticket, for himself only, in Reno.

One way to drive from Marysville to Reno is by California Highway 49, through Downieville and over Yuba Pass, a lonely road across the mountainous terrain of the northern Sierra Nevada.

A year to the day after Motherwell bought that ticket in Reno, some human bones, a dental plate and a few half-burned scraps of clothing were found near a little woods-road, a half-mile from California Highway 49, just to the east of Yuba Pass.

During that year, Mrs. Putney's absence had not passed unnoted. The dental plate was soon identified as hers. During the same year, Motherwell had been spending money freely and moving about under a number of aliases, as if supposing that he was being watched. Apparently he was right; only nine days after the discovery of the bones he was arrested in Atlanta. Denying the murder, he said he knew, or suspected, who had done it—D'Avious.

OBVIOUSLY the case against Motherwell was highly circumstantial, and so the finer details of evidence became of importance. This, then, was why they came to me—one who, whether or not he lived up to his loyal student's high appraisal, had at least been President of the American Names Society, had written *Names on the Land*. This was my first involvement with a trial, but as far as the running down of D'Avious was concerned—I was bred and born in that briar bush. Still, the difficulty was obvious.

What I was being asked to do was to prove a universal negative. Generally speaking, this cannot be done, except in mathematics or some field approaching it for exactitude. Actually to prove that there was no D'Avious, I would have to examine the names of all living human beings. The prosecution had come to believe that no D'Avious existed, and they would be happy to have from me any possible confirmation. On the other hand, if there was a D'Avious, they would be happy to find him. As far as I was concerned, it was only another scholarly project—hew to the line of fact, and let the implications fall.

There is, of course, no way in which you can set about work at *not* finding a name, except to do nothing at all. The only method of work was to start looking *for* the name. If intelligently planned efforts should progress without finding it, then the mathematical chance against its existence would rise rapidly. This would never amount to absolute proof. But, then, very few things in connection with a murder trial or with human life in general are susceptible to absolute proof. Juries usually have to be content with high probability.

I codified the information which I had received, and listed four points of use. First, there was the spelling of the name. Second, there was its pronunciation. Third, D'Avious was said to have been a Latin American. Fourth, he had been in the United States with some kind of diplomatic connection. The significance of this last information was that it spotted him as a Latin American of the upper class, one who, for instance, would be likely to have a telephone.

The pronunciation (Dee-A-vious) was an impossible one for either Spanish or Portuguese. It was patently suspect, a primary indication that Motherwell might have coined the name himself.

"A UNIVERSITY," runs the trite definition, "is an association of scholars." Few people stop to think what this means practically. From my point of view it now meant that I could muster to my help a really appalling amount of erudition. By virtue of that institution called a university, these men were my colleagues and my friends. It was a question of making a telephone call, or walking down the corridor.

Although I know something about Romance languages, I am no expert in Romance philology. But there is no one sounder in that field than Professor Yakov Malkiel, and I talked with him. Without even consulting a book, he could tell me that the name was not Spanish or Portuguese, and even that the combination *-iou-* could not normally exist in those languages. Similarly, I checked off Catalán. Only when I got to my friend Professor Ronald Walpole of the French Department, did I find someone who would give the name a theoretical hospitality. D'Avious, he said, could not be standard French, as indeed I could see for myself, but it might have arisen from a southern dialect of French. He had not, however, ever seen the name.

At this point I had achieved a slight set-back for Mr. Compton. I telephoned him that the name might be French. I also asked him whether

Motherwell really knew how to spell the name and whether there were any variant spellings. It turned out that there was a spelling D'Avios. The existence of the variant almost doubled my task, but it made no great change in the linguistic situation.

AT THIS point I ended what I may call the theoretical approach. There was, now, no appreciable likelihood that one would find the name in, say, India or Russia. To discover whether such a name—and, consequently, such a family or such a man—existed, one must direct attention toward Latin America. One should also study France, and the adjacent countries. Plainly, since the man was said to have been in the United States, one must study the United States. The time for expert opinions had passed. Now I must settle down to that patient and careful search upon which, eventually, most scholarship is based.

First, in the university library I hunted for the name in general works of reference, such as encyclopedias and dictionaries of biography. Along with these, and of even more importance, were scholarly works on the origin of family names. Some of these are very large. One of them, for instance, lists 150,000 German family names. Since no harm ever comes from flinging a wide net, I checked such works for every European country from Greece to Norway. I paid especial attention to France, checking Chapuy's work, and the more recent two-volume study of the late outstanding French scholar on names, Albert Dauzat. I looked both for D'Avious and D'Avios, and also for Avious and Avios, on the chance that the name might appear without the preposition. Total result: nothing.

Then I started in on telephone books, of which the library has a large collection. I did all this work, I may say, myself. A scholar should not take the witness stand on the authority of hired help.

I checked Paris, and that other great French-speaking city, Brussels. I checked Geneva, and other districts of French-speaking Switzerland. I checked Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, Milan and Florence. Since the Philippines have a Spanish background, I checked Manila. I turned to Latin America, and proceeded systematically—from Mexico City to Santiago. I could not get anything for Paraguay and Ecuador, but I did not miss much else. I examined the telephone books of about fifty of our own largest cities, and of a few smaller ones.

I continued to look for the name with and without the D, and with and without the apostrophe, and for any name which even resembled either of the two spellings. The work was not unexciting; there was always the possibility of finding what I sought, and I was on the track of a murderer. I noted a few similar names. I can tell you that Davio is found occasionally in the United States. I also found Daviess. I can inform you also that there is a single Daviu in Barcelona, and a single Daviou in Buenos Aires. But the only name that really made me pause was the one Davios in Manhattan—Steve Davios.

To be sure, Davios is not D'Avios and much less D'Avious, but I telephoned to Mr. Compton. He was immediately interested, and said that he would have the name checked in New York, and would try to "negative" it.

ON THE morning of March 7, I was driving toward Downieville. (Since I am interested in names, I should perhaps tell you that it is named after "Major" N. William Downie, a Scot, who discovered gold there in November, 1849.) There was a heavy rain, and beautiful ribbon-falls were cascading down the sides of the steep canyon.

It is a little town of fewer than 500 inhabitants, remembered in history chiefly for the hanging of Juanita in 1851—the only woman to be lynched in California, even during the turbulent gold-rush period. The incident had served as a piquant background for a murder trial, and my newspaper had been playing the whole case as a local-color comedy. I found nothing of this on the spot. The little courtroom was filled with local people, interested but hushed. The jury was attentive; the judge, dignified. Even the opposing lawyers did not play to the stage unnecessarily. The whole atmosphere was serious, befitting a trial which might lead to an execution.

Most of the morning I spent in a small room, waiting there with other witnesses. Among them was an FBI man who had just flown in from New York. He had examined Steve Davios, and had been able to "negative" him. This Davios was born on the Greek island of Tenos. His name may be Italian rather than Greek in origin, since the Venetians have exercised a strong influence on many of the Aegean islands. He had told the FBI agent that he was, as far as he knew, the only person by that name in the United States. On hearing this, I thought I had done my work well, even though I had not found the name in Greece or Italy. Its occurrence, however, served as another reminder of the difficulty of spotting a name on theoretical grounds. By all the rules I could find, this name should not be borne by a Greek, and a professor of Greek background with whom I had checked had said that he had never heard of the name in Greece and did not believe it to be Greek.

While I was waiting, another witness was testifying (as I was later told) about some exhaustive but fruitless work at trying to find D'Avious in the records in Washington, D.C. With some scorn, the counsel for the defense had asked, "And did you try South America?" The situation was thus well set for me.

After eleven o'clock I took the stand. Mr. Compton established me as an expert witness. I then told about what I have told here, including my search through Latin America telephone books. The jury seemed attentive.

The counsel for the defense cross-questioned. At one point he brought his own family name into the discussion, as if a little publicity would not be scorned. He asked me to spell a certain name which he pronounced somewhat like D'Avious, probably trying to establish that a name cannot be exactly spelled from pronunciation. He asked me if I had found many names beginning D' (yes) and many beginning D'A (not so many). He asked me if I had not sometimes seen the name D'Avis (I do not remember having seen it).

I had a good moment when he demanded, with the suggestion of a sneer, whether there was any particular term to designate the specialty which I presumed to profess. I replied, "Onomatology." What the court reporter made of it, I am still wondering. Afterwards, one of the reporters asked me how to spell it.

On March 15, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of first degree murder, and on March 24, Motherwell was given a life sentence.

WHAT THEN is the solution to the mystery of D'Avious? Certainly I have not proved the universal negative. Someone reading this article may write me that he knows the name, or even that he bears it. But I believe that this chance is small. Most likely it is a coined name. Most people, when I say this, reply, "But with so many names in the world, to imagine a new one is a great and almost impossible feat!"

This is not so. When writing a novel, I have sometimes wished to give an unpleasant character a name which would not possibly reflect upon any living person. I have thus, without great difficulty, coined several plausible names which do not exist, as far as I have ever determined. There are an estimated 350,000 names in the United States alone; even so, the capacities of our language, its permutations and combinations, are so great that the number of possible names is nowhere nearly exhausted.

Motherwell is, among other things, a man of creative, though sometimes macabre, imagination — witness his burying a baby's body in a pet cemetery. He also has, apparently, an interest in names. He has passed under various aliases.

D'Avious, as seems likely, is not a real name but a product of the imagination; I can suggest ways in which it may have originated. Generally speaking, a novelist or anyone else coining a new name, starts from something familiar, and makes a variation on it. For instance, I once developed the name Martiness from the English name of Martin and the Spanish name Martínez. (Obviously I have a Mexican and not a Castilian pronunciation.) Similarly, Motherwell may have started from the common name Davis. He had to insert only one letter to arrive at Davios, and only two letters to arrive at Davious. Then, he had merely to give it what seemed to him a French or Spanish appearance by inserting the apostrophe. (Probably he knows no French or Spanish, or he would not have pronounced it in the way that he did.) Also I remember with some curiosity that Motherwell's lawyer asked me if I had ever seen the name D'Avis.

There is another possibility. The start could have been the word *devious*, which calls for the shift of only one letter and a little dressing up. Thus its coiner could enjoy a private joke by spelling D'Avious and thinking Devious.

The concern about the name, even involving the bringing of the FBI man from New York, is some indication of the care and expense with which a modern murder trial must be conducted. As for my own participation, I can draw, I suppose, the already often-drawn conclusion that basic research is never to be altogether despised. Onomatology is not usually to be considered a practical study. Yet, on occasion, such a practical organization as the Attorney General's Office can be rendered happy at finding that the state university has propagated an onomatologist.

MONITORS vs. the TEAMSTERS . .

by William Goffen

LAST WEEK'S ousting of Godfrey P. Schmidt as attorney for the dissident Teamsters, and the scheduled trial next month of James Hoffa on charges of misusing his union's funds, focus attention on what Justice Felix Frankfurter has called "a most unusual manifestation of the equity powers" of a court—the monitorship which has ruled the union since early 1958.

Shortly after the union election of 1957, thirteen rank-and-file dissidents, then represented by Schmidt, instituted legal action to set the election aside as "rigged." After twenty-two days of trial, the plaintiffs rested, whereupon the defendants (the union's elected officials), agreed to a settlement without ever having taken the stand in their own defense. The terms were expressed in a consent decree entered on January 31, 1958, by Judge F. Dickinson Letts of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, who had presided over the trial.

The settlement provided for a board of three monitors to serve until a new convention for the election of officers. One of the monitors appointed by Judge Letts was Schmidt. The officials who had been elected at the 1957 convention were to serve provisionally until the new election, which the General Executive Board of the Teamsters was authorized to call after one year, and the balloting was to be held with such guarantees of the democratic process as the secret ballot and supervision by an outside agency like the Honest Ballot Association.

Had the defendants, instead of agreeing to a settlement, gone through with the trial and then lost, the victorious plaintiffs would have achieved no more than the prompt calling of a new convention and an election under court supervision. Since Hoffa, who had been chosen president at the 1957 convention by overwhelming vote, seemed certain

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to win again in a new election conducted under any conditions, it is difficult to understand why defense counsel consented to the agreement calling for a monitorship.

AS AUTHORIZED by the consent decree, the Teamsters' General Executive Board issued a call for a new convention and election for March, 1959. At this point Schmidt, who had signed the consent decree as plaintiffs' counsel, nevertheless petitioned Judge Letts to postpone the balloting. The Judge obliged by issuing a modification order postponing the holding of any new election until such time as recommended by the Board of Monitors.

Schmidt's opposition to a new ballot (which under the terms of the agreement would have dissolved the monitorship and terminated the lawsuit) is understandable for reasons other than his professed concern for the welfare of the rank-and-file Teamsters he represented. Since February, 1958, the Board of Monitors has taken more than $350,000 in fees out of the dues of the rank-and-file membership. In addition, Schmidt and his co-counsel have so far claimed sums amounting to $210,000, plus expenditures exceeding $17,000, for services as plaintiffs' attorneys.

Judge Letts's modification order, aside from postponing the election to which the Teamsters' membership was entitled, granted to the monitors unlimited authority to investigate the international union and its locals, and even to institute disciplinary proceedings leading to expulsion of its duly elected officials. The court avowed that the plaintiffs had proved that the 1957 convention was "rigged" even though the case had been voluntarily settled without a single word of testimony on behalf of the defendants.

Hoffa and his fellow union officials appealed the modification order in vain; the Court of Appeals sustained the power to prohibit an election, although at the discretion of Judge Letts rather than of the monitors. If this determination is a sound precedent, it would appear that any litigant is ill-advised to settle his lawsuit, but should always fight his case until final judgment.

While generally upholding Judge Letts, the Court of Appeals did find that Schmidt had been guilty of conflict of interest, in that while serving as a monitor, he further profited by representing numerous employers in their negotiations with the Teamsters. Forced to resign as monitor, he was permitted by Judge Letts to appoint Lawrence T. Smith, a member of his own law firm, as his successor. And until last week, he continued as plaintiffs' counsel. [Judge Letts has now also dismissed Smith, and the original three-man monitorship has been reduced to one.—Ed.]

Despite the extraordinary national and legal importance of a case involving denial of due process through judicial deprivation of the right of 1,600,000 union members to a free election, the United States Supreme Court has refused review. Attorneys for the plaintiffs have argued persistently that a democratic election was impossible without a prior, undefined "housecleaning" of the union. This aspect has been given widespread coverage by the press. Yet, according to the Election Institute (specialists in the conduct of honest labor elections), and the Honest Ballot Association, a free and democratic election could have been arranged for the Teamsters in three months, let alone the long-expired one-year minimum set by the consent decree.

The refusal of the Supreme Court to act has apparently been construed by Judge Letts and the monitors as a warrant for wide-ranging intervention in the internal affairs of the union. Judge Letts has granted subpoena power to the monitors, despite the absence of statutory authority for its exercise. The monitors, for their part, are presently engaged in an attempt to oust Hoffa as president and as a member of the Teamsters. Their chief ground—it is the issue involved in the Hoffa trial scheduled for next month—is that Hoffa was guilty of a conflict of interest in connection with a project in Sun Valley, Florida, for the construction of homes for aged Teamster members. At one point in the course of complicated realty and bank negotiations, Hoffa had an option to purchase stock in the firm which was to construct the homes.

It is ironic that Hoffa and Schmidt, who for so long have been battling each other in and out of the courts, should both stand accused of conflicts of interest. The trial, of course, will fix Hoffa's legal responsibility in the Sun Valley affair. But it seems reasonable to draw a distinction, on moral grounds at least, between the acts charged to Hoffa and those of Schmidt's which resulted in the latter's dismissal as a monitor. Whatever profit Hoffa may personally have stood to gain in the Sun Valley project, his union would have gained an old people's home—certainly a worthy plan. But Schmidt's activities, while of profit to himself and perhaps to the employers in whose behalf he negotiated with the union, can in no way be construed as having profited the Teamsters, whose membership, as a monitor, he was supposed to protect.

THE TEAMSTERS' membership has expressed its opposition to the monitorship through the following petition to Judge Letts:

> We, the undersigned members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, want an election of officers of the I.B.T. now. We do not want the monitorship which is eroding the foundations of our union by maligning our membership, generating an atmosphere of fear, weakening our organizational functions and depleting our treasury.

There can be no question of a Hoffa victory if a new election were to be held. The union, as a matter of fact, has "never had it so good." While other unions — notably the Auto Workers, Steelworkers and Machinists — have been losing membership, the Teamsters gained more than 20,000 new members last year.

The truth is that to deprive union members of the right to vote for their international officers is no more defensible, legally, than to deprive stockholders of their right to elect the officers of U.S. Steel.

It would seem that if the Teamsters' monitors sincerely believed that a union "housecleaning" was desirable, they would willingly withdraw their opposition to an election, the democratic way for "housecleaning" of any group. Their continued opposition can be regarded as consistent with a general tendency, in recent years, to erode labor's rights.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Thaw and the Spider's Web

KHRUSHCHEV'S RUSSIA. By Edward Crankshaw. Penguin Books. 175 pp. Original paperback. 85c.

Harold J. Berman

FOR MANY YEARS Western thought concerning the Soviet Union was strongly influenced by the theory that totalitarianism inevitably results in the ever-increasing dehumanization and impoverishment of the people living under it and an ever-increasing use of police terror against them. That theory has now been disproved. A Communist system does not inevitably get worse and worse. The experience of seven years since Stalin's death demonstrates that there can be a fairly long period, at least, of relaxation of pressure and of increased freedom and prosperity.

Today another theory has become popular—that the industrialization and urbanization of Soviet society inevitably result in a progressive stabilization of social relations, the emergence of a strong managerial class, an emphasis upon consumer satisfaction, and the loosening of political and ideological controls. In Khrushchev's words, quoted on the title page of Edward Crankshaw's book, "We are getting richer and when a person has more to eat he gets more democratic."

The trouble with both theories lies in the word "inevitably," for both "totalitarianism" and "industrialization" are abstract concepts from which nothing follows "inevitably."

Crankshaw is too good a journalist, and he knows Russia too intimately, to allow abstractions to obscure human realities; in *Khrushchev's Russia* he writes not of communism but of Russia living under a Communist system, not of industrialization but of Russia living in an era of industrialization. He writes of Khrushchev, of the Soviet peasant, of the writer's struggle for freedom. He therefore adds human and historical variables to the analysis. Nevertheless, his vivid portrayal is conceived largely in terms of the current theory—the result being a very "up-to-date" and informative book, which must be taken seriously in terms of how things look now, but which is subject to important qualifications in long-range perspective.

THE THEME of the book is that Stalin's policies after World War II were an aberration, and that the liberalization which followed his death in 1953 is a more or less permanent feature of Soviet life, inherent in the increased economic complexity of the society. Thus Crankshaw compares the pre-war period of forced labor, of a regimented unskilled proletariat, and of an oppressed peasantry, with the early days of the English industrial revolution, albeit the Russian experience was "far more violent and condensed." "Then there comes a time," he writes, "when the machines have multiplied and skill is at a premium: now the workers have to be cared for. It was this stage which the Soviet industrial revolution was approaching when Germany invaded Russia in 1941 and threw everything back." After the war the Russian people expected a new and milder type of government, "but Stalin thought otherwise." "There was to be no let-up at all." In order to build Soviet military might, "everything else was neglected: housing, clothes, consumer goods, transport, food production. The people were worked to a standstill or to apathy."

Thus "Stalin was a Frankenstein to the Soviet Union"; he did not understand the society which he had conjured into being by his industrial program and which, toward the end, he was slowly strangling. Increasingly paranoiac in his last years, he "died in the nick of time to prevent a new Terror." His successors understand their society much better; their reforms have been a response to its inherent requirements. Crankshaw sums this up:

> The important thing to grasp is that the Thaw, of which we heard so much some years ago, is still in being. That is to say, the atmosphere, the mood, and the physical conditions of life in the Soviet Union today are all very strikingly different from what they were under Stalin—so much so that it is impossible to believe that they can ever revert to their old state. Life in every conceivable way has changed very much for the better, and it continues to change for the better, regardless of intermittent checks here and there which have been especially noticeable in the sphere of literature and drama: it is not merely better in degree; it is different in kind.

IT IS welcome to have the myth dispelled "that there was a steady development of the great Thaw from March, 1953, to October, 1956, followed, after Budapest, by a Freeze which has grown steadily more rigorous." As Crankshaw points out, there have been ups and downs from 1953 on, but the general direction has been one of continuing reform and continuing relaxation of political and ideological pressures.

It is also welcome to have the myth dispelled that Khrushchev "is a doctrinaire Leninist who is trying to emulate Stalin—in any case a self-contradictory conception." Khrushchev's position is, as Crankshaw stresses, very different from Stalin's, and his policies have little to do with Marxist dogma. In any event, the current movement of liberalization has a momentum of its own which does not depend on the personalities of the individual leaders.

Nevertheless, it is at least paradoxical to explain the period from May, 1945, to March, 1953, as the product of Stalin's idiosyncrocies and then to explain the period from March, 1953, to the present as the inevitable consequence of a mature industrial system.

The very sharp contrast which is drawn between Stalin's Russia and Khrushchev's is not borne out by facts which Crankshaw himself presents. The whole society did not change overnight! For a foreigner, it is true, the difference is as between black and white; for many Russians—especially those whom foreigners are apt to meet—it is nearly as great. But on the whole, things are not as good under Khrushchev as many would have it—nor were they as bad under Stalin.

To defend Stalin at this late date is not a pleasant task. Yet we cannot simply accept the judgment of his successors that the credit for recent Soviet achievements is all theirs. (Their denigration of him is by no means an admission against interest, as many in the West assume.) It is true that Stalin refused to give the people freedom after the war, for fear—as Crankshaw indicates—of losing Eastern Europe and failing to catch up with the United States in atomic weapons. Stalin had

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the nerve to re-mobilize his people, despite the loss of probably thirty million lives during the war, for military and industrial production—and to make sure that none would openly criticize him for doing so. This was not necessarily a policy based on paranoia, and it is doubtful that his successors—who were then his associates—would have done otherwise.

Nor is it fair to Stalin to say that "everything else was neglected"—when, as appears on other pages, "By 1951 there was marked improvement [in consumer goods and food production]," and "in 1950-1951 conditions became a little easier," and "it has to be remembered that life in the Soviet Union was beginning to improve even before Stalin's death."

Finally, and most important, it is exaggerated to say that in Stalin's last years the whole country "was effectively ruled by Beria's political police, which forbade the development of initiative and a sense of responsibility, while encouraging apathy, column-dodging and corruption." By the mid-1930s Stalin had established a system of social and economic relations which gave full play to individual initiative and responsibility in many areas. Equal educational opportunities, strong economic incentives, managerial responsibility, family stability, rights of personal property and inheritance, legality in matters not directly connected with politics—these were as much a part of the post-1936 Stalinist system as political purges and the "cult of personality."

THE BIG CHANGE since 1953 and 1954, the difference in kind, is the sharp reduction of police terror and the broader freedom to criticize. But as Crankshaw himself makes clear, the freedom to criticize is still always subject to the limits set by the leadership, which has never for a moment renounced its power—and its intention—to bring the terror back if it should prove necessary. Today almost every Russian will assert, "The Terror cannot return—it is gone forever"; but if one replies, "You do not mean that it *cannot* return—you mean that you think it *will* not return," some will frankly say, "That's right."

"The problem of government in the Soviet Union today," Crankshaw writes, "is how to use these very necessary forces [of initiative, freedom to criticize, sense of personal responsibility] without letting them quite get out of control." Stalin also understood this as "the problem of government," and he encouraged initiative and a sense of responsibility to a much greater degree than is realized—where his own authority was not at stake. Crankshaw quotes an unpublished statement of Khrushchev to the writers of Moscow to the effect that the Hungarian government could have avoided revolution if it had shot some of the Hungarian writers in time, and that if a similar situation ever arose in the USSR, "my hand will not tremble."

The *long-range* problem of government in the Soviet Union is whether the Soviet leaders are willing to establish not merely a mood, or a policy, of freedom and initiative but also an institutional framework which will make freedom and initiative secure from their own intervention. There are signs that they recognize the need for such an institutional framework. The renewed emphasis upon law, and the substantial reforms in law which have already been effected, are such a sign. The development of a committee system in the Supreme Soviet is another such sign. The strengthening of the role of the Central Committee of the Communist Party—symbolized most strikingly in the use of its veto power over the Presidium on the occasion of the attempted ouster of Khrushchev in June, 1957—is still another such sign. The decentralization of industrial organization is perhaps another—for the opposite reason from that which Crankshaw suggests: not because through it "at a single blow Khrushchev took control of industry away from the new managerial class," but because it may have strengthened the hand of the managers at the intermediate and lower levels against the central bureaucracy in Moscow.

I Have Said Often

I have said often how one word
(As clappers in huge bells will toss)
Can writhe and tumble in my skull.
Listen: *Loss, loss, loss.*

Never to walk down Franklin Street
In night's and autumn's fine, fine rain,
Two in the shoplights warm and sweet,
Gingerbread for a brain;

Never to see December's eve
Array snow crystals in your hair
For weddings no one would believe,
Practically then and there;

Never, never to force June hours
In sport of beechwood—why say more?
Never to live. An old man cowers
In my bones grown so poor.

Fingers must feed. Their nourishment
Is touch whereof flesh understands
The shape of presence, fit and full.
See these dear starving hands.

I talk in reason; reason fails
With *loss, loss* crying when I speak.
I write, and not one word avails.
Pity me: I am weak.

Hayden Carruth

IT IS not clear how much importance Khrushchev himself attaches to such legal and institutional changes. Crankshaw, in any case, pays almost no attention to them. He interprets Khrushchev's program primarily as an effort to revitalize the Communist Party, rather than as the establishment of a more rational political, economic and legal structure which would have a life of its own. He stresses Khrushchev's "passion for organization," and rightly sees him as "a supreme politician, a first-class manager of men and a human dynamo," but neglects his role as a legislator.

Seen in this light, Khrushchev's great contribution to Soviet politics is his belief that terror is inefficient and unnecessary and that, by a common effort of will and enthusiasm, the Soviet people can lift their society to new heights. So far he has been enormously successful. But the doubt remains as to how he will respond to setbacks and crises, whether at home or abroad. Moreover, as the memories of war-time and immediate postwar hardships recede, the Russian people are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the pace of their progress. As Crankshaw well says, "the Russians are the most patient people in the world when there is nothing to hope for, but once hope enters the room they become very impatient indeed." Khrushchev's boundless energy for reorganizing everything feeds this impatience at the same time that it attempts to overcome it.

Thus one cannot avoid the conclusion that Khrushchev's Russia is a stage in the transition from Stalin's Russia to something else. If it is to lead to a stable Russia, a Russia capable of organic growth and not subject to recurrent spells of feverish tension, it must create enduring forms of relationship among people, and between people and government. In this sense, the principal key to Khrushchev's Russia is not Khrushchev's dynamic personality, not the new intellectual climate, not the increase in consumer goods, not the progress of Soviet industry and agriculture—as important as all these are—but rather the underlying institutional structure which is being spun, like a spider's web, as Stalin's successors seek to adapt the system which he created to new tasks.

The Practice of Literature

THE THIRD ROSE: GERTRUDE STEIN AND HER WORLD. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Little, Brown. & Co. 427 pp. $6.

Gene Baro

GERTRUDE STEIN was a totemic figure, frequently inspiring extremes of religious awe or damning irreverence. Her utterances were delphic, sybilline. Her artistic and literary friendships were ritualized: Miss Stein was painted and expounded; in turn, she purchased paintings and memorialized in prose portraits. Would-be acquaintances made a pilgrimage to Miss Stein in the Rue de Fleurus, or elsewhere. If they appeared to have a vocation, they were accepted as acolytes. In time, even an initially casual visitor might hope to address Miss Stein and her vicar as Gertrude and Alice.

There is no point in dwelling upon particular saints or apostates. Nothing much is to be gained by detailing, for instance, the substitution of Miss Toklas for Leo Stein. Of more importance is the process whereby Gertrude Stein, an American Jewess of the middle class, became, first, a literary cult and, finally, with the cooperation of such as *Life* magazine, Random House and the United States Army, an American cultural religion, the super-literary mother of us all.

She was willing, and the times were right. Miss Stein appears on the American scene as the Brahmin culture of New England declines, as the frontier closes, as urbanization and industrialization take another leap forward. There is a vast new native population ready for culture, able to afford it, eager to be directed to good taste, to sound values, to the contemporary best.

This very desire for a better life of deeper significance created a vulgarization of existing standards. The decade before the First World War was stuffed to bursting with expanding materialism and cultural platitudes; it was the decade whose excesses, coupled with those of the war, promoted the disillusion and moral anarchy we know as the modern temper and prepared the religion of culture as we know it.

In fact, Gertrude Stein is a precursor, a veritable primitive. More sophisticated literary religions came shortly to be founded in the names of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce, supported by a numerous evangelical discipleship of New Critics. Conventional morality was defunct; during the twenties, the notion was established for succeeding generations of young Americans that moral excellence lay in the study and practice of the arts. Of course, greater excellence lay in right discrimination and right emulation. Too often, cultural salvation seemed merely a matter of admiring selected works, of reading particular poets or dramatists (though, as Ezra Pound typically put it, "I should never try to stop a man's reading Aeschylus or Sophocles").

The hunger to have arrived, financially and culturally, is a striking aspect of American aspiration in the first half of the twentieth century. Presently, even these criteria of esteem and self-esteem are giving way, under the mounting pressure of mass communication, to a more exacting and measurable standard, popularity. It is no cultural accident that Gertrude Stein wound up publishing in the pages of *Life*, that T. S. Eliot has essayed the Broadway theatre and the University lecture platform, that William Faulkner has written for Hollywood, that Igor Stravinsky makes a TV debut.

Admittedly, any kind of public success demands singular qualities of temperament. These Gertrude Stein had in abundance; they were a necessary, though perhaps ultimately an invidious, adjunct to her literary talent. She was ambitious, and she courted a following. Moreover, she was somewhat ruthless to those who did not favor her. Did she desire public fame chiefly in order to bring her serious work before the public? Alas, it seems likely that she enjoyed fame for its own sake, though she recognized a threat to her identity in popular acclaim.

THE public Miss Stein obscured the artist. However, that she *was* an artist goes without saying. She was engaged, most of her adult life, in what was a perfectly valid literary undertaking. Her studies in psychology and physiology, her experiences with the theory and practice of the cubist painters, led her to attempt a literature of disassociation, of the fragmentation of syntax and the rhythmic reordering of words to convey unfamiliar meanings and definable emotions. She was interested in creating new objects and in conditioning her reader to them by maintaining for him a sense of the continuous present; the meaning of many of her works *is* the reading of them.

However, she made the mistake of explaining her practices in the language of her method. Her literary theories, given in Steinese, are her most cryptic pronouncements; they seem willfully eccentric and obscurantist.

Yet another difficulty arose because readers commonly associate and do not easily disassociate. Miss Stein came often to be read in a way directly contrary to her intention, that is, for the ideas, images and relationships that her strange combinations suggested. It is likely that she never had even a small audience wholly concerned with what she was actually attempting to accomplish; and, for that matter, only a devoted specialist would perhaps be interested to discover her degree of success, even supposing an adequate measure could be devised.

Even her more sympathetic followers, Sherwood Anderson among them, read Gertrude Stein for what her method incidentally implied for the writing craft. In fairness, it might be said that her contribution is a fundamental one, but that her method has limited interest and practical applicability.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN, in his intelligent and excellently thorough study of Miss Stein, points out that she was, in a sense, the culmination of a tradition, a kind of last nineteenth-century Romantic in the more coldly rational world of twentieth-century letters. Indeed, she contrasts vividly with James Joyce, that other great contemporary experimenter with language, whose methods were so opposite to her own, being constructivist and associative. Where Miss Stein was out to explore the non-rational functions of words, Joyce was concerned to make the words he knew into a synthetic language—for example, concealing in an intelligent and orderly way the names of five hundred rivers, where intelligent and orderly minds could rediscover them.

But if James Joyce earned public prominence through his severe devotion to his writings, Gertrude Stein earned hers with a similar, unflagging devotion to the *practice* of literature. After all, her emphasis was always upon process, and she, too, had the sober respect for culture that her background provides. And her role gradually came to be that of the spokesman, the oracle, if you will, of the satisfactions and sacrifices of the creative life. She encouraged and dis-

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couraged with large impartiality; but her physical availability, her delight in society, her susceptibility to the young and talented and, finally, to the merely young, the GI's of the Second World War, gave her popularity. What her life work was, few troubled to care. She had succumbed to her public self.

This image of Miss Stein fascinates, and one wishes that Mr. Brinnin's study, valuable as it is, had gone somewhat deeper into the exceptional factors of personality that allowed Miss Stein to function in the contexts that she did. Possibly, it is too early for this kind of investigation. Still, the bland discretion of these pages seems something of a fault. I suppose one longs for a Boswellian version of this remarkable woman.

Eenie, Meenie

THE LORE AND LANGUAGE OF SCHOOLCHILDREN. By Iona and Peter Opie. Oxford University Press. 417 pp. $8.

Kenneth Rexroth

ONE BY ONE, all the books I wish I had time to write get written. Sometimes, after they come out, I still wish I'd done them myself, but not this one. It is a model of folklore collecting and like so much of the best folklorism in all countries, it seems to have been done by a couple with no great scholarly standing—at least previously—and with no Scholarships, Fellowships, Funds or Bourses. If the Fords or the Rockefellers or the Bollingens or the Guggenheims had financed this they'd be passing it around the office right now and they'd all be as proud and happy as mudlarks.

This is not a collection of material of the Mother Goose type — folk poetry which adults teach children. It is all child-originated culture — the skip rope songs, counting out rhymes, parodies, mocking verses, superstitions, of children themselves. There is nothing like it in English that comes close to being as extensive. The work of Dorothy Howard and Patricia Evans in America is more intensive, but so far they have not equaled the Opies in bulk, or in geographic range. Sixty-three elementary schools, scattered evenly across the British Isles from Northern Scotland to Land's End, contributed material steadily for several years. The Opies corresponded extensively with both students and teachers and visited a large number of the schools. Besides this, their acknowledgment pages list hundreds of individual informants and secondary sources.

It might be thought that most of these jingles and jokes and customs would be specially and peculiarly British. Indeed they are not. The hidden civilization of childhood is close to being at least Pan-European. The specific customs and poems are spread throughout the English-speaking world. Not only *are* they spread, they *do* spread right now. Parodies of the Davy Crockett song not only jump the Atlantic from Maryland to Shropshire, they leap the Pacific and appear in Australia within a couple of months.

THE child world is a coherent primitive culture lying right at our door. I do not accept the Levy-Bruhl hypothesis. I know primitive people are not childlike — but children are cultural primitives. Some aspects of their ways find parallel in barbaric cultures, some in hunting and gathering peoples, others appear as traces in our own Neolithic. Irrespective of their values for culture history, they have a far greater value for us as being the immediate roots of contemporary culture. Moreover, since the activities of children are confined for the most part to very small ranges of age—sixth graders despise the games and jingles of fourth graders—many culture processes are greatly accelerated, and can be studied as we study heredity with fruit flies. On the other hand, children seem extraordinarily conservative: stale jokes, trick conundrums, bits of doggerel, can be traced back with little change to Elizabethan times. Also, childhood holiday activities preserve some of the most ancient rites and customs of the European peoples.

A discussion of the poetic virtues of these jingles would have to be complex and subtle; it would run to many pages. Sufficient to say that they embody not only psychological and historical sources of poetry, but in many instances exhibit the fundamentals of poetic stimulus and response. One of the best collections of this type is Claude Roy, *Tresor de la Poésie Populaire,* published by Seghers, which also includes the bulk of French Mother Goose poetry. Roy himself has been greatly influenced by such poetry, but so has almost every other French poet of importance from Supervielle to Yves Bonnefoy. We know the great prevalence of such influences in German literature, beginning of course with Goethe. *Faust* itself, shall we say, is one enormous skip rope and counting

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

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out rhyme? W. H. Auden introduced the mode into contemporary English poetry, but it never seems to have properly caught on. Possibly American poets do not care to use this material, but even so they should know it thoroughly. And so should children. There are a couple of scandalous chapters on pranks and jokes which my two little girls devoured with glee.

As a concluding note, I mention that the Opies are also the authors of *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* and *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book.* I would say that these three books are an essential part of the library for every student of culture, anthropologist or other, and for every serious student or practitioner of the art of letters.

ART

Maurice Grosser

MORE than a hundred landscapes of Claude Monet are on view through May 15 at the Museum of Modern Art. The paintings range from a *Beach at Sainte-Adresse*, done in 1865 when the artist was twenty-five, down to the waterlilies and flower improvisations left unsigned in the studio at his death in 1926.

Monet was a prodigious worker. He must have turned out in his life some two to three thousand canvases. Any collection now got together, however large, can present only a sampling of this monumental production. The present show somewhat neglects the earlier pictures done under the influence of Boudin, with their gentle contrasts of warms and cools (though there is a wonderful *Gare Saint Lazare* with sooty locomotives steaming under the station's shed-like roof, all in grays and blacks). Emphasis is rather placed on the more characteristic and brighter-colored works of the middle and later years. Particularly memorable are a dark *Waterloo Bridge*, heavy with the traffic of a foggy evening; *Mount Kolsaas* in Norway, half visible through the mist; the *Palazzo da Mula* in Venice, in a dark blue dusk and the *Palazzo Contarini* on a dark winter afternoon; and perhaps most splendid of all, the Metropolitan's *Rouen Cathedral* in the searing, blinding white of high noon.

There have been large Monet shows before, but this apparently is the first to reassemble some of the scattered members of Monet's famous "series" since they were first exhibited. Here shown together are nine pictures from the *Haystack* series, seven from the series of *Poplars on the River Epte*, six of *Rouen Cathedral* and six of the *Japanese Footbridge* which spanned the lily pond in his garden in Giverny. These series one has always heard about but never seen — how Monet, to capture particular effects of light, would paint the same subject, day after day, for two or three years on end, using a series of canvases, and working on each of them as long as each particular effect would last — until, for example, the morning mist had lifted, or the rising sun had touched a certain leaf. This, after the age of fifty, became Monet's standard practice. There were fifteen of the *Haystacks* in his exposition of 1891. The poplars themselves on the Epte he was forced to buy to prevent their being cut down in the middle of his painting them. And there exist some thirty *Rouen Cathedrals*, all different but all painted from the same second-story window.

TO MAKE possible such complex procedure, Monet adopted a radical simplification of the problems of composition. He ceased to compose in the classical sense. He did not arrange. Instead, like a photographer concentrating the emphasis of a print, he cropped. In all probability he used a small rectangular frame of the same proportions as his canvas — like the finder of a camera — to view his subject and determine just where the edges of his canvas should cut it off.

The Impressionist system of color he employed is fairly common knowledge — how colors could be mixed, not as pigments blended on the palette, but as spots of colored light blending in the beholder's eye. The extension of the system employed by Monet in the later pictures is less generally known. In this development, the landscape to be painted was thought of as if lighted on a stage — with the sun as a yellow spotlight, the sky as a bank of blue floods. Objects in shadow from the sun, but lit by the blue light of the sky, are colored blue by it. Things in shadow from both sun and sky are lit by the footlights made by sunlight on the ground, footlights which are red or orange if the ground is earth or clay, and green if there is grass. Distance is handled by treating the air itself as a tangible entity, and adding to the color of the distant objects the color of the intervening air — even on the clearest day never completely transparent. Furthermore, to compensate for the relative dullness of the indoor light by which the finished picture will be viewed, every tone put down is arbitrarily raised to the highest point of color saturation. Its chroma — that is to say its position on the color circle, its identity as a green-blue or orange-red — is preserved. But it is painted without any dulling, in paint as bright as possible. Thus a tan — which is considered as a dulled yellow — is transcribed as a bright golden yellow, a brown as a burnt orange, and a gray as a blue-violet or a bright pale blue.

ALL THIS together made up a system of painting that could be done by observation alone. It freed the painter from endless dilemmas of judgment and indecisions about taste. It rendered possible all sorts of hitherto impossible subject matters. And on account of the simplicities it provided, it was in large part responsible for the enormous productivity Monet was able to maintain in his later years.

This system is also what made the work at the same time so good and so uneven. The technical side of the pictures is always extraordinary — rich and supple and varied. Cézanne is reported as saying that Monet "was the most prodigious eye since there have been painters." But the taste and subject are sometimes considerably less satisfactory. A garish sunset in Venice is a garish sunset still. And the series of *Haystacks*, with all their exactitude of light and air and time of day, are lumpy as compositions, and trivial as pictures, simply because of their arbitrary triviality of subject matter. Monet himself must have realized the danger of such excessive simplification of motif, for in the subsequent series such as the *Poplars*, the *Cathedrals* and the *Waterlilies*, the subjects used are more intricate and much more presentable.

The pictures in the exhibition done during the last years of the artist's life are on the whole inferior. Those of the *Japanese Footbridge* series, painted when he was almost blind from double cataract, are harsh and gaudy in color, and quite disquieting in their melting, dripping forms. After an eye operation, his color vision rectified itself, and the pictures regain their serene and opulent tones. But though some of them are quite as interesting in their large and virtuoso manner as the earlier work, most of them seem to me singularly thin and empty — the work of a very old man. I suspect that they are admired because their principal merit is that their elaborate surface and thinness of image seem to prefigure one of the more formless modes of present-day abstraction.

Be this as it may, a great painter has a perfect right not to please us if he wishes. And Monet was a very great painter indeed, a painter who remade all of painting, who exercised an even more profound influence on his contemporaries than Cézanne has exercised on the painters of our time. This exhibition, done with the Modern Museum's usual studious historical presentation, is the largest and finest we are likely soon to see. It should not be missed.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

LIKE political candidates and other television performers, buildings seem to need TV makeup if they are to come through the camera into the living room and seem at all genuine. This was indicated last month when N.B.C. bravely attempted, on a valuable Saturday evening, to present a television guide to architecture, entitled "The Shape of Things." Because few of the buildings did wear TV makeup, or compensating camera technique, the program failed to come up to expectations. Most of the structures shown looked vaguely like the backgrounds of newsreels about revolutions. It would have been better to use architectural photographs (a very specialized craft) in series of stills, than to attempt this aimless kind of motion.

As the guide, or usher, the program employed a popular announcer named Hugh Downs, who has risen through sheer pleasantness of presence to the top of his business. An imperturbable man with mouse-bright eyes and a jovial way of delivering commercials, Downs's winning quality actually is restraint, an unconventional virtue on TV. But his manner did not serve him well on this occasion. It was depressing to see how many images could be shown in the course of an hour, with so few ideas conveyed. But perhaps ideas, even architectural ideas, cannot be shown by simply panning a camera impassively over them and talking pleasantly the while. Ideas imply combat, argument.

It is true that at intervals on "The Shape of Things," voices of architects — usually Philip Johnson's voice or the late Frank Lloyd Wright's — were heard expostulating on the soundtrack in the background. But the program should really have been an out-and-out debate, with searching illustrations, between someone like Johnson (a valedictorian of Mies van der Rohe's industrial style) and someone as close to Wright as possible, a robust romantic — each to challenge and explore the other. Men of ideas, opposed, quick, articulate and physically vehement, should have clashed.

A few days before seeing this TV program I had watched a rerun of Mike Wallace's famous TV inquisition of Wright ("How do you feel about sex, Mr. Wright?"). It was gripping. In Wallace, the aggressive reporter, Wright had a spinning stone from which to strike sparks ("It never bothered me"), and the air was filled. But on the recent N.B.C. hour Wright's voice merely dropped portentous phrases down the well of Downs's amiability, while Johnson, in the absence of argument, came through as a verbal embroiderer. For example, early in the hour Johnson's voice was heard darting on the soundtrack: "Architecture is not for people . . . ," trying to start an argument with himself, or with Downs, or with the listeners. But Downs smiled and the possibility passed. You can't strike sparks from a delicious turnip.

TO GET back to photography, there were just enough briefly emphatic shots of buildings among the hour's filmed murk to suggest that this is not an impossible medium for presenting the subject of architecture. For one thing, of course, a camera is a wonderful traveler. The best footage was of one of the tall new London County Council apartment houses. Also shown were the rows of Victorian hovels they are replacing. There were people too in this footage (a mute reply to Johnson's earlier sally, incidentally)—stubborn looking, dumpy, self-respecting English single-storey individuals who will certainly be changed by living in the new apartments in the sky. The cameras warmed again to their work in showing other buildings, in which tenants merely were implied, as in photography of the Beverly Hills mansions of the late Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Beery. In general, however, the cameramen must have assumed that their job of photographing buildings was either too easy or impossible. People don't see buildings the way these cameras did, staring fixedly or swiveling on tripods, or slanting the structures against the sky. People usually walk into buildings, or by them, apprehending them in motion—a difficult view to reproduce by camera work, but not impossible.

This TV bite of architecture isn't the last one, I hope. With more care in photography, and with a smaller subject than the whole of architecture, and with a few illuminating arguments, it might yet focus.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT HAS BEEN some time since we last saw the Indians attack the settlers' cabin and I am grateful to John Huston for reviving this cherished vignette of American folklore in *The Unforgiven.* Also for the bit about the girl baby stolen from her cradle — only this time it was the palefaces who stole the little squaw. That, in fact, is what the beating of war drums is all about: the Indians want their daughter home and the young rancher finds that the girl he has always cherished as a sister means more than life itself to him when the ragged cavalry soldier with the archaic saber rides up to untangle the facts of her birth.

Huston spreads this boldly across the largest possible screen. The acting is minimal, but the action is electric, the country is bizarre and beautiful, the horses are spirited and the cast is as good as a certified check: Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Lillian Gish, Audie Murphy and John Saxton. I doubt that such competition with television does Huston's reputation much good, but it

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And yet — we really cannot take Indian shooting with the innocent relish it once roused in us. Race, color, the dignity of peoples, the sanctity of exotic cultures are the guilt materials of our age. Huston knows this and does not quite treat the tribesmen as big game. He shows you their eyes behind the war paint, he stresses the settlers' paranoid hatred of the "red niggers." Therefore, when the war party attacks the ranchers' piano under the illusion that it contains the white man's "medicine," the scene is poignant; and when the young chief pours out his blood at the feet of his lost sister, the death is fratricide, not varmint killing.

Huston, in short, lets tragedy imply its presence in his range opera, but he seems also under pressure not to acknowledge it to the point of spoiling the fun. As a result, *The Unforgiven* tastes a little dubious in retrospect.

AS PART OF the cultural exchange program, the Russians have sent us their film, *The Cranes Are Flying*. I have the feeling that it was made with cultural exchange in mind — partly I feel this because it takes such pains to show us that the piano being played in one scene is a Steinway, more importantly because it struck me as being, not a Russian film, but a "foreign film." Except for the language, it could have passed for adequate work by some French, Italian, or German company. *The Cranes Are Flying* feels like an intelligent approximation of the sort of film that has been well received for years now in American art theatres.

There is certainly no reason why the Russians should not make a film they hope will "reach" us — particularly when they take a valid theme and treat it with some rigor. But my guess, if it is right, may explain why the picture seems cold, lacking in personality. The story is real and has a beautiful simplicity: an engaged couple is parted when he must go to war; the girl moves in with his family when her parents are killed in an air raid; his brother, exempt from the army by chicanery, seduces her at a moment when she is distraught by enemy bombing; she marries him in numb guilt, breaks from him in hatred and at the end is seen distributing flowers from a bouquet she has carried to the depot to welcome her true, dead love.

The couple is charming, the girl's faithlessness is compassionately understood, the tragedy that war serves out to strong and weak, noble and mean, with ironic impartiality is cleanly stated, the acting is direct and suggestive of character. The planning and the directing are what blur the effect. The allegory is shopworn (the couple unable to find each other in the crowd at the mustering depot); the atmosphere is obvious (the piano sonata prelude to seduction); the characters are stock (the sternly humane father, the self-effacing, understanding grandmother, the contemptuous older sister, the engaging, weak brother); the bitterness is calculated (the soldier in a swampy no-man's-land striking out at a comrade who has leered at a photograph of the faithless sweetheart). This is all material in the public domain; when it is used as the scaffolding of a picture, the viewer draws back and begins to study the proceedings for echoes.

The Cranes Are Flying says that the Russians hate and fear war. Almost more important, it says that the Russians understand tragedy in terms of individual experience and not as class dialectic. This is the most welcome sort of information, but the quality of the picture is such that its assertions lack the authority of evidence: it seems made for our acceptance.

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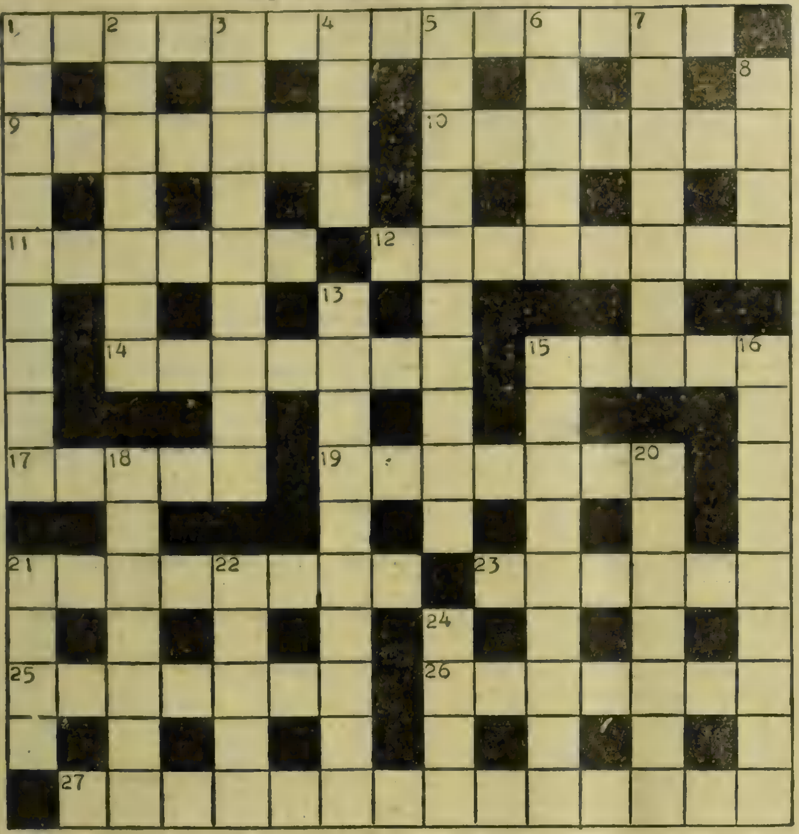

ACROSS:

1 Mr. Kane and Tommy overseas used to meet a national emergency. (7, 7)
9 Worn out in play. (3, 4)
10 Some performances are given with a chivalrous sound. (7)
11 See 13 down
12 Going along with a word of conclusion can make it. (8)
14 Justify something not so simple as it used to be? (7)
15 Sharp sort of pair? (5)
17 "Midnight shout and revelry, — dance and jollity." (Milton) (5)
19 One who hangs on to things could create nothing in more difficult circumstances. (7)
21 See 26
23 Chances are about like more than one accompaniment to Beauty. (6)
25 What one might get changing thus, to perform an exclusive action. (4, 3)
26 and 21 What goes on at first sight, when a star is presented? (7, 8)
27 While making almost unnecessary imprecations, might be able to adjust the rent. (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 This sort of cross went on top of the mast. (5, 4)
2 Water this drop by drop. (7)
3 Writing about 23? (9)
4 What the Hubbard dog had at first. (4)
5 Late Norman figurative device. (10)
6 Strangely enough, what troops might do when told to stand. (3, 2)
7 Hot dogs should be found in a glance at a bleacherite's holdings. (7)
8 Is there a suggestion that one shouldn't trust this bird? (4)
13 and 11 Certainly not beat in the capital, but one hears a certain amount of public speaking here. (10, 6)
15 The logical person to get the post! (9)
16 Water isn't so hard to find with this. (One might even smell it!) (4, 5)
18 Doesn't have a certain air with a lump turned over in the garden. (7)
20 Might cause somewhat of a fluster, but is more likely to remain quiet. (7)
21 Pro this, one might still get to object. (It's quite a trial.) (4)
22 Understood in the work now necessary. (5)
24 Sibelius' was of Tuonela. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 861

ACROSS: 1 Stratify; 5 Carbon; 9 Muffler; 10 Thinner; 11 Austere; 12 Leafage; 13 Little America; 15 Substantially; 21 Ashanti; 22 Eugenie; 23 Ironing; 24 Erasers; 25 Grebes; 26 Asperses. DOWN: 1 Sampan; 2 Refusal; 3 Tallest; 4 Forced landing; 6 Alidade; 7 Bengasi; 8 Norseman; 10 Talkativeness; 14 Assaying; 16 Behoove; 17 Tontine; 18 Luggage; 19 Yankees; 20 Versus.

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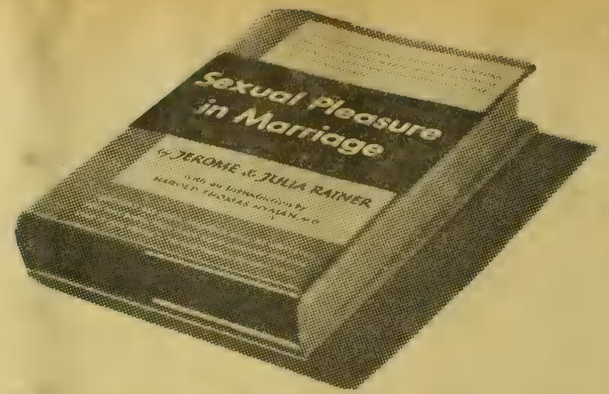

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LETTERS

Latter-Day Lewis

Dear Sirs: "Hoffa in the Garden," by N. E. Parmentel, Jr., is another example of your fair and objective coverage. . . . Mr. Parmentel's comparison of Hoffa to Lewis is very much in order. We who are old enough should remember that Lewis . . . was called a "traitor" and a "murderer of our sons" in his heyday.

But what made Mr. Parmentel say that Hoffa's ideas have "corporate-state implications"? Norman Thomas recently said of Hoffa: "He has an instinctive affinity for the little man."

WILLIAM Z. COHEN

New York City

[*Mr. Cohen is president of the Merchandising and distribution Employees Union Local 210, affiliated with the Teamsters.*]

Who Is the Murderer?

Dear Sirs: Your timely editorial of March 26, "Must Chessman Die?", should help awaken America's conscience to the facts surrounding killing and the moral values in modern life. . . . The act of the murderer is not an isolated performance. It is the culmination of factors for which he is not responsible: the character and education of his parents, their financial situation, his environment, his possible frustrations in attempting to live a normal conventional life. . . . Actually, does not the state take the line of least resistance, the easiest way, in imposing execution?

Organized society — the state — must share the responsibility for permitting conditions that spawn crime. If it recognized this responsibility, it would not only abolish capital punishment, but throw its energies into the rehabilitation of the criminal, treating him as the sick victim of a society he never made. . . .

JULIAN FAHY

Washington, D.C.

Wrong Address

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Must Chessman Die?", is in the highest traditions of liberalism and of *The Nation.*

We must recognize that there is one man who can wield the most influence on the California State Supreme Court to reverse its 4-3 recommendation of February 18 against clemency: Governor Brown. Never in the history of California has the State Supreme Court refused to concur in a governor's decision to commute. Wouldn't we (in the letter-writing campaign you urge our consciences to foster) be better advised to communicate directly with the Governor than to write to the Justices, who are much less responsive to public pressure?

It sometimes seems to me that liberals want to protect Governor Brown from the controversy raging around Chessman. But I am convinced that we are not doing the Governor a favor when, by relieving him of immediate pressure, we lead him to believe that public revulsion following Chessman's execution will be centered on the Supreme Court as the responsible body, and not on him.

ISADORE ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Was There a 'Leak'?

Dear Sirs: I was interested to read the following on page 218 of your issue of March 12: "Now here is what is not generally realized on this side of the water. General Norstad had no authority to order Herr Strauss to desist" (from arranging West German military bases in Spain). "All that he could do was *leak the story to The New York Times.*"

This (italicized above) is a facile but unwarranted misstatement of fact, and I am astonished that you should print it without, it would seem, the slightest effort at verification. Since the story of Spanish-West German negotiations was "broken" in my column in *The New York Times* of February 22, I feel qualified to call to your attention the following:

The Spanish press announced, as positively as your magazine, that this was the result of a deliberate "leak" from M. Spaak, NATO's Secretary General. The German press announced that the British had "leaked" the news for deliberate political reasons. French publications have gone to great pains to explain how and why United States diplomats "leaked" the news.

Obviously, someone is wrong, including *The Nation.* Normally, however, *The Nation* takes greater pains to check its information than does *Arriba* in Madrid.

C. L. SULZBERGER

Paris

Mr. Sulzberger reached his present eminence among foreign correspondents not only because of his ability, but because diplomats have learned that he will always protect his sources. To have checked with Mr. Sulzberger, in this instance, could only have drawn a thoroughly understandable denial. As for checking with General Norstad, the NATO chief would have even more reason, if possible, than Mr. Sulzberger to deny or to refuse comment; even if the General were in a position to withstand the wrath of Herrn Strauss and Adenauer, the prospect of facing an extremely articulate band of Mr. Sulzberger's indignant fellow-journalists would surely give him pause.

In any case, Mr. Sulzberger is to be congratulated for having broken one of the big stories of 1960. — ED.

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JUL 27

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 16

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Catholic Dilemma

"Wisconsin Vote Showed Kennedy's Strength Centered in Catholic Areas," the headline reads. The New York *Herald Tribune* surely cannot be accused of anti-Catholicism, or even of undue emphasis on the question of religion in politics. Nor did either Senator Kennedy or Senator Humphrey try to gain political advantage from the fact that one happens to be a Catholic, the other a Protestant. Yet the issue obtrudes itself. The normal processes of democracy involve pressure groupings: whatever the ideal, no one gets anything in a democracy without asking for it. Catholic voters cannot be blamed for voting for a Catholic primarily because he is a Catholic, as long as the tradition persists that a Catholic cannot be elected President. It makes them, if not second-class citizens, not quite first-class ones either. They would not be human if they did not resent it, and they would not be Americans if they didn't try to do something about it. If they once did elect a President, the divisions among them would become evident and more articulate for, even as Protestants and Jews, they are rich and poor, enlightened and benighted, small-business-minded or big-business-minded, and so on.

That one Catholic group can attack another the history of Tammany Hall amply attests. In that organization, and in others, Catholics of different races and backgrounds live together in uneasy and not necessarily enduring alliances. But it is equally certain that there will be a "Catholic vote" on a national scale until the first Catholic President is elected — which can be only with massive non-Catholic support. Until then, the Catholic contender — and the rest of us as well — must cope as best we can with the inevitable enthusiasm of the candidate's co-religionists and the counter-pressures that their enthusiasm is bound to generate. It may be unfortunate, but that is the way by which a democracy learns to overcome the ancient, intractable divisions of race and religion.

Christians and Afrikaners

For Christians who take Christianity seriously, things must be almost as tough in the Union of South Africa today as they were for the Jews under Hitler. The Anglican archbishop, Jooste de Blank, being still at liberty, was asked about reports of growing anti-Christian feeling among Africans. "I'm not surprised," he said. "Stanley and Livingston promised commerce and Christianity to the Africans. They've got commerce, but they've not seen Christianity." Dr. Ambrose Reeves, the Anglican bishop of Johannesburg, another opponent of South Africa's frenetic segregationist policies, was no longer around to be interviewed. Advised by senior diocese members that he was about to be arrested, he fled to the British protectorate of Swaziland, where he is no doubt working up some communistic deviltry against Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd and his machine gunners. If this sounds strange to the outside world, it is perfectly reasonable to the leaders of the Afrikaner master race. It is their official doctrine (echoed among their counterparts in our own South) that resistance to apartheid is one of the protean forms of communism.

The Afrikaners may finally get what they are looking for — revolution. "Is this the revolution which people have been expecting in South Africa?" Colin Legum asks in the London *Observer*. He concludes that it is 1905 (in Russian terms), the forerunner to 1917. But 1917 is coming, unless the Alan Patons and the de Blanks, the Reeves and the Luthulis can avert it, and the time for that is growing short. For Chief Luthuli — a moderate and a Christian and a most distinguished human being — is losing his following; the counter-Afrikaners among the Africans are taking over. Racism is colliding with racism. Luthuli, once a lay preacher himself, is in jail, and so is John Brink, a white Liberal leader in whose home he was arrested. Norman Phillips of the Toronto *Star* had a talk with Luthuli before the arrest. "Have you ever met Prime Minister Verwoerd?" Phillips asked. "No," said Luthuli. "Nor have I ever had the privilege of meeting any Member of Parliament from his Nationalist Party or the opposition United Party." "And what do you and the African National Congress want?" Phillips asked. "A stake in the government of our country, the vote on a universal franchise, civil rights, all democracy has to give. . . . We want the government to negotiate with us."

This will not do at all, of course. It is much easier to shoot than to negotiate, and the commerce that Archbishop de Blank mentioned, based on African slave labor, leather whips and native townships unfit for dogs to live in — that commerce must be defended at all costs. But there are guns elsewhere in Africa, and the Union has borders, a seacoast, and airspace. The Christians and their allies, seeking a Christian solution, have their work cut out for them. (See "South Africa's Rubicon," page 327, this issue.)

Shut Up, Please

It has become a national habit to hold a White House Conference on Children and Youth in the first year of each decade. Their history is not too encouraging, since the problems which enfevered the 1930, 1940 and 1950 conferences are still with us. Perhaps, however, the grand confabulation of 1960 will be found to have accomplished a useful purpose, namely, the establishment of the principle (which might well be incorporated in a Constitutional amendment) that age in itself does not confer the right to give advice. This latest conference was attended by over 7,500 delegates, of whom perhaps 1,500 were young. Among the others, an undetermined but probably large percentage shared the common delusion that age, because it brings experience, also brings wisdom; further, that this wisdom must imperatively be imparted to the less experienced; and still further, that the inexperienced must be exhorted, corrected and badgered for their own good. Thus the President, striving to contribute his meed of sagacity, bewailed the softness of young Americans in the "affluent society" (since Marie Antoinette, the affluent have assumed that everyone must be affluent) and the fact that they don't ride bicycles as much as Europeans and go to school by bus if they have to walk more than four or five blocks. A delegate said this all began when "a vocal group of physical education specialists got close to the President." And he added, "I wish the social workers and the educators could get as close."

The first lesson for youth, then, is how easy it is to promote something at a Presidential conference. Another lesson was contributed by a seventeen-year-old girl who protested, "Most of us are healthy. Our teeth aren't falling out. Our health isn't bad. If we're soft, we're not suffering. I don't think this is the basic problem of youth." The basic problem of youth is the older generation. Let youth take courage: it may not do any better, but it certainly need not be overawed by the political and social accomplishments of the years since the Conference on Children and Youth began.

What Price Manuals?

When the Air Force found the National Council of Churches to be "Red infiltrated," the *faux pas* was covered up by the announcement that the Air Force had spent only $381,634 on "training manuals and related instructional guides" in 1959. The innocent taxpayer may have rejoiced: could it be that the Air Force was economizing at last? Unfortunately this particular genre is only a minute fraction of a truly colossal output. According to testimony released on March 29 by the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee, the Air Force spent $89,200,000 on manuals last year. The subcommittee chairman, Rep. George H. Mahon (Dem., Texas) expressed shock: ". . . to spend 30 or 50 or 100 million dollars on manuals would seem almost beyond comprehension." But credulity may be strained even farther. In its issue of November 10, 1959, *Planes-Aerospace,* the organ of the aircraft-missiles-spacecraft industry and not given to biting the hand that feeds it, said editorially, "The Air Force alone spends $250,000,000 a year for technical manuals." If this is true and if we assume that the combined literature requirements of the Army and Navy—poor relations though they be—equal those of the Air Force, then we get into real money—something around $500,000,000, far exceeding the entire commercial book publishing business.

Is it really possible that the services run up half a billion a year for instruction in radar, sonar, missiles and other technical intricacies, with a bit of political vilification thrown in now and then? How do they do it? It is simple, actually. For one thing, by lack of standardization which, to its credit, the aerospace industry is trying to help the Department of Defense to remedy. And the second point Representative Mahon's subcommittee might look into is that the literature agencies of the services, with a single exception, require a standard of art work more suitable for *Remembrance of Things Past* than ephemeral instructional material for a captive audience. The Signal Corps makes it clear in SIG 730-1, Part Two (Illustrations): "The workmanship and materials used in the preparation of reproducible illustrations must be of the *highest quality*" (Signal Corps italics). In contrast, the Navy (BuShips, Code 993) says, in effect, that any clear and legible illustrations will be acceptable: ". . . keep the book's cost to a minimum." If the Air Force and the Army could bring themselves to follow the Navy's injunction they would have a nice piece of change to spend on possibly more urgent concerns, and the Air Force might be induced to lay off the National Council of Churches.

Gore Vidal: Politician

What Congress needs is a leavening of artists in the great loaf of lawyers, bankers and businessmen that now fills its chambers. More specifically, it needs novelists, poets, playwrights. The business of such men is the society in which they live; they devote their working lives to defining the relationships of individuals and groups and to exhorting their contemporaries, by the example of their imaginative models, to forsake folly and love truth. Good writers are public servants by instinct; it is time that some of them were made so by election.

For this reason, we endorse the candidacy of Gore Vidal, now seeking Democratic nomination for Representative from the 29th Congressional District, N.Y. Mr. Vidal says that he would be "independent in politics, inclined always to take those positions which seem to me of most benefit to this district and to the country, whether or not politically expedient." From many men this would not mean much, but Mr. Vidal is already committed by his writings. We know that he scorns venality, is impatient with stupidity and applies imagination to the unresilient *status quo*. He also expresses himself with vigor and clarity, and the success of his plays and television dramas seems to prove that he enjoys that essential political gift, the "common touch." His grandfather was Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma, his father is a businessman who served as director of the Bureau of Air Commerce under President Roosevelt. By heritage and experience, Mr. Vidal would seem qualified to serve his constituents and the nation; it is only a question of whether he can overcome the tradition that an aesthete, like a felon, is disqualified from holding public office.

Five Years of Desegregation

As was right and proper, the national capital was the first large city with a segregated school system to hearken to the voice of the Supreme Court in 1954. Now comes an invaluable booklet, *Addendum: a Five-Year Report on Desegregation in the Washington, D.C., Schools,* prepared by the city's Superintendent of Schools, Carl F. Hansen, and published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Segregationists will find no joy in it; but it also contains some needful, if uncomfortable, reminders that the ills of our society cannot be painted in black and white alone. Indeed, the chief value of Dr. Hansen's lean, fact-filled text is the manner in which it punctures myths on both sides.

Will desegregation inevitably lower school standards? Nonsense. Dr. Hansen shows that in 1955-56—the second year of integration—the sixth grade, which was then 62.2 per cent Negro, scored .5 to 1.2 lower than the national norm in six standard tests. Three years later the same grade, which by then had become 71.6 per cent Negro, was at or above the national norm in five of the six tests, and was only .4 below norm in the sixth. All grades have shown steady improvement in standards, although the advance was somewhat uneven (as might be expected in any school system, white, black, yellow or mixed).

Will desegregation increase racial tensions and juvenile delinquency? Again, nonsense. "Serious incidents that seem to be primarily racial in origin are relatively infrequent," writes Dr. Hansen. And delinquency has declined, among non-whites, from 37.1 cases per thousand in 1954 to 21.2 cases in 1958; and, among whites, from 15.3 to 15.2.

But is desegregation the whole answer to the problem of the education of the Negro child? The answer is no. School drop-outs are higher among Negroes than whites; delinquency remains higher; vandalism and pregnancies are more frequent. "Children who come to school without adequate nourishment," writes Dr. Hansen, "are not in a state of readiness to learn. They may not only be unresponsive to their opportunities, but aggressive, rebellious and negative in their reactions. The conflict, disorder and deficiencies in their homes do, in fact, condition their behavior in the classroom."

Poverty, and the Jim Crow who roams the streets, are no respecters of Supreme Court decisions.

SOUTH AFRICA'S RUBICON . .

by Gwendolen M. Carter

SOUTH AFRICA'S racial policy has long outraged American, British and the handful of South African liberals; it has now been termed an issue affecting international peace. The resolution of the Security Council calling on South Africa to abandon the apartheid policy defined by its ruling Afrikaner Nationalist Government and embodied in the laws of the country turns racial discrimination, at least of this type, into an international offense. This is the most far-reaching decision on human rights in the history of the United Nations, and one which Americans will do well to ponder.

The circumstances which gave rise to this U.N. action are new to South Africa only in the degree of solidarity which the Africans have shown in their demonstrations, the severity of the police action against the anti-pass demonstrators at Sharpeville and elsewhere, and the international repercussions following the death of some seventy-five African demonstrators and the wounding of many more. The pass laws, whereby Africans are controlled in their movements outside the native reserve areas, have always been the most

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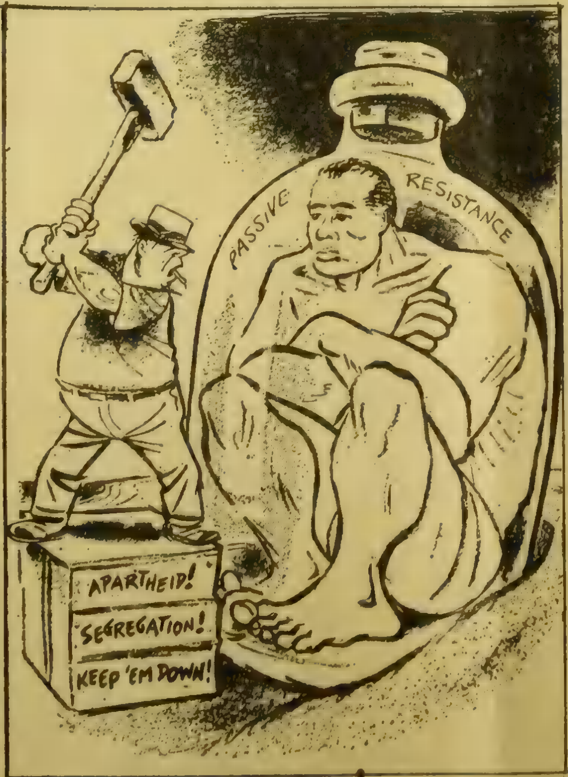
hated of the restrictions placed on this majority group within the Union. They formed the focus of the eight months' passive-resistance campaign in 1952 against "unjust laws" in which Africans also courted arrest to publicize their grievances and appeal to the conscience of those who control them. Moreover clashes between the police and Africans in the native townships are not uncommon and have often led to violence. Many more Africans were killed at the time of the 1952 riots in Port Elizabeth, East London and Kimberley than in the past two weeks.

But if the circumstances have a dismal air of familiarity, there is a decisive change in the setting. In 1952, there were only two independent states under African control: Liberia and Ethiopia. By the end of 1960, virtually all of West and Equatorial Africa to the southern borders of the Belgian Congo will be ruled by Africans. Moreover, in what used to be called the multiracial states of Tanganyika and Kenya (the former with only 8,000 but the latter with 65,000 white residents), Africans are becoming the dominant political force. The impact on South Africa is twofold: its 9,500,000 Africans, who include a good proportion of the most advanced on the whole continent, are inevitably stirred to demand rights and even a share of power; at the same time, most of the 3,000,000 long-established white residents—in particular, the Afrikaners — are shaken by the rapidity of the success of African nationalism and fearful that if they relax their control within their country they will be overwhelmed by the force they have unleashed.

THE interaction of these two attitudes produced a rapid series of moves and countermoves. The group which spearheaded the demonstrations on March 21 calls itself the Pan-Africanist Congress. Its intellectual young leaders had worked uneasily for many years within the African National Congress, the established organ of African nationalism, but broke away in April, 1959, declaring that Africans must find their own solution to their problems and not work with the South African Indian Congress and the white, left-wing Congress of Democrats, as does the A.N.C. Using an old, though never successful technique, the Pan-Africanists hoped to swamp the jails by demanding arrests for not carrying passes.


PASSIVE RESISTANCE
APARTHEID!
SEGREGATION!
KEEP 'EM DOWN!

Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

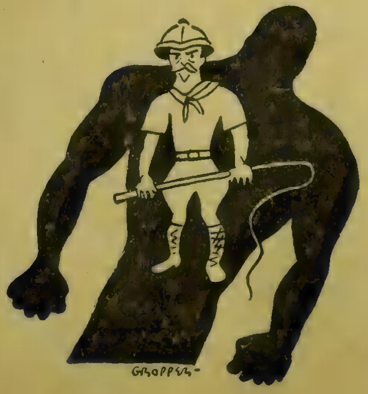
"Don't sit there looking for me like that."

The National government, headed by Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd, countered not only with force, but also by suspending the application of the pass laws. Burning of passes followed and, still more significant, a work stoppage called by the A.N.C. in protest against the shootings at Sharpeville, proved almost 90 per cent successful in Johannesburg and Capetown and nearly as much so in every other city. The government has banned meetings until June 30, and has declared a state of emergency under which intimidation, to which it ascribed the success of the work stoppage, incurs greatly intensified penalties. It also rushed through Parliament, with the support of the opposition United Party, a measure banning the A.N.C. and the Pan-Africanist group. It has arrested some 300 persons, including not only the head of the Pan-Africanists, Robert Sobukwe, lecturer in Bantu languages at Witwatersrand University, but also ex-chief Albert Luthuli, the moderate leader of the A.N.C., and several whites.

AS THIS is written, the situation in South Africa is somewhat quieter. The repressive measures, the massive mobilization of the police and army, the difficulty of maintaining an organized program of demonstrations with leaders in jail and heavy penalties at hand, have had their effect at least temporarily. But nothing is settled. Administrators have reimposed the pass laws, although apparently with certain modifications in enforcement procedures. The opposition is demanding a change of government and the perennial rumors of a coalition of moderate Afrikaners and conservative English are once more current. What is sure is that nothing can ever be quite the same again. Africans have felt their strength, particularly through the work boycott. The whites must move either to maintain their control more rigorously, as the most recent moves seem to suggest, or to establish contacts with moderate Africans on the basis of which a healthier situation can be built.

ALREADY for some time there has been evidence that among both Afrikaners and English-speaking whites there is recognition of the necessity of making contacts with non-Europeans. Most obvious has been the establishment of two new political parties affirming the need for better English-Afrikaner and European-non-European relations: the Progressives, who broke away from the United Party last August, and the National Union, organized by a former Nationalist from South West Africa, Japie Basson, and led by former Chief Justice Fagan (author of the noted 1948 report from which South Africans first learned that, at any given time, more than half the country's Africans are outside their reserves, working in the so-called European areas). Beyond this, there has been a growing questioning of policies by clerics of all denominations (including the dominant Dutch Reformed Church), by university professors and even by businessmen. This may well be intensified by recent events, particularly after the first shock of fear is overcome.

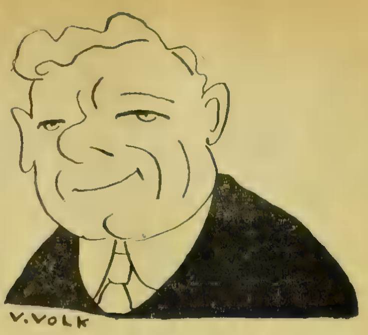
But that the ruling National Party remains in command of the Afrikaner community can hardly be doubted. All the agencies of Afrikaner life combine to reinforce its position. Moreover, the memory of the twenties, when over 60 per cent of the Afrikaner people were threatened with "poor whitism" as they streamed off increasingly unproductive farms, and managed to secure a privileged and protected position in the economy only through the action of government and the white trade unions, remains a powerful rallying force easily exploited by Afrikaner leaders. Also, however illusory to the outside world appears the transformation of the present native reserves into "Bantustans" with ultimate self-government, the program does provide a rationalization for excluding Africans from rights within the European areas.



In the face of the resulting solidarity of the Afrikaners, who form 60 per cent of the white group which possesses a monopoly of political power, can the questionings, doubts and fears within South Africa be stimulated by external pressure into supporting new lines of racial policy?

THE MAJOR form of outside pressure on South Africa in recent months has been the boycott. Started by Africans within the Union against Afrikaner concerns, a general boycott against South African exports has been strongly endorsed by African-controlled states, and more recently as a gesture of dislike of apartheid by the British Labour Party and trade unions and by some comparable bodies on the continent. That the boycott will noticeably affect total South African exports seems unlikely, but its propaganda effect has been considerable both in South Africa and abroad. The sharp drop of prices on the Johannesburg stock exchange following the recent shootings and work stoppage is another type of warning to which South Africans are vulnerable.

In the two international bodies of which South Africa is a member, the Commonwealth and the U.N., the pressures being exerted upon it are moral. The Commonwealth has always scrupulously avoided interfering in the internal affairs of its members; this fact, and a genuine fear that the U.N. will overextend itself to the point of becoming ineffective, lie behind the British abstention on the Security Council resolution on South Africa. But apartheid seems almost certain to be discussed at the May meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London — though perhaps informally and certainly without publicity. So, too — and on South African initiative — is the Verwoerd regime's plan to establish a republic. Already before the Union's legislators is the proposal for a referendum aimed at empowering Parliament to declare the country a republic. Republics are nothing new for the Commonwealth: India has held that status since 1949. Many English-speaking South Africans, however, are concerned not only over losing the link with the Crown, but also lest the Nationalists should combine republican status with withdrawal from the Commonwealth. This is not likely unless the other Commonwealth Prime Ministers adopt an unprecedented attitude of censure towards South Africa. In the recent past, they have encouraged continued South African membership in the hope of modifying its policies by making it feel less insecure.



Prime Minister Verwoerd

In contrast to the private nature of Commonwealth discussions has been the recent action in the U.N. Though South Africa has been arraigned by that body for its racial policies almost incessantly since the U.N. came into being, heretofore the General Assembly has always been the forum. Now the Security Council has taken a hand; and, for the first time, the indefatigable Secretary General, from whom one begins to expect miracles, has been asked to discuss matters with the South African Government.

What develops from these conversations will be of the greatest importance to the development of the whole of southern Africa. With the attitude of Southern Rhodesia's white residents hardening against the British Government's efforts to make the Federation a genuine biracial working partnership, a refusal by South Africa to consider more moderate racial policies will tend to create a white-dominated bloc at the southern tip of the continent, increasingly out of step with the rest of the world and destined to devote an increasing proportion of its resources to repression instead of economic expansion. But if, as unfortunately seems less likely, South Africa responds to the request of the Security Council and of Luthuli to give Africans a chance for human dignity and a share of political power, the industrial potential of this well-developed country could raise the African standard of living without sacrificing that of the whites, and make South Africa a source of goods and even skills throughout the continent. The answer lies in the hands of South Africa's whites.

For the United States, the events of the last three weeks have a significance which may hardly yet have been realized. By openly deploring the shootings at Sharpeville, the State Department put itself on record as opposing the use of force to maintain racial discrimination. By voting for the Security Council's resolution, the United States has endorsed the right of small and weak countries to criticize those internal policies of stronger nations which contribute to international tension. In other words, we have internationalized our policy of removing racial discrimination. Henceforth, any hesitation in our efforts to eliminate it within our own borders can only be termed hypocrisy.

THE YOUNG TYCOONS . .

by Malcolm Ross

Miami Beach

THEY ALREADY have what the status-seekers seek. Each member of the Young Presidents Organization is boss man of a company with no less than fifty employees and a minimum annual gross income of $1 million. He averages thirty-nine years of age, takes home $41,000 a year before taxes, tucks $5,000 of it into savings, and has twenty years to go before retirement. He carries $112,000 in life insurance. He is (with few exceptions) a college graduate with one year postgraduate study. He dresses well, and so does his wife, who strives with correct coiffures, good manners and amiable entertainment to live her role as First Lady of the Company. She has three children and a husband who spends ten hours a day at business and many weeks a year on trips, usually in his own plane. Status is no easier to maintain than to gain.

There are 1,500 Young Presidents (three of them women). The organization this year celebrates its first decade under the rule that to be a member one must have become a president before forty, and must—if control is sold or lost—beg, borrow or steal another company in order to retain membership; and is willy-nilly no longer a Young President at forty-nine.

Regional meetings in forty-six states and six foreign countries culminate in the annual convention and University for Presidents. This year's University was held recently in the Fontainebleau Hotel, occupying four ocean-front blocks at Miami Beach, Florida. Four hundred and twenty married couples of YPO spent $60,000 on tuition for the five University days; I, a day student from Coconut Grove, had them for free.

I entered my first class (Professor Clifton Fadiman on Arts and the Humanities) in skeptical mood that 840 well-heeled and fun-loving delegates seriously intended to convert this pleasure dome into a workshop. In succeeding days I beheld them show up for 9 A.M. classes, bright-eyed, pencils alert over scratch pads, in hushed attention to lectures on Religions of the World, Understanding Foreign Cultures, The President's Job, Conflicting Ideologies, Being a President's Wife, Geopolitics, etc.

Ten thousand classroom man-hours later, while waiting to buy my car back from the doorman, my five University days jelled into a surmise which bears consideration. These veterans of World War II, riding the prosperous years to control of medium-size American industries, have arrived at independent success a full generation earlier than the tycoons of today's Big Companies. The presidents of the Goliath corporations arrive at the top at average age fifty-two and have eight years before retirement. But little David is still under forty, with a score of years in which to flex his powers in fields beyond his office window. That he wants to do so was apparent in the Fontainebleau classrooms, a phenomenon which leads to my surmise that the 1,500 Young Presidents may well be the pitch pipe to which industry will be tuned during the next generation.

How goes the tune? It is Nixon Republicanism in the bass, with a treble Stevenson obbligato. There is an overtone acceptance that unions are here to stay, with a nostalgic strain of company unionism. There is a symphonic Free Enterprise; and yet this ensemble creates a far different effect from that of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and Henry Clay Frick (who also became presidents under forty) or even from the Free Enterprise of the N.A.M., to which a few YPOers belong.

I asked several to interpret the YPO tenet, "Aggressive action to further the free-enterprise system," and had these answers: "I want the chance to do it myself"; "The creative individual must stay on top of technology"; "We can't compete across the board with big corporations, but we can survive by being superior in a narrow range."

So Big Business is the slave-trad-

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er to avoid, and the aggressive action is to capture the minds of college seniors. Last year, 10,000 of these listened at sixty colleges to YPO missionaries crying the danger of choosing careers on the basis of pension plans, urging the seniors to get out on their own and not join a monopolistic group. Junior Achievement, which encourages youngsters in pint-size manufacturing and selling enterprises, is another reaching out of YPOers toward final invasion of the cradle.

FORTY-FOUR per cent of YPO businesses are family-owned; these presidents are the traditionalists, plagued with concern to preserve family assets while still satisfying the desire of relatives for higher dividends. About 28 per cent started their own firms — compulsive types, they are a shade less formally educated, but the ablest; 3 per cent married the boss's daughter, and don't make the easy assumption that they never had it so good — frequently the boss, looking around for a successor, invited the bright young plant manager to dinner.

The other 25 per cent got control through purchase or mergers, or were spotted as comers by management. They are lawyers, M.I.T. and Harvard Business School graduates, engineers, good trouble-shooters, and likely to be on the technical frontiers — helicopters, computers, electronic components.

Sixty-two per cent of YPOers are manufacturers, 34 per cent in service industries, and 4 per cent in finance. The acquisitive spirit, in contrast to the "chance to do it myself" philosophy, prevails among the financiers.

I attended a Mergers and Acquisitions session where three panelists, presidents of a total of twelve companies, instructed forty single-company presidents in the art of not buying a pig in a poke. A careless audit resulted in one disastrous experience where "the sheet metal covering holes in the floor was carried as inventory." Another president, a seller this time, was happy with a seven-figure certified check until the buyer fired his former staff and milked the cow dry by selling inventory simultaneously with a kiting of stock prices for quick-kill purposes.

MANAGEMENT

I sat in mousy reverence at tales of "fourteen million in cash and no way to use it"; of private companies "going public" to the heavenly music of rich rewards. In the elevator on the way down one president volunteered: "That's the trouble with this country. I'd rather run my own show and sleep nights."

The instinct spectrum, as with any heterogeneous group, runs from Jim Fisk to Jacob Riis. I found it significant that a respected YPO founding father, Lyle M. Spencer, was chosen to make a keynote speech. Spencer heads Science Research Associates, is a trustee of Roosevelt University and active in getting professional jobs for Negroes. In his farewell speech (he has crossed the forty-nine-year deadline and will appear no more in these hallowed halls), he said this:

> For almost 300 years capitalism has been the dominant form of economic organization among the ruling nations. In the past forty-three years, the Soviets have produced a successful challenge, dominating the minds of about a billion people. We are coming to see that capitalism does not exist because it can produce a profit or because it is an inherent right. It exists primarily to serve human needs. Unless we can prove it serves the needs of all the people better than competing systems its future is problematical at best. We are concerned with the uncommitted billion and a quarter people, and the decision will be made during the next ten years.

The University carried electives in five schools: Business, Liberal Arts, Applied Arts, Family and Community Life, and the Institute of World Affairs. Two-thirds of the delegates elected business, one-third cultural, courses. The $60,000 in tuition fees provided Fontainebleau board and lodging and honorariums to a faculty including Dean Richard Donham of Northwestern, anthropologist Edward T. Hall, Harvard's Edmund P. Learned, West Point's Colonel George A. Lincoln, Dr. William C. Menninger, Marshall D. Shulman, Richard S. Winslow and Dr. Walt Whitman Rostow.

A strict campus rule compelled full ninety-minute attendance on anyone entering the classroom. No shopping around. Thus limited to a few classes, I chose topics from Family Life, Business and the Arts.

Dr. Will Menninger conducted a family-life clinic based on answers to a questionnaire filled out by the wives. Dr. Will kept the marital revelations to himself, but it is a fair guess his counselings were responsive to them. I sat in the rear, with a view of two hundred heads, in pairs, attractive hair-dos in red, brunette, blonde and platinum, alternating with well-barbered pates only here and there beginning to show through. Bermuda shorts were in both male and female vogue. The attention level was high as the husband heard answers based on questions perhaps submitted by the girl beside him.

The Question and Answer period brought out many points.

"We have all his love but we don't have him," was a frequent complaint. "How much should a wife be interested in office details?" (*A*: Not to the point where employees whisper: "She really runs the business.") "Can expensive gifts be a compensatory gesture of contrition for neglect?" (*A*: To a mistress, yes; to a wife, no.) "Is it better to have a good fight and have it over with?" (*A*: Don't even talk problems when angry.) "Should I let the children climb all over him when he comes home tired, or have a quiet drink first?" (*A*: If he loves the kids, he won't mind playing with them.) "Is a long-range plan as valid for family as for business?" (*A*: Yes.)

Psychiatrist Dr. Will considered the cases of the "wizard at business, flop as a father"; the "wife busy as a cranberry merchant at saving the country"; the case of the buttonless shirt, the forgotten anniversary, and the threat of the predatory female. The plaster Louis Quatorze nymph decorating the wall waved her garland of roses ever so slightly at her neighboring plaster beau.

I supped at Culture's Table with Fadiman; ate lobster Newburg at gourmet tables facing the green, subtropical Atlantic; eavesdropped on the wives' French-refresher course at the edge of the swimming pool; and had amiable discussions with Young President top officials on why I had been denied entry to two course offerings, one on Motivation and another on Labor.

The fact that I had been denied awoke an urge to violence in one of my lunch partners.

"We settled that once and for all!" he cried in obvious pain. "Who was it wouldn't let you in?"

"Oh well now, look," I said weakly. "This press badge says *The Nation*, which these folk first mistook for *The Nation's Business*. But when they discovered it was a New York weekly, they naturally decided a labor seminar was none of *The Nation's* business."

Unsatisfied by my pusillanimous attitude, my new-found defender rounded up the head of the University and the head of YPO and achieved agreement then and there that henceforth no one should be denied admission to any YPO course. I hope it sticks. I doubt whether I would learn anything about Motivation or Labor which I could not have garnered from chit-chats over the lobster Newburg.

I MISSED the last session of the University, through getting involved in conversation with a Young President who thinks there are a few residual S.O.B.'s in the organization, but that in face-to-face arguments with their peers the offensive qualities will disappear. The scheduled last session was a World Affairs Panel to be conducted by Colonel Lincoln and Professors Rostow and Shulman. Adjacent to the room in which the panel was to be held is the great ballroom, at the moment occupied in rehearsal by the troupe which is to entertain the next scheduled convention, that of the American Tobacco Company. Slim and beauteous gals in leotards were rehearsing on the ballroom stage, and making one hell of a din over the loudspeakers. This worried the staffers of the YPO, young men to whose well-cut Bermuda shorts are attached walkie-talkies so that they may be instantly in touch with the high YPO command. They wangled a sliding door sound barrier between the noisy rehearsal and the room where World Affairs were to be analyzed in decorous quiet. But not before Professor Rostow entered with an appreciative sidelong glance at the rehearsing leotards.

"Hum-m" he said "Do you think our audience is going to get past the fleshpots?"

They did.

SMALL-ARMS RACE . .

by Stanley Meisler

ON MARCH 4, the 4,309-ton French freighter *La Coubre*, carting seventy-six tons of Belgian grenades and ammunition to the army of Fidel Castro, exploded in Havana harbor, killing more than seventy-five seamen, dock workers and firefighters. The series of deadly blasts triggered a series of sensational questions that hit headlines in both the United States and Cuba. Had an American agent or anti-Castro Cuban slipped aboard and left a time bomb in the hold? Had a careless dock worker dropped a match into the munitions? Had a cargo net snapped, unleashing crates of grenades against the deck? Had a plane sneaked low across the harbor and tossed bombs into the freighter?

Other questions, tinged with less excitement, were also evoked. But, too theoretical, old and uncomfortable, they made few headlines. They are questions which have arisen time after time, applied to incident after incident, in the last decade. Their most cogent expression came from Colombian liberal Eduardo Santos in 1955. "Against whom are we Latin Americans arming ourselves?" he cried out before a Columbia University forum. "Why are our countries ruining themselves buying arms which they will never use? . . . In this day of the atom bomb, with the new arms whose cost is fabulous, with technical systems involving thousands of millions, what are our poor countries about, bankrupting themselves upon armaments which in the event of an international conflict would spell absolutely nothing?" The true meaning of *La Coubre* involves not its explosion, but its presence. Why was the munitions vessel in Havana in the first place?

La Coubre and its grenades represent an often unnoticed phenomenon of the cold war. While the great nations of the world terrorize each other in a nuclear-arms race, the weaker, underdeveloped nations are running madly through their own series of small-arms sprints. They have their junior balances of terror. Conditions are perfect: a glut of small arms on the world market, a host of military governments and revolutionaries hungrier for guns than bread, and help from major powers in satisfying that hunger.

No one has estimated the total amount of small arms available on the world market during a year. But partial figures, based on known transactions and reports from governments, shed some light. Last November 2, *The New York Times* reported that the British government had sold 1,000,000 surplus small arms during

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1959. At the same time, Italy was disposing of 500,000 surplus carbines. *Business Week* reported September 19 that "enough small weapons are stolen from Formosa each year to arm three or four American regiments" (these American weapons then filter into Southeast Asia). Cuba reportedly bought $120,000,000 worth of arms during 1959. The Dominican Republic announced it had spent $88,000,000 on arms last year — more than half its national budget.

Although the Cuban and Dominican governments purchased new weapons, surplus arms make up most of the international market. Arnold Freshman, director of the Arms Traffic Division of the State Department's Office of Munitions Control, estimates that 70 per cent of available arms are surplus. As European governments modernize their weapons or change them to conform with the NATO standardization policy, they dump their old arms on the world market. The Communist bloc also has embarked on a standardization program and soon may put its old weapons up for sale.

In fact, the armies of underdeveloped nations have used Communist weapons for several years. After September, 1955, the Soviet bloc delivered $380,000,000 worth of large and small weapons to Egypt, Syria, Yemen and Afghanistan. Some of these arms later reached the commercial market when the Israeli army captured them in its 1956 invasion of Egypt. Guinea, which has a 2,000-man army, bought three shipments of rifles from Czechoslovakia last year after the United States ignored a request for arms.

THIS COUNTRY has assumed dual, contradictory roles in the arming of weak nations. Under the mutual-security program, it has dispensed several billion dollars of military assistance to underdeveloped countries since 1950. At the same time, it has tried to control the commercial market and shut off the flow of small arms to troubled areas. In its most conspicuous attempt to restrict commercial traffic, the State Department has embargoed arms to the Caribbean, where it fears an outbreak between Castro and Dominican Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo.

The embargo began two years ago, with the Office of Munitions Control halting the issuance of licenses to American dealers for shipping arms to the Caribbean. Since then, the State Department also has tried to persuade European governments to withhold shipments. Last October, for example, a representative of the British Embassy was called to the State Department and told the United States objected to a deal that would have sent British jets to Cuba. The British canceled the transaction.

Without cooperation from other governments, of course, the State Department embargo would be meaningless, for foreign arms dealers can easily fill the vacuum left by restricted American dealers. There is, in fact, strong evidence that they have done so. While the Office of Munitions Control asserts that the embargo, coupled with the cooperation of American Allies, is decreasing the flow of arms to the Caribbean, the decrease cannot be significant. On March 11, *The New York Times* reported estimates that "the fire-power of Premier Castro's forces is more than two and one-half times that of President Batista's forces in 1958." Belgian, Italian, Spanish and Norwegian munitions, some produced with United States aid, have reached Cuba since the embargo. *La Coubre* was delivering its second arms shipment to Castro when it exploded. Last year, the French sold jets, light tanks, mortars, grenades and ammunition to the Dominican Republic.

Since European governments, like the United States, license their arms exports, the flow of munitions into the Caribbean indicates official resistance to the pleas of the State Department. Several reasons for this resistance have been suggested: pressure by the Belgian rifle manufacturer, Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre, on the Brussels government; an attempt by France to court the Dominican vote on the Algerian question in the U.N.; a general European feeling that if they don't sell the arms, someone else — perhaps a Communist government — will. In addition, Europeans may resent the long-standing American attitude toward all arms shipments to Latin America. Since World War II, the United States, in the interest of standardization, has tried to keep the arms traffic in the Western Hemisphere exclusively American.

THE LEGAL flow of arms into the Caribbean has decreased much of the need for gun-running from Florida. There are no revolutionary groups with the force and appeal that Castro had when he mounted his offensives against Batista. During Castro's rebellion, conspirators in Miami smuggled $3,000,000 worth of arms to him. Now in power, Castro need not depend on Florida. Smuggling, however, apparently figures somewhat in the defense plans of Trujillo, whose army uses mostly American small arms. Last year, Augusto Maria Ferrando, the Dominican Consul General in Miami, offered customs agents $2,400 if they would let a C-74 Globemaster leave Miami International Airport with a cargo of small arms and ammunition. He was convicted of attempted bribery and conspiracy to smuggle arms, and the United States asked the Dominican Republic to recall him. A Miami exporter shipped five B-26 bombers, surplus Air Force equipment, to Chile last year for use in aerial photography. The bombers never reached Chile but landed in the Dominican Republic to become part of Trujillo's Air Force. The State Department has demanded their return.

Hoping to stop the smuggling, the government has assigned a small force of customs men, recently augmented with FBI agents, to patrol Florida's coastline and airports. In two years, customs agents have seized more than forty major shipments of illegal arms. The courts have convicted 200 persons, handing out five-year sentences in recent cases. Nevertheless, this has stopped only a small part of the traffic. In their most optimistic guesses, customs agents say they have seized 20 to 35 per cent of the illegal arms and arrested 40 per cent of the smugglers. "It would take thousands of men to patrol the Florida coast to watch all small-boat movements," says editor William C. Baggs of the Miami *News*, "and thousands more to watch all airstrips and the hundreds of flat fields that can be used by light planes. Conversion of Florida into this sort of armed camp probably would not be acceptable by American citizens under any circumstances short of war."

With the Caribbean trade relatively quiet, the chief destination of the world's gun-runners now appears to be Algeria, where the activities of American dealers have affected the traffic. In 1957, for example, the Italian government planned to sell 18,000 surplus rifles for shipment to Tunisia. The French, certain that the arms would reach the rebels, protested, but the Italians decided to complete the deal unless a new purchaser could be found. Pasadena Firearms Co. of California stepped in and bought the lot for importation to the United States, where the guns were sold to hunters and collectors.

SUCH American absorption of surplus weapons has grown tremendously during the past few years. Imports of surplus rifles increased from 6,000 in 1954 to 170,000 in 1958. The State Department, which licenses these imports, considers them one way of keeping part of the world traffic under control.

While these importations may ease foreign relations, they have disturbed domestic relations. United States sporting-rifle manufacturers are not pleased. A hunter can buy a surplus rifle for as little as $10.88; a new American rifle would cost him at least $80. From 1954 to 1958, the sale of American centerfire rifles dropped from 466,450 to 204,840 units. Last June, six manufacturers petitioned the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization to limit imports of surplus rifles to 5,000 annually, arguing that continued imports would destroy American sporting-rifle manufacturers, leaving the United States without a small-arms industry in case of war.

Importers organized the American Council for Technical Products, which prepared an answer to the manufacturers' petition. The council told the OCDM that imports do not compete with American rifles: about half end up over mantels or in gun collections and never reach the hands of hunters. And in wartime, the council added, the government, rather than use the present small gunsmiths, would turn to huge companies, which could easily convert their mass-production equipment for small-arms manufacture.

The importers' argument received strong support from a Department of Commerce study, issued last December, showing that the manufacturers' biggest problem was not surplus imports, but the decrease in Army procurement. The manufacturers lost almost their entire military market in a five-year period. Makers of centerfire rifles had a $20,000,000 drop in revenue between 1954 and 1958, of which only a little more than $1,000,000 could be blamed on the decline in civilian purchases. The OCDM most likely will reject the manufacturers' petition and let Americans continue to pluck surplus weapons from the world market.

By purchasing surplus weapons, arresting smugglers and embargoing exports, the United States has made a commendable, although often ineffectual, attempt to limit the commercial traffic in small arms. But it has made few moves toward shrinking the real arsenal of the underdeveloped world — the United States military-assistance program. Despite the embargo on commercial arms to the Caribbean, for example, the United States spent $1,089,000 on military aid to the Dominican Republic and $543,000 on military aid to Cuba during fiscal 1959.

In most cases, military aid, ostensibly given to protect the free world against communism and to stabilize regimes against subversion, has tended (1) to force weak nations into devoting huge percentages of their vital capital to armaments; (2) to entrench undemocratic, military governments; and (3) to promote arms races between these governments.

In *Arms and Politics in Latin America* (1960), an indispensable book for understanding the turmoil in Latin America, Edwin Lieuwen, chairman of the history department at the University of New Mexico, has reached several chilling conclusions about our military aid program in this hemisphere:

> It seems incontrovertible that the aid program exacerbates endemic rivalries and mutual suspicions among the Latin American republics and gives rise to arms races. . . . For the great majority of Latin Americans, who see no great danger of aggression from outside, the United States military program compounds their internal problems, interferes with the process of social change, and hinders progress in economic development.

American military aid to Iran is "not strategic and tactical but political and domestic," Walter Lippmann has observed. It satisfies the Iranian army. "If that is the best way to help Iran, well and good," he continued. "The question which this country will have to examine is whether it is going to be in the future the best way, or indeed how long it can be expected to work."

THERE have been recent signs, although rather unclear ones, that the United States is re-examining policies that build up armaments in underdeveloped nations. On March 21, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported that a "sweeping review" was in progress. After his tour of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, President Eisenhower said that present circumstances "should now enable some of the American republics to reduce expenditures for armaments, and thus make funds available for constructive purposes." But he based this possibility on continued support for the Rio treaty of 1947, which perpetrates the myth that the Latin countries would have a vital military role in defending the hemisphere from outside aggression. On March 15, Assistant Secretary of State Roy R. Rubottom, Jr., told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the Administration would ask $30,000,000 less for military aid to Latin America in the 1961 fiscal year than it had asked the year before. But the requested total for 1961 — $67,000,000 — was only $2,000,000 less than the State Department actually received from Congress for the 1960 fiscal year and was, in fact, $13,000,000 more than had been spent in the 1959 fiscal year.

It may be too much to expect the United States to eliminate, or even drastically reduce, military aid to underdeveloped nations. Any sudden action would create real problems and dangers. Many of these nations have had military regimes long before the United States began sending them arms. They have used the emotions of the cold war as blackmail and have threatened to turn to the Soviet Union if their demands for weapons are not met. And the Soviet Union has been happy and able to supplant the United States as an arsenal wherever possible. Any reversal of American policy would be a slow one.

It is possible that the cry for disarmament, in order to have meaning, must come from the underdeveloped nations themselves. Here, the experience of Latin America sheds some hope — and some doubt. In the past few years, the civilian-controlled governments of Costa Rica and Chile have proposed disarmament plans. But the response from other nations, most of them dominated by the military, has been more polite than enthusiastic. The Peruvian and Argentine governments, both dependent on military support, bought more cruisers and jets at the very time they were hailing Chile's call for disarmament. Even Mexico, a civilian government, has rejected general disarmament, because it fears that disarmament would make Latin America too dependent on the United States.

The arming of weak nations may be an inevitable offshoot of the arming of strong nations. Perhaps Cuba and the Dominican Republic will keep buying rifles until the United States and Russia stop making missiles. On the other hand, the arming of weak nations may be an inevitable offshoot of the fatuousness of strong nations. Perhaps the Shah of Iran will keep crying for guns until the United States gets enough sense to refuse them. In any case, the time for hard reappraisal is long due. There need be no more mad munitions trips to Havana.

THOSE PRETTY LITTLE PILLS . .

by David L. Cowen

THE THIRD round of the Kefauver hearings on the drug industry, temporarily shunted aside by the civil-rights squabble, was scheduled to begin this week. The Senate subcommittee conducting the hearings will be able to build on the massive body of statistical data collected during the recent second round, devoted to the tranquilizers.

It is now clear that in the tranquilizer field there exists a tremendous spread between manufacturers' costs and selling prices; that some prices remain constant despite lower costs of production; that comparisons among domestic prices indicate that some are maintained at higher levels than purely competitive conditions would permit; and that comparisons with foreign prices show that American prices are often the highest in the world.

The companies, of course, sought to refute each of these contentions, but one gets the impression of adroit polemics rather than sound argument. To cite but one example, it is difficult to accept the contention that lower prices abroad reflect only lower wage scales, lower living standards, etc., when one discovers that meprobamate, which costs Carter, its American patentee, $4.99 per pound and is sold to American pharmacists for $3.25 per fifty tablets, costs the British producer from $6.38 to $7.35 per pound and is sold to the British pharmacist — under the same brand name, Miltown — at $1.48 per fifty tablets.

The profit picture of the drug industry, whether based on net worth, investments, sales or otherwise, places the industry in the forefront of American manufacturers. For example, estimates for 1959 indicate that the rate of return for eleven drug companies was 21 per cent of net worth as compared with 10.7 per cent for all manufacturing corporations. The estimates for three large tranquilizer houses—Carter; Smith, Kline and French; and American Home Products Corp. — were 55 per cent, 42 per cent, and 36.8 per cent respectively.

The subcommittee has also concerned itself with the reasons for the high prices and large profits. The discussion that follows will point up some of the factors involved and discuss their implications in terms of broad public policy.

1. Patents. The position of the United States on drug patents and brands is more considerate of the inventor than in other countries. In Germany, for example, a process may be patented, but not a drug product. In the United States, too, patents are possible on compositions of old and known ingredients for which the patentee has discovered a new use.

The impact of the patent and the brand name on price is dramatically illustrated by a comparison of prices paid by the Military Medical Supply Agency with those paid by the druggist. The subcommittee's findings demonstrate perfectly that the greater the number of suppliers (in this case licensees), the lower the price, both absolutely and in proportion to the prices paid by the druggist. When, because of patent rights, there is but one supplier — as with SKF (Smith, Kline and French) and chlorpromazine — the price to the government is about 70 per cent of the price to the druggist. Where there are two suppliers — Wyeth and Carter for meprobamate — the price to the government is about 60 per cent of the price to the druggist. However, where there are several suppliers, as with reserpine, the results of competition are eye-opening. Ciba has sold reserpine to the government for 1.5 per cent of its

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price to the druggist (60c as compared with $39.50 per thousand) and Panray at about 25 per cent (70c as compared with $2.65).

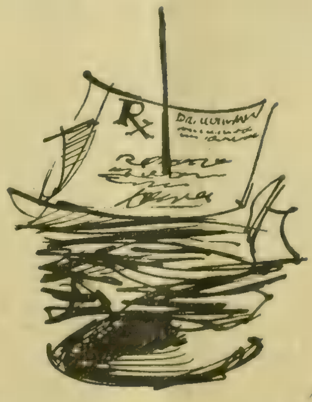
The investigations, moreover, brought out another aspect of the patent process that makes it particularly vicious when applied in the drug field. The hearings revealed, for example, that Carter had rather imperiously decided with which drugs of other companies it would permit its meprobamate to be combined. It refused at one time to permit a combination with a drug whose patent had run out; it refused one request apparently because the other patent was held by too small a company. Since in some cases there may be medical advantages to be gained by certain combinations, any legal process which permits the withholding of a drug is contrary to public policy.

2. *Research.* Figures presented by the companies themselves indicate that on an average (for twenty companies) only 6.4 per cent of the sales dollar can be charged to research, Carter, American Home, SKF and Ciba spent 2.7, 3.2, 8.9 and 13.9 per cent of their sales dollars respectively on research in 1958. As Senator Kefauver worded it, "Research is important, but [it] has only a limited effect on the high price of drugs and the high profits of the company."

But there were undercurrents in the subcommittee's findings on research that should perhaps be of greater concern than the impact on prices. For example, there is evidence of a great deal of floundering about, a great many "dry hole" projects, and a great deal that seems to have been left to chance. Some of the floundering is undoubtedly necessary, perhaps even desirable, but there seems something unsound going on when SKF, after ten years of research, could claim no more in the way of achievement than the recognition that another firm — Rhone-Poulenc of France — had produced what SKF's own chemists had been looking for: chlorpromazine.

CERTAINLY the role that chance has played in the development of tranquilizers puts industrial research in a dubious light. The drugs' properties were discovered as a by-product of the search for anti-histamines. SKF, for all its alertness in picking up the patent rights on chlorpromazine, investigated it "principally as a surgical pre-medicant and anti-emetic agent." While the drug industry is capable of some highly valuable "pure" research, its laboratories today are mostly busy with the "applied" variety leading to the production of practical medical agents. But even in this field the public health cannot always rely on private enterprise alone [see *The Nation*, December 26, 1959], a fact which the Kefauver hearings underscored.

Until recently, for example, the industry was subject to the criticism that it was shying away from cancer research because the successful company would be forced to share its findings with the whole industry. In addition, the government's "crash" cancer-research program dragged from 1953 to 1958 because of the industry's desire to protect its patent policies.



It took twenty-four months of negotiation for the drug companies to get from the government an understanding acceptable to them on the government's right to insist upon unlimited licensing if production should prove inadequate. Under this agreement, the companies are well protected: when the government feels that there is inadequate production, it cannot move in for ninety days; hearings and appeals are possible, and the burden of proof of shortage rests with the government. (What happens, meanwhile, to pricing policies is anybody's guess.) On this basis, there has recently developed some desirable industrial activity in the field of cancer research financed by government grants.

There must have been considerable moral pressure on the industry to accept the government's aid in cancer research, for the industry has virtually refused similar aid for mental health. Although many millions have been available, only $100,000 in government grants have been awarded, probably as a consequence of the industry's fear that "It's not too large a step to go from appropriations for medical research to appropriations for medical care payments and for medical care direction and administration."

The hearings also touched on the matter of basic research. The success of new drugs — whether as palliatives or genuine therapeutic agents — has given us a false sense of security. As Dr. Augustus Gibson, director of Merck's research, has stated, "Perhaps the time has now come to look for the answer to some of the more basic problems." We have been treating symptoms, but we know little about causes and prevention: basic research must concern itself with *understanding the disease.*

IN THE field of mental illness, as the hearings brought out, the need for basic research is very real. The mechanisms of action of the tranquilizers are still largely unknown. There is uncertainty as to whether they merely suppress symptoms or have real therapeutic value [see "Drugs for the Mind," by A. Azima, *The Nation*, July 21, 1956]. Most important, of course, is that their number and variety could possibly be multiplied a hundredfold without contributing anything to the understanding of the causes — chemical, psychological or sociological — or prevention of mental illness. In all the hullabaloo about the spectacular reductions in the population of mental hospitals due to the use of tranquilizers, some attention ought to be paid to the statistics on *admissions.* In New York State hospitals, for example, the current rate is 28,000 as compared with 21,000 in 1955. This is a one-third increase.

The subcommittee also effectively

deflated the intimations of the American drug industry that its research activities are alone responsible for discovering the tranquilizers. True, the industry must be given some credit for breaking down the "reluctance of academical psychiatry" and the "reservations of clinical psychiatry" to the use of tranquilizers. (Even this it did not do entirely alone, for by 1957 the National Institute of Mental Health was spending $39 million annually in this field.) But Thorazine, Compazine and Sparine are all developments by Rhone-Poulenc of France, which holds the basic patents. Ten of the fourteen new drugs claimed to have been discovered by Ciba from 1948-58, including reserpine, were the work of the parent Swiss company. Meprobamate was developed in the United States by Dr. Frank M. Berger, a Czech physician who had produced and written about mephenesin, the parent compound of meprobamate, in England, three years before he joined Carter here.

Another cause for concern — not pursued by the subcommittee — crept into the hearings: the methodological shoddiness of the clinical studies that go into the testing of a drug. Some of this derives from the fact that many, if not most, of the studies are initiated and supported (some would say "insidiously inspired") by grants from industry, a condition which leads to haste and prejudgment.

THUS ON EVERY count — goals, scope, quality and effectiveness — there are some criticisms to be voiced of the research activities of the industry. The conclusion is inescapable (and it is one with which the Kefauver subcommittee will perhaps not become involved): that an anarchy exists in industrial medical research. That this anarchy is no longer tenable is emphasized by the virtual absence of any mention of industrial research in a recent survey of the National Institutes of Health by its Chief of Resources Analysis. NIH has great potential for the planning, promotion, co-ordination and evaluation of medical research; the continued aloofness — or exclusion — of the industry from participation must in some way limit the effectiveness of the Institutes.

3. Advertising and Sales. In Senator Kefauver's preliminary remarks at the opening of the second round of the hearings, he referred to "certain alleged excesses of promotion and advertising which, it has been held, unduly enhance the price of the product." This was something of an understatement. The selling costs of twenty drug companies account for 24 per cent of the selling price; for the four big tranquilizer manufacturers, the per cent of sales that goes to selling costs varies from 19.5 to 33.9, and on the average, selling costs amount to about two-thirds of the cost of goods. For two companies, selling costs exceed production costs.

Obviously, selling cost is high and obviously it affects the selling price to the consumer. The question is, how much of it is excessive? One is constrained to say that most of the cost of "dissemination of product information" is excessive, for three reasons: much of the "dissemination" is extravagant, too much of it is misleading, and most of it should not be necessary.

The extravagance of medical advertising is proverbial. The detail men, on good salaries and expense accounts; costly brochures and books (some of general value, many of a purely promotional nature); flamboyant advertisements in the professional literature and in the mails; gimmicks, gadgets, mountains of samples, banquets and convention parties—these hardly exhaust the list. The flamboyancy and repetition of the advertising suggests that the drug companies expect the physician to react on the same subconscious, emotional, non-rational level in the ordering of drugs as does the housewife in choosing detergents.

The sending out of samples has been dubbed a form of payola by the *Wall Street Journal.* The sample is not sent to the practicing physician for clinical assay—that has already been made. It is sent as a gift (the doctor can give it away or sell it) to impress the product on the doctor's memory. Since even small companies practice quality control of their product and are subject to governmental inspection, one must wonder whether or not the doctor's tendency to prescribe the product of the big company is a consequence of the subtle seduction of the samples, gimmicks, dinners and good fellowship of the detail man, or of the assumption that since the company is big and spends a lot of money on advertising, its products are therefore better. One wonders how these doctors rationalize what the profession euphemistically calls the "incidents" which have, at various times, involved the quality and utility of products of respected companies.

The medical journals are themselves partly to blame for accepting extravagant drug advertising. The extensive use of art work—usually in magnificent color—suggests that the doctor can't, or won't, read. If it is too much to expect these journals to eliminate advertising altogether, perhaps they ought at least to consider the transformation of advertising to "paid announcements," uniform for all companies, following a prescribed format, containing complete information (negative and positive) and instructions, and set in uniform and ordinary type.

THERE IS, in addition, a considerable amount of misleading advertising, some of it dangerous. This suggests, of course, the need for policing, but also points up the fact that much of the advertising could be dispensed with altogether. Medical-advertising copywriters can teach the rest of their trade something about the "language of misunderstanding." They have been guilty of every possible offense: accenting the positive, willful suppression or underplaying of negative or dangerous results, misleading and questionable data, ghost-writing, inflated and spurious bibliographies, faked endorsements, quotations out of context. While most companies are probably not guilty of these practices, the problem is widespread enough to have given rise to the suggestion that there be created a special commission, composed of industrial, professional and governmental agencies, to deal with it. But self-policing by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and the increased activity of the American Medical Association have proved ineffective.

A final word on medical advertising: It is disgraceful that American medicine has not provided itself with satisfactory institutional means of keeping the profession informed of therapeutic developments, and that the profession must rely on the vagaries and biases of advertisers.

THE SECOND round of the subcommittee hearings was concerned primarily with the economic aspects of the manufacture and sale of tranquilizing drugs. There are, however, much broader problems of public policy involved.

The tranquilizers are perhaps the second most-used class of drugs; about one-third of all prescriptions call for them. In 1958, their wholesale sales totaled about $160,000,000. They are used all over the world. They have had a beneficial effect on the mental-health picture from the point of view of both the individual and of society. Their use is expanding in anesthesia, obstetrics, dermatology, dentistry and geriatrics.

The tranquilizers are drugs, and it must be remembered that any drug is potentially dangerous. There is no need here to run through the whole litany of "side effects," ranging from "unpleasant mouth" to the fatal breakdown of white blood cells. These are well known and can usually be controlled by the physician. But it does need to be emphasized that there is ample medical evidence against their indiscriminate use. Psychiatrists contend that even the general practitioner may be unable to manage tranquilizers properly, and lament their too casual use. All agree that they should not be used by the public for the relief of every-day tensions; the American Psychiatric Association has been adamant on this score. In addition, the World Health Office believes they "must be classed as potentially habit-forming" and that they should be subjected to national control.

FOR THESE reasons, many persons believe that tighter controls over their sale are necessary. It is true that they are "prescription drugs" (under federal regulation, they cannot be sold except on prescription). But the same loopholes that make barbiturates and amphetamines — which are also "prescription drugs"— so available, exist for tranquilizers. That this is a serious matter is evidenced by the fact that despite the federal regulations and despite the stringent New York State pharmacy act, the City of New York has made the same prescription requirement a part of its Health Code.

By the same token, care must be taken to see that these drugs do not attain the status of "over-the-counter drugs"—i.e., become available at drugstores without prescription. The danger exists. Carter first considered meprobamate as an over-the-counter item, then changed its mind. Yet this company—which prides itself for having fought off for seventeen years the government's finally successful attempt to force "Liver" out of the title of Carter's Little Liver Pills—might change its mind again if Miltown suddenly were made obsolete by a new product. Ominously, *Printers' Ink* asserts that the ethical-drug advertising agencies are "looking forward for added growth" to the shift from prescription to over-the-counter drugs.

Over-the-counter drugs are generally subject to "restrictive sales"—i.e., they can be sold only in pharmacies. The Proprietary Association, an organization of manufacturers of publicly advertised drugs, is campaigning to break down this restriction. The campaign has already met with some success: aspirin, Bromo-Seltzer and similar items can now be picked off the supermarket shelf. If Madison Avenue gets its clutches on over-the-counter items, the jump from prescription to over-the-counter sales will be followed rapidly by the jump to non-restrictive sales. The Proprietary Association is thinking this far ahead, and recently stymied a resolution before the National Drug Trade Conference which provided that prescription drugs reclassified as over-the-counter drugs "continue to be dispensed only by or under the personal supervision of a registered pharmacist." The Proprietary Association demanded that the resolution include the telltale phrase: ". . . subject to such exceptions as may be dictated by the future status of such drugs."

Both the physician and the pharmacist, must come to the aid of the public welfare by standing firmly against the expansion of drugs generally—and of tranquilizers particularly—to over-the-counter and non-restrictive sales. One shudders at the prospect of seeing the shelves of the supermarket stocked high with more than fifty-seven varieties of tranquilizers.

THERE are many still broader ramifications involved in the general use of tranquilizers. The tranquilizers can affect the whole society—its cultural dynamics, stasis, decay. What happens to a people accustomed to avoid all anxiety, who know no fear, who need not think, or love or hate? What happens to a people without an urge to create? Or to a people who must take the proper potion before being able to do any of these? And what happens to such people when they meet up with "normal" people, or with "noble savages" who have not had the advantages of the most advanced psychopharmacology?

Beyond Huxley, I have found no study by an anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist, psychiatrist, philosopher, or any combination of these, on the impact of the tranquilizers on man and his culture. As we watch over the decline of the West, we see the beams—the bombs and the missiles; but perhaps we miss the motes—the pretty little pills.

The problem deserves serious study now. Psychopharmacology is in its infancy, but the potentialities for the manipulation of the human mind and personality through drugs are as limitless as the gyri of the human brain.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Plea for a New Reformation

THE NEW SHAPE OF AMERICAN RELIGION. By Martin E. Marty. Harper & Bros. 180 pp. $3.50.

THE STATURE OF MAN. By Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 171 pp. $3.

Gabriel Vahanian

WILL RELIGION survive its revival? This can be said to be the question to which Martin E. Marty devotes *The New Shape of American Religion*. More precisely, the author is concerned with the ability of Protestantism to survive the recent upsurge of religiosity generally described as a revival. Mr. Marty is an associate editor of *The Christian Century*, a Protestant journal. In this book, he approaches his subject with the advantage of a thorough and practical knowledge of the contemporary situation and its religious antecedents in the history of American culture. He is concerned primarily with Protestantism's entanglement in the present mess of religiosity and its latent capacity (or what is left of it) for resilience or reform. The author ends his book with a call for Protestants to relearn the meaning of their faith and to reshape it according to the new cultural situation of this century. It is obvious that Mr. Marty considers the now defunct resurgence of religiosity as another in a series of Protestant capitulations. Accordingly, his final plea is for a new Reformation which would fully recognize the present conjuncture of religious and cultural realities; i.e., this new Reformation should face the religious pluralism and the extensive industrial urbanization, the character and patterns of which have not been dominated by Protestantism.

TO BEGIN WITH, Mr. Marty notes that in the last decade we witnessed, not a revival of religion, but only of an *interest* in religion. The religiosity which was thus stirred up did not represent Protestantism only; it also included Judaism and Roman Catholicism — *and* something which was not manifestly Jewish, or Catholic, or Protestant and can only be referred to here as religion-in-general. In fact, this last, amorphous group included elements from the traditional faiths; it cut across confessional boundaries, and was singularly affected by religionitis or "divine-human coziness." The author even points out that this group actually constitutes a sort of established religion.

In the second place, Mr. Marty observes that each turning point of American Protestantism has been equally indicative of the erosion and corrosion that have resulted in its present soullessness. The more important of these turning points are, in terms of our present concern, the Great Awakening of the mid-eighteenth century and the latest revival of interest in religion. The Great Awakening, as Robert Ellis Thompson remarked in 1895, "terminated the Puritan and inaugurated the Pietist or Methodist age of American Church History." It marked the transition from an emphasis on the sovereignty of God to one on the perfectibility of man, self-salvation and progress.

The revival of the 1950s, Mr. Marty adds, "is terminating the Pietist age and inaugurating . . . a post-Protestant age." Each time, classical Protestantism was seriously defaced and lost some of its nerve. Each time, as well as during various intermediate revivals, it abdicated some of its essential tenets. And this time, it has capitulated to the Baals of religiosity whose principal characteristics in this nascent post-Protestant age are a packaged God, interchangeable and mass-tailored men, and togetherness instead of true community. Protestantism must face one major fact in this new situation: that while "the 'old shape' of American religion was basically Protestant . . . , whatever else it includes, the 'new shape' of American religion is not basically Protestant." Mr. Marty does not bemoan the resultant religious pluralism: for him, this pluralism goes back to the founding of the American state.

In the third place, *The New Shape of American Religion* offers its readers more than a clever and irreverent analysis or exposé of collective and private religionitis. It also suggests remedies and a strategy for a counteroffensive. Protestantism (and other faiths, too) must "put up or shut up." Mr. Marty's proposals generally consist of a return to the sources — Biblical faith and classical Protestantism. Concretely, they center in the necessity of a theological renascence which, for the sake of our present world, would clarify the Biblical meaning of God, man and community.

This needful task was one which faced the forebears of Protestantism. It now faces their spiritual heirs. In the words of the author, the question is, Can Protestantism "be expected to take an ancient road in a new day"? But the problem is not so simple. The Reformation of the sixteenth century took place in a dissimilar context. Whether ecclesiastical or social, spiritual or secular, the structures it affected, rearranged or re-defined, were basically the embodiment of a Christian purpose and way of life. The novelty of the situation affecting American religion today is not merely its post-Protestant aspect. Even more important is the fact that the cultural setting is that of a post-Christian era. Not only ceremonies and rituals, i.e., externals, are put into question. The faith itself has been undermined and must show its relevance, if it can.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE that Colin Wilson's *The Stature of Man* is reviewed together with Martin Marty's book. To be sure, there is something coincidental about this. But it also happens that Colin Wilson deals with the vanishing hero or, one might say, the packaged man, whereas Mr. Marty deals with the packaged God. Human or divine, packaged goods can best come in standard sizes only, as every one has been able to observe in our chain stores.

Colin Wilson's book is disappointing, primarily because the author relies too heavily on the works of others, such as William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man*, David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, on the literature of existentialism and selected novels and plays. In *The Stature of Man*, the lines of thought drawn from these various sources are not really developed much further. Sometimes, they even rely on a rather uncritical appropriation of these sources. For example, Colin Wilson tends to regard as gospel truth the working hypothesis enunciated by William H. Whyte in the concept of "the Protestant Ethic," which in turn was based on Max Weber's analysis of the relation between Calvinism and capitalism.

Mr. Wilson intends to show the "fallacy of insignificance" in which contemporary man has been hoodwinked to

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believe. The disappearance of the hero is our cultural heresy, just as it could be contended that the death of God is our religious heresy, although there is no need to establish a relation between these two heresies. At any rate, it is apparent that Colin Wilson does not concern himself with the possibility of any relation. This is all right — unless we wish the author had gone more deeply to the roots of our malaise.

Indeed, Colin Wilson does not realize what Martin Marty observes so clearly. The religiosity of modern man and the facelessness of the modern crowd are both expressions of the same heresy — call it religious or secular. For it is a fact that the communal dimension of existence was always taken for granted in the past. From the time of Biblical thought until the Reformation, man was always defined as man-in-community. Against such a background the hero was perhaps a possibility if only because individuality stemmed directly from the sense of communion and community. Today's method of adjustment has reversed the order. Togetherness or collectivism has therefore become its goal, but neither can ever reveal more than the addition of one human island to another.

But he who sends, or listens to a warning — and as such *The Stature of Man* is welcome — has already ceased to be an island; he is neither a conformist nor a non-conformist — those two *falsely* heretical postures of our age.

Ignorant, Soulless and Amateur

NAME AND ADDRESS: An Autobiography. By T. S. Matthews. Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $4.50.

David Cort

THE TONE of the confessional is probably proper for reformed drunks and drug addicts. But things have gone too far when this same accent dominates the autobiography of the distinguished son of a rich Episcopalian bishop and a member of the Procter & Gamble dynasty, graduate of Princeton and Oxford, a former editor of *The New Republic* and former managing editor of *Time*: T. S. Matthews. He has nothing very serious to confess except a dislike of *Time* and Henry Luce. His Midwestern bourgeois childhood was not even as dramatic as James Thurber's. Nice people will find it interesting and improving but I shall skip it, to zero in on his Time, Inc. section, which seems to have motivated the whole opus.

For this book summons me with a blaze of trumpets to a novel and overdue function — the defense of Time, Inc. When Matthews writes: "... strutting little venture . . . scarecrow style . . . snook-cockery . . . ludicrous, exhibitionistic but arresting dialect of journalese . . . slickness, smartness, bluff . . . ," it is time for the ranks to close. He tells us that at every stage of his career on *Time*, he blushed, flinched and held back, hating each more elevated prostitution while bowing to his shameful fate, like a character in *Candide*.

This is a slander on a number of able, honorable men of the thirties who liked their *Time* jobs. It assumes the virtue of the American intellectual position that *Time* was a tissue of deliberate lies. The difficulties involved in persuading these men to compose a book of lies would have been so enormous as to be laughable. The American intellectuals of the thirties were themselves confused; and this confusion itself determined much *Time* policy, made of it a choice of opposites. *Time* naturally tried to speak with one voice, or at least seem to. But it candidly reflected the world of the people who wrote it — young, talented, irresponsible, upper-middle class, somewhat pompous. They were generally left to their own devices; certainly I was.

I speak here only of what I know; I haven't read *Time* in fifteen years. But Matthews' maudlin confession can be put more fully into perspective. What he did not know was that in those days one small, prolific core of writers, who never mentioned the fact, were thoroughly aware that a larger group had no idea what Time, Inc. was all about. The larger group, headed by Luce, included Matthews. The smaller numbered at least Martin, Billings, Busch, Fraser, Gottfried, et al. Others fell part way in both. These others were nice people; nobody wanted to hurt their feelings; and they were loaded with feelings.

Time was directed at the literate Philistine reader, who was assumed to be in such a hurry that only great charm and provocativeness could stop him long enough to read anything. The reader's attention was all-important; the subject quite secondary; and it was best if the writer, until just before he read the research, had been as ignorant as the reader. The success of this method derives from the psychological truth that the first impact of information on any mind is always more vivid than any follow-up. For example, if you have never before heard that Nero was a much-beloved Emperor who for a thousand years was expected to return to the Romans, this news will astound you and would be considered "*Time*-worthy." But if, as a historian, you had always known it, you would not even think to mention it. And yet it is a very instructive, if highly cynical, fact.

Matthews' error is shown quite clearly when he describes his operations as editor of the "back-of-the-book" critical departments of *Time*. He promptly inquired into the souls, sincerities and scholarships of his staff and set about making these departments really professional. This sounds all right but it was in fact all wrong. He was merely proving that he thought he was still on *The New Republic*.

THE true secret of Time, Inc., if anything so blatant can be called a secret (and yet this one evidently still is), is that it must remain ignorant, soulless and amateur. When it tries to be professional, it violates its own format and becomes an enormity. Matthews' resolve to please God and the professionals could lead nowhere except to *Time's* decadence. And one cannot suppose that he got God and the professionals to read even the back end of the magazine.

Matthews' group were so intent on the soul business that they even descended on Luce to inquire into his soul. Matthews describes this wonderful scene (a pack of naive hounds baying on the trail of an invisible or non-existent fox) which, in fictional form, appeared in Wertenbaker's *The Death of Kings*. I need hardly add that as an amateur I laughed all the way through both versions of the scene, but not quite happily, for it is saddening to watch decent men pour their hearts down a drain. Their only sin had been to miss the whole point of Time, Inc., which did not want their souls.

The word "amateur" here is not used disdainfully. I accept Peter Viereck's use of it in *Contact*, February, 1960: "An amateur is the non-technician: not yet deprived of creative imagination by expertese." He mentions a Professor Albert Rapp, a professional scholar in the field of humor (!), who accused Al Capp, the creator of "Li'l Abner," of "amateur statements" about humor and a lack of "professional status."

A professional is either a parrot or a sphinx; he knows either "everything" or

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DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has recently been published by Macmillan.*

"nothing." An amateur is somebody you can talk to; he has no excuse for pomposity, and very little for obscurantism. He would just as soon tear up the textbook. To a professional, that would be like tearing himself apart.

To a professional like Matthews it was necessarily important to know how Luce's soul read. The amateurs wanted to know as little about Luce's soul as they could possibly arrange. The amateurs were always working like hell; the professionals were arranging little meetings of minds. And so, no doubt, it always goes everywhere. And the amateurs generally go home at 6. P.M. on the dot with a clear conscience.

Maybe it was not too important that Matthews, the professional, was managing editor of *Time* from 1943 to 1949. Consider the period: wartime censorship, the massive crushing of the Axis, the boasts of the Pentagon, the cross-eyed dealings with Russia, the liquidation of the British Empire, the loss of Central Europe and China; what a moment of untruth! It was not a time for amateurs, as Churchill retired. Significantly Matthews does not mention any great journalistic decisions, triumphs or defeats. Probably there were none.

There is, finally, one other way in which the amateurs and professionals divide. After the professionals leave Time, Inc., they usually suffer a bitter trauma. They all have fascinating, if confusing, stories of how they were betrayed. The amateurs, on the other hand, have dry eyes. They feel that Time, Inc. owes them nothing; and they owe Time, Inc. nothing. When they meet, they do not repudiate the past but neither do they linger on it. They can distinguish between God and Caesar.

A Work of Conscience

THE SURVEYOR. By Truman Nelson. Doubleday & Co. 667 pp. $5.95.

Charles H. Foster

THE SURVEYOR confronts us with a double paradox: it is not only a historical novel which is a work of art; it is a historical novel from which the historians will be obliged to learn. They have now for many years found the Pottawatomie murders ordered by John Brown such glaring proof of his fanaticism and insanity that they have not placed them in meaningful historical sequence. But Truman Nelson, by thoroughly immersing himself in the whole body of political and abolition literature of a century ago, and by inquiring into all available published and unpublished sources on Brown and Kansas, supplemented by assistance from the living Brown authorities, both pro and con, has been able to re-create Kansas in all its political, social, religious, economic, emotional and even geographical relations, and to see the Pottawatomie murders, in Brown's context, as a cruel necessity. The fundamental clue is, obviously, the identity of the victims, whom Nelson has discovered to have been officials of Judge Cato's bogus court about to indict the Free State leaders for high treason. We must, however, experience the whole drama acted out between unawed self-will and mean submission, to borrow a perception from John Jay Chapman on our slavery crisis, to appreciate the cogency of Nelson's interpretation: no summary will suffice.

John Brown is the spiritual, the intellectual, the emotional center of *The Surveyor.* Benét in *John Brown's Body* and Ehrlich in *God's Angry Man*, like their predecessors with the exception of Thoreau, lacked both the knowledge of Brown and the imaginative force to create the monolithic and perfectly convincing human being who talks and acts his way through *The Surveyor*, "absolutely bereft of any of the soft confidences of the mystic, being as literal, tough-minded, and anarchic as nature itself."

Nelson's Brown is no smoothed down martyr figure such as we encounter in most of the sermons after Brown's execution. To adapt a remark from Thoreau, Nelson has been engaged in driving the phenomenon of John Brown into a corner and if it proved mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish its meanness to the world, or if it were sublime, "to know it by experience, and to be able to give a true account of it. . . ." He stands face to face with every negative aspect of Brown's character: the recklessness, the intransigence, the severity, the cruelty, the fanaticism.

If one factor more than another lies at the root of Nelson's achievement, it may well be his unprecedented ability to speak for Brown with the dignity, the economy, the awful simplicity and compressed violence we find in his hero's letters and speeches. But this imaginative identification is simply the outer sign of a more profound commitment to the old man and his radical principles, the militant democracy and the hatred of discrimination in every form. Finally we must recognize that *The Surveyor* is not only history and literature: it is a work of conscience.

CHARLES H. FOSTER is the author of The Rungless Ladder: Harriet Beecher Stowe and New England Puritanism *(Duke University Press), and is at work on* The Secret Six: John Brown's Aiders and Abettors. *Mr. Foster is a member of the English faculty of the University of Minnesota.*

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Science

TWENTY-THREE years ago in *Philosophy and the Physicists* (Dover, $1.65), L. Susan Stebbing attacked the idealistic tendencies of Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans. Her questions and ideas are still stimulating and useful, but newer theoretical and technological developments which have brought nuclear warfare within the domain of what Bertrand Russell calls "feasible lunacy" have now shifted attention to the bearing of physics on politics and ethics. Lord Russell's *Common Sense and Nuclear War* (Simon & Schuster, $1) eloquently and lucidly argues that victory in the traditional sense is not possible in nuclear war, that a universal danger requires international cooperation and that such an international authority as he considers necessary can be established despite the gravest difficulties. A bare directness gives his statement of the case the impact of Swift's casual and modest proposal, and though brinkmanship is currently displaced by the spirit of Camp David, Lord Russell's book loses none of its urgency in the reprint.

Several books in the history and procedures of science reinforce the point that solutions will come slowly. *The Birth of a New Physics* by I. Bernard Cohen (Anchor, 95c) is an exposition of the new physics, particularly the Newtonian dynamics of the *Principia* of 1687, that developed slowly by difficult stages from Copernicus' generally conservative physics of 1543. Cohen has the beautiful and exciting clarity of able simplification. Herbert Butterfield, in *The Origins of Modern Science 1300-1800* (Macmillan, $1.25) explains more relationships and implications. He begins with the theory of impetus, which worked against the animism still suggested in expressions like "Water seeks its level," and shows how the dissemination of conflicting ancient authorities raised doubts of Aristotle and encouraged intellectual enterprise. Even those with the best opportunities, such as the dissectors in anatomy classes, tended none the less to see what they expected, not what they found. The excitement inherent in Butterfield's twelve essays rises largely from his masterful combination of the arts and sciences. He is a scientist, a historian of ideas and a humanist, a comfortable partner to E. M. W. Tillyard, whose compact and illuminating synthesis *The Elizabethan World Picture* (Modern Library, 95c) shows the old science and the new mixing in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English literature. These are stirring histories which should increase understanding of our own time and patience with its problems.

From Magic to Science by Charles Singer (Dover, $2). Seven meaty essays on Roman and medieval science, heavily illustrated.

Also: *Why Smash Atoms?* by A. K. Solomon (Penguin, 95c), written in 1940 just after accomplishment of uranium fission, explains the theoretical value of atom smashing and looks forward to numerous developments, one of which Amasa S. Bishop explains in *Project Sherwood: The U.S. Program in Controlled Fusion* (Anchor, $1.25). Both profusely illustrated, for informed laymen.

Rigorous but manageable: *De Magnete* (1600) by William Gilbert, translated by P. F. Mottelay (Dover, $2); basic to modern theory of magnetism and electricity. *The Idea of Nature* by R. G. Collingwood (Galaxy, $1.25). *The Logic of Modern Physics* by P. W. Bridgman (Macmillan, $1.25). *Doubt and Certainty in Science: A Biologist's Reflection on the Brain* by J. Z. Young (Galaxy, $1.50).

Arts and Letters

Roots of Contemporary American Architecture, Lewis Mumford, editor, (Evergreen, $2.95) and *Frank Lloyd Wright on Architecture, Selected Writings (1894-1940)*, Frederick Gutheim, editor (Universal, $1.65). Both collections view architecture as the reflection of a way of life, Mumford's in an orderly survey, designed for students but absorbing for general readers. Wright's papers and speeches by themselves are occasionally cryptic and are hard to read in a severe photographic reduction of the original page.

The Modern Theatre, volume 6, Eric Bentley, editor (Anchor, 95c). Five plays that treat "the Individual versus the Collectivity" close out an excellent international non-academic anthology representing attacks against convention by the next writers below Ibsen, Shaw, O'Neill.

Orlando by Virginia Woolf (Signet, 50c). The fanciful autobiography including a new afterword by Elizabeth Bowen and the pictures of the first edition.

Almost simultaneously come three reissues of *The Ambassadors* by Henry James: the Harper text of 1903, not edited, apparently, but introduced by Bergen Evans (Premier, 50c); the New York edition of 1907-1909, edited by F. W. Dupee (Rinehart, $1.25); and the Methuen edition of 1903, edited by R. W. Stallman (Signet, 50c). The Signet text is particularly interesting, Rinehart includes James's preface and exemplary appendices, and both are pleasing physically.

The Scribner Library, handsome reissues by the original publisher, now includes Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Edith Wharton and Wolfe. Scribner should establish precise authority for its texts, probably in notes on the copyright pages.

As I Forget

for David Schubert (1913-1946)

I rummaged for that thought again,
that feeling and that image where,
as it burst forth, my life began.

The dead, I said, as others knew,
alone can tell us what we need
to learn; precisely as they owe

what life they now enjoy to us,
in turning to them we must come
much more alive and thereby blessed,

their gathered wisdom on us. Sure
of it, I sought to struggle back.
But fighting every nimble pleasure

of forgetting hemmed the way,
I soon despaired of meeting him
who might have told me, passing day,

how to withstand these temptings and
deceits by how much he had paid.
I soon despaired, my groping hand

huge with emptiness. And then
I said, Is only loss, its strength
renewed by all, one steady dun,

the thing I have to learn, and there
that image, feeling, thought embraces
me with grave and finished air?

Though pansies, lionhearted scholars,
ponder sorrow, in his words,
they utter gaiety and splendor.

Of blooms a girl the mignonette
engrossing me, I have him, am him,
and most of all, as I forget.

T. Weiss

Ancien Régime

The Grand Mademoiselle by Francis Steegmuller (Anchor, $1.25). Excellent biography of a tremendously wealthy first cousin of Louis XIV who, as a participant in the Fronde and a victim of court intrigue, learned well the meaning of man's — and a princess' — *grandeur et misère.*

Grey Eminence by Aldous Huxley (Meridian, $1.45). Realistic portrait of Richelieu's confidant, Father Joseph, an energumen who with relentless piety intrigued for the Catholic interest in Europe and for a new Crusade.

The Devils of Loudun by Aldous Huxley (Harper, $1.75). Vivid account of the psychological aberrations and the controversies surrounding the priest Urbain Grandier, his "bewitching" of the nuns of an Ursuline convent and his burning at the stake in Richelieu's France.

Maxims of François de Rochefoucauld (Penguin, 85c). L. W. Tancock newly translates the full 641 "penetrating and disconcerting" observations and sensitively catches relevant features of Louis XIV's France in the introduction.

Jean Racine: Five Plays, a new blank verse translation with an introduction by Kenneth Muir (Hill & Wang, $1.95). Intensely concentrated seventeenth-century classical tragedy, with some oblique reflections on the times.

Molière: The Man Seen Through the Plays by Ramon Fernandes (Hill & Wang, $1.25). *La Vie de Molière* of 1929, admirably compact, rapid and penetrating regarding Molière and comedy in general.

Miscellaneous

Of Societies and Men by Caryl P. Haskins (Compass, $1.45). A biologist on social evolution and human organization, emphasizing a subtle continuity in the evolution of both man and society. An impressive synthesis.

Man, Culture and Society, Henry L. Shapiro, editor (Galaxy, $2.25). Sixteen essays by specialists which constitute an exceptionally readable general anthropology.

The Evolution of Political Thought by C. Northcote Parkinson (Compass, $1.65). Organized by forms of government — monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, dictatorship — not chronologically. Witty, scholarly, provocative.

At Your Druggist's: *The Don Flows Home to the Sea* by Mikhail Sholokhov

(Signet, 75c). *Good Reading*, 1960 edition, J. Sherwood Weber, editor (Mentor, 75c). *The Miracle of Language* by Charlton Laird (Premier, 50c). *D Day the Sixth of June, 1944* by David Howarth (Pyramid, 50c). *The Memoirs of Field-Marshall Montgomery*, (Signet, 75c). *Thérèse Raquin* by Emile Zola (Bantam, 50c). *A Hazard of New Fortunes* by William Dean Howells (Bantam, 75c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOWADAYS there is so little theatre on Broadway that everything presented in a playhouse by stage actors is offered as something that calls for dramatic criticism.

So *Dear Liar* (Billy Rose Theatre), an adaptation by Jerome Kilty of the correspondence between the actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Bernard Shaw, is delivered (not impersonated) by Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne with some "décor" by Donald Oenslager, dresses by Cecil Beaton and a touch of music by Sol Kaplan. It is all pleasantly civilized.

Mr. Aherne reads with verve, Miss Cornell with glamorized gentility. Shaw's prose is here as elsewhere agile, bouncing and winningly conceited. Shaw professed to be rapturous about Mrs. Pat, but he was only conning her, having some fun expressing himself, and at the same time assuring himself of the services of an actress he needed for *Pygmalion*.

The substance of the correspondence therefore is not romantic but mostly a matter of shrewd show business on its more cultivated level. What we chiefly get is theatrical history of the not so remote past — with many references to Beerbohm Tree, Granville Barker, Ellen Terry, John Gielgud, the Theatre Guild, Alexander Woollcott.

Shaw's disgust with the idiocy of mankind as manifested in war, his description of his mother's cremation — eloquently written but emotionally ambiguous — and his toughness about money produce passages of special interest. The Shavian personality that emerges is not always as attractive as one might wish.

Grosser Show

"Paintings of Morocco," a show of recent work by Maurice Grosser, is on exhibition at the Carstairs Gallery in New York until April 23.

AT THE MOMENT of this writing Ionesco's *The Killer* (Seven Arts Theatre) is being advertised as "Last five times. Unless!" To induce playgoers to see it, the advertisement goes on: "Walter Kerr liked the first act, Atkinson the first two acts, Watts liked all of it," etc. It seems to me a sorry thing that off-Broadway must now use Broadway methods to attract patronage.

It should be obvious when one presents such a play as this first full-length work by Ionesco that one is not trying to compete with *The Music Man* and *The Miracle Worker*. If a playgoer seeks to enjoy the individual voice of a contemporary writer rather than the synthetic amusement of Times Square, he must attend such a play as *The Killer* no matter which critic liked what in the play. In the days of O'Neill's first appearance I went to all his plays — and paid for my tickets — regardless of the notices or the plays' particular merits or faults.

Not that *The Killer* is a masterpiece, but it is an interesting work by a playwright who is definitely a figure in today's theatre world. My review of the original production in Paris (*The Nation*, June 20, 1959) said in part, *The Killer* "is theatrically intriguing in a certain terrifying (or merely bizarre) comedy vein — partly symbolic, hysterically voluble, and quite clear if you do not expect everything you see in the theatre to be literal and explicit."

In the New York production Hiram Sherman is once again a pleasure to see by virtue of his affable intelligence and his cleanness of spirit — not to mention the excellence of his speech.

GORE VIDAL'S *The Best Man* (Morosco) is a successfully slick affair in the comedy vein of sophisticated chitchat in a Madison Avenue bar. There are numerous topical allusions — the play is nothing if not up to the minute — to Nixon and his television spaniel, to Adlai Stevenson, Henry Luce, Joe McCarthy, Jack Kennedy and the Catholic vote, etc. (It is amazing how these references to the current scene act as a kind of laughing gas on the audience; it seems to be highly stimulated by all reference in the theatre to familiar names and matters.) But as with *The Gang's All Here* — *The Best Man* is better written and more entertaining — one can hardly credit the show with anything but oblique political meaning or value.

Consider the plot. Senator Cantwell, a candidate for Presidential nomination, is a callous opportunist who threatens to destroy his rival's chances by circulating a document implying that that gentleman is mentally unstable. The would-be nominee thus threatened, a millionaire intellectual and former Secretary of State named William Russell, is advised by his partisans — including an ex-President — to expose an old army scandal in which Cantwell was alleged to have indulged in homosexual pastime. Russell concludes that since Cantwell is a scoundrel and since he, Russell, for a moment considered the use of blackmail to demolish him, neither should have the nomination. Russell releases his votes to a dark horse of no conspicuous character.

What is suggested — but never actually said — is that intellectuals are men who cannot wield power effectively in American politics (they are too thin-skinned and removed from the masses), and that rascals — especially stupid ones — ought also to be excluded. But nonentities given political responsibility may possibly serve our purposes quite adequately.

This is hardly to be taken seriously as political thought. And while the play makes some sly comment on the appalling vulgarity, chicanery and emptiness of our party politics, it is more spoof than satire. It is not truly cutting; it lacks

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resentment. Its tickle is more readily felt than its scratch.

The production is expert, the whole cast superior and the acting of Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, Frank Lovejoy, Kathleen McGuire, Ruth McDevitt, Graham Jarvis, is in the best manner of American journalistic realism.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ELLIOTT CARTER'S *Second String Quartet* (1959), which was given its world-première performance by the Juilliard String Quartet in their home auditorium at the Juilliard School of Music, received from the morning newspaper critics the most extravagant accolade that has been enjoyed by a serious American composition in recent memory. *The New York Times* offered an entire Sunday column in praise of the work and its composer; Mr. Carter must be a very happy man this spring. Since he is one of our most dignified and careful composers, I am pleased for him, even though I did not find in his latest work all the rewards that were evident to these other gentlemen.

In both of the string quartets which Mr. Carter has added to his catalogue in the past decade, complex and highly original technical processes have held such a central position that they almost seemed to be the motive for the music. The *First String Quartet* was founded on an immensely subtle and cerebralized kind of written-out rubato which, if I understand it correctly, put rhythmic development at the very core of the compositional process, and sought to make the stretchings or contractings of given rhythmic materials a major implement toward expression. William Glock, the British critic, aptly calls this process "metrical modulation."

In his *Second String Quartet,* the composer worked by a different plan, one that aimed to individualize the four instruments by giving each "a special set of melodic and harmonic intervals and rhythms that result in four different patterns of slow and fast tempi with associated types of expression. Thus, four different strands of musical material of contrasting character are developed simultaneously throughout the work." The first violin's material is made up primarily of intervals of the minor third, perfect fifth and major ninth; the second violin features major thirds, major sixths and sevenths; etc. The *Quartet* is, in other words, schematized and controlled to an inordinately high degree.

There is nothing wrong with control in a work of art. But music produced according to a rigid pre-formed *schema* is, to my mind, subject to all sorts of dangers, not the least of which is the production of pieces which are dogmatically "about" music rather than being music itself. With a piece as complex and high-minded as Carter's *Second String Quartet,* it would be foolhardy to say finally that true life and expressivity were lacking, or that it was an example of twentieth-century scholasticism, until one had heard it a number of times. On the basis of a single hearing, however, I will say that the *Quartet* did not prove itself to be alive. It seemed far longer than its twenty-one minutes, and that is not a good sign. Its constant rhythmic activity gave an impression of monotony. And at the climax, in which all four instruments played in a fair frenzy on what seemed to be unrelated ideas, I found myself faintly embarrassed, as if I were witnessing a family argument in which four people were shouting about four different things, without listening to one another at all. Whether this sense of almost comical confusion would disappear when one became more familiar with the *Quartet,* I cannot say. Other sections of the work did not, happily, elicit the same response.

It will interest me to hear the Carter *Second String Quartet* on subsequent occasions and to discover whether my profound reservations are well taken. We owe it to a man of Carter's stature to extend at least a modicum of faith that he knows what he is doing and that his ideas will prove themselves in the long run.

The Carter *First String Quartet* is already something of a monument in the realm of contemporary American chamber music. For readers who are interested in hearing a recording of it, the work is available on Columbia's ML-5104, played by the Walden Quartet. I will be surprised if the *Second* does not find its way to the recording studio before long.

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY has discovered a handsome and acoustically delicious home for its chamber music concerts in the Caspary Hall of the Rockefeller Institute, a new auditorium on the East Side of Manhattan. Shaped like a half-sphere, with a semi-circular arrangement of tiered seats on the interior, and a beautiful podium backed by modernistic reflective surfaces, the hall is a delight to the senses, and an unusually hospitable place in which to listen to music.

The Society's recent program offered, in its first half, a group of four works for violin and harpsichord, played by the Brink-Pinkham Duo (composer-harpsichordist Daniel Pinkham and violinist Robert Brink) and one for celesta and harpsichord, the *Concerto for Celesta and Harpsichord Soli,* composed by Mr. Pinkham. The second half consisted of works composed on and for the tape recorder and a series of madrigals by Halsey Stevens, Avery Claflin, Daniel Pinkham, Ned Rorem, Paul Hindemith and Goffredo Petrassi, which were sung by the Low Madrigal Singers. Edward Low, the conductor, had been the Celesta player in the Pinkham *Concerto.*

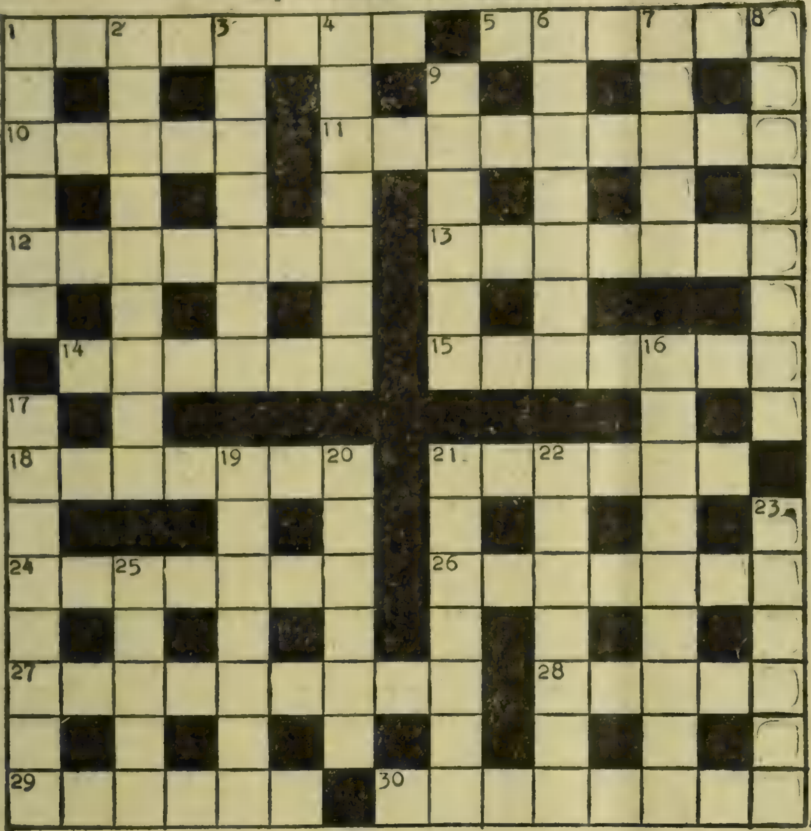
The program was generally characterized by unpretentious charm, intelligence and taste. The two works by Pinkham (the *Concerto* and a *Cantilena and Capriccio)* were impressive for their delicate sonority values and their restraint. The *Duet for Violin and Harpsichord* by Alan Hovhaness was heartier than I would have expected so evanescent a work to be. A *Short Sonata* by John Bavicchi and the *Fantasia for Violin and Harpsichord* by Ervin Henning were relatively more tensile in their melodic and harmonic usage than the other works, and less dependent upon instrumental sonority. They shared the qualities of cleanliness and refinement which were assets of the Hovhaness and Pinkham works.

The latter half of the program, though interesting, was less substantial than the first. Tape pieces by Alwin Nikolais and Richard Maxfield were pleasant, and their presentation was distinctly enhanced by the surroundings of Caspary Hall at half-light. But, compared with really ambitious attempts in the tape-music field, such as those by Varese, they could only be called *divertissements.* The final group on the program, the contemporary madrigals, was nicely sung by the Low ensemble, and surprisingly distinguished by some "nonsense" settings by Petrassi. I am not a devotee of nonsense songs, but this little group had both charm and musical sophistication. Hindemith's *Mitwelt, An eine Tote* and *Fruehling* were bores, but tentative performances may have contributed to this effect.

The *Concerto for Celesta and Harpsichord Soli* and the *Cantilena and Capriccio,* by Pinkham, with the *Duet for Violin and Harpsichord* by Hovhaness, and with several short pieces by Henry Cowell, are all available on Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI 109.

Crossword Puzzle No. 863

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 13 An usher might for a time on air. (4-4, 7)
5 Rubber might, suggesting a twist on top. (6)
10 This shortly might be Baum's land, or a measure of it. (5)
11 Found where the men date single girls, which would be singularly correct. (9)
12 and 24 A disclaimer going by what holds the log? (7, 3, 4)
13 See 1 across
14 Like fleece, it comes high. (6)
15 and 26 Emit a political slogan? (4, 3, 1, 6)
18 Would this describe a situation where things might be obtuse, or just right? (7)
21 Graduate an old naval type? It might be hard! (6)
26 See 12
26 See 15
27 Back-slid. (9)
28 Weaver's program might include them, as it largely appears. (5)
29 If this musician were more noisy, he could play a woodwind. (6)
30 Mrs. Aster provides a certain amount of support to the members.

DOWN:

1 They should display togetherness.
2 Grey's American. (9)
3 One might produce a reel, it seems, in the studio. (7)
4 Gets one tooth for another? (7)
6 Approximately 3½ by 7 feet, in case of the average twin. (7)
7 Change 3 that is missing for a change! (5)
8 Could it be made with a hard pencil? It's a cinch! (4, 4)
9 The locale of the "Tempest" occasionally referred to is not Shakespeare's. (6)
16 Criminal's debt to society? It's criminal! (9)
17 Over-spoken, but simple. (8)
19 Head honors, no doubt. (7)
20 Smart in the manner of something which might scratch the surface. (6)
21 What killed Adonis has a bloody uprising, but one might get on! (7)
22 One might learn the result of a wound almost has a hole in the middle of it. (7)
23 Doesn't go on when the beginning of the century makes things less painful. (6)
25 This stops bleeding, therefore might suit to a T. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 862

ACROSS: 1 Citizen soldier; 9 Our Town; 10 Nightly; 12 Amenable; 14 Explain; 15 Acerb; 17 Tipsy; 19 Hoarder; 23 Beasts; 25 Shut out; 26 and 21 Wishful thinking; 27 Darning needles. DOWN: 1 Crow's nest; 2 Torture; 3 Zoography; 4 None; 5 Ornamental; 6 Dig in; 7 Eatable; 8 Lyre; 13 and 11 Washington Square; 15 Addressee; 16 Bath salts; 18 Primula; 20 Restful; 21 Test; 22 Known; 24 Swan.

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18 Months Ahead

"WAR BY ACCIDENT," reads a headline on **The Nation** cover for September 6, 1958. The article, by Carl Dreher, describes a peril inherent in the complex technology of a nuclear arms race.

"WEST SEEKS PLAN TO PREVENT WAR BY ACCIDENT," reads a headline in the New York Post of February 23, 1960. The AP dispatch under the headline makes clear that Western chancelleries have caught up with **The Nation's** concern.

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LETTERS

The Wrong Hands

Dear Sirs: I was very much impressed with Jesse D. Wolff's article, "The Same Old Germans," in your March 12 issue [see also: "Neo-Nazism on the March," by Heinz Pol, April 9]. I happened to be a member of the first UNRRA team which entered Germany on May 8, 1945—V.E. Day. During my almost two years' stay there, I had occasion to be in contact with Germans of every walk of life. From college professor to farmer and cab driver, they steadfastly denied knowledge of what was going on in Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen, etc., or of the existence of forced labor, even though most of them partook of the worldly goods of the victims and themselves employed forced labor. . . . To believe them, there was not a Nazi in all Germany. . . .

The paranoiac delusion of superiority was as plain in defeat as it had been in victory. I remember a visit to Mayor Schacht of Baden-Baden, where Frau Schacht whispered to me, in explanation of the rich table setting and fairly elegant attire of herself and the Mayor: "If you wonder at this, please note that these things we have had for years. We Germans know how to take care of our things, not like the French." The French representative sat right beside me, the victorious much more poorly dressed than the conquered. . . .

We have put our faith in the wrong hands.

SOPHIA SCHUPACK

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Unfair to Whites

Dear Sirs: As a true Christian, I must express my deep concern at the way the Negroes are humiliating the whites in the South. By deliberately refusing to retaliate when physically assaulted by a white, the Negro is deceptively posing as a man unable to defend himself. The white, taught as a Christian never to strike a defenseless human being, suffers a deep sense of guilt when his physical assaults on a Negro are not resisted. After all, the Negro suffers mere *physical* pain. But as Christians we know that it is not man's physical nature but his *spiritual* nature which is sacred: and it is precisely the white's spiritual nature which is being maimed by materialistically minded Negroes concerned only with obtaining a good education which will enable them to enter college, compete for responsible jobs, earn decent salaries, dwell in comfortable homes, compete with white families for respect and status, and rear their children in clean and healthy surroundings.

GENE GRUNDT

San Francisco, Calif.

Wings Don't Make Angels

Dear Sirs: May I comment on "The Air Force Credo," an editorial in your issue of March 5, 1960? Your immediate concern was with "the scurrilous drivel in the A.F. Guide for Security Indoctrination," and from there you went on to indict the political orientation of the entire service.

With all due respect for the sincerity of your concern, I would like to introduce some relevant considerations:

(1) You quote the analysis of John Norris of the Washington *Post*, purporting to explain why Air Force personnel "tend to see God and country in their own image. . . ." To whatever extent this may be true, it is true as well—as any sociologist will tell you—of the personnel of *any* large-scale organization and is noted by some sociologists under the rubric of "occupational psychosis" or "professional deformation."

(2) As to the degree of "political sophistication" of USAF personnel, personally, I find no exceptional difference between them and the overwhelming majority of our citizenry. The failing is common to our entire society.

(3) Finally, one thing most of us learn in our dealings with others is that if we keep treating a man as an s.o.b., sooner or later we get him to act like one. In your concern with what you conceive of as the shortcomings of certain groups, this should, I believe, be borne in mind.

Needless to say, these are the views of an individual member of the USAF, also concerned with distortion and prejudice in all its forms.

CHARLES KONIGSBERG
Captain, USAF

Princeton, N.J.

What's in a Name?

Dear Sirs: Elections since 1920 show that the only way Nixon can be sure to win in 1960 is if his Democratic opponent has a shorter name. The record: Harding beat Cox, Coolidge beat Davis and Hoover beat Smith; then the Democrats got wise and successfully picked Franklin Delano Roosevelt to beat Hoover, Landon, Willkie and Dewey, and equally successfully won with Truman against Dewey; and finally the GOP won with Eisenhower (ten letters) against Stevenson (nine).

There's no doubt: the Republicans would be safer this year with Rockefeller.

ELIOT BIERS

New York City

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Strongest Tickets

All the palaver about polls and primaries is diverting public attention from a point of cardinal importance in the pre-convention phase of this year's election. The point is this: the national interest would best be served if both parties were to nominate the strongest ticket each can name. To the extent that either party fails to do so, for whatever reason, the greater will be the likelihood that the campaign will be fought on minor, divisive or extraneous issues. Fortunately, it is within the power of both parties to name tickets that would be so evenly matched that the nominees could do nothing but stand there, toe-to-toe, and fight it out — squarely, fiercely, directly — on the main issues.

These ideal tickets are easy to name. Everyone agrees that Nixon and Rockefeller, in either order, would be the strongest ticket the Republicans could field. It is almost as widely conceded — by everyone, that is, except the candidates — that the strongest Democratic ticket would be Stevenson and Kennedy in that order. Rockefeller and Kennedy are, so to speak, political twins: rich, attractive, knowledgeable, charismatic; both are excellent campaigners and fine public servants. For the Vice Presidency, Senator Kennedy would be an ideal nominee; that he would not be the Democrats' strongest Presidential nominee is most convincingly attested, perhaps, by the consistent, highly suspicious efforts of Vice President Nixon to give him a leg-up for the nomination. In 1952 and 1956, Stevenson faced insurmountable difficulties not merely in the fact that his opponent was General Eisenhower, but also in the temper of the times and the unavoidable inheritance of the Truman-Acheson cold-war policies and their consequences. But in 1960, and against Nixon, all of Stevenson's finest qualities would shine to advantage; his special strength, for example, is with independent voters, few of whom admire the Vice President.

In the key states — California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York — Stevenson and Kennedy versus Nixon and Rockefeller would be a battle royal between evenly matched antagonists. Apart from individual ambitions and petty vested interests, all that delays widespread recognition of the strength of these tickets is the popular assumption that neither Kennedy nor Rockefeller could ever be induced to accept nomination for the Vice Presidency. But there is really little basis for this assumption. Both are honorable men, devoted to the public interest, with a keen sense of their political and personal responsibilities. The Vice Presidency, after all, is the second highest elective honor within the power of the American people to bestow; it is not to be declined lightly or out of personal preference or pique — particularly by men who can well afford to serve the public interest. Let both parties name their strongest tickets and this year's campaign could turn out to be a dramatic and meaningful debate on the major issues.

A Small Step Forward

By a vote of 71 to 18, the Senate has passed a civil-rights bill, accepting with minor modifications the measure previously enacted by the House. The plan provides for the appointment by the federal courts of voting referees empowered to register Negro citizens eligible to vote in federal and state elections. Unfortunately, the provisions constitute a legal labyrinth beset with booby traps. The referees may be appointed only after a full-fledged judicial proceeding in which the court has found a "pattern or practice" of discrimination. After the court has so found, Negroes must first attempt to register with state authorities before they can register with the referee. Then the referee's finding may be challenged in the court by local election officials. These legal intricacies will be fully exploited by the Southern states. And there will be changes in Southern election laws, such as increasing the number of election districts, to evade the impact of the bill. Of itself, the referee plan is not likely to result in any significant increase in the number of Negro voters, and the other features of the bill are relatively unimportant.

Yet enactment of the bill is not without hopeful aspects. For one thing, it has given a new dimension to the struggle for civil rights, which for too long has been treated solely as a matter for the courts. The original proposal of the Civil Rights Commission for the Presidential appointment of federal registrars drew public attention to the basic fact that the federal Executive, rather than the judiciary alone, must accept a responsibility and play a role. Other approaches have likewise been opened up as political possibilities, such as the proposal to invoke Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment, which requires a decrease of representation in Congress to the extent than any state denies or abridges the right to vote on grounds other than age, residence or the commission of a crime. The need for reapportionment of Congressional seats following the current census makes the consideration of this device most opportune. Another possibility is the adoption of a Constitutional amendment which would simplify the registration process, and make it amenable to federal control, by limiting qualifications for voters to age and residence. A third is a fundamental attack upon the underlying problem of intimidation and economic coercion of Negro citizens, possibly through the application of economic sanctions. If the supporters of civil rights can develop and agree upon a practicable program along one or more of these lines, it may raise the struggle to a new and more hopeful level.

Slander

Frank Sinatra bought half a page in *The New York Times* and other major dailies last week to state:

> In view of the reaction of my family, my friends and the American public, I have instructed my attorneys to make a settlement with Albert Maltz and to inform him that he will not write the screenplay for *The Execution of Private Slovik*.

Mr. Sinatra's family and friends will have to decide for themselves how they will react to being associated with his pusillanimous retreat from principle, but on behalf of the American public we charge slander. A news story from the West Coast, carried earlier in the *Times*, states that the loudest voices of objection to Mr. Maltz's employment came from the Hearst press and the American Legion. The confusion of such yaps with the voice of America is clear defamation of the national character.

The Democrats Think It Over

Senator Henry M. Jackson, the perennial viewer-with-alarm from Washington, "rapped" President Eisenhower's efforts to beef up America's military might as "little and late." Senator Jackson's confrere in drumming up trade for the aerospace industry, Senator Stuart Symington, has preached the same gospel from one end of the country to the other. But there are indications that the message is not getting over. Some Democrats, at least, are not keen to be known as the party of the ever-expanding armament economy. The Democratic Advisory Committee actually dares to talk about peace. It has just appointed a committee of seven scientists and economists to plan for the transition from a defense economy to one based on peaceful endeavor, in the event of world disarmament actually coming to pass. Those who regard disarmament as a Communist plot will find little comfort in the names of the committee members. The co-chairmen are Polykarp Kusch of Columbia, winner of the Nobel prize in physics in 1955, and Seymour E. Harris, Littauer Professor of Political Economy at Harvard. Serving with them are H. Bentley Glass, Richard A. Lester, Isador Lubin, F. T. McClure and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The co-chairmen issued a statement which, even a year ago, would have startled devout believers in the doctrine of strength through armament profits:

> We believe that peace is attainable. It is necessary that we prepare now for a planned transition to a peaceful economy, when that transition is justified by meaningful and enforceable world disarmament. . . . Our Committee's first effort will be to recommend an orderly and, we hope, painless shifting of directions of expenditures of many billions of dollars annually from defense and defense production to production for use and to the building of an economic and social plant geared to the purposes and opportunities of peace.

The statement rings with sense and sincerity. On the part of the Democratic Advisory Committee it may be only a hedge, but the fact that a hedge is deemed necessary is highly significant. The drums of Jackson and Symington are not yet muffled, the banners of Acheson and Truman not yet furled, but when Adlai Stevenson said on April 11 that the major issues, in order of priority, are "first, peace; second, disarmament, and third, the allocation of resources," he was evidently not talking for himself alone.

Arming the Unarmed

Armaments are not static. Either there must be disarmament, or armaments must continually expand. For if the great remain armed, the small must be armed also, and this process of arming the unarmed involves increasing trouble and peril for all [see "Small Arms Race," by Stanley Meisler, *The Nation*, April 1]. There are several facets to this problem. First, there are the unindustrialized nations which, in their backwardness, lack modern means of defending themselves and attacking their neighbors. The rising new nations of Africa constitute one such headache for the great powers; the Western Big Three foreign ministers have been trying to work out an arms-to-Africa rationing scheme which could be passed on to the Summit Conference. Nobody wants an African arms race, but the Africans are not going to be content with spears as the great powers proliferate their megaton bombs and world-girdling missiles. Then there is the situation in our own hemisphere. Half-starvation is rife in Latin America, and one reason is the military regimes which are the *de facto* rulers and which thrive on American "aid." In the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic and Cuba eye each other across a few miles of water, and the United States piously refuses Castro helicopters while spending $46 billion annually for its own "defense." Across the world lies China, already a great power, though one substantially non-existent to American diplomacy. Recognized or not, China will get nuclear weapons, and what pleasant vistas spring into view at that prospect! The longer the greater powers wait, the faster their difficulties multiply. Their only hope is to agree among themselves and set an example to the others.

Wanted: an Atlas

A busy, preoccupied Congress, eager for adjournment in an election year, is in danger once again of having its collective leg pulled by another "captive nations" resolution. In S. Con. Res. 95, now pending before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Paul Douglas would have Congress reaffirm "its intention to stand firmly by the peoples of the captive nations," much in the spirit of the original Captive Nations Resolution now embalmed, as an historical curiosity, in P. L. 86-90. But before Congress takes action on the latest Douglas proposal, it might be well if the experts on the staff of the Foreign Relations Committee were to consult an atlas. For among the "captive nations" referred to — as in P. L. 86-90 — are Cossackia, Idel-Ural and White Ruthenia. Dr. Gregory P. Tschebotarioff, a member of the engineering faculty of Princeton University for the last twenty-three years, has pronounced "Cossackia" a pure hoax and urges that the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee afford him an opportunity so to testify under oath.

In 1918-19, Tschebotarioff served as personal interpreter to the elected *Ataman* of the "Grand Army of the Don," the name officially adopted by the largest of all Cossack regions when it refused to recognize Bolshevik rule and proclaimed its temporary independence until the re-establishment of a "lawful" government in Moscow. It was not called "Cossackia," nor were any other Cossack regions so designated. And the point, in any case, is that the formation of the "Grand Army of the Don" was not an act of separation from Russia. On the contrary, early in 1919 its troops were placed under the supreme command of General Denikin, leader of the Volunteer (White) Army, whose slogan was "One and Undivided Russia." No more has "Idel-Ural" ever existed as a bona fide state. Back in 1918, a small separatist group in the city of Kazan issued a proclamation which referred to "Idel-Ural." The mass of the population in the Urals is Russian, with a small admixture of descendants from several original Mongolian tribes. "Idel-Ural" is a fiction resurrected by Nazi propaganda. As for "White Ruthenia," it is the creation of a proclamation issued in 1918 by German puppets in German-occupied Minsk; the term has also been used by some Germans and Hungarians of the region to emphasize the fact that they are not Byelo-Russians or any other variety of Russians.

Before Congress sets out on another rhetorical crusade to restore — in the words of Senator Douglas' resolution — "God-given rights to the people of the captive nations," it might first take time out to verify the historical and juridical existence of at least three of the "captive nations." It would be most embarrassing if rhetoric were to pass into action and — by some miracle — the Soviet regime were to fall, leaving the crusaders in the position of having to identify "liberated" Cossackia, White Ruthenia and Idel-Ural.

Crime and Punishment

Representative F. Edward Hebert, as Chairman of a subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee, has publicized the names of the bestarred peddlers of munitions contracts and the corporations to which they owe allegiance. Not content with this brutality, the Congressman embarked on measures to discourage the thriving practice. He found, or thought he had found, an ally in the redoubtable Carl Vinson, Chairman of the Armed Services Committee and, in a sense, Representative Hebert's boss. Hebert proposed to make the retired-officer-turned-salesman guilty of a crime, punishable by a $10,000 fine and one year in prison. At first Mr. Vinson was "sizzling" in support of the proposal; then suddenly — in Hebert's words — the plan was "gutted": the ex-officer was merely to lose his retirement pay for the period of his salesmanship, after which he would be restored to Uncle Sam's payroll until his next offense. At this blow, the cruel Hebert bawled so loudly that the benign Vinson engaged another member of the committee, Kilday of Texas, to restore some teeth into the bill. Kilday proposed that an officer who engages in any peddling within two years after retirement should lose his retirement pay for two years and be subject to court-martial. In Hebert's estimation, these teeth were only "baby teeth"; he redoubled his efforts, arguing that the contractor who hires an officer to use his influence is as guilty as the man hired, and should be fined, jailed or both. A court-martial, he snorted, would be just an "old class reunion."

Mr. Vinson has been in Congress forty-six years and the House hesitates to cross him. So Hebert was voted down — although not by much, according to those who heard the voice vote. But it cannot be said that his efforts were of no avail. For the contractors and their distinguished servitors, Hebert's excoriation was painful. They may not go to jail, but one may surmise that henceforth they will be a mite more careful.

SPRING BOOKS

Dark Laughter in the Towers

Terry Southern

THERE'S no doubt about it, the rarest Laughter is brewed in high places; it courses down the walls of civilization, stone by stone, brow by brow, slowing always, thinning, at last, to a trickle. *"I don't get it!"* shouts fierce Mister Dumbell and the howl is taken up by the querulous, those who know better, and *voila* . . . that faculty's development is boxed into another twenty-year septic tank. And yet the day God and Democracy folded in America, there was bound to be almost nothing left but Laughter. Laughter and Sex.

Laughter has always been a big thing, of course, but refinement of faculties, like any growth in the jungle, requires sustenance, and each flourishes at the expense of another—the overshadowed become stunted and die, or else must mutate into a new species. Now, of the four great emotions that grew in our garden—God, Democracy, Sex and Laughter—it seems that two are already dead, the third is mutating in a curious way, and Laughter, the exotic perennial, appears to be in the bloom of a strange and startling second growth.

Nowhere is art forced to breed with such religious urgency and abandon as on the floor of a moral shambles; overnight new forms spring up, to appear like wildflowers in the splintered marble of a demolished drugstore. We find ourselves now standing on the threshold of a strong existentialist literature.

Just as formal Existentialism is a quasi-science of methodology—not concerned with asserting a standard of values but with determining the nature of the standards that actually prevail—so, a mature existentialist literature is one in which no standard of aesthetics (or communication) is presumed to obtain *prior* to the created work, but which may, possibly, be derived *from* it. What this involves primarily is the gradual discarding of the purely literary orientation from which most traditional literature is conceived and read, and the taking instead of life and imagination as the frame of reference. An example of this is Meursault's indifferent behavior (in *The Stranger*) at his mother's funeral. To an appreciation which derives mainly from a professed ethic, such as "Christianity," or from a literary orientation (i.e., comparing Meursault's behavior with that of other protagonists in the same circumstances) his behavior would appear to be "a mark against him," whereas, in fact, the actual effect achieved is quite the opposite. This author-reader responsibility, in character delineation, of sometimes deliberately reversing stock values that are suspected of being dead, would seem to be a vital one, because only through such experimentation (on the part of the author) and such openness (on the part of the reader) can the real, existing, values be separated from those which are merely hypothetical.

In primitive existentialist fiction (i.e., pre-French) there are elements of humor which, though cherished by certain intrepids, have heretofore resisted that kind of formalized understanding the academies traffic in. Prior to the general acceptance of the literary concept of *"the absurd,"* the work of Kafka, for example, was unclassifiable; it stood apart, freakish and isolated, outside the historical scheme. It contained elements irreconcilable with even its most oversimplified definitions, e.g., "an allegory about anti-Semitism." Why then make K. out to be such an incorrigible donkey? *Why* were he and Frieda rolling around in that spilt beer on the floor of the Herrenhof? *Why the relentless dead-pan burlesque*? We are not laughing *with* K., nor *with* Kafka; if there is any laugh, it is *at* them. Now this is a deliberate form of humor, inexplicable except in terms of *the absurd*, or in another area of its development, *the grotesque.*

Let us consider briefly, in this later light, the sequence and tone of events in a well-known novel of 1929, Faulkner's own twenty-one-gun salute to the absurd, *As I Lay Dying*:

Addie Bundren, farm wife and mother, lies ill in bed, presumably dying. Outside the open window, her eldest son, Cash, is noisily constructing a coffin; from time to time Mrs. Bundren leans forward to see how the work is progressing. Beyond the bedroom screen-door, sitting on the porch, old Anse Bundren, her husband, discusses with two of their other sons (Jewel and Darl) the feasibility of setting out now to pick up a wagon load of wood, a day's drive away, in order to earn $3; they are undecided because Mrs. Bundren may die before they get back. The discussion is interrupted by the sudden arrival of Vardaman, the youngest son (six years old), staggering under the weight of a huge fish he has just caught—a nameless species of fish, so curiously obese that it must be likened to a hog.

It is decided that Jewel and Darl will risk going for the wood after all, and they depart in the two-mule-team wagon. The doctor arrives, but because of his girth, advanced age and the steepness of the terrain, he has to be hauled up to the house on a rope. Like a hog? In any case, his thoughts reveal his awareness of the situation's classic absurdity, even beyond despair:

> *"I'll be damned if I can see why I don't quit. A man seventy years old, weighing two hundred and odd pounds, being hauled up and down a damn mountain on a rope."*

Mrs. Bundren, after refusing to see the doctor, dies while he is still there, out on the porch. Vardaman, under the impression that the doctor is responsible for her death, rushes about wildly, shouting: "The fat son of a bitch!" He then finds a stick and drives off the doctor's horse and buggy.

Having put Mrs. Bundren in the coffin, Cash bores holes in the lid; twice the auger slips through the lid and goes into her head. When the neighbors come to pay their last respects there is a good deal of terse formality atttached to the event, as well as to the author's description of Mrs. Bundren's burial dress:

> It was her wedding dress and it had a flare-out bottom, and they had laid her head to foot in it [the coffin] so the dress could spread out, and they had made her a veil out of a mosquito bar so the auger holes in her face wouldn't show.

Meanwhile Jewel and Darl have run the wagon into a ditch, broken a wheel and are three days getting back to the house. When the coffin is finally loaded onto the wagon, all get aboard — Anse, Cash, Darl, Vardaman and the daughter, Dewey Dell. Jewel rides along-

---

TERRY SOUTHERN is the author of The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

side the wagon on one of the spotted horses he bought from Snopes; this is a cause for angry embarrassment for Anse — he, who is generally a primary source of the absurd, is for once aware of being caught in it:

> I told him not to bring that horse out of respect for his dead ma . . . prancing along on a durn circus animal.

It is against this backdrop, like a Hieronymus Bosch soap-opera, that they start out for the Jefferson cemetery — a pilgrimage which, for sheer visual slapstick within a framework of straightforwardness, probably has no equal. As in Malaparte's account of the first incendiary raids on Hamburg, it is almost a parody of the absurd — a parody, however, which never cracks.

FROM THE very outset this modest caravan, on a mission of piety, is followed by buzzards, circling lower and in increasing number as the journey progresses. The bridge used to get to Jefferson is impassable because of the high waters, so they attempt to ford the river. What happens here, of course, is that the entire rig — wagon, cargo, team and all — is swept crabwise down the river, and overturned, drowning the mules and breaking Cash's leg. Despite his broken leg, Cash manages to save Jewel's spotted pony which had been knocked over during the melee and was floundering in a near-drowning panic; as he leads him out of the water, the horse kicks him in the stomach and he is unconscious for about an hour.

Naturally the coffin has thrown its moorings during the capsize and now runs free with the current, so that a downstream Mack Sennett chase is necessary to retrieve it. This is followed by an insane underwater search for Cash's hammer and saw and other small tools which were in the wagon and are now at the bottom of the raging stream.

Having lost the mules, they must get a new team, from, by a bit of ironic bad luck, Snopes — so that Anse is forced to trade his cultivator, seeder and, unbeknown to Jewel, the spotted horse. By now it is dark and they must wait until the following day before resuming the journey.

Not being able to use the bridge means that they will have to take a much more circuitous route to Jefferson. Mrs. Bundren has now been dead for five days and the buzzards become more menacing. Cash's broken leg begins to bother him, and they stop again, long enough to purchase ten cents worth of cement and pour raw concrete on the leg — shortly after which his foot turns black and he gradually sinks into a delirium. By now the stench of the coffin has become intolerable:

> Three negroes walk beside the road ahead of us; when we pass them their heads suddenly turn with that expression of shock and instinctive outrage. "Great God," one says, "what they got in that wagon?"

It is so bad, in fact that they are not allowed to stop in town, people everywhere covering their faces with handkerchiefs at the wagon's approach. Jewel, meanwhile, enraged half out of his mind over the unauthorized sale of his pony, sits in a semi-catatonic state, scarcely speaking for the rest of the trip. The girl, Dewey Dell, believes she is pregnant, and at first opportunity goes into a drugstore trying to buy an abortive drug; the pharmacist says he will give it to her if she goes to bed with him; she does and he gives her some capsules filled with talcum powder. At their next stop the buzzards become

Heine Dying in Paris

(Adapted from the German of Heinrich Heine)

I

Morphine

Yes, in the end they are much of a pair,
my twin gladiator beauties—thinner than a hair,
their bronze bell-heads embrace the void; one's more austere,
however and much the whiter; none dares cry down his character.
How confidingly the corrupt one rocked me in his arms;
his poppy garland, nearing, hushed my mind's alarms
at sword-point for a moment.
Soon a pin-point of infinite regression! And now that incident
is closed. There's no way out,
unless the other turn about
and, pale, distinguished, perfect, drop his torch.
He and I stand alerted for life's doric, drilled, withdrawing march:
sleep is lovely, death is better still,
not to have been born is of course the miracle.

II

Every idle desire has died in my breast;
even hatred of evil things, even my feeling
for my own and other men's distress —
what lives in me is death.
The curtain falls, the play is over;
my dear German public is goosestepping home, yawning.
They are no fools, those good people:
they are slurping their dinners quite happily,
bear-hugging beer-mugs — laughing and singing.

That fellow in Homer's book was quite right:
he said: the meanest little Philistine living
in Stukkert am Neckar is luckier
than I, Achilles Pelides, the dead lion,
glorious, shadow-king of the underworld.

III

My zenith was luckily happier than my night:
whenever I touched the lyre of inspiration, I smote
the Chosen People. Often — all sex and thunder —
I tupped those overblown and summer clouds . . .
But the summer has flowered. My sword is scabbarded
in the marrow of my spinal discs.
Soon I must lose all these half-gods
that made my world so agonizingly half-joyful.

The hand clangs to a close on the dominant;
the champagne glass of orange sherbet breaks
on my lips — all glass; straws in the wind?
Mortal, I witness earth's abstruse acumen,
her sugared leasehold on life:
mid-summer's frail and green-juice bird's-nest.

Robert Lowell

so bold that they are walking around on the ground like turkeys and perching on the coffin itself when possible; Vardaman drives them about with a stick. That night they take refuge in a barn; in the night, Darl, the quiet one, sets fire to it; they have quite a bit of trouble to get the coffin out intact.

In order to avoid a law suit by the owner of the barn, Anse decides Darl should be committed at once to an insane asylum; they subdue him and turn him over to the authorities, at which point he does, of course, go raving mad.

On the eleventh day after her death, they succeed in getting Mrs. Bundren buried as planned—an anticlimax which is immediately redeemed in a Chaplinesque manner by Anse's taking a new wife the same day, before starting the long trip back to the house.

FOR SOME YEARS now in America there has existed a popular genre of situation comedy (as typified by Jack Benny) in which the comedian acts as his own straight man; he approaches situations in good faith and he attempts to maintain a certain amount of dignity and reasonableness under the adverse conditions which invariably arise. The humor here does not depend so much on the *failure* of dignity and reasonableness to prevail but upon the *certainty* of this failure. The audience knows something that the comedian, seemingly, does not: namely, that the moment he steps out of his room he is going to be confronted with lunacy and chaos; his own assumption that what is outside his room (i.e., life) can be approached in a rational manner is so far-fetched that his attitude appears either hilarious, or refreshingly naive. This is the most primitive form of existentialist humor, and as yet the only form of it widely acceptable in America. In literature, however, or in literary appreciation, it is not unfair to assume that things have gone considerably beyond that, at least in certain fringe areas. In England they quite definitely have gone beyond that, and on a very wide front. For example, one character trait traditionally common to all young heroes in English fiction has been "heightened sensitivity"; this trait has now become "an acute sense of the absurd." David Copperfield is a prototype of the former, Lucky Jim Dixon of the latter; both are extraordinarily sensitive to the people and events around them, but the crucial difference is that David, lacking a sense of the absurd, would fail to qualify today as a cultural hero—he would not be sympathetic enough, because with all his hopeful optimism and his reverence for the powers that be, he would be considered a *dolt*. Consequently, the two terms, though antithetical in the attitudes they described in olden days, are now synonymous. When one thinks of the spate of recent protagonists in English fiction who all possess this sense of the absurd —Jimmy Porter, Sebastian Dangerfield, Charles Lumley, Billy Liar, Larry Vincent,* etc. — it is almost inconceivable that a sympathetic, leading character could now be presented, on a non-hack level, without it.

Another element common to them all is *candor*. This combination—awareness of the absurd and candor—gives rise to expressions of irreverence, so that these books are often mistakenly dismissed as being merely "novels of social criticism," and thus "creatively impure." This interpretation—that they are, by design, novels of protest, and further, that the protest is well founded—no doubt accounts in large measure for the work's popularity, whereas, actually, the "social criticism" aspect of it is simply incidental, an understandable by-product of the combination of sensitivity and candor. The real answer is that it is an existentialist literature. That it has taken such a markedly different form in England, with so strong an emphasis on humor, is inevitable—otherwise it would merely be imitative of a school, and not, as it is, culturally integrated in a deep and inviolable way.

Discounting Burrough's *Naked Lunch*, which is not available here, and discounting the early work of Henry Miller, which, even were it not banned, would now be out of date, little use has been made of this combination of sensitivity and candor in American writing. Perhaps the nearest approach to it that received any significant cultural acceptance was *Catcher in the Rye*. This is considerably less of an achievement than *Lucky Jim*, because the hero of *Catcher in the Rye* was, after all, a *child*—and, no matter how precocious, the irreverence evoked by combining sensitivity and candor, in a child, is bound to be pretty innocuous; moreover, in this particular case the irreverence was further weakened by the suggestion that the boy was about half off his rocker. The *humor*, however, was there—the existentialist humor which precedes full cognizance of "the absurd" and which theretofore had been the whole framework only in the "grotesque" (as in the Faulkner work referred to) or as "fantasy" (as in much of Nathanael West's work). The significant difference, in terms of the development of an existentialist literature indigenous to our own culture, is that the "grotesque" in Faulkner is not ordinarily read as humorous, because the highly personalized style tends to obscure it, and in West the very fact that it *is* fantasy (either in whole or part) limits it simply to that; it would seem that realism, at least as a guise, is a requisite to the absurd, and to whatever may stem from it—by realism is meant the *tone* at any given moment: the deadpan expression of the comedian as he climbs into the cab of a locomotive, the deadpan expression with which Faulkner informs us of Anse's "embarrassment" about some inconsequential detail while elaborately ignoring the old man's reaction to the stench of the coffin, the buzzards, the auger holes, etc., or again, the grotesque routing of Croft's mountain patrol by hornets in *The Naked and the Dead*, as well as certain sequences in *A Walk on the Wild Side* — outlandish situations, in short, which are neither fanciful nor self-consciously ironic, events which are not flagrantly cynical, and acts which very often produce a reader response opposite to what is ostensibly intended, or to what ordinary literary standards indicate they could produce. The future of this literature rests with writers who retain the ability of realistic surprise, and with readers who are loose enough to unbridle their response regardless of how "unprecedented" it may seem to them at the time.

Meanwhile, rich veins of the past may continue to come to light. Certainly there remain unfathomed depths of this humor in Kafka's work, especially, perhaps, in the diaries. If one *supposes* that the diaries (despite anything said, or known, to the contrary — for this deception would have been a principal part of the whole concept) were written *to be read*, that their "author" was, in fact, a creation, *then* we would know how to read, for example:

> November 11. As soon as I become aware in any way that I leave abuses undisturbed which it was really intended that I should correct (for example, the extremely satisfied, but from my point of view dismal life of my married sister), I lose all sensation in my arm muscles for a moment.

And then, too, would we be well along on the hilariously unsentimental journey we have already begun.

---

*From: *Look Back in Anger* (Osborn), *The Ginger Man* (Donleavy), *Hurry on Down* (Wain), *Billy Liar* (Waterhouse), *Happy as Larry* (Hinde).

The Anonymous Walkers

J. Hillis Miller

WHEN the machinery of French criticism undertakes to assimilate a new mode of literature, it makes what Pogo might call a "fierce sight." That is true of the operations of any national criticism, but there is a special homogeneity in contemporary French criticism, and a high degree of intercommunication among the individual critics, which makes it a model of the process. The criticism, as it were, devours and digests its objects, turning them into its own substance, until at the end it is difficult to tell whether the literature exists in the books themselves or in the articles about the books.

With the publication several years ago of certain key essays, like those by Roland Barthes in *Critique* (July, 1954; Sept., 1955), French critics began to group together certain novels and to develop a common definition of their qualities. They began to talk about *"le nouveau roman."* At the center of discussion were the novels of Alain Robbe-Grillet, Michel Butor and Nathalie Sarraute, and around them those of Samuel Beckett, Jean Cayrol, Marguerite Duras, Jean Lagrolet, Robert Pinget, Claude Simon, Kateb Yacine and others, shading off as always into the lesser and the less well known. Gradually the idea of the new novel solidified as the critical articles multiplied—articles by Bernard Dort, Maurice Nadeau, Philippe Jaccottet, Bernard Pingaud, Maurice Blanchot, Jean Pouillon, Jacques Howlett and many others. Robbe-Grillet and Butor received major literary prizes (acts of criticism in themselves), and *Les Editions de Minuit* established itself as the chief publisher of the new school. The articles proliferated from journal to journal and there began to be more and more cross reference and repetition among them, until, let us say with the appearance of the special number of *Esprit* given over almost entirely to a panoramic view of the "new novel" (July-August, 1958), a universally accepted image was established.

But the novelists themselves helped in this process of grouping and definition. For it is characteristic of French writers, as opposed to most writers in England or America, not to be afraid of criticism, to write criticism themselves, and to look upon the criticism which their work arouses as an essential part of the meaning of that work. The new novelists see their work as experimental in the scientific sense: the exploration of new areas of reality. Criticism seems to them the natural way to stake out the ground they have gained. So Robbe-Grillet has published, in *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française, Critique, L'Express* and *France-Observateur*, a number of polemical articles justifying his work. Nathalie Sarraute has published an important book of essays on the novel, *L'Ere du Soupçon* (Gallimard, 1956). And Michel Butor's book of criticism, *Répertoire* (Editions de Minuit, 1960), contains two brief essays on his own aims in the novel, one dating from 1955, and one from 1959. Perhaps Butor's express statement in

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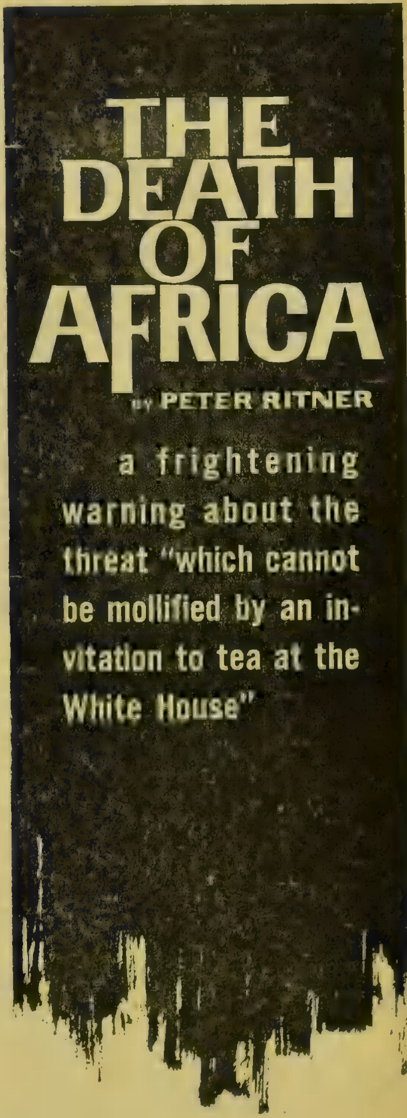
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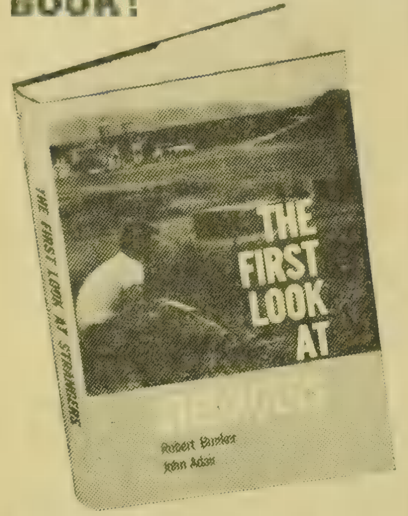

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the last of these that he looks upon the criticism his work receives as completing the act of its creation suggests the pliability of these novelists toward criticism, their willingness to believe that creation is a double process in which writer and reader, author and critic, fruitfully cooperate.

The "new novel," then, seems to be written as much to offer an occasion for criticism as to be read by the ordinary reader. But what do the critics find in these novels?

THEY FIND, first of all, that these works are most similar in their negative qualities. They are works of destruction, of dilapidation, of *modification, démystification, déconditionnement, déménagement.* All these novelists belong to what Bernard Pingaud calls *"l'école du refus"* (*Esprit,* July-August, 1958). They reject simultaneously the conventions of the traditional novel and the "givens" of the middle-class world of which that novel was the image. This rejection is both an aesthetic and a social or even political act. As aesthetic, it takes part in that general movement of all the arts in the twentieth century, which is to become conscious of themselves and of their presuppositions, to make an art about art — an art which in its very form asks how there can be such a thing as art. And as a social or political act, the refusal testifies to the loss of faith which is the effect of the cataclysmic events of our time. These novelists, like so many other people today, no longer believe in the stability and eternal validity of even the material circumstances of our civilization. They see everything from a distance, as something artificial, patched together, mechanical, something which in any case has nothing important to do with their lives, except as a threat to them. Significantly, one of the novelists, Jean Cayrol, spent time in a concentration camp, and makes the gradual reconstruction of the self after this extreme experience the theme of one of his works.

The conventions and "givens" which are put in question can be easily enumerated: the "essentialist" notion of personality; the idea of a story, with beginning, middle and end, which "happens to" the personages; and the notion of a friendly world, a world full of objects which have a human meaning, which belong to man and express him, as does his own body. Central in the tradition of the novel, especially perhaps in the English and American novel, is the idea of the fixity of character, the notion that a man has a permanent selfhood, a personality which, however modified by experience, persists through all the vicissitudes of his existence. And only such people can have a "story," a continuous series of adventures leading to a climax after which the villains are dead, and the protagonists can live happily ever after. Man is perfectly at home in such a world, and the perfect expression of his existence is someone in his own familiar household, *chez soi,* surrounded, like so many of Dickens' characters, by an environment which he possesses completely, and which is a harmonious reflection of himself.

The new French novelists put all this in question. And they often do this in the simplest way imaginable: by having their characters walk out of their rooms into the street. The images of a change of dwelling place, of a journey, or, most simply, of a peregrination through the streets, or across the landscape, or along a shore, recur again and again in these novels. The man who leaves behind the familiar room which surrounded him like a warm cocoon is in danger of undergoing a strange transformation. As soon as he enters the long street, the street which leads everywhere and nowhere, and belongs to everyone and nobody, he loses himself in a labyrinth, to borrow the title image of Robbe-Grillet's latest novel. He becomes an empty, anonymous consciousness, a mere seeing eye, without past or future, a neutral registering instrument, like the protagonists of Robbe-Grillet's *The Voyeur,* and like the central characters of so many other novels by these writers. Such a man no longer has a fixed character, a personality tied to past and future. He may undergo strange metamorphoses. He has forgotten the past, and cannot anticipate the future. He lives in a perpetual present, a present whose change is defined only by his wandering from one place to another in space. And so the old-fashioned story disappears in the same sudden shock which destroys the personality of the hero. For a man who is a mere succession of unconnected moments can have no story, no adventure like those which defined the heroes of the old novel. And, finally, this explosive destruction of man and his world is completed by a change which transforms objects. Instead of being named, close, friendly, so much a part of man that their otherness is not even noticed, objects in this alien outdoor space turn away from man, withdraw into themselves, and lose all their historical, cultural, moral and even utilitarian significance. They become simply things which are *there,* as Robbe-Grillet puts it: of such and such a shape and color, filling up so much of the visual space, heavy, inert surfaces, illuminated by an even clarity with no depth and no meaning. They are not even "absurd." The revelation of the frightening neutrality of inanimate objects is one of the most unsettling effects of these novels.

Everything seems to have been fragmented. The least false step out of one's own safe confines, the least doubt of the stability and coherence of the world, and all collapses at once into little pieces. Man becomes an empty mind, with no past, no future, no self, a kind of sleepwalker pacing, it may be, as in Robbe-Grillet's *La Plage*, along an utterly bare interminable beach bounded on one side by the ocean, and on the other by a perfectly regular cliff which stretches as far as the eye can see. Between any one moment and any other, between any one place and any other, between the anonymous awareness and everything in time and space, there seem to be no connections—no connections, that is, but the way they all repeat the same neutral emptiness and insignificance. By putting in question a false or outmoded world, the new novel seems to be left with no world at all.

BUT THAT is not quite the case. Like other writers before them, these novelists destroy in order to create. Their destructive rage is not entirely negative. It is an attempt to remove the façade of appearance, the debris of a vanished epoch, in order to get at what is "really there," in man and in his world.

For when we have reduced human experience to this condition of extreme bareness, two things remain: a body moving through a space full of objects, and a voice, a voice which expresses a mind. It is possible, then, to go in either of two directions, once the old world is exploded: toward objects rediscovered in their strangeness, or toward the depths of consciousness, where we can, perhaps, find what exists under the false coherence of personality. The new French novelists tend to go in one or the other of these directions.

Robbe-Grillet performs an extravagant purification of the traditional content of the novel, a purification which removes people altogether from the world, and leaves nothing but the "look" of the voyeur, registering with meticulous exactness the appearances of the world in a frozen present of spatialized time. But though his novels seem to be oriented entirely outward toward an objective world which is merely "there," and though Robbe-Grillet, in his essays, insists above all on the photographic, "descriptive," "scientific" quality of his writing, nevertheless the true secret of his novels is the way they reveal the strangeness of consciousness itself. Human consciousness is the undescribed and indescribable center of all his novels: the guilt, whether real or imaginary, of Mathias in *The Voyeur*, or the jealousy of the effaced protagonist in *Jealousy*. For though consciousness remains an indescribable absence in these novels, it is obliquely revealed by the description of objects, and such revelation is the ultimate end of these descriptions.

Nathalie Sarraute and Samuel Beckett, on the other hand, go, each in a unique way, directly toward human consciousness. Nathalie Sarraute has developed a language of subtle nuance for exploring the "infrastructures" of the mind, what Jacques Howlett calls "micropsychology," all that minute life of action and reaction, approach and withdrawal, expansion and contraction, dissolving and congealing, which goes on beneath the gross surface of personality when two human beings come in proximity to each other. Nathalie Sarraute's own term for these viscous motions of the subself, this *"sous-conversation,"* where each man is like all other men, is the title of one of her books: *Tropismes*. As for Beckett, in his novels, as in his plays, what we hear is a voice that becomes more and more emptied of content, more and more anonymous, as it attempts the impossible task of exhausting the sea, saying everything there is to say, in order to reach the desired state of total emptiness and unconsciousness. The tragedy of his novels is the inability of the mind to free itself of all content, and thus free itself from itself. This inescapable perdurability of consciousness is Beckett's definition of the human condition, and the source of the numb horror which permeates his works is the fear that it may be impossible to die.

GOING in either direction, outward or inward, it seems that these novelists, in their attempt to advance beyond a negative starting point, achieve only an even more frightening negativity. But it would be wrong to universalize this plight, for some of the novelists, for example Michel Butor and Jean Cayrol, beginning in the same fragmented situation, are able to put the world back together. Both Cayrol and Butor see life as a constant process of construction, the construction of the self and of the world which it makes for itself. They reject the a priori and frozen because it is dead, and replace it with a world which is incomplete because it is changing and vital. They write what the critics have called *"anté-romans,"* pre-

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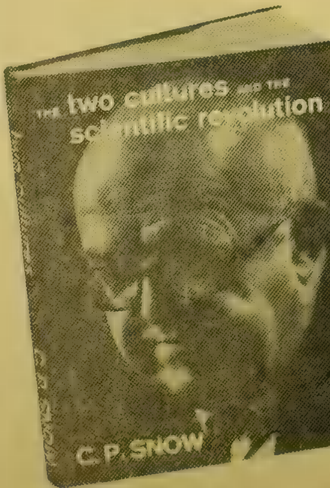

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novels. For them the novel is not a finished block of the past carved out and thrown at the reader. It is something which is made gradually, by "degrees," as the pun in the title, *Degrés*, of Butor's latest novel suggests (Gallimard, 1960). And each new image or phrase transforms all the others, as the novelist constructs his novel bit by bit. The very process of writing the novel is the living action which the novel dramatizes and, as Butor has said eloquently in his most recent essay about his work, writing a novel is for him a way of living his own life, a way of exploring and assimilating the world. Through this exploration he gives both life and world a direction and a provisional order. And so, in the same way, in Cayrol's *L'Espace d'une nuit*, the long night of searching comes to an end, day breaks, and the wanderer can at last reassume the world and re-create his own existence.

The French critics tend to emphasize in the work of these novelists the negative elements they all share in common, their desire to reject everything given and reduce the world and human existence to an extreme nudity. But, beginning there, it is possible, as Cayrol and Butor show, to reach a viable conception of human life, a vision of life as process and provisional construction. This vision has in fact not a little in common with the philosophy of phenomenology. Butor, significantly, has a degree in philosophy. He invokes phenomenology in his description of his own methods as a novelist, and it is this tradition in philosophy rather than any other which is on its own separate path pursuing the same goals as the new French novelists.

WHAT seems weakest in the assertions of both critics and novelists is the overemphasis on the originality of their methods and themes. In spite of their frequent discussion of their debt to Faulkner, Joyce and other earlier novelists, they tend to exaggerate the novelty of their enterprise. But it would probably be better to see these novelists as only carrying a little further in various directions the explosion of the traditional form and content of the novel begun by Conrad, James, Proust, Kafka, Joyce and Faulkner. It would be possible to show, for example, that all the defining elements of the new French novel exist already in a work published in England in the first decade of the twentieth century: Conrad's *The Secret Agent*. We can find there the disintegration of personality into an anonymous awareness, the image of obsessed walking through labyrinthine streets, the discovery of the strangeness of inanimate objects, and even Beckett's theme of the frightful possibility that we may not be able to die. But *The Secret Agent* is a very good novel indeed, and to say that it anticipates in some striking ways the contemporary French novel is not to detract from the validity of the latter, nor to deny the way it offers us a vital image of the present literary and social consciousness of France.

Country Full of Blondes

George P. Elliott

RAYMOND CHANDLER is dead, but he left behind five thrillers which still show every sign of life: *The Big Sleep* (1939), *The High Window* (1942), *The Lady in the Lake* (1943), *The Little Sister* (1949) and, most ambitious of them, *The Long Goodbye* (1953). There are also a dozen stories, an essay called "The Simple Art of Murder," and the last thriller, *Playback*, a sad hoked-up job that Chandler wrote during interludes in the lethal drinking bouts initiated by his wife's death. The five solid thrillers will probably be read by ordinary readers for a good while to come, so long, in fact, as the taste for violent thrillers endures and so long as Southern California has a place in people's imaginations.

Whether Chandler will ever be elected into literary history is another question. The odd thing is that he is known and enjoyed by those who have the power to vote him in — critics, writers, scholars, literary historians — and even so it begins to look as though his nomination for membership may not be seconded. To be sure, any comprehensive literary chronicle of the age will certainly list him along with Dashiell Hammett and Mickey Spillane as one of the chief practitioners of the "tough-guy mystery"; but this is indiscriminate and flattening, this has all the verve of a list of the most popular vaudeville comics in Texas during the reign of

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GEORGE P. ELLIOTT is the author of Parktilden Village, *a novel set in California.*

Hogg, this is pure chronicle. For, once out of his straight-back study and dropped into an aimless deck chair, this same chronicler knows well enough that Spillane has served up nothing but stews of slime and slop, whereas Hammett, the originator of the species, and Chandler, his chief descendant, are at least as good as any other mystery story writers whatever and probably better.

All this is well known to literary folk. I've asked around among my acquaintance and found scarcely anyone who does not know Chandler, and few who do not like him. Yet the stigma attaching to detective stories is great; they are recommended as Western movies are recommended, with uncritical guilelessness ("there's a ter*rific* fight in it"); the type is viewed as being forbidden to serious discussion. One stalwart professor of American literature puts *The Long Goodbye* on a reading list of twenty or so modern novels; scarcely a student chooses to read it for the course; a student would rather read, say, *Studs Lonigan*, for there are serious essays telling him what to think about it and assuring him by their very existence that Farrell is *in*.

I would bet a good deal that right now (1) most of the literary folk of the country have read some of Chandler's best work with pleasure and profit but, ashamed of their pleasure, would deny it any literary value; and (2) these same people have read of Wallace Stevens' poems few more than the often-anthologized pieces, and those without anything like full comprehension or pleasure, and yet would grant high value to the body of his poetry. Well, I do not mean to suggest that I think Stevens is less than excellent or that Chandler is more than pretty good. But I do suggest that it is time we publicly honor Chandler (and Hammett his master). I suggest that, if literary history is going seriously to scrutinize bores with a vein of silver (Frank Norris, say, or James Fenimore Cooper), then it isn't too delicate to take a good look at master entertainers who are also silver-streaked.

THERE IS no use pretending that the detective story has much to recommend it as a form. In fact, I should imagine that no novel written within its conventions could be first-rate, just as no opera written within the conventions of the Broadway musical could be first-rate. (The words of a musical may not be complex or strong, and the music may be neither refined to simplicity nor developed in sustaining patterns which justify its pretentiousness; the performances might be virtuoso except that we have no schools from which coherent ensemble virtuosity of theatrical performance is likely to develop; the best we can expect is a *Porgy and Bess*, good but no more than good, well done but no more than well done.) The detective story damagingly interferes in what is of the very essence of a novel; it manipulates the motives and relationships of its characters for an artificial and trivial end. Even in those rare detective stories where the motives are credible enough and the relationships are reasonably subtle and valid, the reader is kept from apprehending them in a way that is really serious. Knowledge of motive and relationship is parceled out to him for reasons of plot excitement — a matter of some, but low, value — and this very excitement works against a profound or thoughtful or complexly moving appreciation of the characters' essential natures.

Dorothy Sayers, who was bright and only bright, tried to give her mode of fiction merit-by-association: she called *King Oedipus* a great detective story. But this, even though she may have meant it half-facetiously, is not cute; it blurs distinctions. What I discover when seeing *King Oedipus* is not whodunit nor why; like Sophocles' original audience, I already know this. What I discover and rediscover is the full significance of what Oedipus discovers — its significance to himself, to those about him, to his society — and I, who am neither king, Greek, parricide, nor mother-lover, I can experience this man's fate as man's fate, as my fate. That is the way of greatness. And the way of detective story discovery?

> I guess you and Orrin belong to that class of people that can convince themselves that everything they do is right. He can blackmail his sister and then when a couple of small-time crooks get wise to his racket and take it away from him, he can sneak up on them and knock them off with an ice pick in the back of the neck. Probably didn't even keep him awake that night. You can do much the same (*The Little Sister*).

Too bad, honey. That's *your* problem.

Chandler's novels are a good deal more successful as thrillers than as detective stories, and a thriller, as demonstrated by the example of Graham Greene (he's respectable), need not distort motive or relationship very much. It forbids that contemplation which is essential to reading great

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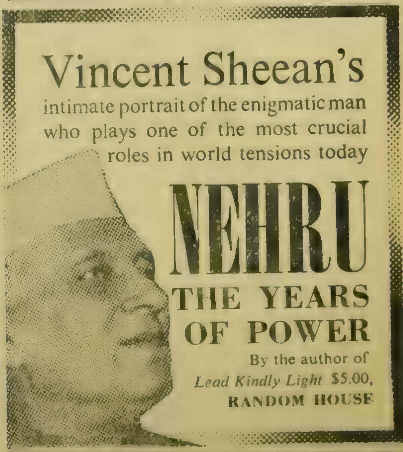

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fiction, the movement of which is most of the time quite slow. But a thriller can do a good many things of literary value, and some of these things Chandler does admirably.

The obvious accomplishment of his thrillers is to generate a sort of nervous tension which is the literary analogue to the tension generated just by being an American citizen. Tension alone is not so much: one can induce it by chain-smoking a couple of packs of cigarettes and slugging down a fair amount of liquor, driving eighty miles an hour to a juke box joint where one drinks black coffee and plays a slot machine, then driving home again chortling every so often, "We sure had a good time, didn't we?" In fact this sort of tension-making is an unexceptional way to spend the evening in Southern California, and if Philip Marlowe did not do things like it we would not believe in him. "I didn't do more than ninety back to Los Angeles. Well, perhaps I hit a hundred for a few seconds now and then" (*Playback*).

But, as I think, these tension-making actions are only externalizings of deep and chronic and ill-conceived trouble within the actor-reader. (There is something drastically wrong with the world and with me as part of it; I don't know what it is, it isn't what they tell me it is, I don't think I could figure it out if I tried; anyhow I am afraid to look too closely.) One temporary relief from this malaise, and I think many suffer from it much of the time, is to read a story which produces in the reader a safe version of the same thing and which purges this induced tension by showing a Marlowe who figures out what's wrong with at least part of the world and then remedies it.

Good enough. This is a considerable endeavor for a novelist to undertake. To accomplish it adequately, he must have, and make us share, a clarifying and steady vision of the evil which infects the world he shows, and he must persuade us that the hero's action is more than a simple wish-fulfillment, is a possible and dignified deed however bitterly limited it may be.

Hammett's vision was of a society so corrupt that it corrupts all individual relationships; it is not surprising that he turned to left-wing politics. Spillane's murked vision was of a human nature so corrupt that no clean action is possible; it is fitting that he turned for solace to the wet-mud notions and dry-mud practices of the Jehovah's Witnesses. Chandler's vision was of a world which is no less violent, ugly, unjust, or loveless than theirs; yet it is not exactly corrupt. Moral corruption implies a prior innocent nature, whether Christian or Rousseauistic, to be corrupted. Chandler's attitude is to look at what's there in the expectation that good and evil are all mixed together; consequently he does not suffer such rage as do the other two. It is a stoic vision. In his novels Chandler did not quite sustain it, being much too romantic and not quite courageous enough to bear the full bitterness of that vision: Marlowe's solutions are morally too easy; they promise, dreamily, to remedy more than they ever could, as he recognizes, despairingly, at the end of each novel.

> What did it matter where you lay once you were dead? In a dirty sump or in a marble tower on top of a high hill? You were dead, you were sleeping the big sleep, you were not bothered by things like that. Oil and water were the same as wind and air to you. You just slept the big sleep, not caring about the nastiness of how you died or where you fell. Me, I was part of the nastiness now (*The Big Sleep*).

It is fitting that, when life afflicted him, Chandler turned to heavy drinking and despair. According to a reminiscence by Ian Fleming in *London Magazine* for December, 1959, when the police arrived at Chandler's house in La Jolla after the death of his wife, "they found him in the sitting room firing his revolver through the ceiling." A strange, appropriate gesture.

CHANDLER has a good many of the lesser virtues and vices of a romancer. Two of the locations for these are his style and the way he treats blondes.

Some of the style is of the genre—Marlowe's hyper-aggressive truth-telling, for instance. "You don't care who murdered your daughter, Mr. Potter. You wrote her off as a bad job long ago. Even if Terry Lennox didn't kill her,

At the Reading of a Poet's Will

Item. A desk
Smelling of ink and turpentine
To a man whose task
Is to sweat rain for a line.

(Once someone wanted to build
A table for
His son when the child
Outwitted his professor.

He got it clear
In his mind, a desk
So ideal not another carpenter
Dared risk

His self-esteem. He went home,
He hacked all afternoon,
The grain resisted his dream.
Later it wouldn't kindle, for the rain.)

Item. A sheaf
Of poems, a few lucid,
One or two brief,
To anyone who will bid.

Take what he pays,
Men despise what is free.
Then cut out his eyes,
Men only love what they cannot see.

(Maybe he was jaded,
Maybe he wrote too much
For compassion to touch
The things disgust included.

Well I'll just
Listen the way his sister
Does, calmly, and not pester
In her that perturbable ghost.

She loves his poetry,
Claiming though driven he was basically
kind.
I trust love, but what if she's blind
And loves what she can't see?)

Item. Praise Jesus, who spent
His last cent
In the wild woods of himself in the try
For self-mastery.

His boast
Is that though he did insist
On principle, in terror and compromise
He taught us what love's limit is.
(In the temple
When it was over,
The changers without stalls
And cast from God's favor,

Raising a smashed thumb
He cried aloud
He was the crowd
That would hammer himself to kingdom
come.

In the cry we burn.
Only pushed to its limits does a thing
excel—
Well, what if we learn
Love's aren't reached until hell?)

Item. I built a desk,
I spent myself for a sheaf.
All else I committed I ask
That the Lord forgive.

I took Christ for my pattern.
Once he was kind to a slattern.
If I was led into mazes
Blame and praise Jesus. *Amen.*

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and the real murderer is still walking around free, you don't care." But what is special about the style is Chandler's own rhinestone brilliance. Of a masters' chess game he is reconstructing by book, Marlowe says: " a prize specimen of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object, a battle without armor, a war without blood, and as elaborate a waste of human intelligence as you could find anywhere outside an advertising agency" (*The Long Goodbye*). Surely no American since Mark Twain has invented so many wisecracks as this British-educated classicist: "as gaudy as a chiropractor's chart," "he looked like a man who could be trusted with a secret—if it was his own secret." The dialogue, when it is not hobbled by plot work, is fast, glittering and tough; sometimes it includes a tawdriness that is appropriate only to the character:

> "A half smart guy," she said with a tired sniff. "That's all I ever draw. Never once a guy that's smart all the way around the course. Never once."
>
> I grinned at her. "Did I hurt your head much?"
>
> "You and every other man I've ever met" (*The Big Sleep*).

But sometimes in the narrative the tawdriness becomes Chandler's:

> In the cove the waves don't break, they slide in politely, like floorwalkers. There would be a bright moon later, but it hadn't checked in yet (*Playback*).

The famous language of his style is a fabrication based only in part on the argots of police and criminals. For this is the world of romance and the style is a romantic style. "Her hair was the pale gold of a fairy princess. There was a small hat on it into which the pale gold hair nestled like a bird in its nest. Her eyes were cornflower blue, a rare color, and the lashes were long and almost too pale."

That is the blonde of blondes, Eileen Wade in *The Long Goodbye*, and her entrance in chapter thirteen sets off three paragraphs of quite dazzling tough-guy dithyramb on blondes:

> There is the blonde who gives you the up-from-under look and smells lovely and shimmers and hangs on your arm and is always very very tired when you take her home. . . . There is the soft and willing and alcoholic blonde who doesn't care what she wears as long as it is mink or where she goes as long as it is the Starlight Roof and there is plenty of dry champagne. . . . And lastly there is the gorgeous show piece who will outlast three kingpin racketeers and then marry a couple of millionaires at a million a head and end up with a pale rose villa at Cap Antibes, an Alfa-Romeo town car complete with pilot and co-pilot, and a stable of shopworn aristocrats.

The endless come-on to the certain cheat, that is the sort of women Marlowe dreamily desires. They arouse in him lust's nervous equivalent of infatuation. They are sex appellant and they do not promise love; yet it is never the pleasures of sensuality they want. They want to use him for some other end of their own. Each time, he escapes; each next time, he forgets they are all traps. Just as he courts in each novel the dangers which brutally get him beaten up, so he succumbs each time to the glitter girls. If he wants a woman he cannot trust her.

If you say that all this provides somewhat meager fare for romance, I must agree. But if you say that this distorts life beyond recognition, I must object that you do not know that meager region, Southern California, as well as Chandler did.

HIS CHIEF accomplishment, it seems to me, is to create for the place a fictional image which corresponds to the actuality more vividly and more accurately than anything written by anyone else. Southern California has occasioned novels by solemn natives, the thrillers of James M. Cain who nearly makes it but not quite, satires by pukka sahibs and *The Day of the Locust* which contains fragments of splendid phantasmagoria. But Chandler is the authentic jinn of the place: he comes from a higher realm yet is of a rank inferior to the angels; he knows the place well and in its own terms and, as a jinn must, he influences it in turn.

If you want the feel and aspect of Los Angeles and vicinity during the thirties, forties and early fifties, you could hardly do better than to read his fictions. There is a considerable change in this fictional world between *The Big Sleep* and *The Long Goodbye*; part of this change was a deepening in Chandler as a writer and part of it was, no doubt, a result of his greater acquaintance with the region; but part of it too took place in Southern California itself. As it has grown in population, wealth and importance, its appearance has become less macabre and its vileness has turned inward, hidden behind solider false fronts.

I knew Southern California pretty well during those years, and his props are all genuine. If I made a list of places, people and events I have known, and mixed in with it such like from his novels, you wouldn't be able to tell fact from fantasy; for in this respect his fantasy is factual.

The desiccated old folks are there on the front porch in "wood and cane rockers . . . held together with wire and the moisture of the beach air" (*The Little Sister*), refugees from Kansas and Protestantism; they have lost their centers; they have not controlled their children or had much of anything to pass on to them; they no longer believe in the old faith or ways and have turned to cultism, avarice, distraction, despair; they are bitter, suckers, and sort of decent. Young people of striking appearances are indeed floating around all over Los Angeles, pumping gas, frying hamburgers, strutting along the beaches, projecting their personalities furiously —waiting like the old folks but waiting to be discovered. The strapless blondes with cold come-on eyes are in Chasen's restaurant, all right (as they are in Chandler's The Dancers), escorted by the middle-aged joyboys with exactly perfect suntans and blasted eyes.

THERE used to be a lion farm near Los Angeles, an ostrich farm, an alligator ranch; now there is Disneyland with animal dolls. Myself, I lived on a carob plantation not far from Riverside. (Riverside, so we were spieled at any rate, is where the Easter sunrise vigil took root in this country, and where Carrie Jacobs Bond was supposed to have written "The End of a Perfect Day" after the first sunrise service on Mt. Rubidoux — Resurrection sundae topped with canned whipped cream.) Carobs are Eastern Mediterranean trees which yield dry brown pods "used for feeding animals and sometimes eaten by man"; they are the locusts that John the Baptist ate in the wilderness; the promoters of the plantation had in mind the Southern California market of quasi-religious health food addicts. (Have you ever visited the sub-society of vegewienies, glutenburgers and blackstrap molasses? There's one in every city.) Unfortunately, the plantation's soil was not suitable to carobs, and the dictionary definition should read "almost never eaten by man."

I once caught a glimpse of detectiving; I must confess it resembled Marlowe's adventures less than the ennuis which Hammett reports from his own experience as a working detective. Back in the 1930s, when I was seventeen, a friend and I set out to see Boulder Dam. We hitched a ride to Las Vegas with a middle-aged, club-car Hoosier who said he would lend us his car to go see the dam if we would spend the next evening spying on his wife. She was there to divorce him and he suspected she was stepping out on him. At five in the afternoon she walked three blocks to a drugstore where she bought what appeared to be a pack of cigarettes and something else that appeared to be a bridge pad. At six she ate dinner with her parents, in whose bungalow she was staying. At 7:30 they began playing what appeared to be three-handed bridge, though it *might* have been gin rummy. At ten they paused for the Richfield reporter and iced tea. She and her father smoked cigarettes. Her mother chewed gum and fanned herself from time to time with a collapsible fan. They played another rubber and turned off the lights a little before midnight. No one emerged from either the front or the back door and no one entered. She was a decently dressed woman with a pleasant, low voice and brown hair, and she wore sensible shoes like a nurse. Our employer said she was a slut like all women, and regaled us with the story of a married woman he had seduced on a train a month before.

AS FOR the violence which Chandler projects, I saw little of it except in fairly safe forms. There are the cohorts of hot rods and motorcycles; the roller skating derbies, which are formless, ungamelike contests the point of which is nothing but expert roller skating and mock-violent rudeness; the destruction derbies, at which old cars are smashed head-on, once two old locomotives. But most of all there is the chronic, self-exacerbated nervous tension, of the sort Chandler (a lapsed Quaker) both records and generates, which yearns toward violence for its relief.

Not the least source of this tension is the inflaming sexual provocation on every side; yet the provocation is not toward licentiousness but toward the fantasies of mere frustration. These folk are refugees from the Protestant Midwest, but they brought the forms with them. The titillation aims at marriage (the divorce rate in Hollywood is a bit lower than the national average) but not true marriage necessarily; when the form of marriage loses its content, what enters is not pretty—irascibility, for example, and sex for its own sake only it's inexpert sex, and the cold clutch of conjugal possessiveness. To be sure, there are the simply promiscuous: a film actor I know was accused by a world-famous 40-26-40 blonde of being

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a queer because he did not try to make her the second day of their acquaintance; when he objected that she was engaged to be married within the month, as every Hedda Hopper reader knew, and that he was faithful to his wife and had three children, she shrugged at him for being so square. And there are the very bizarre: a fellow I went to high school with was sent up for flagrant necrophilia with an officer's wife. But all such only substantiate Chandler's version: the sex is mostly in the nerves, very little in the heart. In the heart, if nothing else, there are cars.

Waiting in the grandstand one summer evening in 1950 for the auto races to start in San Bernardino, I watched the crowd as the little warm-up entertainments came along. Mostly there was M.C. patter alternating with popular records; some announcements; a local hillbilly in a Monkey Ward cowboy hat; the Indianapolis speedway winner of many years before to say a few words to us. The crowd rustled. Then the Orange Bowl Beauty Contest Queen (or some such) was crowned. She was a pink and tan girl in a short bare-shouldered pale blue organdy dress with a crimson silk sash; she was not quite used to high heels yet and wobbled; she had a Coca-Cola smile, and she sang a slinky night club song in a bouncy high school voice. The crowd scarcely paused in its restless chatter and not a wolf whistled. But then the '51 Dodge was driven about the track, and the '51 Chrysler, and the crowd fell silent; we were the first laymen to see them; and when the latest Jaguar slid out before our eyes, a rustle of sincere, abysmal reverence stirred among the people. The girl—the girl would turn into a starlet or a wife; but the Jag, now there was something one could trust.

And the architecture of that land: there are blue Dutch windmills selling pastries and handsome Mediterranean villas in Beverly Hills and — but why go on? There used to be lots of gimmicky developments: Venice, for example, which currently abounds with beatniks, was conceived as a stucco pleasure world with motorized gondolas on calm artificial canals, but it became a stucco-bungalow town with some dry, paved ditches in it and a rickety amusement park. If you object that such projects occur all over the nation, who's to deny you? Southern California is one of the dream centers of the world—though not of the best dreams maybe—and it's not only responsibilities that begin in dreams. Ten miles northwest of Times Square there is a hundred foot, decaying, stucco, pseudo-watchtower proclaiming an undevelopment complete with artificial fishponds, unkempt plantings and a few lawned houses. It resembles nothing so much as a giants' seedy miniature golf course inhabited by commuting little ones. Marlowe could have followed up a lead there, one with dishwater blondes. . . . Nowadays in Southern California (as everywhere) the developments are mass-produced suburbias.

THIS whole hard-boiled, fantasy-sopped world which Chandler observed about him and which he suggests so sharply in his fiction, he takes pretty much at its own evaluation. Marlowe is the guy so wised up that he begins to think everything is rigged; desiring both love and justice, he settles (in the rigged society he sees) for ungratified lust and half-remedied injustices; and he provokes a violence which is not quite purging because it is not a punishment. This, however effective, is murky; yet I would maintain it expresses quite well the actual place—the people of those 666 developments that would like to be a city.

Still, Chandler's version is not *the* version of Southern California. He, rather more than is strategic in a writer, puts himself at the mercy of the place's notion of itself; for this notion is self-deceiving, somewhat inaccurate and confused. Marlowe sets some things straight and he sees through some of the shams, but finally he does not know what he wants; he learns over and over that he's not as smart as he thought he was and that what was most wrong has not been seen through at all; he goes through the forms but they are almost empty. Like the chess he turns to; for instance, at the end of *The High Window*:

> I went home and put my old house clothes on and set the chessmen out and mixed a drink and played over another Capablanca. It went fifty-nine moves. Beautiful cold remorseless chess, almost creepy in its silent implacability.

Chandler saw his region not just as it saw itself but in his own way too. And his version of it was so congenial and so strong that it affected his readers' versions. Chandler's fictions are one of the reasons Southern California now is seen as it is seen.

If you object that in the long view this is not so much for a writer to do, I cannot disagree. What I would maintain, though, is that he did as much as the J. F. Coopers of our literature ever did and that his novels are, for the time being, a lot more fun to read.

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A Fix in the Igloo

Marcus Klein

AMONG some other things that the fix might be—an entertainment, an ingroup snigger, the work of the devil—it is an imitation of action, one that is as dead serious as dying, complete to the point of solipsism, and of a certain magnitude. Through self-pity and fear and cellular destruction it effects the catharsis of all emotions.

Among other things the junkie among us might be, would be—an entertainer, Lamia, mythopoet, the devil's own child —he is an imitation of the swollen-footed, self-punishing hero who tore out his eyes when he found that something was wrong with his sex life. Swollen-armed (a new kick), crazy with hubris ("I don't use, I just joy-pop"), often homosexual when he is sexual, insinuating when he is friendly, pouting when he is not, a simple guy, really, whose heroics are so openly fraudulent they might charm a *Time-Life* Beatnik, he is one whose tic of self-defense has become a Bee that stings, a Monkey on the back, a Habit that is more stringent than yours or mine. The tic now wags that gray junkie face. He boosts or pimps or cons or pushes, because not everyone will hire a man with trouble on his face, because habits average between $100 and $200 a week, and because a man must have an occupation. Or if of independent means and mind, he makes it by researching narcotics—*vide* William S. Burroughs, a legend in his time, a junkie Odysseus who has traveled in many lands to cop a fix.* He contemplates his skin, when he's not on the nod, is fascinated by the functions of his body, because he has put his troubles into them, and regularly two or three times a day he empties himself of himself.

Like Oedipus, he knows that to live with oneself is to suffer.

Why suffer, friends? (Oedipus, of course, did not use narcotics.)

It is better not to know.

Pop goes the needle!

Which is to say that one of the functions of the junkie among us is to serve as an example. He is suddenly exemplifying in a modest geyser of novels, plays, stories and essays.

Some of what is tossed up is not

Dope: A Bibliography

Nelson Algren
The Man With the Golden Arm. Doubleday. $3. Pocket Books. 35c.

Alan Ansen
"Anyone Who Can Pick Up a Frying Pan Owns Death." *Big Table 2.* Summer, 1959.

Paul Bowles
"Burroughs in Tangier." *Big Table 2.* Summer, 1959.

William S. Burroughs
"Deposition: Testimony Concerning a Sickness." *Evergreen Review.* Jan.-Feb., 1960.
"In Quest of Yage." *Big Table 2.* Summer, 1959.
"Ten Episodes from *Naked Lunch.*" *Big Table 1.* Spring, 1959.

Clarence L. Cooper, Jr.
The Scene. Crown Publishers. $3.95.

Akbar del Piombo
Fuzz Against Junk. Olympia Press. $1.20.

Michael Gazzo
A Hatful of Rain. Random House. $2.95.

Jack Gelber
The Connection. Grove Press. Paper. $1.75.

Herbert Gold
The Man Who Was Not With It. Little, Brown. $3.75.
"What's Become of Your Creature?" (from *Love and Like.* Dial Press. $3.95).

Jack Green
"peyote" (from *The Beats.* Edited by Seymour Krim. Gold Medal Books. 35c).

William Lee
Junkie. Ace Books. 35c.

Terry Southern
"Red-Dirt Marihuana." *Evergreen Review.* Jan.-Feb., 1960.

Alexander Trocchi
Cain's Book. Grove Press. $3.95.

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*Now an ex-junkie. In the *Evergreen Review* for January-February, 1960, Burroughs bids farewell to fifteen years of the cold inside and recommends the same to friends.

MARCUS KLEIN, who teaches in the English department of Barnard College, has contributed criticism and fiction to Hudson Review, Western Review *and other periodicals. He is now completing a study of the novel since mid-century for publication by Meridian.*

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example, but junkie exposé, a spout of the secondary facts of dope: broken homes, prostitution, police beatings, withdrawal vomitings, battery-acid hotshots for stool pigeons. Some of that, when it avoids transcending itself into either fiction or a diffuse appeal for more urgent social working, has power. Clarence L. Cooper's *The Scene,* a novel ineptly devised, almost overwhelmed by a subsidiary story of moral growth in the narcotics squad, almost lost in an irrelevant yearning for brotherhood and understanding, breaks from its errors into horrors which one knows to be authentic.

Some of what is tossed up is sentimental—there was Michael Gazzo's play of a few seasons ago, *A Hatful of Rain,* about the addict as pure victim. Johnny Pope's father didn't love him, and his brother didn't love him intelligently, and the love of his pusher, named "Mother" (ah, that is where the story should have been), Mother's love was sinister, and Johnny through no fault of his own was hooked, and even the love of his lovely wife was not perfect, but one can understand that because no young wife wants her home turned into a heroin shooting-gallery. But things turn out all right. Johnny confesses and delivers himself over to the Law. A nice play for those who miss Mr. Coffee Nerves.

There is an effluvium, too, that is quite simply revolting. I hold a book of cartoons, precisely a series of antique engravings surrounded by a deliberately humorous narrative, if that is your humor, called *Fuzz Against Junk* (quaint title) by somebody named Akbar del Piombo. It is a freak-show, a gallery of cataleptics, syphilitics, bearded ladies, zulus, tattooed grotesques, Victorian gentlemen, ladies with malformed limbs, sufferers of gout and, apparently, rheumatism, and other unusual folk who—and this is the point—can at a certain ironic remove be identified as addicts, pushers, and the few other familiars of what the author must think a narcotics subculture. It is a book for those who are in the business, who must, like other businessmen, like students and lodge members, appreciate being joshed now and then by professional acquaintances. Or it is for those who like to be revolted, for there are such.

These junkies are not exemplary.

There is a shower of lyrics, too, some very dainty, of marijuana, mescalin and other hallucinatory non-addicting drugs. Terry Southern's "Red-Dirt Marihuana" is, with tenderness and much grace, a rural initiation ceremony; a boy learns from a Negro field hand the secrets of pot and some of the craftiness of manhood. Jack Green writes currently in a lower-case, unpunctuated essay, "peyote": "i think i was a better person on peyote than i am now." One can't know. But it is a pleasant essay and, anyway, it is the feeling of grace that matters.

IN THE dark junkie place, however, marijuana and peyote and their analects are the stuff of dreams and the very fragrance of innocence. ("Marijuana," says Leach in Jack Gelber's play, *The Connection,* "no, I don't have any pot. But how quaint of you to ask.") What users use (and kids out for kicks not allowed)—heroin, morphine, other opium derivatives, cocaine and such—is not hallucinating, dreams aren't cool, and the object of junk is the habit itself.

Those who are exemplary—Burroughs (who is also William Lee, the author of a novel called *Junkie*), Gelber, and most recently Alexander Trocchi—those who find themselves of consequence for the time and the place by living a junkie fable, exemplify removal from the welter of Becoming into a stasis that might be Being; they attest the possibilities of abdication from an office of daily living which is once again and always too much for any man; they attest the choice of the soul's refrigeration, for this is a time when wonderful things are to be done with physico-chemical therapy, and if one is to be allowed a choice between the H-Bomb and bombing with H. . . . They exemplify the return to the womb, too—look, you can almost *do* it—that misses being suicide. Or, if you like, they demonstrate the possibilities of backward evolution—Burroughs lives his fable in constant metaphors of reptiles, gigantic insects, pulsating larvae, absorbing protoplasms.

The junkie is the master of that gimmick by which existence is to be freed of the universal fates and the daily fates. The hero of Alexander Trocchi's *Cain's Book* substitutes heroin for his wife, Moira. The Moirae, the Fates, make demands of domestic reality, and wives are always uncertain. In fact the shot, for those who focus their sexuality on the needle, is not slack or uneventful, it has its courting ritual (dropper, collar, No. 26 needle, cooking), its teasing of the vein, and there is always the possibility of air-bubbles—the possibility that they will kill you. There is the opposite possibility, too, that this time, darling, you might not be satisfied. But the tech-

A Corpse for the Carriage Trade

All of a sudden the decent trash
Pushed up at me something horrid,
Shining, real, and dead-looking: *rat.*
— Recognized rat stacked on the packaging
Gathered outside squeegeed windows, in front
Of the negligees, monogrammed silks, and forced ivy.

All of a sudden as I,
Filling an overcoat into the wind
Of winter walked by, my eye flicked this thing
So sheeny and dark, and so dead, which said to me
Ten paces later, my god, they're alive by the hundreds
If this one is dead, flounced by a car as he roamed from the river.

As I tried to rub from my mind
The image of this football-fat and purpling thing
With a tapered supple tail, I wondered how such
Innocent evil — luckily dead — could survive in a cluster
Of bricked facades with aluminum edgings which squeeze
Out the cold, which must be to rats the last of resorts
On a freezing night; I wondered how all this could be.

Then I remembered slick swarms on the bank
Of the sewered and mill-muddied river, began
To feel sorry for rats in a city, desperately toothing
Cement everywhere. Then I thought of the babies whose faces
Have fattened such rats in a thousand city backyards, and looked
For a stout stick, but found none. I strode along quicker —
All children behind me — determined to call
A city offical, and threaten to publicly die,
Unless the big city could pluck this lone rat from my eye.

CHARLES PHILBRICK

niques of heroin are all in all much simpler than those of marriage. The great variable is removed. The Other disappears into a consummation so perfect that marriage and indeed the whole of living in this world is just like being alone.

To contract the world's soul and drive it into the glasses of one's glassy eyes is, moreover, total occupation. "That's the trouble in this damn country," says a character in Trocchi's novel, "You take shit and it becomes your profession." But it is a trouble chosen. "Junk," says Burroughs speaking as William Lee, "is not, like alcohol or weed, a means to increased enjoyment of life. Junk is not a kick. It is a way of life." The object of junk is the habit: the need which has the semblance of purpose, and the regimen which the need invents.

Like Benjamin Franklin on his scene, the junkie meets the day in a series of planned practical maneuvers, and the day becomes its maneuvers of buying and shooting and waiting cunningly to buy and shoot again. There is pleasure in that, there is the feeling of easy mastery in it. Not too easy, to be sure. It is the junkie's good fortune that the narcotics traffic is illicit. How stale the discipline of copping and fixing would be if it were not, if it were no more than a stamp collecting or a home-carpentry habit, the imitation of a meaningful action for only one's most desperately idle hours.

The meaning of heroin, Herbert Gold has said, is that it causes *real* trouble. Junk is therefore something to do. Something, it should be added, that a few virtuosi can do superbly. The pusher in *The Connection* is called Cowboy, presumably because he pushes Horse, but also, presumably, because the junkie-pusher meets the mythic requirements of the cowboy, a man who has been provided by a simplified, and falsified, society with a distinct and simple purpose, to clean up Dodge City, a man who can ride skillfully enough, draw fast enough, and shoot straight enough to clean the stables of the rustlers. The junkie, too, is a straight-shooter who has something to do.

The junkie lives alone, then, in a myth

MR

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MR

of self-sufficiency and sufficient purpose. An attractive one, it would seem, else why this rage of testifying?

Perhaps because the addict is a social fact. Because major crimes are incident to the narcotics business. Because addiction is not susceptible to easy cure. Because there is so much money in narcotics. Because there are youngsters who can be seduced into thinking heroin an imperative of pubescence.

TRUE, and not sufficient truth. Addicts make considerable statistics—45,000 in the United States, it is officially estimated, 25,000 concentrated in New York City—but not such as would make your head swim. Jaywalking is a larger fact. Heroin is sickening, but it is not lethal except in an overdose, and the suffering attendant upon it is largely a private matter. The crimes committed in its name attend on the fact that it is in the first place illegal. (Then make it legal.) The traffic runs into hundreds of millions of dollars yearly, but more money is exploded in a few good afternoons at the shooting gallery at Cape Canaveral. The child who trembles for a first fix that he might become a man has prior problems, and anyway the pedarist who once turns him on will not make him an addict. Addiction is not so easy a matter. You have to work at it.

It is not the junkie but the junkie's fabulous shadow that is news. The life of the drug, retreat under discipline ("There is no more systematic nihilism than that of the junkie in America."—Trocchi), might be a metaphor that will tell us who we are (our own poisoned blood; waiters who wait for another round of waiting); where we are (Nowhere, man; Heaven, man); where we are going ("One is no longer grotesquely involved in the becoming. One simply is."—Trocchi. "Running out of veins and out of money."—Burroughs); how to live (a man has his freedom; you can be very cool, man; you don't have to live). And these matters are important. In a time of confusions and staggering possibilities of treachery, of engineered ideas and disillusion in the areas of volition and purpose, these metaphysical matters are imperative.

And these are, with open intention, the matters that move the fabling junkies. Their first impulse is literary. The scene they make is established and populated not, as one might have thought, by uncool Coleridge, dreamy de Quincey—they had dreams—but by Sartre, Camus, Unamuno, Gide, latterly by Samuel Beckett and Jean Genêt. They are well-read junkies, they will tell you so, and the junk came afterwards, as an opportunity for creation. (The pied piper, one supposes, was Burroughs. *Big Table 2* is partially a *Festschrift*, and if you will search the incunabula of the pot-smoking Beats, you will find many tributes to him.) Heroin is, in a word, naturalized Existentialism.

The hero of the Existentialist drama faces nothingness or acknowledges absurdity, discovers existence, and often the necessity for authentic self-creation. That is what the junkie would be about. Jack Gelber pauses at the first rung. Burroughs mounts to the second. Trocchi goes over the top.

BUT junk as a specific literary matter proposes its own literary problems. Addicts for real, whose lives are to be given to addicts as Existential heroes, are narcotized. They function, but with diminished feeling, diminished intelligence, as in an igloo of the body. Cool, man. Life in an igloo is a way of life, but it is not an interesting way. Something can be got from it, to be sure. Nelson Algren a decade ago in *The Man With the Golden Arm* found uses for it, if only as a control for an otherwise plotless novel, but a novel concerned with other ways of life. Herbert Gold in *The Man Who Was Not With It* made of the hard belly-crawl out of the igloo a narrative of involvement and love, and in a recent story, "What's Become of Your Creature?" he makes of the perilous way in, a narrative of need become self-hatred. These are superior fictions for which the cycle of addiction performs the service of local metaphor. When the metaphor becomes the subject, when the Eskimo as he huddles is all the hero there is, then the risks of boredom are very great. Burroughs and Trocchi, and Gelber, sometimes, are men of fine verbal facility and so much is saved, but it is after all not surprising that they run to formlessness. *The Connection* is an "improvised" drama, licensed by Pirandello. *Naked Lunch* is a grab-bag which does not always expose its contents. Trocchi ends his novel with the observation that he has not yet begun to write it, and he is right. Nothing has yet happened in it.

And there is the error. The junkie drama is one in which nothing happens. Junkies don't talk to one another. Junkies don't move.

And one cold Eskimo is not a significant story.

A Strategy for James Readers

Louis Auchincloss

IN APPROACHING the great prolific novelists of the last century, it is usually safe for the uninitiated reader to start at the top, with *Vanity Fair* for Thackeray or *David Copperfield* for Dickens. But nobody should try to begin Henry James with *The Golden Bowl*. And if the beginner should happen to start with *The Awkward Age* and to follow it up with *The Sacred Fount*, he might well be conditioned for life to finding nothing but snobbishness and triviality in any of the other works. It is better to face at the outset that there will always be a certain number of people to agree with Theodore Roosevelt's dictum that James's "polished, pointless, uninteresting stories about the upper social classes of England make one blush to think that he was once an American." It is not, however, necessary to turn, instead, as Roosevelt did, to the "fresh, healthy, out-of-doors life" of Kipling. One can learn, with a little application, to isolate the dross in James, and after that *The Jungle Book* is no substitute. Once the reader has been acclimatized to the different Jamesian styles, once he has felt the intensity of James's devotion to an aesthetic ideal, he can be safely exposed even to such dreary minor pieces as *Glasses* or *Fordham Castle*. Who knows? He may even like them. For by that time he will have become a Jacobite, and the true Jacobite can delight in any prose of the master.

James himself was once consulted on the order in which he should be read. In 1913 he made two reading lists for Stark Young, "the delightful young man from Texas." But he omitted the short stories (the "little tarts" could wait until after the "beef and potatoes"), and he insisted (contrary to the advice of many of his critics) on being read in the revised edition. Each of his suggested reading lists contains only five titles, the first: *Roderick*

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS is a lawyer and a novelist; his most recent novel is Pursuit of the Prodigal *(Houghton Mifflin).*

Hudson, The Portrait of a Lady, The Princess Casamassima, The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl, and the second: *The American, The Tragic Muse, The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors, The Golden Bowl.* Both lists have in common with this piece the goal of bringing the new reader as rapidly as possible to what E. M. Forster calls the "valuable and exquisite sensations" of the final novels. But it seems to me that the recommended steps are too short and that *Roderick Hudson* is an actual stumbling block. That James was not the best judge of his own earlier work is shown by his omission of *Washington Square* and *The Bostonians* from the revised edition. My purpose is to present a somewhat more comprehensive list for the beginner, and with this in mind I have divided James's writing life into five periods:

First (1866-1880): This initial period opens with a great clump of short stories reminiscent in style and treatment of Hawthorne. They are well organized and smoothly written, but they incline at once to the prolix and melodramatic. None of them even suggests the full development of the later James. There is little to recommend to the beginner from this period but two novels: *The American* and *Washington Square.* The latter, James's most finished work to that date, really inaugurates the second period.

Second (1880-1890): This I will call the "Balzac" period. James may well have felt in this decade that he had settled on the kind of novel that he would write for the rest of his life: three-volume Balzacian compendium of diverse characters plotted around a contemporary social problem. To many readers it is his finest period. Surely it is hard to pick and choose among such novels as *The Portrait of a Lady* (the conflict between Americans soiled and Americans unsoiled by a dark, beautiful, ancient Europe); *The Bostonians* (the cause of women's suffrage as an arena for sex antagonism); *The Princess Casamassima* (the danger that world revolution may destroy more than it brings) and *The Tragic Muse* (the question of art as a substitute for a political career). The style of these novels is of a dazzling virtuosity; there are passages in *The Portrait of a Lady* and *The Bostonians* as beautiful as any prose James ever wrote. But they did not sell as widely as their author had hoped, and he turned to the theatre in search of the popular success that he so coveted.

Third (1890-1895): This is the period of dramatic experiment, ending with the famous booing of the author at the opening of *Guy Domville.* The most remarkable thing about James's plays is that any of them were produced at all. They read like thin, wordy parodies of his poorest fiction and are pervaded

Tragedy in Garden City

This man's head was brush-cut, like his lawn.
His view of Nature allowed that Nature
Was the producer of ergs, dyns and decibels,
Microns and photons and so many shoes to the cubic foot,
And that all these things in turn produced
Hot point and cold spot and split-level Cadillac.
Scientists in white test tubes took Nature
Wherever it was to be found, and cleverly
Issued it in plastics, repellants, and miracle whip,
To be interpreted by experts in tables
Of comparative happiness based on the relative
Consumption of pacifiers, bonds, and soap.
And society progressed.

Only, in spring and summer, this man,
Observing the multitude of dandelions,
Of hawkweed and thistle, daisy, buttercup
And bladderwort, found that he was appalled
By the uselessness of all these wavering
Vanishers, which never became
Sunoco or Dreft or Unicef; he wondered
Why Science hadn't taken these things in hand
(Year after year, year after year) — until one night,
After the household was asleep, he crept out
And harnessed three million dandelions to his house,
And waited.

Howard Nemerov

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with a repellent heartlessness. They should be concealed at all cost from the would-be Jacobite. He wrote no novels in this period, but kept his fictional hand in practice with a series of short stories written in a clear, finished style that lacks the verbosity of his first period and the involutions of his last. But these stories also lack the warmth and color of the prose of his *Portrait of a Lady* period; there is a thinness of material and a growing preoccupation with the fantastic and supernatural. But if there are less high points in this period of fiction, there are also no low ones. The beginner may roam at will from *The Lesson of the Master* to *The Altar of the Dead.*

Fourth (1895-1901): This is the "bad" period, to be avoided almost entirely until the reader has been converted. Biographically it is interesting, for it reveals a James struggling to pull out of the disappointment of his failure as a dramatist and popular novelist and to achieve his own unique medium. But such a struggle was bound to be saturated with bitterness, and some of it seeps into his work, giving it a peculiar shrillness and silliness. Peeping behind the curtain of art at the small resentments that the author exposes, we glimpse the diner-out who is obsessed with the decline of manners in London high life, the esthete who prefers houses and ornaments to people, the prude who is shocked by sex. Of course, all of these attitudes can be found in the earlier and later work: Hyacinth Robinson in *The Princess Casamassima* (1886) gives up his plans for world revolution because it might muddy the translucent waters of the aristocratic way of life, the contemplation of which must be the eternal solace of the poor, and *A Round of Visits* (1910) transfers the author's high-pitched anger at London hostesses to those of New York. But it is in this period that these attitudes seem most, as James would put it, to "bristle." It is the period of the damp, crushed spinster heroines, of Fleda Vetch of *The Spoils of Poynton* and the telegraph girl of *In the Cage,* who live to observe and who cannot handle the overwhelming, suffocating vulgarity that surrounds them. Like Maisie they know *everything,* and their comfort is in renunciation, a renunciation that smacks of a disdain to participate.

The Compassionate Torturers

A Transmutation from
the French of Victor Hugo

Torture chambers are not pleasure domes.
No-one lives more than five hours in such rooms.
The young men who go in come out grown old.
The artist-torturer, the judge, impelled
one by his craft, the other by the code,
devote themselves to work upon the soft
medium of human flesh, conspire to join
red iron and Roman law, and spare no pain
to win the avowal needed. At their touch
hair, muscle, nail, and bone feel horror's twitch.

Loudness of screams is governed by which fiber
shudders, which nerve responds to that skilled labor.
A man becomes a harpsichord whereon
the bloody fingers of the player run
the scales of agony. Do not be sure
the hearts of torturers hold nothing more
than menace, for this duty makes them grieve.
They sweeten torture with a touch of love.

Resistance saddens them, and as they broach
body, to come at mind, their tongues beseech.
They are paternal as they supplicate,
stooping above the sufferer, regret
the need to blind an eye to make the mouth
vomit, in its extremity, an oath.

There have been torturers of a grain so fine
they've quoted poems to assuage the pain
and coax the secret that the captive kept.
And others, big with empathy, have wept.

DILYS LAING

Too many Jacobites have tried to explain away the silliness of this period by reading other things into it. I think it is better to face it directly like the audiences of *The High Bid* (James's dramatization of *Covering End*) who burst into applause (to the dismay of the author who never intended it) when Captain Yule cried: "I see something else in the world than the beauty of old show-houses and the glory of old show-families. There are thousands of people in England who can show no houses *at all,* and I don't feel it utterly shameful to share their poor fate!"

The best writing of this period is in *The Spoils of Poynton* which prefigures James's ultimate style, but the masterpiece is *The Turn of the Screw.* Perhaps one of the reasons for its success is that James never tells us explicitly of what the "evil" consists. If it is simply that Quilt and Miss Jessel have had an affair which has not been concealed from the children, one is back with the indignant obsessions of this period.

Fifth (1901-1911): Quite suddenly we emerge from the timber into the high, golden light of the final period and meet in dazzling succession the three last novels, *The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors* and *The Golden Bowl.* These have created for James the special niche in the history of literature that was the objective of a lifetime of devoted work. Gone now is the shrill anger at bad manners and sexual irregularity. A benign wisdom instead pervades the atmosphere. The evil in *The Wings of the Dove* is not in the affair between Kate Croy and Merton Densher; it is in their concealment of it from an ailing girl whose money they are after. When Densher pounds the streets of a storm-swept Venice while Millie Theale faces a lonely death in her palazzo, we know, as nowhere in the earlier James, the agony of remorse. And in *The Ambassadors* when Strether at last discovers what everyone else has always known, that Chad Newsome is living with Madame de Vionnet, that he is enjoying the common or garden love affair with the older married woman that is the conventional oat-sowing of the rich young American before his return to the family business, there is no implication that Chad is "evil." It has simply been Strether's naïveté that has made him see another relationship in the affair. But this very naïveté, stripped of James's earlier bitterness and radiant with a new perception, is what lifts Strether above Chad and his mistress. As E. M. Forster puts it: "The Paris they revealed to him—he could reveal it to them now, if they had eyes to see, for it is something finer than they could ever notice for themselves, and his imagination has more spiritual value than their youth."

The remaining stories, except for *The Jolly Corner,* represent a falling off to be expected in old age. The subject matter is more trivial, the style more elaborate. One senses the aging master, sure now of a small but devoted following who will wait indefinitely for the *mot juste*; we can almost hear the prefatory cough, the chuckle as it is finally produced and dangled before their gleaming eyes. But what of that? The master has already given us his best.

Books by Contributors

In the past few years, *The Nation* has become a fertile hunting ground for book publishers alert to contemporary ideas and problems. Substantial parts of the following books, recently published, appeared first in this magazine.

Is There an American in the House? By David Cort. Macmillan. $3.95.

The Future of Public Education. By Myron Lieberman. University of Chicago Press. $5.

An Epidemic of Genius. By Ira Wolfert. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

LIKE James himself, I would submit two lists to the "delightful young man from Texas" of today. My first I believe to be foolproof, but it is a bit long, involving nine steps and a variety of alternatives:

1. *The American,* or *Washington Square,* or *The Aspern Papers,* or *Daisy Miller* and *The Europeans*
2. *The Portrait of a Lady*
3. *The Bostonians* or *The Tragic Muse*
4. Any two of the following short stories: *The Lesson of the Master, The Death of the Lion, Greville Fane, The Abasement of the Northmores, The Real Thing, The Liar, The Altar of the Dead*
5. *The Turn of the Screw,* or *The Spoils of Poynton*
6. *The Beast in the Jungle,* or *The Jolly Corner*
7. *The Ambassadors*
8. *The Wings of the Dove*
9. *The Golden Bowl*

My second is less sure, but it is for those with less time for fiction:

1. *Washington Square*
2. *The Portrait of a Lady*
3. *The Aspern Papers*
4. *The Turn of the Screw*
5. *The Ambassadors*
6. *The Wings of the Dove*

It would be preferable to add some of the short stories to the second list, but time, I know, is precious. One shudders to consider what James, who found his own era too full of noise and distraction, would have thought of ours. Except one should remember that he loved the typewriter and the automobile. He might have loved the jet plane It is interesting to ponder the fate of Daisy Miller in a Rome only a few hours by air from Schenectady.

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The Pleasures of Pound

THRONES: 96-109 DE LOS CANTARES. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. 126 pp. $3.50.

IDEAS INTO ACTION: A STUDY OF POUND'S CANTOS. By Clark Emery. University of Miami Press. 196 pp. $4.50.

A CASEBOOK ON EZRA POUND. Edited by William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 179 pp. $2.50 paper.

M. L. Rosenthal

> There died a myriad,
> And of the best, among them,
> For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
> For a botched civilization,
>
> Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
> Quick eyes gone under earth's lid,
>
> For two gross of broken statues,
> For a few thousand battered books.
> *(Hugh Selwyn Mauberley)*

DID ANYONE ever state the issue better than Pound in this poem written at the end of the First World War? I mean, as a poetic realization of the loss, the betrayal of the young in the name of values neglected except in the rhetoric of war itself? But the poem has its own life in the sad, bitter passion of the opening and closing stanzas and in the tragic pause, for an endless moment, of the second stanza. "Quick eyes gone under earth's lid"—a pure instance of that "intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time" which Pound long ago asserted a true image should be.

The hardest thing in art is to get the emotion right and at the same time keep the artist's shadow from dimming out the picture. Pound's poetry at its best is a poetry of absolute distinction, the rhythmic units cleanly defined and vibrant, the voice at once intense and removed, and everything subordinated to the form of the poem itself. Try to find another poem that succeeds as Pound's "The Return" does in catching the irreversible pity represented by the fading of the gods and heroes of ancient civilizations. Its pathos is without sentimentality; it inheres in what is presented rather than in anything in the tone extraneous to the picture evoked:

> See, they return, one, and by one,
> With fear, as half-awakened;
> As if the snow should hesitate
> And murmur in the wind,
> and half turn back;
>
> These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"
> Inviolable. . . .

A good deal of poetry in any age, including poetry of rather exalted reputation, is awesomely garrulous. I shall cite only Robinson's "The Man Against the Sky" as an example of the poet so in love with the sound of his own voice that no sacrifice, not even that of the poem, is too great for it. Only the deepest self-love can explain Robinson's letting himself get away with something like this:

> If after all that we have lived and
> thought,
> All comes to Nought,—
> If there be nothing after Now,
> And we be nothing anyhow,
> And we know that,—why live?

Why live indeed? After such lines, what forgiveness? The revolution that Pound helped lead was precisely against this kind of verbose banality, our post-Victorian heritage. Pound has his stylistic flaws. His *Thrones,* the latest group of *Cantos,* begins with two lines of Greek, takes the next two in English, is mostly French (with a pinch of English) in the fifth, is English again in the sixth and seventh, turns to Latin in lines eight through ten, and so continues its polylingual way for 124 pages. It would be hard even for the specialist *aficionados* to deny that the Master is overdoing it, and that some of the initial impetus of the *Cantos*—begun more than four decades ago—has been lost. Yet those Graeco-Anglo-Franco-Roman lines *are* brilliant; and when Pound rises toward his lyrical heights, few poets can do anything comparable:

> Selena, foam on the wave-swirl
> Out of gold flooding the peristyle
> Trees open in Paros,
> White feet as Carrara's whiteness. . . .

Pound overdoes—no question of it. But it is the excess of a man with more than enough to say. Even though one could wish he might spend the second seventy-five years of his life condensing and reorganizing the *Cantos,* one must recognize the poem for what it is: a gigantic work-in-progress of a new kind, the boldest experiment in poetry of the twentieth century, the continuous expression through more than half his lifetime of one of the most gifted of modern poets. Its growth in time has been essential to its very nature. Each group of cantos is a new phase, with new clusters of knowledge and association linked with the old through interweavings, repetitions and the driving central continuity. The process is an outgrowth of Pound's engrossment, and of the engrossment of modern poetry as a whole, with sensuous presentation through the concrete image, the realized moment and the organically accurate movement of phrase and line and larger units. Behind it all lies a concept of poetic communication as something that grows on the reader as a series of experiences might.

The driving central continuity is fairly simple, despite the poem's complexity in detail. The *Cantos* begins with a rendering of part of Book XI of the *Odyssey,* the *Nekuia* or *Book of the Dead.* Here Odysseus gives his hair-raising account of evoking the "souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead." *Canto 1* presents the story in a few lines of superb reconstruction. Then, toward the end of the canto, the speaker reveals himself as the re-embodied Odysseus rather than the original one. He is the "I" of Pound's poem, the Odyssean modern sensibility, who in later cantos explores the meaning of his world in the light of the values represented by Homer and the great literary, cultural and moral traditions of man's history: the whole sweep of European history, especially the Renaissance and the modern periods, a vast expanse of Chinese history, the thought of the Founding Fathers and its relation to contemporary America, and other points of reference such as African and Byzantine culture. Odysseus was a bringer of order, a lover of goddesses, an embodiment of poetic vision. Pound makes wide-ranging use of these attributes. They enable him to suggest in a single figure the two sides of the secular ideal—its emphasis on human reason and its Dionysian celebration of the "life-force" and of art. Thus, in many ways throughout his poem, he advances the Confucian (and Voltairian) ideals of a rational political and economic organization of society and of an ordered inward calm in the individual. (See, for instance, the beautiful dialogue of Kung and his disciples in *Canto 13.*) At strategic intervals, also, we have glimpses of pagan beatitudes and aesthetic self-transcendence. Like Yeats and Lawrence, Pound has sought to bring to the fore again and again the sexual mysteries that are the wellsprings of religion and art. His Earthly Paradise:

> The light now, not of the sun,
> Chrysophrase,
> And the water green clear, and blue
> clear. . . .
> Zagreus, feeding his panthers

M. L. ROSENTHAL's The Primer of Ezra Pound *will be published by Macmillan this spring.*

THE CHESSMAN CASE:

A Study in Mass Deception

In the May issue of

THE CALIFORNIAN

"If Chessman dies, he will have been killed by the press."

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His article deals with the incredible distortions and lies about the Chessman case in the nation's press. It shows how the public has been duped into believing that Chessman is a killer and rapist, while neither is true. It documents the actual crime and sexual act for which Chessman has been sentenced to death. (Up to now, the press has called the sexual act "unprintable" although it is plainly described in the Kinsey studies as normal among a majority of American men and women.) It disproves the widely publicized story that Chessman "took a mind" from a 17-year-old girl who was committed to a mental institution "shortly" after he forced her to perform this sexual act.

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the turf clear as on hills under
light
And under the almond trees, gods,
with them, *choros nympharum.*
Gods. . . .
(*Canto 16*)

And his major principle:

. . . . man's phallic heart is from
heaven
a clear spring of rightness,
Greed turns it awry. . . .
(*Canto 99*)

"Greed turns it awry." This is the negative side of the Poundian vision. Sections of the *Cantos* afford us a sore and savage pleasure like that of the *Inferno* or of Blake's "London" when it cries:

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage
hearse.

Blake was writing about a "charter'd" world in which everything has been reduced to property rights and profits. In this usurious world sex has become a source of death instead of life, through the spread of syphilis by prostitutes. Pound's *Canto 45* is beautiful in the same way as Blake's poem is, through the terror and indignation of its revelations. As in Blake, the hatred of life-corruption is an outgrowth of the love of primal innocence:

Usura slayeth the child in the womb
It stayeth the young man's courting
It hath brought palsy to bed, lyeth
Between the young bride and her
bridegroom
CONTRA NATURAM
They have brought whores for Eleusis
Corpses are set to banquet
At behest of usura.

These lines are the culmination of one of the powerful pieces of incantatory poetry in the language. Like the violently exciting "Hell-Cantos," this canto is true poetic prophecy. Not only has it the necessary moral vision, but it has discovered the emotion appropriate to it and released it in all its power. How well Pound understood and identified with Blake in this sense appears from his picture of the earlier poet running painfully on the Purgatorial Mount on a road shaped in "hard steel" that winds "like a slow screw's thread."

And the running form, naked, Blake,
Shouting, whirling his arms, the swift
limbs,
Howling against the evil,
his eyes rolling,
Whirling like flaming cartwheels,
and his head held backward to
gaze upon the evil
As he ran from it. . . .

In speaking of Pound's main directions in the *Cantos* I have not touched on the amazing diversity of this sequence. Its many "voices" provide a profusion of dimensions of dramatic impersonality. What Pound cannot say in his own right, Odysseus or Confucius or some troubadour or the bawdy Jim X can. The range of the poem's wit is a subject in itself. It can be Rabelaisian, it can cut with a deadly if almost invisible sharpness, it darts everywhere. Pound has always had the lightheartedness of the truly serious man, as one of his relatively early pieces may illustrate:

Upon hearing that the mother wrote
verses,
And that the father wrote verses,
And that the youngest son was in a
publisher's office,
And that the friend of the second
daughter was undergoing a novel,
The young American pilgrim
Exclaimed:
"This is a darn'd clever bunch!"
("Moeurs Contemporains")

The same sort of thing is scattered through the *Cantos*. The solemnity of most Pound criticism pro and con has completely overlooked the importance of this element in projecting the earthy yet sophisticated consciousness at work in the *Cantos*.

ANYONE who is after a clear statement of Pound's historical and economic theories and of his special interests, particularly his study of Chinese thought and his use of "ideogrammatic" method in constructing the separate cantos, will be enlightened by Clark Emery's *Ideas Into Action.** Mr. Emery deals fairly objectively with the most sensitive issues at stake, the issues of Pound's fascism and anti-Semitism and their bearing on his poetic thought. The tragic and revolting evolution of Pound's thought grows, in my opinion, out of an excessive commitment to the tentatively valid principles summed up in his *How to Read:*

> Has literature a function in the state? . . . It has. . . . It has to do with the clarity and vigour of "any and every" thought and opinion. It has to do with maintaining the very cleanliness of the tools, the health of the very matter of thought itself. . . . The individual cannot think and communicate his thought, the governor and legislator cannot act effectively or frame his laws, without words, and the solidity and validity of these words is in the care of the damned and despised *litterati*. When their work goes rotten—by that I do not mean when they express indecorous thought—but when their very medium, the very essence of their work, the application of word to thing goes rotten, i.e., becomes slushy or inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought goes to pot. This is a lesson of history. . . .

This kind of linguistic determinism makes powerful sense in its own way, and the passage itself should throw some light on the vital influence of Pound as a critic and thinker. He has the kind of drive and appeal that Lawrence does, and a certain recklessness in the way he lets fly an idea. William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone's *Casebook* is an intelligent collection of the most relevant documents in the controversy, largely journalistic, over the connection between Pound the poet and Pound the public figure. Among other items of interest, the book includes the medical report on Pound when he was committed to a mental hospital as paranoid, Robert Allen's description of him in "the cage" at the Disciplinary Training Center (prison camp) near Pisa, the main statements of the Bollingen Award controversy, and excerpts from his wartime broadcasts. Pound does not emerge morally unsullied from either Mr. Emery's book or the *Casebook*. As a shrewd friend has written me in a letter:

> Pound emerges as a crank with a dominating idea. Like all cranks, he has much truth in what he says, but he rides it into the ground. And the notion that we should get rid of the Sassoons and Guggenheims so that we may pursue nymphs through the tall grass is not one to enlist my fervor. . . .

Against which we may set the large array of outstanding American writers, most of them detesters of fascism, who stood staunchly by Pound during his worst days. Not because they thought him a saint or martyr; few, indeed, have not thought his politics and racism wretched. But behind all this they saw the man

---

*Though published before *Thrones*, Mr. Emery's book throws light on its allusions to the monetary and historical theories of Brooks Adams, Alexander Del Mar, and the Social Credit thinkers, and to the analogous viewpoints the poet attributes in *Canto 96* to Justinian and Leo VI and in earlier and later cantos to Confucius and his followers.

who had stood as well as any man in the century for the aesthetic ideal summed up once again in *Thrones:*

> To see the light pour,
>   that is, toward sinceritas
> of the word, comprehensive. . . .

Admittedly it's all paradoxical, infuriating, etc. But truth in these matters is at least as complicated as in, let's say, the various explosions in war and in peace of atom and nuclear bombs. Pound represents the best and the worst of our civilization and also the great, obvious question: With so much self-destructiveness, so much unresolved hostility, *can* we draw on our imaginative and constructive genius to improvise ways to freedom, joy and order against all the odds?

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE FOLLOWING four exhibitions have something in common: the Rembrandt drawings from American collections at the Morgan Library, which closed April 16; the oils, pastels, drawings and prints of Degas at Wildenstein, for the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for the Children of New York; the welded iron sculpture of Richard Stankiewicz at the Stable, and the painting constructions of Robert Rauschenberg at Castelli. For each of these artists realism transcended and transcends any systematic artistic formality.

Rembrandt created a total world of greater human depth and breadth than any other visual artist. The language of his drawings is, like Chinese, or the English of newspaper headlines, a language without grammar: the part of speech depends on the context. In a Rembrandt drawing a detail is almost meaningless by itself, and there is no form separate from the form of the whole. A line, or lines, or the wash, tells where, before it tells what: where in space, where in action and where in dramatic significance. A figure is analyzed in terms of its presence, which precedes its articulation; and the articulation may be expressed with physical vividness by the expression of a face. The turn of a neck is indicated by the eyes. A line does not mark an edge or change of plane any more often than it marks the center of weight. A line either separates what is on each side of it, or it gives integrity to where it is. Artists have had and still have certain common ways of translating external reality through appearance or tactility into flatness, but for Rembrandt essence comes first. Figures are either emphasized or made unimportant by thicker lines, as one may shout or whisper to attract attention. Wash is color, or shadow, or projection, or recession, depending on the context of the drawing as a whole. Nothing can be abstracted; the parts are meaningless, rubbishy, tattered: the ground which as a whole has its total feel all the way to the horizon, is in detail only muddy litter; the clothes of his figures as a whole may be grand or poor, but they always suggest the temperature, and in detail they are just rags. The unreal-

The Kind of Poetry I Want

Poetry like riding a squealing *oscuro*
Whose back has never held saddle before

Or a *grulla* with a coat
Like a lady's blue-grey suede glove

Or a *bayo coyote* in the red morning sun,
His coat shining like something alive.

A poetry wilder than a heifer
You have to milk into a gourd,

Charged with a power that only needs
The throwing of a switch to let loose
A devastating power.

A force reaching out as an electric current
Leaps a gap between two opposing nodes.

The poetry of one like a wild goat on a rock.
You may try to rope him on one crag.
He leaps to a still more dangerous perch,
Where, flirting with death, he waggles his beard
And fires you an ironic ba-a-a.

Hugh MacDiarmid

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ity of the detail gives connectedness to the whole, which is held together by the artist's compassion. It is interesting to observe his copies of Mantegna and of Indian miniatures, which give the human effect of these works without any attention to the artistic style.

FOR DEGAS, the tension of his paintings and pastels is in the conflict between the decorum of art and the unprecedented nature of nineteenth-century society, whose form was more and more determined by the mechanization of industry. Visual form is contrapuntal to dramatic form: what people do is one thing, and art is another. A jockey lies wounded on the ground, while the beautiful motion of the horses continues. Chance dominates decision. The humanity of his dancers has nothing to do with their skill. Degas seems to dislike life for not being art; though he had sympathy for it. The whole is greater than the part, but since Degas lacked the energy of Rembrandt's compassion, even a whole painting by Degas has something fragmentary about it. Degas could not include an attitude of the whole in one canvas. The grandeur that he could perceive lay more in art than in man; and art for Degas meant Ingres, Delacroix, Holbein and possibly the Florentine fifteenth century, even more than it meant the talent of his fellow artists, or his own. Except for the motion of horses and women, the present inspired sarcastic distaste. And Degas chose to express the disorderly present with the orderly grammar of the art of the idealists, whose remoteness from him made them idealists.

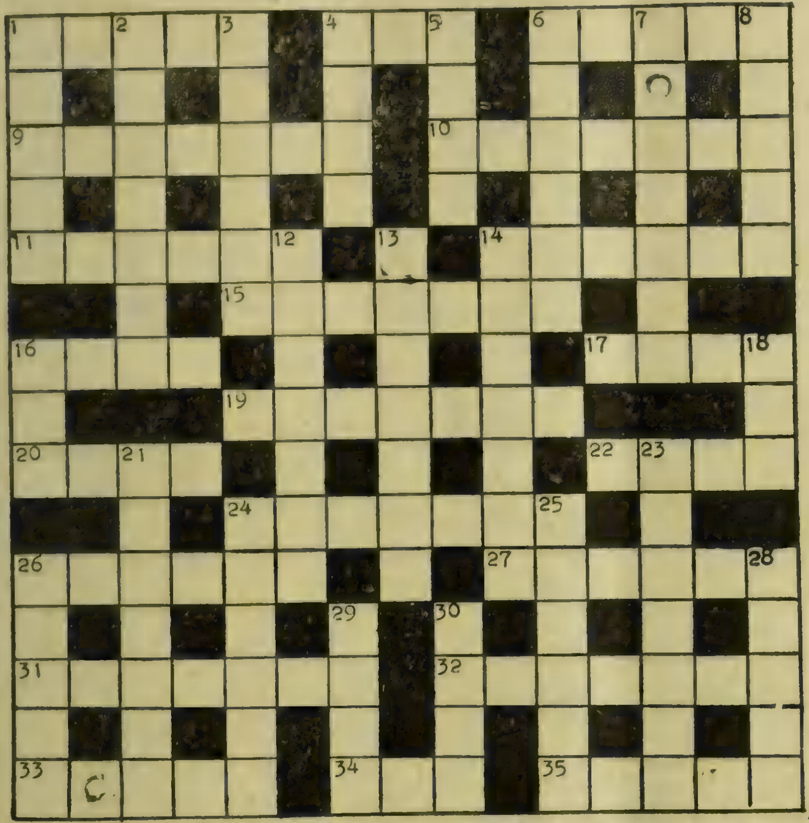
THE IDEALISTS of New York painting are the non-objective painters, who isolate art from details of actuality. They wish to see profoundly and they are against illusion. Or perhaps they simply wish to seem to see profoundly. Rauschenberg's art is disorderly in its incorporation of real elements. His red, white and black, or blue, white and black are slapped on with the skill of hand of the New York school. This is his allusion to art; he alludes to his contemporaries, as Degas' classical line and subtle values alluded to the masters of the past. Rauschenberg combines in his paintings a catalogue of real parts: radios that can be turned on simultaneously to different stations, stuffed birds, homemade ladders stained with drips of paint, chair backs, squares from cotton pants, a compass, can opener, light socket with chain, flattened and crumpled metal, photographs and pieces of newspaper, umbrellas opened flat, rough-sawn lumber and assorted hardware. His extremest construction called *Gift for Apollo*, consists of a cupboard door mounted on doll-carriage wheels, with a doorknob and glued-on necktie smeared with green; from this hangs a chain ending in a bar embedded in the hardened cement in the bottom of a battered pail.

There is a resemblance to the scavenged metal work of Stankiewicz, with the difference that Stankiewicz's material has, as it were, spoken to him before he has used it, as the piece of wood in the beginning of *Pinocchio* spoke to Master Cherry even before Master Cherry touched it with his axe. Stankiewicz responds to a preceding life of things, and Rauschenberg does not; for Rauschenberg the life of the parts depends on the final context. When a part of a Rauschenberg construction has its own life, the effect is disturbing, calling attention to a general grubbiness; I never find his stuffed birds sufficiently assimilated. In a Stankiewicz sculpture the life of a part gives character to the life of the completed sculpture. Rauschenberg's work completely counters so many preconceptions that in order to see what it is one must be open to new form beyond old formalities. He expresses a morality of poverty, inducing a monastic respect for things that no one values. He protests the waste in this society, where we take for granted that automobiles are disposable, and that our trash cans are filled with paper work. He calls attention to the success of industrialism opposite to the way the Bauhaus did, which saw industrialism as it wished to be seen. Maholy-Nagy was like an academician finding beauty in the copying of something already beautiful, with the difference that what he found already beautiful was not the Parthenon, but the skills released by modern machinery. Rauschenberg's work has more personality than anything like it. Its weakness is that it tends to approach the chic.

Rauschenberg is able to assimilate his real elements better than he usually cares to. It is as though in calling attention to the unassimilable, he disparaged art in favor of reality. Stankiewicz's fantasy about plumbing makes him sometimes illustrative, as in the two boiler-bathers playing at the beach. His more formal, abstract and untitled sculptures have greater reality; it is in these that one feels more strongly the human life than has rubbed off into his broken pieces of machinery, or the inevitably inherent life of hardware, like the resistance of things to man's purposes.

Crossword Puzzle No. 864

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 4 and 6 What truth might be put down in, and led back in what condition! (5, 3, 5)
9 A B C's? No, D! It's the way 10 might go! (7)
10 Whittier's Mr. Ireson. (7)
11 Throw off the track? (6)
14 Monkey with this, and hers might look bad to you and me both! (6)
15 Masses of gases. (7)
16 It's an even bet if it goes up. (4)
17 and 22 It takes spirit to find fault with a seed container. (8)
19 One of 600, or just his horse? (7)
24 Dreiser's Financier was the first of one. (7)
31 Showed disapproval. (7)
32 Listens, for a change, to volunteers. (7)
33 He painted the old town red for environment, in a way. (5)
34 Nothing less than a great river, obviously. (3)
35 The sort of things Kreisler's mother taught. (5)

DOWN:

1, 16 down, 26 across and 27 Face up to a historian, evidently a brave person, in his study? (5, 3, 4, 2, 3, 3)
2 Certain to be found in a foolish person as one convinces us. (7)
3 Nothing with a tree comes up like clay! (6)
4 A minister in similar surroundings joins one thing to another. (4)
5 The mark of elan? (4)
6 To be uncomfortable with a formal order which he follows? (6)
7 Confession of decadence reached by the frustrated? (7)
8 Peers across the water. (5)
12 But it doesn't imply a chicken has a chitinous spur. (7)
13 The French way is broken up in a heap (which is foolish for a grown person). (7)
14 It might be a girl he found that made him take up smoking. (7)
18 and 20 Call in question the spirit touching everyone. (7)
21 Gloat over the ingot, if you prize things with it. (7)
23 To put on something extra is to get on with the writer. (7)
24 and 30 Just the 17 to fool around with a ring-maker. (10)
25 Produces what the loser does. (6)
26 With a fiery glare. (5)
28 Theirs are followed by many on simple quests. (5)
29 A study of Arabia, in small part.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 863

ACROSS: 1 and 13 Give-away program; 5 Abrade; 10 Ounce; 10 Emendates; 12 and 24 Passing the buck; 14 Cirrus; 15 and 26 Time for a change; 18 Angular; 21 Basalt; 27 Regressed; 28 Looms; 29 Lutist; 30 Armrests. DOWN: 1 Groups; 2 Vanishing; 3 Atelier; 4 Avenges; 6 Bedroom; 7 Alter; 8 Easy mark; 9 Teapot; 16 Felonious; 17 Pastoral; 19 Laurels; 20 Rakish; 21 Boarder; 22 Scholar; 23 Ceases; 25 Ergot.

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Robert G. Spivack

* * *

NON-REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTERS

Wade Thompson

* * *

The Campaign for GAS-GERM WARFARE

John Barden

LETTERS

Life on the Campus

Dear Sirs: With regard to your April 2 editorial, disparaging the ethical standards of college newsmen who write ads for *Life,* let me protest.... You maintain, apparently, that it is immoral to take a fee for writing a review. Yet in that same issue, your Vivian Mercier did just that, to the tune of $7.50—the price of the publisher-supplied free copy.* ...Even if *Nation* reporters uniquely reject free tickets and return free books, others do not; yet you do not call Mr. Brooks Atkinson an artistic harlot. Where is the moral division...?

GORDON B. CHAMBERLAIN
Former Feature Editor,
Yale News

**All* Nation *reviewers get a fee for their work, of course, and they keep the books sent them as part of the fee. But fees and books are supplied by* The Nation, *not by the publisher whose work is under review. This is where the* Life *promotion gimmick departs from normal, accepted practice.* — ED.

Dear Sirs: Concerning the *Life* promotion stunt, I am pleased to say that the *Pitt News* is not among the 160 participating newspapers. Although we were invited to "Look at *Life,*" we did not accept. I am surprised at some of the school papers which are running the column.

MURRAY CHASS
Pitt News

The Need to Know

Dear Sirs: The President may keep us accurately informed on defense but there is no doubt that he and his appointees have deliberately denied us the truth on developments in China. For the solution of acute domestic problems, we need to know:

1. The methods used and degree of success in elimination of crime in China, including Shanghai, where conditions were worse in 1949 than in Chicago today.

2. The methods used and degree of success in elimination of estrangement or alienation in industrial cities.

3. The methods used and degree of success in reformation of criminals during a decade of a novel type of penology.

4. The methods used and degree of success in stimulating participation in self-government by the citizens.

5. The methods used and degree of success in ending injustice and prejudice suffered for generations by national minorities.

Experiment on a very large scale in each of these fields has yielded results, good or bad, over a ten-year period. We are ill-served by a policy which denies us knowledge of vital import to our own welfare. Recognition and mutual exchange of correspondents are essential for American citizens who have the obligation, the right and the need to learn the facts.

HUGH HARDYMAN
Jalisco, Mexico

Neat Distillation

Dear Sirs: I should like to propose that you keep *The Nation's* press badge pinned on the broad lapel of Malcolm Ross, no matter who wants to keep him out of their clam-bakes. The subtle *fin de siècle* mood that comes through his report of the Miami meeting of the Young Presidents Organization was perhaps the choicest bit in your fine issue of April 16.

Only one who has long known working stiffs and Lee, Higginson types could have so neatly distilled the essence of a witty conversation over a bottle of Madeira and a pipe of Irish tobacco between a mellowed H. L. Mencken (rest his shade!) and the Canon Missioner concerning the problems of our parish, the nation.

C. J. S. DURHAM
Vienna, Va.

A Lady's Dilemma

Dear Sirs: I know I'm not supposed to be very bright. . . . I will buy four extra cans of tuna to get twenty additional trading stamps, then try to get my relatives to help me get rid of the tuna. I was an ardent TV quiz fan until recently. . . . I will vote for the man who has the best personality (well, to be honest, the one who looks most like Raymond Burr).

Now I need help. Our TV and radio newscasters and newspapers have been expressing moral indignation at the treatment of the Negroes in South Africa. But last night there was a switch. I heard on the radio that the put-upon Negroes were all Terrorists. I picked up the local *Post-Times* (Scripps-Howard) and the story was that they were Communists. Baffled, I hurried to listen to Chet Huntley, who said that South Africa *says* that the natives are led by Communists (but Huntley had the wrong expression on his face; *viva la* TV). Are you as mystified as I am? I've heard about Russia — there's the usual Communist line. But what is the line in America? It looks like the electrocardiogram of a highly nervous patient. . . .

Are the South African Negroes really Terrorists, and are they led by Communists? How could they carry Communist cards when their pockets are searched to see if they are carrying their hated passes (that is, if the pockets aren't a mass of clotted blood)?

ESTHER R. COADY
Cincinnati O.

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JUL 28

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Patriot

All the editorial writers and commentators agree on one thing: Syngman Rhee is a glowing patriot, the George Washington of Korea. The New York *Herald Tribune*: "Dr. Rhee's intense patriotism is beyond question, but his impatience with opposition has led him into sometimes repressive paths." The *Christian Science Monitor*: "Dr. Rhee has a strong sense of mission . . . he feels that he must stay at the helm in order to complete the unification of Korea — a unification he has urged even at the cost of war. . . . It is perhaps a credit to Dr. Rhee's concept of democracy that he permits an opposition to function at all." To uphold this avatar of democracy, we have spent 33,000 American lives and untold American billions — more than all the aid we have given to India. We have set up, financed and supported with military force his regime of grafters and gangsters in uniform, all under the aegis of a love of country that manifests itself in mock elections, stuffed ballot boxes, and the torture and murder of any citizen who has the temerity to protest.

From Washington it may not have looked too bad, but the South Korean students were, after all, closer to the scene. Few Americans know the record of the university and high school students of Korea. On March 1, 1919, they issued a declaration of independence from their Japanese overlords and organized demonstrations all over the peninsula. Scores were killed by the Japanese police, hundreds were imprisoned or disappeared. On March 15, 1960, a similar situation developed in Masan and other cities. The students demonstrated not so much against Rhee, the American-sponsored untouchable, as against his hand-picked stooge, Lee Ki Poong, running for Vice President against the opposition's Dr. John M. Chang. In Masan, some fifteen or twenty students were missing after "order" was restored; four weeks later, the badly-beaten body of sixteen-year-old Kim Chu Yol was found floating in the harbor. A mob, led by parents of the missing youths, gathered outside the morgue and demanded the body. Hell broke loose when it was refused. Most of the public buildings of Masan were wrecked. The riots spread to Seoul and other cities. Some eighty were slain and hundreds wounded when students marched on the palace of the great patriot in Seoul; only the army, reinforcing the police, saved him.

On March 16, Secretary of State Christian Herter called in South Korean Ambassador You Chan Yang and, according to *The New York Times*, "filed a mild criticism." On April 19, Mr. Herter used stronger language, accusing the South Korean Government, through Ambassador Yang, of adopting "repressive measures unsuited to a free democracy." In this way the Secretary did what he could to avert a Hungarian-type debacle for the United States in Asia. Fresh from the interview, Ambassador Yang, an unctuous smile playing over his face, went on television and said it was all the work of the Communists.

The Nation has never subscribed to the theory of Rhee's patriotism. Since 1946, at regular intervals, it has denounced him as a fraud and a bloody tyrant. The student demonstrators who chanted, "Remember the spirit of 1919" before the troops silenced them — they knew him for what he is. The real patriots lay in the South Korean streets.

Easter and the Chemical Corps

This year the Easter season was marred by a series of warlike headlines from Cleveland designed to alert this peace-loving nation to the dangers — and tactical advantages — of gas-germ warfare (see John Barden's article on page 383 of this issue). In part, the timing was fortuitous; the American Chemical Society was holding its 137th annual meeting and the Army Chemical Corps took advantage of a hospitable forum to air its grisly views on how to destroy the maximum number of "enemy" lives at the lowest-per-unit cost. But behind the headlines is a story which the press seems to have overlooked. Some time back, scientists of Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries discovered, quite by accident, new chemical agents called V-gases — 1,000 times more potent than the dreaded German nerve-gases — and promptly passed the glad tidings along to the appropriate British authorities. But Britain is a signatory to the Geneva Convention prohibiting the use of poison gas, so the British officials relayed the information to their opposite numbers in Washington, on the theory that, as non-signers, we might put it to good use. "Starved" for funds, and acutely frustrated generally, the Army Chemical Corps decided to launch a souped-up campaign for a larger cut of defense appropriations geared to the notion that if a test ban on nuclear tests is finally achieved, the new gases might provide a dandy substitute deterrent.

The campaign, now in full swing, carries the unmistakable imprint of Madison Avenue at its worst. In fact, the London *Times* reported on March 8 that the U.S. Army Chemical Corps had hired "unofficial public-relations men to build up a systematic campaign to focus attention on the possibilities of these weapons, to reduce public fear of them, and eventually to gain official approval for them as an integral part of the national defense system." Queried by *The Nation*, a high official in Research and Development at the Pentagon said that if private public-relations firms had been used it was news to him, but he conceded that the department was eager to acquaint the public with the facts about gas-germ warfare.

As might have been expected, the British were horrified by the campaign. On March 7, the London *Daily Express* reported that Whitehall feared that the starting of full-scale production of the new gases might convince the Russians that there was little use in agreeing to a nuclear-test ban if poison gases were not prohibited. The same point had occurred earlier to Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. On September 3, last year, Mr. Kastenmeier introduced a resolution (HCR 433), which called for a reaffirmation of President Roosevelt's declaration of June 8, 1943, to the effect that it was American policy not to use bacteriological and chemical weapons unless they were first used against us. In part, the Chemical Corps' current campaign is aimed at securing a reversal of this traditional policy. The Pentagon's opposition to the Kastenmeier resolution is unqualified and substantive. The State Department is also opposed, on the ground that the President should be given a free hand to deal with any situation that might arise in the future. But the resolution, if approved by Congress, would not bind the President; it would merely represent Congressional reaffirmation of the earlier policy declaration. Adoption of the resolution — it is still bottled up in the House Foreign Affairs Committee — has now become a firm necessity. Not to adopt it, in view of the Pentagon's extraordinary campaign to "sell" gas-germ warfare, would make the world suspect that we intended to use these fiendish weapons for other than purely defensive purposes.

Our Finest Hour

Addressing the AFL-CIO Conference on Foreign Affairs last week, Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, retired head of the Army's missile command, delivered an hour-long attack on American military policy. The audience was reported to be stunned — but apparently by the wrong things. What shocked the labor leaders was that the General, a believer in old-fashioned war with modern trimmings, asserted that we were spending "almost astronomical" sums for "redundant" long-range nuclear weapons, but were in no position to fight the localized wars dear to his heart. Probably the labor statesmen were not much moved by his incidental revelation that our present stockpile of nuclear weapons represents "the equivalent of ten tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child on earth." Ten tons of TNT was the explosive load of the biggest bombs — the "blockbusters" — used in World War II. Now, on the basis of General Medaris' figures, everybody has a blockbuster for his very own. The total is about 25,000 megatons, or some 8,000 times as much as all the explosives fired in World War II. This is splendid enough, but we must consider that these are *our* bombs — why does General Medaris distribute them among the lesser breeds and minor powers of the earth? If we keep them for our own people, to whom they rightfully belong, it figures out to not a mere ten tons, but around 140 tons of TNT for each one of us, whether with one foot in the grave or just emerging from the maternal womb. What a firecracker! What an achievement of the human spirit! What a glorious age to be alive in!

Big Cold Warrior

No one will gainsay that the mantle of John Foster Dulles (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) has descended on the shoulders of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. And it fits him well. At the Conference on Foreign Affairs at which General Medaris threw a scare into the participants, Al Hartnett, secretary-treasurer of the International Union of Electrical Workers, had the nerve to propose that the labor federation soften its stand on the Soviet Union and consider exchanges between "average" Russians and Americans to foster better understanding between the two peoples. Pleading that communism as a world force is "here, and will be for some time," Mr. Hartnett proposed that American labor should "learn to live" with this apparently obdurate fact. He said further that under present auspices a "bad image" of the United States had been created throughout the world.

Mr. Meany would have none of it. In one of the heated replies in which he excels, he declared that exchanges might be all right "for artists and business people," but not for labor. Labor must remain pure in heart, unsullied by intercourse with the ideologically obscene. He appealed on behalf of the captive millions in whose bosoms hope still lingers, but would be dashed to atoms if American labor leaders should "fraternize and socialize with their captors, their oppressors, their jailors." Let the Soviet labor skates talk to government representatives if they come here but, said George, unmoving as the polar star, "They are not going to talk to me." Mr. Hartnett was obliterated. At this point, however, Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, tugged at the Meany sleeve and whispered that he had already made plans to visit Moscow this summer. He asked whether it would be in order to debate the issue of his trip before the conference. Mr. Meany replied (also in a whisper) that the question would come up before the AFL-CIO Executive Council at a meeting in Washington May 3. Mr. Curran remained silent, but later said that his trip had been endorsed by the full membership of his union and he had no intention of dropping it. When Mr. Curran returns, it will be Mr. Meany's task to fumigate not only Mr. Curran, but the entire National Maritime Union, lest the contagion spread.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Dan Wakefield, *The Nation's* roving reporter, has just returned from a trip through portions of this country's own apartheid battleground. The Southern hospitality extended to him included an attempt to beat him up on the streets of Montgomery, Alabama.

You will read the details in next week's issue, most of which will be devoted to Wakefield's extensive report on a South caught up in one of the historic movements of our time.

Another Gideon's Army

The New Jersey Republican primary was billed as a test of the well-known Taft-Knowland hypothesis — currently espoused by Senator Barry Goldwater — that the Republican problem is to bring out the massive right-wing vote which stays home out of pure spite unless offered candidates who will voice its favorite nostrums. Senator Case's easy 2-to-1 victory over Robert Morris — a victory won despite the fact that all but six of the Republican county leaders took a "neutral" position — should pretty thoroughly demolish the "stay-at-home" or "if-we-only-had-a-real-alternative" theory of why the Republicans don't win more elections.

But the New Jersey primary should also scotch another myth, namely, that there is in fact a powerful "Right" which numerically dominates the Republican Party. During the brief heyday of the late Senator McCarthy, "moderate" Republicans lived in mortal fear of this hypothetically all-powerful right wing; the myth that it exists has been carefuly nurtured for many years by a strange collection of diehard money-bags perennially eager to have their private prejudices noisily voiced in public. So widely is the illusion accepted that it has become accepted practice on radio and television forum and panel shows, in public debates and in college discussion programs to invite a spokesman of the "Right" — Dean Clarence Manion, William Buckley or Senator Goldwater — who by his presence offers assurance to timid program chairmen that the proper "balance" has been attained. Thus a "balanced" presentation is insured by having, say, Senator Goldwater appear on the same program with Senator Humphrey. But this kind of matching does not secure "balance" in a program because the "Left," which is even smaller than the "Right," is never represented. The effect of recognizing the "Right" as a division of approximately the same numerical weight as the "Center" is to magnify, out of all relation to reality, the significance of the former in American politics. And an incidental effect, of course, is to give the spokesmen for the Right — are there more than a half-dozen? — illusions of grandeur.

If splinter groups and factions are to be represented in the ongoing American political dialogue as they should be, then a true balance calls for representation of the Center plus two wings, not merely one. But the public's limited attention can best be husbanded by rejecting the notion that there is, out across the country, a vast army of disaffected, prepotent, angry voters of the Right who, if only they could find candidates close to their heart's desire, would bring the Republicans to power from coast to coast. The New Jersey primary is merely the most recent demonstration that the size of this army has been vastly inflated.

Jane Addams

The hundredth anniversary this year of the birth of Jane Addams celebrates a pioneer in human welfare who, beginning as a crusader against the evils of the Chicago slums where she went to live, rose to international acclaim as the leader of the most influential women's movement for peace and freedom.

Quaker, pacifist, reformer and humanitarian for half a century up to her death at seventy-five in 1935, she was incessantly in the news as the center of highly controversial causes. Although she called herself a middle-of-the-roader, her championship of the underdog, her pacifism in wartime and her unflinching response to injustice pushed her to the Left of the road and made her a favorite target for self-styled patriots and reactionaries. When her name appeared heading one of the earliest Congressional lists of subversives, the then Secretary of War, Newton Baker, disposed of it by observing that the name of Jane Addams dignifies any list on which it appears.

It is testimony to her character that Jane Addams was able to win so great a respect even from her opponents. A serene wisdom, a sweet reasonableness and a vast compassion inspired deference to her judgments and quieted her critics. Of all the leaders in American reform I knew during my years in social welfare, and later in the crusade for civil liberties, she was the most impressive in combining courage and vision with practical sense.

She organized the first international peace conference of women at The Hague in the midst of World War I; when America entered the war, appreciating the futility of continued opposition, she threw herself into the campaign for food. After the war she renewed her campaign for peace. She won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931 and, at a great public function in Washington just before her death, the homage of the world's leaders. Besides her international work, she continued to aid her neighbors at Hull House and to take part in national social and political reform movements—among them the American Civil Liberties Union, of which she was one of the founders.

Jane Addams has left a heritage of a score of national reforms achieved, her published interpretations of her times and labors and—most enduringly—the unfulfilled tasks of peace and freedom in the ongoing world union of women she created. ROGER BALDWIN

The Non-Revolutionary Daughters . . *by Wade Thompson*

THE ONLY reason I have ever been sorry to be a man, and to be descended from pirates, is that I am barred by Nature from ever joining the Daughters of the American Revolution—my very, very, favorite organization. I suppose I could join the Sons of the American Revolution, but that would be like going into a monastery when I would infinitely prefer to go into a harem. Besides, the Sons are merely an emasculated version of the true virago: they serve well as court eunuchs, but they obviously haven't one-tenth the *élan vital* of the Daughter. It's the Daughter that gets my ogles—the true, beagle-eyed, firm-lipped, double-breasted Daughter, with dedication to burn; and I earnestly believe she should get the admiration of a lot of people who are presently ignoring her—particularly of poets, painters and composers, whose job it is to endow the heroines of our history with immortality, and who have heretofore fallen down on the job miserably so far as these fair Daughters are concerned.

I refer these immortalizers to the official records of the D.A.R. which the U.S. Government publishes annually* in commemoration of the doings of these dear girls, who last week held their annual conclave in Washington. Anyone investigating these records will agree that here, at least, the government is performing an invaluable service. Without such records, the American people would be completely ignorant of the fertilizing rectitude and roaring fervor of nearly two million ladies who, by eternal vigilance, keep this great land free from sin and sedition.

To read these documents—fully indexed, annotated, imprimatured and canonized—is to taste the joys of a literary experience beyond compare. No one will ever fall asleep over the prose of the darling Daughters. Their syntax is revolutionary, their metaphors original, their adjectives bold. and their spirit is charged with a moral splendor that vies with the fires of hell. Everything is direct, raw, straight from the bile. "Daughters, we must teach and teach again the principles of Americanism to our Negroes, our war brides, our foreigners and our Scandinavians!" "Daughters! We must seize the reins and ride our country safely through the Scylla of Communism and the Charybdis of Socialism." "Daughters!" (the Daughters have a marvelous habit of yelling at one another: Daughters! *Daughters!* DAUGHTERS!) — "Daughters! we need to be shocked! We can't live forever in a daze!" "Make this your battlecry: a 6 per cent increase in membership!" "Daughters! We must heed the warning that we cannot take our heritage for granted, without doing something about it!"

In just such liver-rocking language come the reports from every D.A.R. state regent in the republic, and from every committee dedicated to national salvation. Some of these are better than others, but—as Dryden said of Shakespeare—there is "God's plenty" for everybody. The Printing Committee happens to be my favorite. These dear ladies abhor "dry statistics" and "dull facts." Every year they compose an impassioned prose-elegy to the "D.A.R. presses which are humming night and day with never a pause for breath." The Americanism Committee (which every Daughter secretly yearns to be on, since nothing makes her happier than banishing an infidel or burning a book) invariably packs a wallop: "At the University of Illinois, banishment of the American Youth for Democracy was accomplished by the Alliance Chapter," reports Mrs. C. as she proudly thumps her chest. The Membership Committee sometimes gets carried away: "The nation has become D.A.R.-minded," announces the Chairman, but her fervor easily compensates for her ignorance. And the Future-Generations Committee sometimes gets downright indecent in its effort to encourage more children among D.A.R. members. (I'll refrain from quoting anything on this point.)

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*In Senate-numbered documents commonly known as the "U. S. Serial Set," published by the Government Printing Office at government expense.

WADE THOMPSON, author of "My Crusade Against Football" and other irreverencies which have appeared in The Nation, *is currently compiling these and other essays on the American scene into a book to be published by Argonaut Books under the title* Sacred Cows.

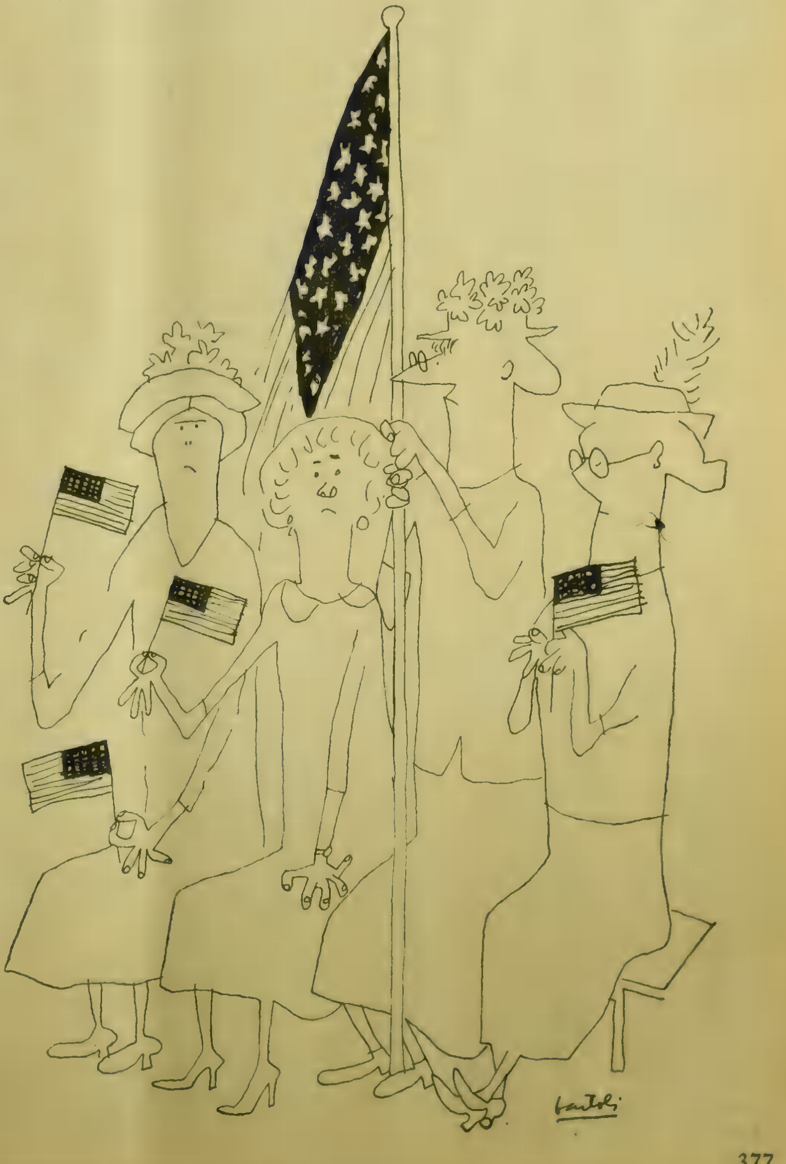
WHATEVER the report, whatever the resolution, there is sure to be something that will positively disjoint your esophagus and put you into a state of euphoric paralysis. There is an award, for example, to Fulton Lewis, Jr., for "piercing the Iron Curtain with religion." There is a long, rhymed elegy to J. Edgar Hoover that can be sung to the tune of "Coming Through the Rye." There are twenty-seven different resolutions to fight communism in the churches (sometimes done up in Shaw-like wit: "Resolved that the D.A.R. urge each church member to seriously study the psychology of subversion in order to distinguish between the Word of God and the voice of Moscow"). And there is a solicitude for the Sons of the American Revolution that can only be described as embarrassing.

One thing these reports prove—and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt—is that the D.A.R. is fundamentally a Thing of Zeal. A true Daughter never sits down. She is forever at her job—scrubbing, cleaning, banishing. "Busy as beavers building a dam," begins the chairman of the Good Citizens Committee, and only modesty prevents her from saying that beavers were never so busy. Carry Nation herself, in all her fortitude, could never have dreamed of chopping down more hovels of iniquity than the modern Daughter. One sees in the mind's eye whole hordes of D.A.R. girls, be-girdled and be-gartered, sweating like harridans in the endless task of keeping our thoughts fresh and clean and all ready for Sunday school. Moreover, the D.A.R. keeps an accurate tabulation of all the work it does, and all the time it consumes. Each state regent records the number of hours her charges work—"Wisconsin, 5,316 hours"—and submits an annual total. Then the National Computation is made and published so that Congress and all heretics will be duly impressed. Last year the D.A.R. worked a grand total of 177,392 hours and fifteen minutes, according to my calculation.

WHENCE cometh all this Zeal? Surely only a social psychologist of superhuman profundity could give a satisfactory answer, but it seems clear to me that at least part comes from murky and subterranean drives that can't be satisfied elsewhere. We snooty and sniffish men tend to overlook this. The poet Byron got close to the heart of the matter when he wrote

> Man's love is of man's life a thing
> apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

But suppose a woman gets no love at all? One has only to glance at any portrait of the D.A.R. to see the problem. After all, who in his right mind would voluntarily woo the Daughters? Who would mutter sweet nothings in their ears? Who would flutter their pulses with poems



or thrill them with soft kisses? Who would ever conduct a pantry-raid against them?—not even the American Legion in all its intrepidity. Faced with this problem, the Daughters have organized themselves into a powerful combine to *force* men to love them. And they have succeeded. J. Edgar Hoover loves them; Richard Nixon loves them; Dwight Eisenhower loves them; in fact, millions of knuckle-heads love them — or at least *say* they love them, and any politician who shudders for his political hide had *better* love them or face the fury of a woman scorned.

In all probability the founders of the D.A.R.—those dear ladies who first collected in Washington on October 11, 1890—had no idea that they were about to supply the nation's greatest organized compensation for ladies in distress, but the fact can no longer be doubted. The D.A.R. is surely the fastest growing Outlet for Unused Energy in the republic. According to the official published records, at least 137 squadrons of experts on genealogy and pedigrees are working night and day to clear the eligibility of an estimated 325,000 applicants clamoring to get in. We can only hope they will do their work as rapidly as possible, and that every last lady who feels the need of being a Daughter will forthwith be just that.

The Daughters would do well, however, to watch carefully over their incoming members, for the Evil One—he who originally picked on Daughter Eve to promote his malefactions—is still in the vicinity (now masking as a Communist), and would love nothing better than to seduce the D.A.R. to ways of sin. I cite an alarming dispatch from the staid old reliable *New York Times*:

> BINGHAMPTON, Oct. 3—The New York State Daughters of the American Revolution were so "jarred" last night by one of the speakers at its annual convention that, in the words of its press spokesman, "they have been wandering around in a daze."
>
> Dr. Clinton Rossiter, head of the Department of Government at Cornell University, told them that he thought it was the United States' mission "to lead the world over the centuries to a system of world government."
>
> Mrs. Thurman C. Warren, Jr., of Chappaqua, a former state regent of the D.A.R., issued a statement today.
>
> "Last night the conference members were jarred by the statement that in so many years we would be controlled by a world government. . . . A jar such as we received last night might well serve to shake the citizens of a complacency that is threatening to devour our country."
>
> "Daughters, we need to be jolted," Mrs. Warren added, "Russia, with her dictatorship government, is determined to force her ideology on the world."

At first glance this seems harmless enough; but to anyone trained in the psychology of subversion it is apparent that Dr. Clinton Rossiter is only a smoke screen to cover a much more devious person. Rossiter is not the True Enemy; the True Enemy never operates on the surface. The True Enemy in this case is none other than Mrs. Warren. Consider the good lady's subtlety. "Daughters," she says, "we need to be jolted." And who is the man noble enough to jolt us? An "agent from Russia" named Clinton Rossiter. MRS. WARREN IS COMMENDING A COMMUNIST! Ergo: she must be a—oh, my God!

DAUGHTERS, WE NEED TO BE JOLTED! THE ENEMY IS IN OUR VERY MIDST!

TIME-BOMB IN PANAMA

. . by Martin B. Travis and James T. Watkins

AS THE politicians in the tight little oligarchy which has ruled and nearly ruined Panama since 1903 study cues for their quadrennial shadow dance — the Presidential election to be held there on May 8 — tremors in the earth hint that their stage is the roof of a volcano. The United States, guardian and administrator of the Canal, watches the local political miming apparently as inattentive to the political rumblings as the oligarchs themselves.

Yet in Panama are to be found all the conditions for a nationalist revolution which will rival the recent upheavals in Cuba and Egypt. A corrupt and decadent ruling clique of forty or so families dominates the social, political and economic life of the country. The best land is theirs, but they have developed it neither wisely nor well. Agricultural workers earn $1.50 for a twelve-hour day. In Panama City, which holds a third of the country's one million inhabitants, the wage scale — 35c to 40c an hour — is half what Panamanians receive for comparable work in the United States-controlled Canal Zone. Unemployment, affecting about 12 per cent of the country's labor force, is concentrated in the cities, where demagogic politicians can more easily exploit the attendant frustrations. The greater part of the population — a third is illiterate and four-fifths are Negro and *mestizo* (mulatto) — ekes out a subsistence living with little reason to hope for a change under the existing system. As the tiny, inbred coterie which is Panama's high society has its fun in top government offices and waxes richer while it does, the nation's million inhabitants resentfully grow poorer — and more numerous.

Apparently the presence of the United States in the Canal Zone, by providing a convenient whipping boy, helps blind Panama's rulers to

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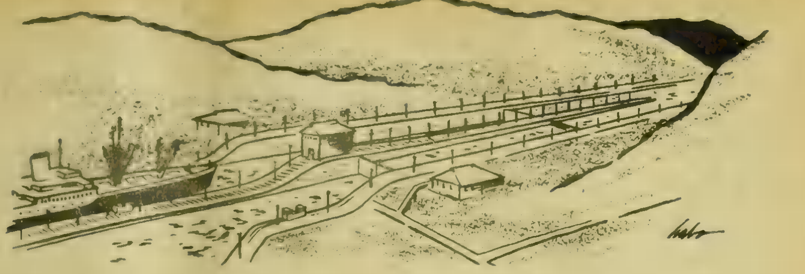
MARTIN B. TRAVIS and JAMES T. WATKINS, both of whom teach political science at Stanford University, have specialized in the field of international relations.

the realities of their situation. Must concessions be made to the temper of the populace? The United States can be blackmailed into making them. Fancied injuries to the national pride will divert the attention of Panama's 400,000 voters from their domestic grievances. United States control of Panama's biggest business, the Canal, can be made to obscure the oligarchy's control of Panama itself.

Nationalism always feeds upon the unwanted presence of foreigners. Nowhere is that presence more obvious than in the ten-mile-wide, fifty-mile-long Canal Zone bisecting the pocket-handkerchief-sized land from ocean to ocean. In the Zone, only the American flag flaps in the tropic breeze, and beneath it sprawls a bureaucrat's Garden of Eden. Every one of the 50,000 Yankee residents is a civil or military servant living on what the Panamanians think of as the fat of their land; segregated facilities, introduced by Southern administrators, hold at arm's length the native inhabitant. The Zone operates under the alien law of the United States with an administration so vulnerable to pressures from a dozen different government agencies in Washington that it further irritates the people of Panama by inconsistent and uncertain policies.

THE American presence provides the Panamanians with other complaints for the oligarchs to whet. A third of the country's gross national produce is accounted for by the $1.9 million rent paid for the Zone, the $25 million paid to the 16,000 Panamanians employed therein, and the $27 million spent by the American officials and their families. Yet much more is demanded. Up the rent to $40 to $50 million by applying the 50-50, or even 60-40, formula used by Venezuela with the foreign oil companies! Pay Panamanian employees as much as United States employees are paid! Train Panamanians for the "sensitive," skilled positions of pilots and lock engineers! Playing upon these themes, the oligarchs in the past have been able to divert the masses' resentment against themselves into nationalist fervor against the United States. They will not be able to continue much longer to do so. For increasingly the populace is coming to believe that the oligarchs are hand-in-glove with the Americans and battening on blackmail tactics.



THE CANDIDATES in the Presidential election fit the familiar pattern. One is Ricardo Arias, scion of an old and wealthy family, a cosmopolitan of the cocktail set, who nevertheless turns to nationalist slogans in seeking political support. His principal opponent, Roberto Chiari, one of Panama's wealthiest men, comes from a family with extensive land holdings in sugar cane. A third political leader, Aquilino Boyd, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was implicated in last year's invasions of the Zone by student mobs intent upon raising the Panama flag there. Boyd, like his opponents, seeks partisan goals by jingoistic means, but the electorate to which he is appealing is increasingly aware of past and future benefits to his $60 million businesses from concessions to Panama's industry wrung from the United States in the name of Panama's national pride.

Successful though the oligarchy has been in exploiting nationalist symbols for private political purposes, the situation is growing beyond their control. Thus when Boyd sought to call off his student-led demonstrations last November, he could not; the nationalist fervor had spread too far. Even more significantly, the West Indian Negroes in Panama have organized an Independent Afro-Panamanian Association, which promises to deliver 150,000 votes in the election. With 80 per cent of the population to appeal to, the association's threat is a real one.

One casualty of any national revolution in Panama will be the United States' hold on the Canal unless, by wise and timely measures, Washington moves to forestall such a development. But this raises another question.

What is the value to the United States of its control of the Canal? Economically, the value has long been rapidly declining. Superhighways and jet aircraft link the East and West coasts of the continental United States with rapid services. Pipelines transport oil at costs which, competing with tankers, have cut into the volume of inter-coastal Canal trade, while the industrial development of the West Coast has created local consumer demand for oil products. Thus, despite the conveniences and economy of the Canal's facilities for bulk cargo, the elimination of the Canal could not seriously hamper, let alone cripple (as once would have been the case), U.S. communications and transportation.

A MORE critical question than the economic is the strategic. How important to the security of the United States is our continued control of the Canal?

In total war, as military experts continually point out, thermonuclear missiles will make the Canal impossible to defend. In limited warfare, on the other hand, no enemy is likely to attack what is for the United States (whose public is still wedded to the idol of the Monroe Doctrine) a psychological chip on its shoulder, and thus risk all-out massive retaliation.

Moreover, what would the enemy gain if it got a Canal whose control was bound to remain strategically vulnerable? American defense strategy has long been based, not upon the Canal, but upon the continental

United States. No combat aircraft are stationed there; there is only one reinforced infantry battle group, some anti-aircraft units armed only with conventional weapons, some military police and a few coast naval craft. Here is a lesson for any hypothetical enemy who must operate many thousands of miles from his home base.

But one may argue that an enemy hold on the Canal, no matter how precarious, would seriously impair the United States' strategic position. This is not so. There now exists a two-ocean fleet maintained by naval stations on both coasts. And modern aircraft carriers are too large to clear the Canal. True, missile-firing, nuclear-powered submarines, rapidly becoming the "capital ships" of the fleet, can make the transit. But their use implies total, rather than limited, warfare — and in total warfare, as has been said, the Canal is altogether indefensible. Moreover, the recently explored sub-Arctic route promises to diminish further the Canal's military value.

WHAT course should the United States take to forestall the nationalization of the Canal, which must otherwise certainly follow upon revolution in Panama?

Loud voices are heard asserting that what is needed is not a new U.S. policy, but rather a stronger affirmation of the old. That grand old historian of the Panama Canal, Captain Miles P. Du Val, Jr., and his eloquent mouthpiece in the House of Representatives, Daniel J. Flood (D., Pa.), seem to agree with the incumbent Governor of the Zone, Major General W. E. Potter, that further appeasement of Panamanian sensibilities will only increase the Panamanian appetite. Representative Flood wants us to reassert our exclusive sovereign control over the Canal Zone, suppress all demonstrations and send a squadron of ships south for the sole purpose of flying Old Glory along the coasts of the Caribbean. But to revert to such nineteenth-century imperialist gestures would be only to provoke a stronger anti-Yankee stand by Panama's oligarchy, add fuel to the flames of nationalism among the Panamanian masses, and provide ready-made an issue on which nationalists and Communists could unite not only in Panama, but also in Cuba, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela and Mexico.

Just as unrealistic is another proposal, recently put forward, that the United States open negotiations with Panama with a view to gaining for us titular as well as jurisdictional sovereignty over the Canal. What Panamanian government could survive for a minute if it even contemplated such a step?

Clearly, unilateral United States control of the Canal would prove as unacceptable an alternative to the present precarious situation as unilateral Panamanian control. The only remaining alternative compatible with United States treaty engagements is some form of internationalization. This solution would serve America's real interests in the Canal: (1) free access to a trans-isthmian waterway; (2) good service at low cost; and (3) a voice in its operation.

The Washington Post and, more recently, a report prepared at Northwestern University for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, endorse a scheme calling for internationalization under the Organization of American States (OAS). But the difficulties here seem to outweigh the advantages. For one thing, in such an arrangement the interests of Europe and Japan, which the Canal serves even more than it does the Latin American flag ships (if "flags of convenience" are discounted), would not be represented. Even more important, during the past decade much of Latin America has come to look upon the OAS as an instrument of the United States, and so has lost prestige in the eyes of the most responsibly democratic Latin powers: Mexico, Uruguay and Costa Rica. It might be some time before the moral ascendancy of the OAS would be great enough to insure a stable internationalization. In the face of a divided OAS, Panama might not feel that regionalization constituted much of a barrier to nationalization.

We must conclude, therefore, that the wisest course calls for true internationalization under a U.N. specialized agency, responsible to the community of nations as a whole, made up of representatives of all the Canal's principal users within and without the Western Hemisphere. In principle, this proposal is in line with the recommendation made originally at the Potsdam Conference in 1945 by President Truman (a principle applicable to all waterways vested with a public interest), and more recently endorsed by Adlai Stevenson and Senators Hubert H. Humphrey and George D. Aiken.

Internationalization in the form of a U.N. specialized agency could be expected to enhance the security of the waterway. Hopelessly vulnerable in a general war, as we have seen, an internationalized canal would offer a less attractive target than one controlled by the United States, as at present, or one administered under a U.S.-dominated OAS. Were an internationalized canal to be attacked, any defense of it undertaken by the United States would enjoy widespread moral and practical support.

IT must not be supposed, of course, that internationalization would be welcomed either by the oligarchy or the populace of Panama, whose claim to titular sovereignty over the Zone is legally as valid as the U.S. claim to jurisdictional sovereignty. Yet many of Panama's most fervent current nationalists were themselves advocating internationalization not long since. Even today they must see that once the Canal came under the aegis of the U.N., Panamanians would get an increasingly more important role in its operations. Meanwhile throughout the Zone the Panamanian flag would fly alongside that of the U.N., Panamanian sovereignty (as distinct from jurisdiction) would go undisputed, and all vestiges of segregation and other discrimination would disappear. By such developments, the nationalist sentiments of the populace would be soothed, while the oligarchy would have reasons of its own for satisfaction. Business interests could anticipate even greater access to Zone markets, and stability in the general picture would increase the stability of their own position.

A different argument—which oligarchs and populace alike can understand—is that Panama enjoys no monopoly of trans-isthmian routes; alternative routes can be developed if necessary. There is the possibility of a sea-level route across the 150 mile-wide Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico—an engineering feat which would cost far less than, say, building the Aswan Dam in Egypt and which would lie within a country where revolution does not threaten. Or else a Nicaraguan route—that ancient rival of the Panama route—could be dug. Either of these could be financed by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and administered by a specialized agency of the character we have proposed for the Panama Canal. As late as last November President Eisenhower, who opposes internationalizing the Panama Canal for reasons which Representative Flood would find sympathetic, supported the suggestion that an alternative route to the Panama Canal be developed. This is an idea which would not appeal to Panamanians high or low.

Conditions in Panama are pushing that country toward revolution, of which one of the first fruits would be a move to nationalize the Canal. In that event, the United States might well find all Latin America lined up in support of Panama and the principles of sovereignty and non-intervention. Is it too much to believe that international communism would be looking the other way?

While control of the Canal is no longer vital to the United States, the preservation of international waterways for the shipping of all nations is a traditional American policy. We submit that the United States has nothing to lose and the enhancement of its global interests to gain from seeing the Canal operated by a specialized agency, an international Panama Canal Commission, supported by and serving all maritime powers. No other policy seems to fit the circumstances.

Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers . . *by Robert G. Spivack*

Washington, D.C.

THE DEMOCRATS have not yet chosen a candidate and have scarcely raised an important issue in the 1960 campaign. Yet it is widely assumed here by professional politicians that at least two prominent Democrats—Stuart Symington and Adlai Stevenson — can be elected President if they win their party's nomination.

This forecast, of course, runs in the face of several popular opinion polls which have been saying either that a Republican will win, or that Senator Kennedy is the Democrat most likely to succeed. For many reasons, the "pros" do not go along with these predictions. Wisconsin slowed Kennedy. To many bosses, even of his own religious faith, Kennedy at the top of the ticket would be a nationally divisive candidate. Senator Humphrey, who has always faced an uphill fight, was also not helped by Wisconsin. Senator Johnson, besides being a Southerner, is tied too closely to gas-and-oil interests.

But the main reason for believing, as Illinois National Committeeman Jacob Arvey puts it, that the Democratic candidate's name "will begin with an S" is summed up in the quip by Senator Mike Monroney. "Over the years," Monroney said, "I have run into many Eisenhower Democrats, but I have yet to see a Nixon Democrat."

To the hard-headed political operators, the campaign will be resolved neither on issues nor altogether on personal charm. Instead, it will be dark-jowled Richard M. Nixon running against the Democratic Party. And that poses a fundamental question: What is the Democratic Party?

There are many ways to look at the party. It's the party of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Lehman. It's also the party of James O. Eastland, Theodore Bilbo and Herman Talmadge. It's the small haberdasher's party, the missile manufacturer's party, the Irish immigrant's, the small businessman's, the union leader's and the Cambridge intellectual's.

Another starting point, in seeking to define the party, would be to determine what a voter expects it to do for him (to paraphrase Charles Wilson, most voters do think that "what helps me, helps the nation").

In recent years, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others have sensibly urged the Democratic Party to quit living in the thirties and to devise a program for the sixties. But except for the Democratic Advisory Council and isolated reform groups, there is little indication that organization Democrats, any more than organization Republicans, think in such terms. Where the well-meant advice soars into outer space is that a man's politics is a personal private possession, with which no outsider can tamper. The surest way, especially in a period of comparative peace and prosperity, to lose a voter's support is to tell him what he "ought" to do and what you think is for his "own good." He wants to think for himself and cherish his own illusions.

To explain better what I mean, ask yourself why so many voters consider themselves Democrats. The Gallup Poll, probably as authentic as any poll, reports that 47 per cent of the voters call themselves Democrats, 30 per cent say they are Republicans and 23 per cent speak of themselves as "independents." The study, based on 9,415 cases, shows that both young and middle-age voters divide almost along the same lines when it comes to expressing their party preference. In the older group voters listed themselves as 48 per cent Democrat, 27 per cent Republican and 25 per cent inde-

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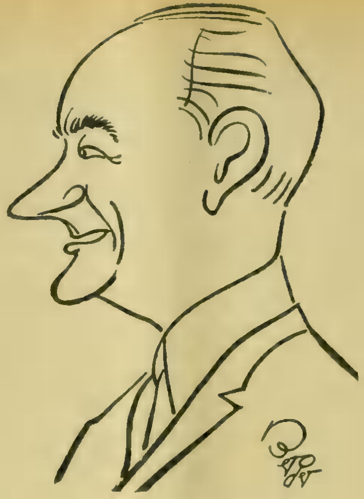
pendent. The younger voters listed themselves as 45 per cent Democrat, 23 per cent Republican and 32 per cent independent.

The only way I know to find out why people think as they do is to ask them. I have gone about this in an unscientific way, by the standards of the pollsters, yet the results are probably no less accurate. I have asked ten young men and women in their twenties and another ten middle-aged friends why they considered themselves Democrats. Their answers add up to this: the party still reflects the glory of the New Deal. This was true of Southerners as well as Northerners.

THESE WERE typical replies from the younger group. "I don't care much for the Dixiecrats," said a young woman, aged twenty-two. "But I think there is room in the Democratic Party for new ideas. The Democrats are not rigid. The Republicans seem to have no fresh thoughts. They just copy or modify Democratic ideas and claim they can administer them better." A young man said simply the Republicans were "too humorless." Still another said there were more Democrats who put "national interests ahead of personal interests." A fourth correspondent, who described himself as a "part-time Democrat with independent leanings," said that the party was "more daring, more willing to experiment and more human," but that sometimes he was disgusted with the conduct of "the natural-gas Democrats."

The older people were less communicative and less sure of what they thought. They tended to be more critical of individual party figures—Acheson and Truman, particularly—but still were full of memories of the depression and how the Democrats "cured it." "God knows where we would have been if there had been no F.D.R., no 'brain-trusters,' no acceptance of the notion that government has some responsibility for the welfare of the people," one man wrote.

It would be unwise to make too many generalizations from this small cross section of public opinion, but what struck me is how few defections from the Democratic ranks there have been notwithstanding seven years of "peace, prosperity and Eisenhower."



Lyndon B. Johnson

What the voters think about the Democratic Party is, of course, tremendously important, and the smart political boss always is on the alert for rumblings of discontent. But what the politicians think of the party and its responsibilities is likewise important. And this is where the "image" of the Democratic Party begins to change. Abstract ideas, clear-cut national policies, a sense of public purpose, all these give way to a picture that is muddy and blurred. Notwithstanding the rhetorical homage which every politician will pay to party traditions at least once in four years, his real attitude is revealed in his day-by-day conduct.

What does this show?

That the Democratic Party is not a national party at all, but essentially a collection of powerful, local-interest and special-interest parties, with no common philosophy unless it is that the man serves his party best who gets the most government business for his clients (not his constituents). This transformation from the voter's romanticism to the politician's realism is sometimes hard to take. That, I suspect, is what disturbed so many reviewers about Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent.*

The key to understanding the Democratic Party is to understand the way Lyndon B. Johnson operates in the U.S. Senate. Since Johnson is no writer and not much of a speaker (we can omit the words his ghost writers put in his mouth), one can only surmise his thinking and try to interpret his *modus operandi.*

There are sixty-five Democrats in the Senate. Of this group, Johnson writes off such liberals as Douglas, Proxmire, McNamara and Clark of Pennsylvania — about fifteen altogether. With the others, he works on the time-tested basis of *quid pro quo.* He does not care what they say in their speeches for home-town consumption; he just does not want them to determine party policy in the Senate. In return, he tries to help them on a practical level. Do they need a bridge, a new court house, some federal appointments, a contract for the local manufacturer? Are they tied up with the airlines, the banks, the steel companies, the unions, the Pentagon?

TO A MAN in Johnson's position, the Northern big-city boss and the Southern Bourbon are brothers under the skin. The voter may think there is a serious North-South cleavage; except on civil rights, the cleavage is more apparent than real. If Johnson (or Speaker Rayburn) encounters a difficult Congressman from Illinois, Mayor Daley is called upon to keep the transgressor in line. If a New York lawmaker should get too independent, Boss DeSapio or O'Connell (Albany) or the lesser-known, but no less powerful, borough bosses of the Bronx and Brooklyn, will whip him into line.

What does the West want? Johnson finds out from an O'Mahoney. To the outsider, it seems remarkable that a new Senator from Indiana, a former college professor from Wyoming, a lawmaker from Montana and Senator Thomas Dodd from Connecticut should all be found among Johnson's admirers. Are the interests of the East and West the same? Maybe not, but their differences are not so irreconcilable that a big, rich government like this one cannot accommodate them. Are two munitions firms, with different Senators as spokesmen, competing for the same contract? Keep them both happy, divide the job.

When necessary, Johnson, the skilled political mechanic, also has prizes and rewards for cooperative Republicans. How else explain the "great debate" on civil rights which found Johnson, Everett Dirksen (Johnson's GOP counterpart) and a "modern Republican" Attorney General, William Rogers, determining in advance just how far they were going? (It was not far.)

Johnson understands the organizational Democrat just as another political boss, James A. Farley, did nearly thirty years ago. The difference is that Johnson has no F.D.R. to fall back upon; hence the imprint on the party in 1960 is Texas gas-and-oil, not the idealism and accomplishments of the New Deal.

In addition to Farley, Roosevelt had his Hopkins, Ickes, Sherwood and Wallace. Johnson works with other Democrats, who serve as sort of party brokers—the Harry Trumans, the Tommy Corcorans and Mike Mansfields. These are men well liked by all their fellow-politicians and not too closely associated in the public mind with what Johnson calls the "extremists" on public issues.

This then is the Democratic Party organization of 1960: Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers. Johnson, to the machine men, is Mr. Democrat, even if they will not nominate him for President.

THE THEORY on which the Democratic Party now operates is that it is necessary only to hold the "regulars" in line and attract a few independents to win the election. Everyone else is expendable.

Is this smart politics? We will know the answer soon enough. Certainly it is different politics from what many voters expect. There was a time when the old-line Democratic bosses took the attitude that they would let the party's liberals speak their piece—it would do no harm and might do a lot of good around election time. They have even been known to nominate liberals for office, especially in times when their election seemed unlikely (Stevenson and Senator Paul Douglas can testify to this).

Today Johnson and the Democratic bosses have grown so sure of themselves that they simply ignore the liberals. Once handy to have around, especially when the Old Guard needed someone articulate to tell the voters the "difference" between the Republican and Democratic parties, now they are no longer welcome. Once useful for explaining the "issues," now they have become an unsettling element. They become nuisances when they begin talking about the "munitions lobby" and waste in the Pentagon, when they raise questions about nuclear testing, when they think revenues from offshore oil should go to build public schools.

It's possible that in their appraisal of the national mood, the Johnsons are right. The Democratic Party, as it is now constituted, may coast to victory with 47 per cent of the voters in its pocket and the liberal independents kept in exile. But what happens if the Republicans come to their senses? Suppose the GOP dumps Nixon and replaces him with an attractive candidate like Nelson Rockefeller? The Democratic majority might suddenly vanish—because essentially there is nothing in party policy or practice to retain a voter's loyalty.

GERM-GAS WARFARE . . *by John Barden*

Cleveland, Ohio

THIS IS A report on a one-day glimpse of federal activity in the fields of chemical (CW) and biological (BW) warfare and defense. Men in responsible positions cautiously raised the curtain as far as is permitted by federal security in a symposium on "Non-Military Defense—Chemical and Biological Defenses in Perspective" at the 137th national meeting of the American Chemical Society held here recently [see editorial on page 373].

The twelve participants had a common purpose—to inform and arouse the American people from apathy. This reporter, though fraught with apathy, was aroused. The inescapable impression was of inmates revealing the doings in their asylum so far as the guards would permit. These doings they justified by the same doings, only better, in the east wing of the asylum located in the Soviet Union.

An explicit and pervasive premise of the symposium was the existence of the absolute enemy. The enemy, usually though not always identified as the Soviet Union, is formidably capable, implacable and inhuman. He is ready tomorrow to fall upon the United States, a pious, righteous country, to wreak his objectives of destruction and enslavement—or just blackmail—with infernal effectiveness. Fairness requires consideration of this premise in full context, the common purpose to inform and arouse. Fairness also requires that we keep in mind the common definition of paranoia: a mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions, especially of persecution.

Prof. Conrad E. Ronneberg, chairing the symposium, said: "We believe what now follows is a matter of vital, personal concern for every citizen if we expect to avoid a catastrophe that could make Pearl Harbor or Hiroshima pale to insignificance."

Maj. Gen. Marshall Stubbs, Chief Chemical Officer, Department of the Army, stated that the enemy, which he identified as the Soviet Union, is formidably capable in every aspect of chemical and biological attack, defense, research and troop equipment. "Typical of their stated intent to use chemical and biological weapons," he said, "is a statement by a senior Soviet admiral, in 1958, and I quote: '. . . a future war will be distinguish-

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ed from all past wars in connection with the mass employment of . . . various means of destruction such as atomic, hydrogen, chemical and biological weapons.' "

A frequent theme was expressed by Gerhard D. Bleicken, speaking on "Apathy and Defense": "The lack of an adequate non-military defense program may heighten the probability of surprise attack on the United States." Bleicken is vice president and secretary of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose concern about what he called "the real possibility of multi-millions of American casualties" is financial.

A shrill summary, "What We Must Remember and What We Must Do," was delivered by Clifford F. Rassweiler, a former president of the American Chemical Society and vice president for research and development at Johns-Manville Corporation:

> Suppose, at the time most favorable to them, Russia forces us to sign an agreement to banish nuclear warfare, thus destroying our retaliatory power. Suppose at that point Russia unmasks its CW and BW potential and demands our compliance with its terms for world domination. Suppose at that time we have developed neither CW nor BW retaliatory power nor adequate CW and BW defense. If this supposition seems completely impossible to you, or if it leaves you complacent and apathetic about this country's present activity in the field of CW and BW defense, then this symposium has been a failure!

AND THIS IS the chemical warfare threat, according to William H. Summerson, biochemist, Deputy Commander for Scientific Activities, Chemical Research and Development Command:

The lethal and crippling mustard gases have been topped by the more lethal nerve gases, odorless, colorless and absorbable in the lungs or through the skin without initial pain, killing within minutes. Much more lethal compounds are known, and research on any of them may lead to new, more toxic substances of military practicality.

Among the non-lethal chemicals, the promising psychochemicals are lysergic acid diethyl amide or LSD 25, and psilocin. A very small dose of LSD 25—3,000 effective doses would look like an aspirin tablet—produces incapacitating mental confusion which wears off without discernible after-effects. Psilocin is not as effective, but its simpler molecular structure suggests it may be improvable and practical. There are also many drugs producing sleep, temporary paralysis, blindness, deafness, lack of balance, persistent tears, diarrhea or vomiting; and new weapons of this type are on the way. The U.S. research effort, Summerson told this reporter, amounts to $35 million a year at present and is about evenly divided between the lethal and non-lethal chemicals.

THIS IS the biological warfare threat, according to LeRoy D. Fothergill, epidemiologist, adviser to the U.S. Army Biological Laboratory and the Commanding General, Chemical Warfare:

The propagation of disease among people, animals and plants has no quick-kill effect. It is therefore a strategic weapon for use against civilian populations, not troops. The requirement is a highly infectious, hardy, mass-producible micro-organism with a low decay rate, and a population with minimal immunity. The useful bugs are classified as bacterial, rickettsial, viral, fungal and toxins. The feasible human, animal and plant diseases are plague, typhus, typhoid fever, diphtheria, undulant fever, yellow fever, dengue fever, Q fever, Asiatic cholera, smallpox, malaria, tularemia, tuberculosis, dysentery, Rift Valley fever, Japanese B encephalitis, Russian spring-summer encephalitis, Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis, anthrax, coccidioidomycosis, pleuropneumonia, glanders, foot and mouth disease, wheat rust, potato blight and blast disease of rice.

The overt means of dissemination is aerosol spray in a biological cloud that is invisible, odorless and tasteless. It permeates most structures, searches out and infects all targets permeable or breathing. It establishes new foci of contagious disease in animals, insects, birds and people, and contaminates hospitals, food supplies, water, milk, kitchens, restaurants and warehouses. The infection of an entire continent by biological clouds is possible under proper meteorological conditions.

Covert means of dissemination through saboteurs are almost endlessly imaginable and nearly as endlessly practical.

The effectiveness of BW agents will be modified by the public-health conditions and capabilities of the victim population. Laboratory identification of the bugs is slow, particularly for viruses and rickettsiae. It can be complicated by mixtures of various micro-organisms in varying amounts, not to mention admixtures of radiation from thermonuclear explosions. There are no effective immunizations against some BW agents. A unique Russian immunological experiment exposed groups of volunteers to attenuated living agents of anthrax, plague, undulant fever and tularemia. Later positive immunological reactions suggested success.

Fothergill's station is Ft. Detrick, Frederick, Md., where 950 aroused Americans known as the Fellowship of Reconciliation have maintained a vigil of protest for nearly a year. "We pay no attention to them," said Fothergill, when asked, "and neither does the town."

THIS IS the status of the medical problems, according to Harold C. Lueth of the Council on National Security, American Medical Association:

The mustard gases are detectable by a mild horseradish odor, but soon anaesthetize the sense of smell. Skin, eye and respiratory burns develop in several hours. Severe cases require hospitalization, skilled medical and nursing care.

The nerve gases are detectable,

short of the laboratory, only by actual casualties. Early symptoms are flushing of the face, contraction of eye pupils, running of the nose, coughing, headache, blurring of vision, tightness of chest and dizziness. These are followed by severe headache, profuse salivation, nausea, vomiting, dimness of vision, fatigue, drowsiness, cyanosis, collapse, convulsions and death. "When muscles in the body contract, acetylcholine is formed in the myoneural junction, and an enzyme cholinesterase breaks down the acetylcholine as it is formed," said Lueth. "Nerve gases act by preventing the enzyme from acting and the acetylcholine inhibits, in seconds, any further action of the muscles."

The treatment is artificial respiration (except mouth-to-mouth, which can poison the rescuer) and administration of atropine, which overcomes the action of acetylcholine throughout the body. Three dosages of two cc injected at ten-minute intervals are recommended for moderate or severe cases. A physician should supervise further treatment.

Treatment of specific diseases caused by the biological agents, once identified, is well understood. The real answer, however, is an enlarged preventative disease program for man, animals and plants. Here the United States has surprisingly effective resources. The Asian influenza threat of 1957-58 was regarded by some as a dry-run for biological warfare. The combined scientific, technical, medical and public-health resources of the country were pulled together. The virus was identified, grown and cultured, and a vaccine made in million-dose lots within several months. This kind of knowledge, fed by continuous research, and public-health cooperation, duly perfected, can probably solve the gigantic problem of biological attack.

THESE ARE the detection, early warning and identification problems, according to Alan W. Donaldson, U.S. Public Health Service, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

The need is for speed and accuracy in dealing with a variety of potential agents and a multiplicity of delivery methods. Actual systems exist for the measurement of the bacterial content of air in hospitals. None exists for any single metropolitan area, much less the seventy such areas in the country. The Army Chemical Corps has developed a hypothetical system and a prototype of electronic equipment for counting and analyzing air particles as dust, pollen or bacteria, but nation-wide implementation is far off. Air sampling for viruses and other BW agents has hardly been touched.

The long-range detection of chemical gases is still in the prototype stages. Inspection of water, food and drugs for BW and CW agents is only in the finding-tools-and-techniques stage.

The actual reporting of disease at federal, state and local levels is good. Statistical variations might be the first clues to biological attack, especially by covert methods.

Accurate laboratory identification of CW agents is rapid, of BW agents slow, though progress is being made. A fluorescent dye associated with a serum antibody causes the bacteria for which it is a specific to fluoresce in ultraviolet light. This technique has reduced identification time from days or weeks to a single hour.

MEASURES concerned with shelter and individual protection were reported by Benjamin C. Taylor and George D. Rich of the Office of Civil Defense Mobilization, still an agency of grandiose plans and limited funds. Shelters, gas masks and container-protection for children up to four are all in the prototype stages. They will be sold, profitably, through normal retail channels. Five million doses of atropine are in federal warehouses, enough for three doses each for 1.7 million casualties. OCDM advice in case of biological attack is necessarily somewhat primitive: evacuate or find shelter; take baths; boil milk and other foods; boil, chlorinate or iodinize water; get all possible immunization shots.

The research needs were extemporaneously reviewed by Paul Weiss of the Rockefeller Institute, a member of the Chemical and Biological Warfare Panel of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee. At the preliminary press conference, Weiss warned: "Don't ask me any questions; I know too much I shouldn't tell."

> In the chemical and biological fields, [Weiss said], defense and offense are an indivisible network of complicated interrelations. We need to know what we must defend against. . . . We need knowledge about man, the target. This is a matter for many, indeed all, scientific fields. . . . We must convince the scientific community that chemical and biological warfare is not a dirty business. It is no worse than other means of killing. There is no excuse for scientists regarding it degrading, particularly in the light of its public-health aspects. . . .
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> It is my proposal that a counterpart group not directly concerned with the defense effort be established. Such a group must represent all the sciences, be aware of the whole problem, consider everything. I believe the members of the National Research Council could do this. I propose that what has begun here today become a process to which the members of the National Research Council will bring scientific intelligence, scanning and supervision.

No participant in the symposium raised these questions:

Have the United States and Soviet defense establishments gone too far, alone and unrestrained, down the path of easy, mass killing? Is their mutually exacerbating progress approaching irreversibility? Does a dead-end lie ahead both for them and millions of much more innocent people? Does any responsible account of man show him to be so inutterably savage as these Americans think the Soviets are and so bestially inhuman as these Soviets think the Americans are? If so, how have the despicable creatures managed to come as far as they have?

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Pleasure of Creative Surprise

Thomas Moser

INTEREST in Joseph Conrad has been soaring of late. In the first decade after World War II, the reissuing of his collected works and the appearance of fine critical essays by such Americans as Albert J. Guérard, Dorothy Van Ghent, Robert Penn Warren and Morton D. Zabel suggested that Conrad was achieving the comfortable status of an English classic. In 1957, the centennial of his birth, a genuine Conrad boom began; it shows no sign of diminishing. Paperback editions have multiplied. Scores of articles and nearly a dozen books have appeared. Among the books listed on this page, two voices from the past are represented: a commentary on Conrad's characters by Richard Curle, the youthful adoring friend of Conrad's later years, and *Sea Dreamer,* a posthumous translation of the biography by Jean-Aubry, an old French acquaintance. There is a popularized, romanticized biography by a lady journalist, Jerry Allen, and an idiosyncratic analysis of the theme of non-conformity by Osborn Andreas, a "practicing corporate executive in the Chicago business world." There is a scholarly bibliography, and a psychological analysis of the decline of Conrad's creative powers. Professor William Blackburn has discovered and impeccably edited letters between Conrad and his publisher Blackwood; Professor Robert Haugh has written an attractive critical study.

These new books are either quite specialized — or superficial. The first four have about them more than a little of the amateur. As James, Joyce and Faulkner tend to attract philosophical and literary cranks, Conrad's fate is to draw amateurs. His exotic subject matter — the sea and the East — and his melodramatic plots enchant readers who remain forever innocent of the originality of his intricate artistry and the dark complexity of his perceptions. Yet this great novelist deserves treatment at once expert and comprehensive. Two recent works stand out from the rest in their frank attempt to be definitive: Jocelyn Baines's critical biography, *Joseph Conrad,* just out; and Albert J. Guérard's *Conrad the Novelist,* published two years ago.

Jerry Allen. *Thunder and the Sunshine.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.
Osborn Andreas. *Joseph Conrad: A Study in Non-Conformity.* Philosophical Library. $3.75.
Jocelyn Baines. *Joseph Conrad.* McGraw-Hill. $7.50.
William Blackburn, editor. *Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum.* Duke. $6.
Richard Curle. *Joseph Conrad and His Characters.* Essential. $6.
Albert J. Guérard. *Conrad the Novelist.* Harvard. $5.50.
Robert F. Haugh. *Joseph Conrad: Discovery in Design.* Oklahoma. $3.75.
G. Jean-Aubry. *Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad.* Doubleday. $4.50.
Kenneth A. Lohf and Eugene P. Sheehy. *Joseph Conrad at Mid-Century: Editions and Studies 1895-1955.* Minnesota. $5.
Thomas Moser. *Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline.* Harvard. $4.50.

MR. BAINES's biography is far and away the most detailed and accurate that has yet been written of Conrad. In every chapter Conradians will find exciting new material either discovered by Mr. Baines or first made generally available by him. He presents, for example, a wealth of Polish documents, notably many letters from Conrad's father, Apollo Korzeniowski, and from his uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski. Mr. Baines has traced Conrad's voyages with painstaking care and has, in the process, caught Conrad in a flat lie to his uncle. Conrad wrote asking for extra money, having, he said, lost all his possessions when the *Annie Frost* sank. But "Conrad was not on the crew's list, nor did the ship founder at this time." Mr. Baines details with equal care the writing career, particularly the sources of the novels. He reveals how much *Nostromo* owes to Conrad's familiarity with memoirs of South American adventurers, and he fills in the anarchist background of the other two political novels, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes.*

One of Mr. Baines's discoveries has received wide advertisement. A letter from Uncle Thaddeus to his best friend says that although he has told people that his twenty-year-old nephew was wounded in a duel, the boy in fact attempted suicide in Marseilles. Everyone, including Conrad's wife and children, has believed *The Arrow of Gold* version in which the hero falls in a duel over his Basque mistress Rita. Actually, there is nothing surprising in the suicide story. Conrad's reputation as a ship's officer who liked risky passages, his narrow escapes in the Congo, his many deeply depressed letters, all suggest a person more than usually self-destructive. Nevertheless, Uncle Thaddeus' (and Mr. Baines's) belief in the suicide story need not be taken as conclusive. Conrad showed himself willing at another time to lie in order to gain his uncle's sympathy. Perhaps he thought that the duel over a woman would seem to the conservative uncle simply more evidence of a wild bohemian life, while a tale of suicidal despair over financial affairs would elicit sympathy. The suicide story, true or not, certainly worked. Uncle Thaddeus paid all Conrad's debts, some 6,000 francs.

MR. BAINES's *Joseph Conrad* is, then, a valuable, thought-provoking book. But is it the distinguished biographical interpretation hailed by English reviewers? Is it not rather a reliable factual account which fails to present either a coherent interpretation of a believable human being or a persuasive, original critique of his fiction? Joseph Conrad's life was partly, at least, a product of and a conscious reaction against the romantic ideas of Polish nationalism which fostered hopeless devotion to political revolution. Conrad's letters, like much of his fiction, are seriously political. Yet Mr. Baines almost ignores Conrad's ideas and asserts that Conrad is not an intellectual!

Again, Conrad's unusual, tragic childhood requires thoughtful comment. A failure at practical affairs, Conrad's father was a zealous patriot, fanatically committed to Polish independence. His mother delayed her marriage eight years, in deference to her dead father's wish. Once she was married, however, she wholly espoused her husband's politics and went into exile with him, tak-

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THOMAS MOSER, author of Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline *(Harvard), is on the English faculty of Stanford University.*

ing along the four-year-old Conrad, their only child. They endured severe privation. The little boy watched his mother, without adequate medical care, slowly waste away with tuberculosis. She died when he was seven. He watched his father withdraw into the consolation of a profound Christian mysticism ("religious morbidity," Mr. Baines calls it). Not surprisingly, the boy himself was often sick and for two years had no schooling at all. Father and son were finally released after six years. Shortly afterwards, the father, too, died of tuberculosis. Uncle Thaddeus became Conrad's legal guardian and tried by affectionate exhortation to wipe out those years and cure the boy of his Korzeniowski impracticality. What would a young man with such a childhood be like? Mr. Baines does not tell us, except to throw out a string of redundant, meaningless adjectives: "irresponsible, undisciplined, inconsiderate, sensitive, highly-strung, passionate."

Certain important strands in Conrad's later life need to be recognized, examined, interpreted. With a small but adequate inheritance, why was he forever trying to involve himself in risky financial speculation? Why were Conrad's closest friendships only with men, and why did an open break usually follow intense affection? What was he like as father and husband? He certainly appreciated his wife's domestic virtues and worried over his two boys. But also he got married with the most obvious reluctance and later frequently treated his family cruelly. All this Mr. Baines either ignores or finds amusingly insignificant.

EVEN more distressing than the refusal to interpret the man is the attempt to interpret the works. *Joseph Conrad* is, alas, a "critical" biography. Yet none of the valid critical perceptions is original. Although the book claims to be "carefully documented" (some 1,600 footnotes, one quarter of them *Ibid.*), it acknowledges indebtedness for critical ideas only in a single statement at the beginning. The common reader could hardly guess the constant debt to Messrs. Guérard and Zabel. Moreover, specific borrowings from other critics (including this reviewer) not only of ideas but even of phrasing go utterly unacknowledged.

While such carelessness is irritating, it need not invalidate Mr. Baines's critical assertions. But the truth is, Mr. Baines would have written a better book if he had borrowed more. He would have written an even better one if he had read the novels with attention and humility. Mr. Baines regards "catastrophe" as Conrad's central theme, thus simplifying him into a Thomas Hardy, who sees man as wholly the victim of outside forces. This is an inaccurate reading. Conrad is a moralist; the catastrophes he inflicts upon his characters exist to test their moral strength. The insistent ironic tone of Conrad's voice — and Marlow's — pronounces constant moral judgment.

Mr. Baines fails to recognize Conrad's most important psychological perception, the mechanism of psychic identification. Time and again, a "normal" Conrad character sympathizes irrationally with a criminal, because he unconsciously identifies himself with the other man, senses his own weaknesses in the other. If the reader misses this, he cannot understand some of Conrad's crucial actions. Mr. Baines wonders why Marlow remains "loyal to the nightmare of my choice," Mr. Kurtz, white god of African cannibals. Mr. Baines cannot understand the suicide of Brierly, one of Lord Jim's maritime judges, although Conrad makes it quite clear that Brierly saw in Jim's cowardice his own, and could not endure the thought. Even though Mr. Baines has discovered that the original title of "The Secret Sharer" was "The Secret Self," he sees no special connection between the ship's captain and Leggatt, the fugitive he hides.

In general, Mr. Baines distorts Conrad by oversimplifying him, by remaining unaware of the ambivalent feelings at the heart of Conrad. He converts *Lord Jim* into a simple tale of sin and redemption apparently because he cannot believe that Conrad could write a sympathetic, but damning, story of a man who fails not once, but twice. When Mr. Baines has no one to lean on, his own critical method is only too obvious: a series of quotations pasted together with plot summary and such comments as this: "It is well written and there are delightful descriptions. . . ." He reminds one of Henry James's account of readers who feel "that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and that our only business with it could be to swallow it."

THE true artistry of Conrad — what Mr. Baines missed — has been beautifully defined in Albert J. Guérard's *Conrad the Novelist.* Although the book appeared nearly two years ago, it deserves at least brief celebration here. Not only a truly definitive work on Conrad, it is also one of the very best critical books on any novelist. *Conrad the Novelist* fully satisfies its author's high aim: "to talk as rigorously and fully about these novels as certain critics talk about poems." Clearly, precisely, Mr. Guérard describes Conrad's moral world, his psychological insights, his political ideas. Even more important, he shows the impact on the reader of a Conrad novel. *Lord Jim* is more than a masterpiece of form; it is a living thing that invades our lives, enlists our sympathies, and makes us harassed participants in the moral action. Mr. Guérard's most memorable pages are on *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* and *Lord Jim*:

> *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* recasts the story of Jonah and anticipates "The Secret Sharer's" drama of identification. This is a truth but a partial truth. And how many partial truths would be needed to render or even evoke such a mobile as this one. Touch one wire, merely breathe on the lovely thing and it wavers to a new form!

The critic pays tribute to the vivid creation in *Lord Jim*:

> . . . without the finely evoked atmospheres and brilliant minor vignettes, the novel's amount of brooding debate would have become intolerable. Its pleasures in any event would have been different ones. Page by page, *Lord Jim's* consistent great appeal

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largely depends on its changing of the lens, on its sudden shifts from a distant and often nebulous moral perspective to a grossly and superbly material foreground. Marlow's tendency to make such shifts is his most personal and most useful mannerism. It lends reality to the unsubstantial reveries, as gross substance is bound to do, yet invites us to look at them more critically. But most of all, it offers the pleasure of a creative surprise.

Mr. Guérard's book is difficult and complex, as any criticism worthy of Conrad must be. Still, *Conrad the Novelist*, by the austere, scholarly explorer of André Gide, contains far more genuine, informed delight in its subject than does Mr. Baines's biography.

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Dishonest Under Pressure

THE THIEF IN THE WHITE COLLAR. By Norman Jaspan with Hillel Black. J. B. Lippincott Co. 254 pp. $4.95.

Donald R. Cressey

THE FIRST general embezzlement statute, which outlawed the act of fraudulently converting funds that had come into a person's hands legally, was passed in England in 1799. In an earlier period, business had been carried on by principals themselves — masters were masters and servants were servants. As commerce and business developed, servants had to be transformed into clerks and cashiers, but there were no laws that could be used to prosecute the new class of trusted employees when it dipped into the employers' pile — a practice that became widespread. The new embezzlement statute, which was modified and improved regularly up until about the time of the Civil War, was designed to fill this legal loophole.

This short history suggests that modern business can be conducted only if there is trust; a company that closes off all opportunities for trust violation certainly will diminish the amount of money lost annually to dishonest employees and executives, but it will also go out of business. Businessmen can only hope that our laws against trust violation, plus the dignity of stalwart employees and partners, will keep trust violation down to tolerable levels. Jaspan and Black show how fragile that hope may be.

The authors of *The Thief in the White Collar* — president of a management consultant firm and a free-lance writer — document the fact that embezzlement has become one of the institutions of our commercial life. Most of the cases they describe were discovered when some company asked the management firm to determine why its margin of profit was decreasing despite the fact that its volume, or efficiency, was increasing. Dishonesty was found in more than 50 per cent of the companies that hired the consultants merely to survey plant layout, materials handling systems, control systems, etc. — cases where there had been no prior hint of dishonesty.

One chain of supermarkets loses between $4 and $5 million a year through stealing, half of it by its own employees. Bonding companies paid out $35 million in honesty insurance claims in 1957, and only 10 to 15 per cent of the nation's manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers were insured. Last year, Jaspan's firm unearthed more than $60 million worth of dishonesty, with more than 60 per cent of it attributable to supervisory and executive personnel. Jaspan estimates that in 1960 about $5 billion will change hands in kickbacks, payoffs and bribes. It is estimated that at any given moment, between $10 and $25 million is missing in employee thefts that have not even been discovered. The entire take for a year in the United States is not known, but it must be fantastically high.

The authors do little to explain embezzlement. They call all company and employee thefts "white-collar crime," but they are not concerned with the theoretical significance of the concept, as it was developed by Edwin H. Sutherland, an eminent sociologist. They make use of my work on embezzlement (*Other People's Money*), and I suppose there is a lesson in that about the eventual value of "pure" or theoretical research in sociology. Especially, they seem to have been influenced by my observation that a potential embezzler first conceives of some financial problem he has as one that is non-shareable (e.g., his indebtedness is too personal, or embarrassing, to be discussed with his employer or a bank). They do not follow through with an attempt to show the extent to which this generalization fits their cases. (I am happy to report that they did not steal any case histories from my book and report them as their own, a mild kind of white-collar crime perpetrated a few years back by a national magazine in connection with an editorial on the extent of fraud and phoniness in business.)

THE authors fall into the common error of excusing some cases of dishonesty. Before a trusted person can embezzle, he must tell himself that doing so is not wrong, or is somehow justified. He argues that he is only going to "borrow" the funds, or he may believe that his company is not giving him a fair shake. This kind of rationalization is crucial to trust violation; to the extent that Jaspan and Black fall in with it, they add their bit to the embezzlement rate.

For example, criminals who have broken banks by embezzlement are called "Robin Hoods"; beautiful understatement is used to condemn an em-

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DONALD R. CRESSEY, author of Other People's Money *(Free Press), is chairman of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

ployer who grew rich but paid a responsible employee only $70 a week; and it is observed of an embezzler who got a better job after being fired for dishonesty: "for the first time in his life he was making a living wage. Waldo at last could walk with dignity." The authors also seem to admire some managers who helped a female thief get a new job and did not report her to the police because "the reasons for her dishonesty were such that she really didn't deserve punishment." Three embezzlers are said to "have in common the fact that external circumstances over which they had no control forced them to commit dishonest acts." Jaspan also argues that "the most important cause of executive thievery is what I would call management myopia, the nearsighted board of directors or president who shortchanges the firm's high echelon personnel. . . . In numerous instances the financial rewards [the executive] receives are not commensurate with the value of the work he does." He comments on the tragic predicament of an "executive who is expected to cut an impressive figure in his community on a salary that is far from adequate." Finally, it is said that "In too many instances management refused to realize that the employee who cannot live on the salary the company can afford to pay will almost inevitably compensate by falsifying output, or overtime, or expense accounts, or solicit kickbacks. Eventually he will turn to outright theft."

Although they were not so intended, such statements are definitions of situations in which embezzlement is considered appropriate or, at least, not terribly wrong. They have been used by embezzlers for decades. But trust violation is never appropriate; it is always wrong. During the 1943 famine in India, Hindus starved to death rather than kill a sacred animal; they lacked rationalizations to make the killing "all right" in extreme situations. In our society we are so unsure about the immorality of embezzlement that we condone specific instances of it even while we condemn it in general. As long as we continue to find excuses for individuals who turn dishonest under pressure, our embezzlement rates will remain high.

Wagging the Dog

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL AND THE DECLINE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Earl J. McGrath. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 65 pp. $1.50.

William P. Tolley

AMID the cacophony of voices sounding alarms over higher education there are very few that deserve serious attention. Higher education is a highly complex force in modern society, about which the amateur may propose, but the professional will dispose. This monograph is the work of a professional. It should be widely read.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, former United States Commissioner of Education, is currently Executive Officer of the Institute of Higher Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. His thesis is that "if the liberal arts colleges are to regain their proper functions they must free themselves from the dominance of the graduate school."

The purposes of liberal education cluster around man as man in the social and physical worlds rather than man as scholar or as professional practitioner. The three differently focused types of education thus implied are denoted by Dr. W. H. Cowley of Stanford as "democentric," "logocentric" and "practicentric." Liberal, or "democentric" education, should provide a comprehensive body of knowledge in the major branches of learning; develop skills of reasoning and communication, and nurture traits of mind and spirit, a *Weltanschauung,* on the basis of which the purposes and activities of existence can be structured.

Dr. McGrath's substantial historical documentation sustains the premise that a distorting eclipse has occurred. "The decline of liberal education in this country," he observes, "parallels almost exactly the ascendancy of the graduate schools. The liberal arts colleges fragmented knowledge, specialized learning in a multiplicity of departments, and lost their distinctive objectives in a patternless mosaic." The liberal arts colleges "shifted their emphasis from teaching to research; from instruction concerned with the key ideas of Western culture to instruction composed of the latest findings in ever narrower areas of scholarly investigation; from a concern with the complete development of mind and character . . . to the cultivation of the professional skills and the re-

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WILLIAM P. TOLLEY is Chancellor of Syracuse University.

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stricted subject matter of the various fields. . . .”

Exception may be taken to Dr. McGrath’s dissociation of competent research and vigorous teaching. The latter is possible without the former, but it is neither likely nor ideal. The failure of our institutions to relate them properly is not evidence of their immiscibility.

As a consequence of the ascendancy of the graduate school the mores, administrative organization, rewards of academic life, and free self-determination of college policies have been radically altered. In a day when the need for college teachers is expanding geometrically neither the numbers nor the type of preparation is regarded by this study as at all adequate. Dr. McGrath’s indictment is severe:

> Although the graduate faculties are largely responsible for the present shortage of college teachers, that is not their sole adverse effect on liberal arts colleges. In a measure the graduate schools deny society the services which the colleges ought to perform by transforming them from institutions for general education into agencies for the initial vocational education of scholars. They produce college teachers prepared not primarily for their chosen work but rather for research activities of a limited character. Through the control of the political machinery in the academic community they determine the policies governing promotions and salaries. By their arrogation of the authority to define the conditions of professional advancement in terms of research and publication they divert the energies of college teachers from their proper employments.
>
> Further, they consistently oppose, often with shocking success, the attempts of liberal arts colleges to resume the time-honored function of providing a general education for youth regardless of their vocational objectives. But, most important, they have splintered the corporate body which once was the liberal arts college into small and often completely unrelated departmental units.

The monograph suggests the alterations in both the liberal arts college self-image and the graduate school programs necessary to correct the situation. It suggests separate graduate programs for those intending to teach and those with special interest in research careers; broadened education for the college teacher; conceptual or integrative thesis work rather than factual research; participation in a seminar on higher education as a whole; and an apprenticeship in the classroom under an accomplished teacher. Only the first and third of these suggestions would face resistance.

The academic community will not welcome his urging trustee action here any more than they did the Ruml and Morrison call for trustee action on class size and the proliferation of courses. But then that community might well consider what action it will take for itself. Kenneth Galbraith’s insight that “the march of events” often changes social practices against which reason has been powerless should not hold true of the citadel of reason itself.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I AM SORRY but *Bye, Bye Birdie* by Michael Stewart, Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (Martin Beck), the new musical fun show at which I had a good time, made me think of grave matters.

My pleasure and my sobriety are both rather paradoxical, for when I began to detail the items which had pleased me, I found myself depreciating the show’s attributes. There were no voices, I thought. The music, though interestingly orchestrated, did not strike me as ingratiating. The choreography, though animated — and in the instance of the Shriners’ Ballet delightfully surprising— was not unusually distinguished. The leading lady, Chita Rivera, hardly beautiful, dances very well but sings only passably; and the leading man, Dick Van Dyke, can’t sing at all, though he has an engaging personality and moves with an odd precision which conveys a winning archness.

The plot doesn’t altogether cohere and much of the show appears improvised; it is a revue in disguise. But if one were to insist on such negatives the point and value of this entertainment would be lamentably missed. Somehow these negatives compose into a special sort of crazy-quilt spectacle (it reminds me of the block on West 52 Street where the theatres housing *Greenwillow* and the *Thurber Carnival*, the fancy honky-tonk Dance City, and an Amusement Center offering a shooting gallery, objects for obscene practical jokes and self-photographing appliances, are all conveniently at hand) that adds up to a positive and peculiarly American quality and dissipates many of our critical demurs. The daily press as a whole described the show as “fresh” — which may be the right word; I think of it as phenomenal.

The “phenomenon” is the satiric vein which at times is so markedly accurate that it becomes painful. At one moment I whispered to my guest, “This is so terribly funny that I feel like crying.” What ostensibly is being satirized in *Bye, Bye, Birdie* is the teen-agers’ craze for the Elvis Presley type of crooner. But the satire extends beyond that: it is a satire on our mass culture, on our all-pervading conformism, our mechanically stratified, almost fossilized infantilism, our public delinquency.

“SATIRE” is perhaps too specific. Ring Lardner, Thurber and a host of minor American humorists may be thought of as satirists — though their work does not always stand sufficiently apart from the objects of their scorn — but a show like *Bye, Bye Birdie* manifests an energetic innocence which appears quite unaware that its pranks are knocking the hell out of everything in and around us — that if the game were carried far enough the result might destroy us.

This point is best exemplified when the “typical” small-town papa rebels against his house being taken over by the crooner, his manager and the crazy kids who swarm around them. The outraged man is about to throw the intruders off the premises when he is told that he and his family are to be televised on the Ed Sullivan show. This breaks his morale. Consumed in glory, he turns to jelly. He, his family and the entire community (of Sweet Apple, Ohio) join in a choral hymn — a Missa Solemnis, a Bach Passion — in praise of the grandeur that is Ed Sullivan.

The audience thinks this very funny, which it certainly is; but one doesn’t doubt for a second that it also feels about the great television exhibits — Sullivan’s or Paar’s or any other of a similar category — very much as do the communicants on the stages. Where then is the satire?

Evil or disquieting thoughts broke through to my consciousness, as it may to that of some others. We begin to feel that our countrymen take nothing seriously except financial panic or, more pointedly, the loss of status which would deny them the privilege of remaining comfortably in the swim of a world encompassed and made safe by the benefits that television sells. Such a world is either the peak of our civilization — the goal of all our striving — or the doom. We all know it, laugh over it, fight it, and sometimes turn the occasional nightmare it causes our still sentient souls into such a brightly talented, frightfully ingenious and still youthfully attractive, colorfully frivolous, adulterated expression as *Bye, Bye Birdie*.

The show's theatrical effectiveness is due in large part to the direction of Gower Champion, who also invented the dance routines which compose only one aspect of the evening's ebullience. He is aided by a bunch of remarkable teenagers — one of the most pleasing being the actor, Michael Pollard, who does not however sing and dance as do the others.

ART

Fairfield Porter

IT REQUIRES much more imagination to be a sculptor than to be a painter. And because a sculptor's activity is consequently more serious, a sense of humor is more necessary to him than to a painter — the kind of humor that keeps one from making mistakes about relative values. Is this equivalent to saying that humor is art? It may have been this humor that Renoir found in Degas and missed in Rodin; though a lack of inhibition, or simply great energy — which, if not humor, is parallel to humor and possibly even sometimes superior to it — allowed Rodin to carry off his inflated values.

William King's sculpture, at the Alan Gallery, has a deceptive witiness, so that it looks like something not to be taken seriously. He has a talent for caricature, a quickness of mind followed by a quickness of execution that make him pass from one accurate observation to another. His self-caricature in terra cotta shows an almost characterless, thin face and pendulous chin looking horizontally out from behind thick spectacles like a professor of histology glued to his microscope. *At the Party* is a galvanized iron man like a stovepipe. His thin legs support a jacket in whose right pocket is hooked his right hand; his left arm hangs straight and limp from eagerly stooped intellectual shoulders. It is out of *The New Yorker*. *Carpenter* is a pine-plank abstraction. At the top a round blank clock face, taperingly narrowly down to the floor; it is a metronome in reverse, pedantically precise about space instead of about time. *Articulated Figure* comments on the habit of anthropomorphizing tools or simple machinery. But King does not use found objects; he completely makes them up. A number of small bronzes show that he can do what is very rare in sculpture: create a three-dimensional whole out of more than one figure in the round. That requires an imagination as much greater than the ordinary sculptor's imagination about volume, as a talent for three-dimensional chess is greater than a talent for ordinary chess.

And if you recall how few equestrian statues are any good, you will be impressed by his wooden *Lady Godiva*, rather abstract, rather flat, but which has a continuously composed silhouette as you walk around it. From any side or angle it looks like a half geometrical bas-relief with all the projections at 30 and 60 degrees. King's sculpture resembles Picasso's most recent sculpture, except that he doesn't get away with so much, and doesn't fall into either of the opposite vices of laziness or pedantry.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

CHOREOGRAPHER George Balanchine bundled together an astonishing mixture of elements when he produced his latest ballet, *The Figure in the Carpet* to music by Handel (*The Royal Fireworks Music; The Water Music*). The Persian motif of the scenario begins with an abstract, dance depiction of desert sands, followed by the creation before one's eyes of an immense Persian carpet that then forms part of the décor. The climactic scene is devoted to an entertainment at the Persian Court, wherein ambassadors from France, Spain, the West Indies, China, Africa and Scotland present themselves in individualized dances. The ballet closes with two "Finales" which have little dance movement, but focus interest upon elaborate and ingenious stage machinery created by designer Esteban Francis. *The Figure in the Carpet* is an eye-filling ballet; a little afflicted by incongruity; occasionally "corny"; and opulent in the extreme. Indeed, it is so strikingly and heavily costumed, and the décor is so assertive (and beautiful) that I was sometimes not sure whether the show belonged to Balanchine or to his designer.

The Figure in the Carpet was composed in honor of the Fourth International Congress of Iranian Art and Archaeology, which opens soon in New York under the patronage of President Eisenhower and the Shah of Iran. The basic ideas for the sequence of five scenes were suggested by Dr. Arthur Upham Pope, Director of the Congress. These are entitled "The Sands of the Desert"; "The Weaving of the Carpet"; "The Building of the Palace"; "The Gardens of Paradise"; and "The Fountains of Heaven."

If you reason it out, there is perhaps no incongruity in *The Figure in the Carpet*. However, the complexity of elements — the plot, the different nationalistic styles, Balanchine's own style, and a variety of historical periods — could easily muddle a spectator more intent on theatre than on logic. It might have been wise to omit mention in the program notes of the Court of Louis XIV, since this information, useful mainly as an insight into the choreographer's source of inspira-

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tion, was not really pertinent to the scenario, and injected some nervousness as to the locale of the important Reception Scene. At that point, we had already been switched from the out-of-doors to the interior, and from a cast of Iranian characters to one including an international assortment. Handel's music has nothing to do, stylistically, in terms of mood, or of historical period, with either Iran or France. So there were quite enough discontinuous elements floating around in suspension.

The choreography itself was all beautiful. The opening scene, "The Sands of the Desert," employed a large group of girls in movements and patterns as light and gusty as wind blowing over sand. In "The Weaving of the Carpet," Balanchine had his dancers moving fleetly across the stage with long, colored streamers held overhead and flowing out behind them. Though I am seldom as convinced by Balanchine's use of streamers and windings as I am by the other elements in his vocabulary, I found this scene exceedingly handsome.

With the next section came the high point of the evening: a Reception of Foreign Ambassadors, serving as a pretext for a *divertissement*. Here Balanchine loosed his genius for humor and virtuosity. Surprise piled upon surprise, witticism upon witticism.

It would be hard to choose a favorite among Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, who appeared as the Prince and Princess of Persia; Edward Villella, as the Prince of Lorraine; Mary Hinkson (of the Martha Graham company) and Arthur Mitchell, as the Oni of Ife and his consort; or Diana Adams, Deni Lamont, Michael Lland, Richard Rapp and Roy Tobias, who danced a delicious caricature of Four Lairds of the Isles and their Lady. Everybody was in top form, and Balanchine had given them enchanting things to do.

The two "Finales," telescoped together, were a letdown, despite the extraordinary inventiveness and the luxuriousness of taste revealed in Esteban Francis' décor. A real fountain, no less, ended the ballet, with fragile, rhinestone-like jets of water shooting into the air. It was a sight to see, and almost made one forget that the choreography had turned static a short time earlier.

History Lecture

An era had come to its end.
It was the end of an era.
The era was now over, and
A new era was beginning.

M. RIDDLE

FILMS

Robert Hatch

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY is an entertainment documentary made at Newport last summer during the annual jazz festival and when the America's Cup trials were being held there. Though the subject is music, the point of the picture is photography. The camera wanders with lazy curiosity through the streets of Newport (picking up old residents and weekending cats with impartial amusement), looks over the huge camp-chair-crowded field where the festival centers, pokes into the boarding houses where the musicians rehearse and drink beer. It swings out for a gander at the pretty yachts, picks up provocative faces and saucy costumes, intrudes on absorbed couples and indulges in small photographic cadenzas, just to show how relaxed and happy it is.

All this time the great names of jazz are blaring and noodling on the stage, and every so often the camera dutifully scurries back to show what manner of man is producing this grotesquerie of sound. The camera, like a child wandering in a safe park, can move most freely in the daylight hours; at night it is confined pretty much to the festival grounds, but even so it noses around in an ingratiating way. The film was produced and directed by Bert Stern.

As for the music, I'm not an initiate, but I think I know what jazz is about. One of these days, the boys in the audience are going to start handling the girls the way these musicians handle their instruments; then the authorities will surely step in and we shall cry "tyranny," like libertarian sheep. The dithyrambic cry is fine healthy exercise, and one can grin for quite a while at the varieties of erotic experimentation the jazz musicians can evoke; but even dancing around the Maypole gets monotonous in the end, and the time may come when jazz will want to look around for other appetites to feed.

THE INGREDIENTS of *Expresso Bongo* are stale to the point of having lost almost all flavor: the ruthless show business finagler who lives on corned beef sandwiches and uses his self-pity as a club; the aging star who adopts a fledgling performer, only to discover that he has used her bed as a springboard to success. What saves the picture for an American audience is the view it offers of present-day vulgar entertainment in London. The coffee joints where teen-agers shuffle about in jeans, the guitar bands beating out tuneless rhythm, the long-haired boy who sings like a saxophone under water; the half-disgusted adults who make quick money out of this joyless fun — any American who has listened to a disk jockey knows where all this comes from.

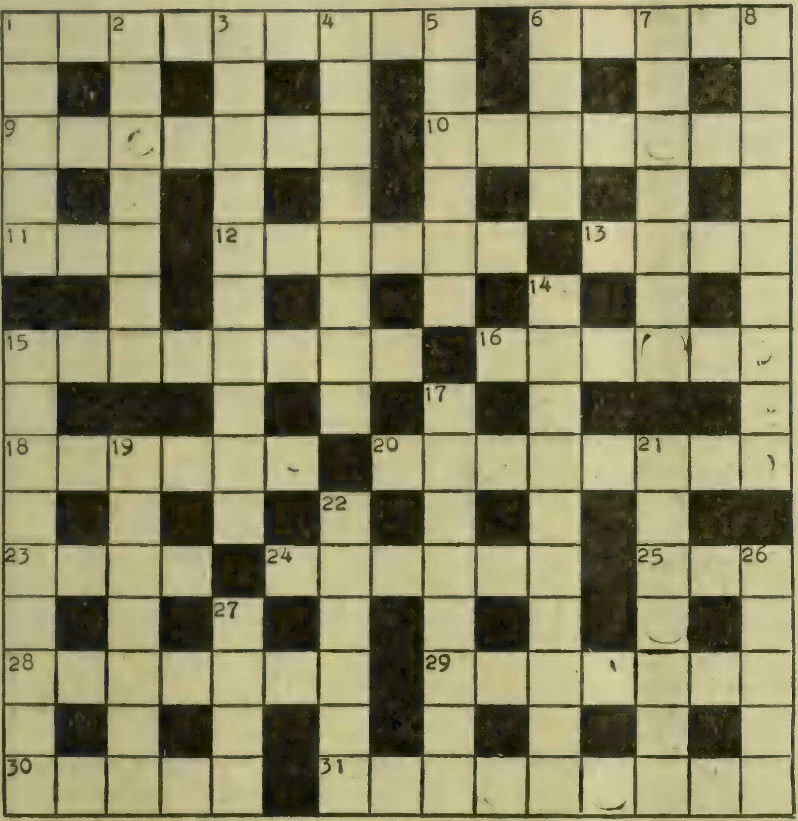
It is sad that our bad taste exports so readily. Not that this section of British youth would be preparing morris dances or singing "Widdecomb Fair" if left to its own devices—it would have invented some equally dreary pastimes of its own. But it is better that each country be put to the trouble of devising its own vulgarity; that gives the world a more motley look and does not cover everything with a uniform sauce.

The picture, I think, intends to "comment" on its subject, but I can't tell what it means to say. That, perhaps, is because it singularly lacks wit, though it is full of raffish gestures. There is a promising bit in which a "brain-trust" type of B.B.C. commentator attempts to report on the significance of expresso culture, but he becomes lost in a demonstration of academic dimness. And Lawrence Harvey, who plays the hungry agent around whom the picture develops, is a most unresilient actor. Again, as in *Room at the Top*, he strikes me as having no self-propulsion — the director provides all the steam. Cliff Richard, as the young singer, exudes a horrible authenticity when he is working his act; otherwise he seems stunned, and that is good acting or good casting.

THE BRITISH *Battle of the Sexes* is based on James Thurber's short story, "The Cat-Bird Seat." I have not read the story and would never have guessed Mr. Thurber's hand in the enterprise. It lacks his wit and displays instead the gentle spoofery now characteristic of British screen comedy. An ancient Edinburgh tailoring establishment is thrown into turmoil by the installation of an American lady efficiency expert (Constance Cummings), hired by the impressionable new heir to the firm (Robert Morley). She installs modern office equipment, proposes to abandon the cottage weavers and build a central factory for the weaving of synthetic yarns. Consternation and despair among the old retainers. However the faithful old bookkeeper (Peter Sellers) is a man of absolute meekness and diabolical guile. He sets his little traps, and I think you can reconstruct the story from there. Mr. Sellers plays with what is known as delicious roguery, and six months from now I shall be prepared to swear that I saw Alec Guinness in the part. *The Battle of the Sexes* is good formula fun.

Crossword Puzzle No. 865

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might bear the seal of quality with characteristic tone. (5, 4)
6 and 18 Imminent thing of fine construction. (2, 3, 6)
9 Draws one into the middle of authentic esprit, obviously. (7)
10 Whence some call, and are surrounded by candy. (7)
11 Sleepless serviette in the family.
12 The girl's age is written immediately after this. (6)
13 See 29
15 Being in charge of the meeting suggests the Cross of London. (8)
16 Paper plants? (6)
18 See 6 across
20 Not nice, yet nice in a way, even though there's a dent running through it. (8)
23 What Cato said the belly doesn't have. (4)
24 And what Plato said is the parent of luxury. (6)
25 The measure of look-alikes. (3)
28 A stag in facing trouble? (7)
29 and 13 A light turn-over might have been responsible! (7, 4)
30 Mann said the actual one is the unknown. (5)
31 Pine, because it's some time 29, though not smart. (4, 5)

DOWN:

1 Nerve on the side of the face. (5)
2 This might feel capable of helping out at the reception. (7)
3 A sweet sort of 14. (10)
4 A shaker of gin ruins this, but it might be playing safe. (8)
5 Play a bet, by the sound of it. (6)
6 Where one might be put up in two directions. (4)
7 In a manner expected 31. (7)
8 Is one all right, or just left alone?
14 Rush the construction of these, perhaps, or the construction of 3. (4, 6)
15 What might go with bill each time? Barrels of it! (9)
17 English canaling might be different, however. (8)
19 Grave in visage, but responsible for a certain amount of warmth. (7)
21 To account for the unknown level, by the sound of it. (7)
22 Canal boat? (6)
27 and 26 Just got up in the "Vagabond King." (4, 1, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 864

ACROSS: 1, 4 and 6 Black and white; 9 Abscond; 10 Skipper; 11 Derail; 14 Rhesus; 15 Nebulae; 16 Toss; 17 and 22 Pericarp; 19 Charger; 24 Trilogy; 31 Rebuked; 32 Enlists; 33 Durer; 34 Nil; 35 Songs. DOWN: 1, 16 down, 26 across and 27 Beard the lion in his den; 2 Assures; 3 Kaolin; 4 Adds; 5 Dash; 6 Writhe; 7 Impasse; 8 Earls; 12 Leghorn; 13 Puerile; 14 Raleigh; 18 and 20 Impeach; 21 Crowbar; 23 Addison; 24 and 30 Tinkerbell; 25 Yields; 26 Lurid; 28 Noses; 29 Aden.

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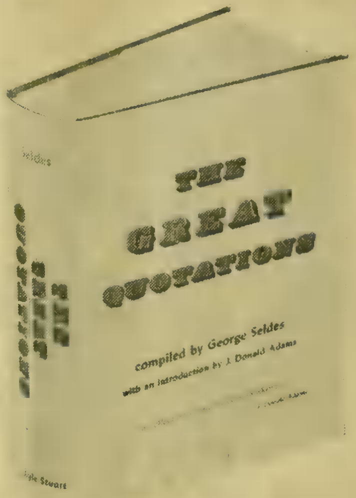
A Message From George Seldes

Dear Friends and Former Readers of IN FACT:


THE GREAT QUOTATIONS
compiled by George Seldes
with an introduction by J. Donald Adams
Lyle Stuart

When I wrote my hail and farewell in 1950 I hoped for new financing and a new plan of publishing, but the times were full of fear and anxiety, and now fortunately other publications are filling the void.

I have spent the best part of the decade in preparing a book which my experience with IN FACT readers taught me is a vital necessity. In my attack on censorship and suppression I had learned that even today, and even in free and democratic America, the words and ideas of great men are still feared—and still omitted—and notably in universally accepted, most popular and most familiar anthologies.

The quotations of liberals and radicals and all on the "Left," including Jefferson and Adams (in their views on politics and religion) and even conservatives such as Washington himself, are so universally omitted in books pretending to fairness and completeness, that I am forced to believe that these patriots as well as Tom Paine, and our first Freethinker-Publisher, Ethan Allen, have been deliberately censored and suppressed. I have been amazed by quotations from them, and from hundreds of others, which I have authenticated.

When it comes to Liberty (in general) and to a free press, and to non-conformity, and to dissent, and to Truth itself, the popular and familiar books of quotations are either badly done, incomplete jobs or guilty of suppression. When John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty" is omitted from a dozen editions of Bartlett over a hundred years (and is quoted for part of a page today) I must suspect the censor. And so with Milton's "Areopagitica," the world's clearest call for a free press.

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I have now collected, edited, and indexed what I believe are all the great quotations of all time. I have omitted the 80 to 90% or more of the material in the standard volumes. I do not think that I have used 5 or 6% of the quotations you will find in any other volume.

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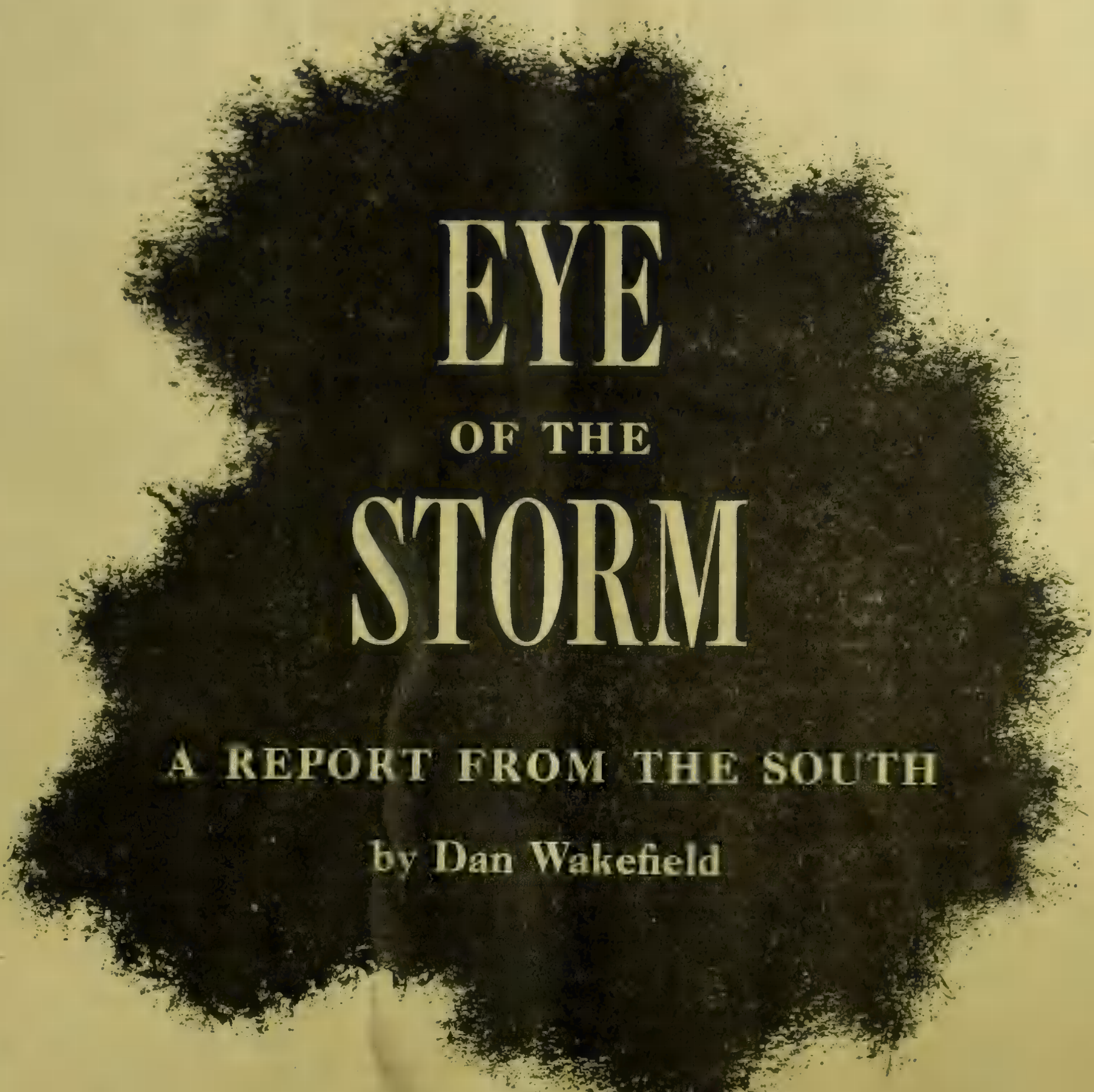

EYE OF THE STORM

A REPORT FROM THE SOUTH

by Dan Wakefield

LETTERS

Prize-Winners

The winning of the Sidney Hillman Foundation Prize Award by Harry Ernst and Charles Drake for their article in The Nation, *"The Appalachian South: Poor, Proud and Primitive" (see announcement on back cover), has naturally aroused great interest among the people of the region. Following are comments from West Virginia's Governor and some of the state's Congressional delegation.* — EDITORS.

Sirs: Please accept my congratulations to your magazine and extend them to Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake. The article is good in style but wrong in fact. . . .

The authors employ inverse romanticism curiously to enhance while simultaneously to deprecate poor, proud and primitive conditions in the Appalachian South. Too many people in West Virginia are poor, but few are proud of their poverty. Instead, they hope and seek, sometimes desperately, for a job, a chance. Nor are they primitive—no more so than the technology and the culture which trained them.

However, these errors are in point-of-view, which is the authors' prerogative. But a more serious error of fact exists in the article. Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake join two separate situations and consider two different problems as one: the Appalachian South with West Virginia; pockets of isolated mountain culture with the milieu of the coal camp; the primitive poverty of culturally retarded people with the hardship of the industrial displacement of thousands of coal miners.

The majority of West Virginia's unemployed are second-generation only. Their fathers came to our State around the turn of the century, specifically to work in the coal mines. . . .

That these people acquired certain aspects of a mountain culture is undeniable; but they created a new culture —the culture of the coal camp. Their poverty today does not result from cultural retardation, as sociologists sometimes attribute to the mountaineers of the Appalachian South. They are simply out of work. Mechanization in the mines has displaced 75,000 miners in the last ten years. . . .

Those of us in state government are conscious of this problem. Industrial development efforts have been accelerated; in 1959, an Economic Development Agency was created, to co-ordinate state planning; a public-works program shortly will be under way; pilot programs in vocational retraining point the way to new skills for displaced miners.

Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake suggest that a TVA for the Appalachian South could solve all of its problems. However, the Appalachian South is not a valley, it is a mountainous area. A region can be developed, but only to the maximum of its innate potential and within the demands of a national economy. Area redevelopment would be only a partial solution for our severe industrial displacement. A more reasonable solution would combine such redevelopment by federal, state and local agencies with the training and placement of workers for jobs where available. . . .

CECIL H. UNDERWOOD
Governor of W. Va.

Charleston, W. Va.

Sirs: I am enclosing a record of legislation that I either co-sponsored or supported during the first session of the 86th Congress. One can easily see the solutions offered by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Drake correspond with my way of thinking.

ROBERT C. BYRD, U.S.S.
West Virginia

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: The authors have correctly pinpointed the need for providing federal assistance to economically distressed areas. I particularly liked their reference to "a domestic Point Four program" as a panacea for the problem.

CLEVELAND M. BAILEY, M.C.
(Third Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: I feel that the judges have made a fine selection. . . . The migration of younger people from the area (over 40 per cent of the Korean War bonus checks by the State of West Virginia were sent to out-of-state addresses) is the most serious aspect of this situation. The average age of the state population is rising faster than the nation-wide average. The older people with investments in their communities and who experience difficulty in changing jobs or getting new jobs are the ones left behind.

I thoroughly agree with the prescription in the article concerning the need for a domestic Point Four program. . . . I believe that a well-financed area-redevelopment program would do a great deal to help—not through what its opponents term is "dole," but through what would really be a genuine program to help the areas finance their own industrial development and expansion.

KEN HECHLER, M.C.
(Fourth Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

Sirs: The approach to the problem used by the authors differs a great deal from that which I believe must be used if we are to encourage progress in the Appalachian area. I believe that, generally speaking, the situation of the so-called "depressed areas" can be improved only through economic redevelopment tied directly to the general pattern of industrial development which we can see on the horizon. In other words, our programs of betterment must contemplate the impact of positions taken in Moscow and Geneva for reasons which should be self-evident.

JOHN M. SLACK, JR., M.C.
(Sixth Dist., W. Va.)

Washington, D.C.

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The Nation, May 7, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 19

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VOLUME 190, No. 19

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Winds of Change

Every sailor knows the signs; the wind has died down, the sea is calm; then, far away, "catspaws" ruffle the surface, small and insignificant at first. But wait. The catspaws advance, the spaces between them diminish. Driven by the rising wind, they take off menacingly. Anybody can see it now: the wind has changed.

What the sailor knows, the politician may know too, but he ignores it as long as he can. For some years there has been a calm of a sort, a calm of repression and frustration for many, the absence of great events. An older generation was passing, intent for the most part on its comforts and the avoidance of disturbances. It assumed that the next generation would settle for the same jumble of pleasure and pain. And in part this was true — but only in part. For many of the new actors, the lines were no longer worth reading, the objective had to be more than to endure an hour and see injustice done. Nor did they know that in the modern world revolution is supposedly impossible, that the police and the soldiers, with their machine guns and airplanes and tanks, are all-powerful. Or if they knew, these young ones didn't care. In Seoul, the unarmed students walked up to the tanks and said, "Shoot me." But they could not all be shot, and finally even the tyrant had to face the fact of change. "This is the victory of the people, of the young generation," one of the students cried.

And this goes on all over the world. In Tokyo eight thousand students march to protest the remilitarization of Japan. In England, the cradle of education in matters political, the great Aldermaston demonstration against nuclear warfare pours a hundred thousand marchers into Trafalgar Square: "We want to live." In Turkey, students take up the banner of protest and march against the Menderes government. In our South, the Negro students engage in sit-ins for their "dignity" and white students support them, knowing that all must have it, or none will. And in South Africa the Bantus, treated as savages, demand the blessings of that democracy which is so much more easily preached than practiced.

This issue of *The Nation* reflects two of these worldwide developments in Dan Wakefield's "Eye of the Storm: a Report from the South" (see page 396) and W. S. Merwin's moving description of the Aldermaston march (see page 408). Indeed, the wind is changing. It would be well if the statesmen, East and West, took notice.

An Issue for the Democrats

A little more than a year ago, Mr. James Roosevelt introduced a resolution (HR 53) to abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee (the wording was more limited but the intention was clear). The resolution was promptly bottled up in the Rules Committee, where most worthy initiatives expire.

On April 25, Mr. Roosevelt once again addressed himself to the resolution. This time, unlike his first effort, he pulled no punches; not since its inception has the committee received such a masterly working over. Congress, Mr. Roosevelt insisted, must accept responsibility for the slanders, crimes and misdeeds of the committee. "We created it," he said, "we sponsor it, we vote the funds for its continued operations, we enforce its process, we publish its reports." The committee is not autonomous, it is not sovereign, it is an agency of the Congress. It is, he said, "a monstrous thing that we have created such an institution and lent it our powers and prestige . . . it is to our eternal disgrace that we sponsor such misuse of our authority."

Mr. Roosevelt's first assault, a year ago, seemed to be a rather quixotic gesture, made for the record; "Jimmy," it was said, could not be serious. Otherwise he would not, as the good politician he is, run the risk of incurring the lasting enmity of the all-powerful committee and its all-powerful friends in and out of Congress — such, for example, as Mr. Robert Morris of New Jersey. But this year his resolution has at least the limited backing of Speaker Rayburn and the Democratic leadership. It has also received powerful if indirect support from a group of his colleagues who have rallied to the defense of the National Council of Churches (see: *Congressional Record*, pp. 7669-7705, April 19). True, the *Air Force Manual* was their prime target, but the offending passages came from the files of the committee. It is worth noting that when Rep. Donald Jackson — who has decided for some unannounced reason not to seek re-election — rose to meet their attack, he was not supported. In a year's time it was Jackson, the committee's defender, not Roosevelt, its critic, who found himself surrounded by air space.

In concluding his speech, Mr. Roosevelt urged his colleagues to talk about his resolution when they return to their constituencies this summer. "I think," he said, "we need only break the spell of anxiety to find wide support for the abolition of this thoroughly bad institution. Then those who return here next January can complete this imperative task. . . ." But an intermediate step should be taken. The fact that Rep. Chester Bowles will chair the platform committee at the Democratic convention should insure a fair hearing for a proposal to put the party on record in support of the Roosevelt resolution. The Republicans, on the other hand, can be relied upon to extol the committee, with whose work Mr. Nixon's name has long been associated. A political party, like a wise politician, should be concerned with the future; it is the issue of rising popularity, not the exhausted issue of yesteryear, that can be ridden to power. Mr. Roosevelt has created a fine opportunity for the Democrats. Can they muster the wit, and the courage, to take advantage of it?

Politics and the Bomb

When Dr. Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb," appears before a Congressional committee, he is heard with the rapt attention given an Elvis Presley by teenage girls. Dr. Teller doesn't believe in a nuclear-test ban under any conditions whatever. No matter what controls are devised, in his view the Russians will cheat. Dr. Hans A. Bethe, although an equally eminent scientist, has less emotional appeal. His position has been that the risks of continued testing outweigh the risks of Russian skulduggery.

On April 21, however, reports issued from the hearing room of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee which made it appear that the difference between the two scientists had been narrowed, if not obliterated. The let's-not-resume-testing forces were disconcerted until it developed, first, that the reports were inaccurate. Bethe agreed with Teller only to the extent that he conceded what everyone already knew — that the 1958 control system could not detect low-yield explosions, or even some of medium yield if elaborate decoupling or muffling measures were employed. The "rigging" consisted in the limitations on testimony imposed by the committee, now happily united in an *entente cordiale* with the Atomic Energy Commission. The witnesses were confined to technical considerations, such as how many seismographs are required for "fool-proof" detection at a given kilotonnage. That Bethe has not changed his mind on the crucial question is shown by his speech of April 25 before the Washington Philosophical Society. There he accused his opponents of raising "most unlikely technical difficulties" in an attempt to defeat a possible agreement with the Soviet Union. "We have lost our sense of balance in pursuing complicated technical problems," he argued, and have "completely forgotten the political objectives of a test-ban agreement."

There is an even more disturbing aspect to the turn the test-ban controversy has taken. In the April 24 *New York Times* Arthur Krock, who surely cannot be accused of dallying with the national security, wrote that the hearing conducted by the Joint Committee was "an act of statesmanship," then added, "But even professional politicians can see that sometimes statesmanship is also the best politics. . . . The Committee . . . is under Democratic control. The Democrats fear the Republicans may have the materials for two campaign issues which can elect their ticket in November — peace and prosperity. If the President emerges from the Summit Conference . . . in the heightened glow of the peacemaker, with the State Department steadily claiming 'progress' in the negotiations for an efficient nuclear test-ban treaty, and the moratorium is represented as another proof that Eisenhower and peace are synonymous, this might insure a Republican victory in the 1960 election."

The Joint Committee, led by Teller and his group, has shifted all the emphasis to the margin of error that exists in every inspection system. Nor has it tried to improve the system. Billions have been spent on H-bombs, a few millions at most on detection. Two bodies of scientists now should make themselves heard. One is the Advisory Committee on Science and Technology of the Democratic Advisory Council, whose members must take cognizance of the charge that some Democrats are prepared to sabotage a test ban for Democratic advantage in the coming election. The other is the scientific staff of the Atomic Energy Commission itself. According to Harold C. Urey, "It is not a unanimous view of people working within the AEC that we need this host of tests that is emphasized continuously." Urey always knows what he is talking about. If any of the AEC scientists have anything to say in the national interest, now is the time for them to say it.

China and the Bomb

As one can see from the foregoing, the test-ban controversy has reached a crucial stage. The crisis, however, extends far beyond the play of American domestic politics or the obsessions of one section of the American scientific elite. In the London *Observer* for April 24, Mervyn Jones recalls that everyone who is old enough can remember the point at which he had to admit to himself that the Second World War had become a probability. Jones applies this observation to the contemporary scene: "The event that will make the Third World War — in other words, the end of civilized and perhaps of all human life — is a probability that can now be foreseen. This event is the acquisition by China of nuclear weapons."

It is characteristic of the Communist system that, while its technological development may be uneven, it can mobilize enormous industrial power where the leaders feel it is most needed. The Russian sputniks are an illustration. Jones, reflecting Labour Party opinion, thinks that the Chinese Reds may have nuclear weapons in four, even two, years. With every enlargement of the nuclear club, the chances of war increase according to something like the square of the number of members, but China will not be just another member. With or without the bomb, China is on the verge of becoming a Great Power, i.e., a nation able to initiate a major war. And China, in contrast to the United States and even the Soviet Union, is a *dissatisfied* Great Power and, further, an untrammeled one. China lacks the European ties of the Soviet Union, she is not a member of the United Nations, she is a complete outsider. Potentially, China and Russia are rivals. Jones does not think the rulers of China are actively preparing for aggression, but he notes that they have much less confidence in a peace based on negotiation and agreement than the rulers of the Soviet Union. Analyzing China's position and characteristics, Jones concludes that "it would be very rash to assume that such a Power, when full-grown to greatness and equipped with the bomb, would be deterred by the threat of nuclear bombardment."

But unless a beginning is made in the creation of control machinery, the nuclear race will go on, and neither the Soviet Union nor the United States, much less Britain, will be able to prevent the Chinese from joining it. Then the flimsiness of the 1960 objections to a test ban will be clear to everyone — but then it may be too late.

To the Armories, Artists!

A group of artists has recently sent to newspapers and magazines in New York copies of a letter addressed to the curator of the Whitney Museum protesting the abstract bias they discern in that institution's annual shows. And on a recent Sunday, another group of artists picketed the Museum of Modern Art as a house of dilettantes and a force for perverting the natural good taste of the common man.

This is fine — whatever the actual merits of the attacks, it is fine. Museums are institutions and unless they are under constant fire, they become establishments. Any artist whose work is rejected by the aesthetic authorities should feel morally outraged; if he doesn't feel outraged, he is no artist. Letters should be written on all possible occasions and banners should be unfurled in every breeze that will flutter them. The curators should be made to know that they live dangerously in those elegant halls, that the breath of unrecognized genius is on their necks and that ridicule and scorn await them in the future. Nothing is worse than a complacent curator, unless it be a resigned artist.

But of course the letter writers and the placard wielders shouldn't stop there. They should organize their own shows and let us see how truth and beauty have been scorned. What are armories for?

Question for Quesada

In *The Nation* of April 9 we questioned the decision of the Federal Aviation Agency to reduce the cruising speed of Electra turbo-prop airliners as a precautionary measure. We pointed out that if FAA had reason to believe that the planes were structurally defective, they should have been grounded altogether pending a full investigation. Since then, thanks to the timely action of Senator Vance Hartke, it has been disclosed that the Civil Aeronautics Board — which investigates air accidents — had in fact unanimously recommended, on the basis of preliminary investigations at the Lockheed plant, that the planes be temporarily grounded. The FAA, however, declined to accept the recommendation, and instead ordered that the cruising speed of the planes be reduced. But the CAB would not release its report, which it claimed was "confidential"; nor would the FAA release it. Nor has it since been released. This left the public in a quandary. It neither knew the basis on which the CAB had made its recommendation, nor the reasons why the FAA had rejected it.

The two agencies have now issued "companion" reports — not a joint report. For its part, the FAA takes the position that inspection of all Electra airliners supports its finding that the planes are safe under current speed restrictions. The CAB merely states that two weeks ago it made a recommendation for grounding the planes. This makes the original quandary even worse, for it suggests that the two agencies, which apparently took divergent views at the outset of the investigations, have not resolved these differences. Does Mr. Quesada feel that it is fair to close the Electra file on this inconclusive note?

REPORT FROM THE SOUTH

EYE OF THE STORM . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Southern newspaper executives attending the convention of the American Newspaper Publishers in New York last week have their own ideas on when integration will come to the South: "Not as long as I live"; "I'll not be there to see it"; "It is a long way off"; "Not in the foreseeable future." Undoubtedly this is a popular timetable among Southern whites, but is it accurate? There are those — including whites — who are seeking to draw up a new one, and the resultant clash has made, and will continue to make, some of the most significant headlines of this decade. That is why we sent Dan Wakefield — author of Island in the City *and many articles on the race question —into the eye of the storm; his report will help you make up your own mind on timetables.* — The Editors.

We're just not gonna do it.
—*Don Hallmark, program chairman, Montgomery, Ala. White Citizens Council*

Nothing can stop us.
—*Billy Smith, Negro student sit-in demonstrator, Greensboro, N.C.*

Montgomery

BENEATH the gold draperies that canopy the long, high-ceilinged stage of the Montgomery, Alabama, City Hall sat the officers of the local White Citizens Council and their honored guests — the top officials of the city, county and state police forces. Montgomery Safety Commissioner L. B. Sullivan, who heads the police and fire departments of this city of roughly 70,000 white and 50,000 Negro citizens, stood at the rostrum and told his appreciative public audience:

> Since the infamous Supreme Court decision rendered in 1954, we in Montgomery and the South have been put to a severe test by those who seek to destroy our time-honored customs. . . . I think I speak for all the law-enforcement agencies when I say we will use all the peaceful means at our disposal to maintain our cherished traditions.

So stand the police of Alabama — on the side of law, order and the cherished traditions of the white citizens. Indeed, the topic of this particular meeting was "A Salute to Law and Order." I attended it with a young man and woman who live in Montgomery, and we sat throughout the proceedings in silence, neither clapping nor rising from our seats during the several standing ovations. Throughout the speeches I was taking notes, and this, along with our failure to rise and applaud at appropriate moments, was evidently enough to brand us as "outsiders." When we walked toward the door at the end of the meeting a middle-aged man in a brown business suit followed along beside us and began to shout at me, "Did you get enough information? I hope you got all the information you wanted!"

I said yes, thanks, I had all the information I wanted. He continued to follow, shouting and pointing at us, and other people began to stop and stare. He yelled out, "I know who you are! I know who all three of you are!"

By the tone of his voice and the look on his face, he seemed to be under the impression that we were, at the very least, three of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. I extended my hand and told him my name, but he drew back and shouted, "Never mind, I know who you are! You're not welcome here!"

We walked on out of the door, and when we got to the street, several young sport-shirted men and one elderly white citizen fell in behind us. We walked on in silence to the car, which was parked around the corner from the City Hall, across the street from the fire station. Not looking back, we seated the girl in the car. I got in next to her by the door, and the other young man walked around to get in the driver's seat. Before he got in, my door was yanked open and two of the men who had followed us were grabbing at me, cursing and trying to pull me out of the car. They grabbed for my arms, legs and the notebook and papers I carried, tearing at my clothes and ripping my jacket.

The young man who had come to the meeting with me quickly hustled the girl out of the car. She ran across the street to the fire station, where four or five Montgomery city firemen were standing outside and watching us. She yelled "Help" as she ran toward them, and they hurried inside, retreating into a back room of the fire station, and refusing to answer when the girl pounded on the door.

My own yells by now had become quite loud and quite sincere, and the zealous citizens, who still hadn't managed to pull me out of the car, finally ran off down the street and out of sight. My two friends got back into the car, and just before we drove away the firemen appeared again outside the fire station across the street. They were smiling at us. Evidently they, too, were unmoved by, or unaware of, the doctrine of the uses of "peaceful means" in preserving tradition that their boss, Safety Commissioner Sullivan, had espoused in behalf of himself and his men at the meeting a few minutes earlier.

Law and Disorder

In fairness to the inspired citizens who attacked us, however, it ought to be explained that the Citizens Council "Salute to Law and Order" program was not exactly a Gandhian conference on the merits of love and non-violence, and L. B. Sullivan's text was far from being The Sermon on the Mount. One of the significant and dangerous features of the respectable racism practiced by the White Citizens Councils is that although their leaders and orators never fail to mouth a firm dedication to law and order at every public gathering, they also stir the passions of their crowds with provocative and outraged attacks on all those who oppose their principles, and deliver soul-searing declamations on the sacred cause of white supremacy. If zealots leave these meetings and vent their passionate dedication to the cause by violent means, the Citizens Council officials can, of course, deny responsibility by citing their statements upholding "legal, peaceful means" of action.

Safety Commissioner Sullivan, for instance, could disclaim any incitement to violence in his speech by pointing to his clearly stated belief in "peaceful means" of preserving the threatened white traditions. But after that affirmation (a not too radical stand for a city police chief), he got down to more alarming matters. The City of Montgomery, he explained to his audience, was selected long ago as "a site for racial agitators and troublemakers to attack our cherished way of life." The pressure had increased of late, he said, because of the efforts of civil-rights groups to influence politicians in Congress and in the coming Presidential elections. The rabble-rousers had so far met with little success, he reported, but there were dangers ahead:

> Not since Reconstruction have our customs been in such jeopardy. . . . We can, will and must resist outside forces hell-bent on our destruction. . . .

As if this weren't enough to inflame the breast of any loyal white citizen, Mr. Sullivan went on to state: "We want these outside meddlers to leave us alone"; then, in a slow, meaningful tone of irony: *"If they do otherwise, we'll do our best to 'accommodate' them here in Montgomery."*

And who could say that the citizens who shortly afterwards attacked us were not just doing their best to "accommodate" some "outside meddlers"?

The audience had also been informed that outsiders were the real cause of the attempted Negro prayer march to the steps of the state Capitol on March 6, which barely was prevented from turning into a riot when an angry mob of 5,000 whites assembled to stop the demonstration. Program chairman Don Hallmark of the Montgomery White Citizens Council told the meeting that "The people who sponsored this demonstration were disappointed — they had a lot of money in it."

The Citizens Council "Salute to Law and Order" was held to honor the law-enforcement officials for their work in dispelling the mob and preventing violence at that demonstration. But one of the important groups that took an active part in controlling that explosive situation was not represented on the platform along with the city, county and state police officials feted by the Council. This was the group of armed horsemen whose appearance on the scene marked a new addition to the law-enforcement procedures of the South. The band of mounted "deputies," led by Sheriff Mac Sims Butler, was composed of wealthy cattlemen from the surrounding area who now are on call for emergencies, and have several times come into town with their horses in trailer trucks for "civil defense" drills. During the prayer-march demonstration, they roughed up and threatened three press photographers, two from Alabama papers and one from Magnum of New York. One of the photographers was arrested for refusing to obey an officer (deputy) who told him to move back. These non-uniformed mounties are unknown by face or name for public record, and have been especially vigilant in preventing any pictures being taken of them.

Reasons of secrecy no doubt prevented them from appearing on the Citizens Council platform to share the honors with the city, county and state police, but perhaps that was all for the best. The volunteer horsemen might well have been disappointed at the public's appreciation of their efforts. An estimated 5,000 of their fellow white citizens had turned up to form the mob that they helped to hold in tow on March 6; but not more than fifty sat scattered in Montgomery's large City Hall on "Law and Order" night. When Don Hallmark stepped to the front of the stage to open the meeting, he looked around the nearly vacant auditorium and asked: "Where is everybody?"

Empty Rows

The only answer was an uneasy shifting as necks craned around at empty rows, and Mr. Hallmark, after asking those scattered at the back and the sides to come on down front and center, attempted to dispel the momentary gloom with a hopeful appraisal that "We think we make up for numbers in quality here. . . ."

It is easier to assemble larger numbers of white citizens for a mob than for a meeting. But that is not hard to understand — a mob at least offers excitement, but even the most ardent white supremacist must at this stage be weary of the ceremonies of the Citizens Councils. It is now six years since the conception of the

W.C.C. sprang full-blown from the forehead of Robert "Tut" Patterson in Sunflower County, Mississippi, and with occasional and usually minor variations, the meetings of these defenders of the faith throughout the South remain as unchanged in rhetoric and style as high school graduation ceremonies.

As is the usual custom at these proceedings, chairman Hallmark harangued the conscience of his audience on the need for financial as well as moral support of their principles (last year Alabama's white citizens coughed up only $4,000 for the cause, while their brothers in Mississippi gave $160,000). In the same familiar formulas, Mr. Hallmark reaffirmed the organization's principles ("states' rights," segregation, "preservation of our cherished customs") and its unbending allegiance to them ("despite federal prisons or anything else, no force can make us integrate").

It was Safety Commissioner Sullivan who provided the only new notes in the evening's incantations. If there were any skeptics present who had doubted the feelings of the police about their role in quelling the mob at the prayer-march, Mr. Sullivan soothed their minds. He complimented the mob for its "co-operation" with the law-enforcement officials by finally dispersing without drawing blood, and made it clear that the police had not only been there to preserve the peace, but to preserve the white traditions as well. "Spring is here, and birds are singing," Mr. Sullivan said, "but with the help of our law-enforcement people, the *blackbirds* aren't gonna sing on the Capitol steps."

The white citizens laughed, and rose to a standing ovation.

And Anti-Semitism, Too

The segregationist politicians and Citizens Council orators constantly compare the current threat to "Southern customs" with the crisis of Reconstruction; and indeed the rhetoric and attitudes of that era have been revived by the whites who are fighting to preserve segregation. In describing the atmosphere of the South in Reconstruction, W. J. Cash (in his brilliant book, *The Mind of the South*) wrote a passage that perfectly fits the situation today in die-hard Dixie areas, especially in Alabama and Mississippi:

> Criticism, analysis, detachment, all those activities and attitudes so necessary to the healthy development of any civilization, every one of them took on the aspect of high and aggravated treason.

The cry of "treason" from a small band of anti-Semitic, anti-Negro bigots in Montgomery, plus intimidation by the local Ku Klux Klan, have effectively wrecked what few groups there were in the city which mildly promoted a less than Dixie-dedicated approach to the race question. The unaffiliated bigot group, composed of both men and women (female suffrage seems to be its main difference from the Klan) is centered on Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin (Ret.), a former chairman of the Millions for McCarthy Committee, and a weekly newspaper called the Montgomery *Home News.* The paper is indistinguishable in its ideology from *Common Sense*, *The National Defender* and similar bigot-sheets which have long been published in the country. But the difference is that this is a "home-town hate paper." You buy it on the newsstand, or in the hotel lobby. The degree of its acceptability in the community can be seen in the fact that in its April 7 issue, eighteen candidates for political office in the city, county and state advertised in its pages. Most of them allude to their dedication to the cherished local customs, and John Crommelin, "the Whiteman's Candidate to the U.S. Senate," is if possible even more explicit:

> As your Senator, I will ATTACK and EXPOSE the Anti-Defamation league of B'nai B'rith (ADL), the malarial-mosquito of integration and REAL HIDDEN ENEMY of White Christian Alabamians. THIS MUST BE DONE. The ADL (all jew) is the mosquito; the NAACP (jew controlled Negro) is the germ.

The message that the whole campaign against segregation is part of the "Communist-Jewish" conspiracy is also brought to the citizens of Montgomery by Mr. Crommelin on the local television station.

In the search for traitors, the Jew is an ideal target for the white Southern racist. As the threat to local racial customs grows, the embattled white-Protestant zealot finds in the Jew a ready-made "outsider" living in his midst, and the results are a rise in anti-Semitic feeling which is likely to end in incidents like the bombing of synagogues (the most recent of which took place in Gadsen, Alabama, this spring). This current rise in anti-Semitism in the South is, like the rest of the current rhetoric of hate, nothing new, and its roots were well explained by W. J. Cash:

> The Jew . . . is everywhere the eternal alien [writes Mr. Cash] and in the South, where any difference had always stood out with great vividness, he was especially so. Hence it was perfectly natural that, in the general withdrawal upon the old heritage, the rising insistence on conformity to it, he should come in for renewed denunciations; should, as he passed in the street, stand in the eyes of the people as a sort of evil harbinger and incarnation of all the menaces they feared and hated—external and internal, real and imaginary.

Flight into Prejudice

The White Citizens Councils, which claim to be clean of prejudice of any kind, are fond of pointing to their acceptance of Jewish members. Indeed, the Jew in the South may often join his local Citizens Council with genuine dedication — not so much in the desire to protect the tradition of white supremacy as to protect himself and his family. This reasoning was well explained in an anonymous letter from a Jewish member of the Mississippi Citizens Council which was published in the April edition of the Montgomery Citizens Council newspaper under the heading, "A Jewish View":

> Because I have always manifested such respect for my own religion, my fellow members of my local Citizens Council would not for one moment entertain thoughts of turning the Citizens Councils' activities into anti-Semitic channels. This pattern is, I am confident, being repeated in all the towns and cities where respected and self-respecting Jewish Southerners have felt as I feel—that segregation must be maintained and that membership in the Citizens Council

will help to maintain it. I speak from first-hand knowledge when I say that there are many Jewish members of Citizens Councils both here and in Alabama . . . the Jew who attempts to be neutral is much like the ostrich. And he has no right to be surprised or amazed when the target he so readily presents is fired upon.

But the target of the Jew is fired upon anyway, if not by the White Citizens Council he has joined, then by the Klan and the local white-Protestant hate groups that won't allow him to join. The Jews, however, are few in number in the South, and not everyone who stands outside the firm boundaries of white supremacy can be labeled a Jew; these others, then, are labeled Communists. The enemies of Southern white tradition are "atheists, socialists, communists, red republicans, jacobins . . ."; this list was not composed by John G. Crommelin, who carries on the crusade today, but by Dr. J. H. Thornwell, speaking in 1850, the year before he assumed the presidency of the College of South Carolina. The two evil specters conjured up by the racists as the current enemies of Southern white tradition are not new inventions, but old ghosts brought down again from the attic of the past.

'Mental Health' Conspiracy

The Montgomery patriots who dedicate themselves to rooting out the Communist-Jewish conspiracy have been successful in breaking up any groups of "traitors" in town who do not adhere to the Southern segregation stand. An interracial prayer group of local church women, many of them wives of well-known Montgomery business and religious leaders, had been meeting for four or five years to sing hymns, pray and have coffee together, but this treasonous conspiracy was wrecked in September of 1958 when the local segregation patriots took down license numbers of the attending ladies, took pictures of them as they came out of the church where they had met, and published their names and the names of their husbands' businesses in the *Home News*. The ladies began to receive threatening and obscene phone calls, husbands publicly denied approval of their wives' treachery (some took ads in the Montgomery *Advertiser*, disassociating themselves from their wives' guilty activities) and the group has not met since.

An even more subtle conspiracy was uncovered recently by the zealous followers of the *Home News* and the K.K.K. This was the establishment of a branch of the Mental Health Society in Montgomery. Its meetings at first were quite well attended, but then the Klan and its Crommelin friends turned out to picket and distribute literature explaining that "mental health" was only another aspect of the Communist-Jewish conspiracy. The aim of the Mental Health Society was to "brainwash" good Southerners into accepting integration. It was further revealed that these "mental health" people had a secret hospital in Alaska where Southerners were taken to have lobotomies performed on them which changed them once and for all into accepting communism and integration. To further prove their case against mental health (if there indeed could be any doubts left), the "patriots" pointed out that most psychiatrists are Jews.

The people who had been attending the mental-health meetings may not have been convinced of the logic of the attack on their society, but they were genuinely frightened at the K.K.K. picket lines which greeted them before and after the meetings. Attendance dropped off until the society decided not to hold any more public meetings; their last gathering was held under the auspices of another local organization not tarnished by the stigma of "mental health."

The local patriots of segregation are actually wise in seeing "mental health" as a threat to all they hold dear, for the current segregation pattern of Montgomery is one of the most intricate pieces of insanity on exhibit in the Western world. Its complex absurdity can perhaps be glimpsed by the following illustration: physicians' offices in Montgomery have separate, segregated waiting rooms, but many doctors have colored receptionists; lawyers' offices have single, "integrated" waiting rooms, but only white receptionists.

The growing hysteria surrounding the protection of the complicated local traditions of segregation not only makes any criticism of them by native whites a sign of treason, but any violation of them by outsiders, however unintentional, a hostile and probably conspiratorial act of aggression and/or subversion. A group of undergraduate students from MacMurray College in Illinois, who stopped in Montgomery several weeks ago in the course of a sociology field trip through the South, were found guilty of such "subversion." They had been to a cattle ranch one morning and came into Montgomery that afternoon, where they met for lunch with some of the local Negro students and ministers in a private room of the Regal Café, a small restaurant in the Negro section. Someone saw the white students entering the café with Negro students, and the police were notified. Several police cars came, a TV reporter and camera man followed, and the MacMurray students were arrested and charged with disturbing the peace. The evidence rested on the fact that after the police cars and camera man arrived, a crowd began to gather. The judge found the defendants guilty, and they must return to Montgomery to stand trial for their crime — eating lunch with Negro ministers and students.

How to Disturb the Peace

They were apprehended under a new city statute that makes any action "calculated" to disturb the peace a crime; of course the arresting officers and the judge and jury decide what type of action is so "calculated." This statute is the new weapon the city has devised to help maintain its complex customs of segregation. Before this, the city had passed a series of statutes outlawing a number of specific types of race-mixing — for instance, the playing of checkers or dominoes by Negroes and whites — but revoked them this year in the fear that they would be found unconstitutional by higher courts. It is felt that the new statute on action "calculated" to disturb the peace can cover such threats to the safety of the city as interracial domino games, and at the same time have a better chance of standing up if challenged constitutionally, for it makes no specific mention of race.

So another piece of chewing gum is stuck in the dike that holds back the threatening tide. The segregationist may now sleep easier, knowing that a white man who sits down to have a ham sandwich with a Negro can be arrested and sent to jail for disturbing the peace. But isn't there any reason for alarm, even for the white segregationist, as he sees the walls between the races rise higher? Montgomery is a city of 70,000 whites and 50,000 Negroes; a city whose recent years have been scarred by bombings, and recently threatened by a mob, and whose Negro leaders have pledged their continuing fight for an equality whose realization stirs many whites to violence. Isn't it only practical to establish some form of communication between the races? I went with that question to Carl Bear, a leading Montgomery businessman and an official of the Chamber of Commerce.

White Supremacist Speaks

Mr. Bear is a middle-aged man whose hair is turning to a distinguished steel-gray, and whose broad shoulders, firm jaw and thin, straight-set mouth, combine with his deliberate manner to convey an impression of rocklike solidity. Mr. Bear looks like the kind of a man who, if he ever played fullback, would not even bother to look for holes in the line when he carried the ball. I began to ask him some questions, and before answering he told me to put my notebook and pencil away. He said that after we talked I could write out some questions if I wished and he would write out the answers and send them to my hotel. The essence of his stand — and that of so many of his fellow white businessmen and community leaders — is most clearly summed up in the written statement he subsequently sent me:

> The relationship presently existing between the white and negro races is substantially attributable to the breakdown of communications between the races which occurred approximately four years ago following the bus-boycott incident. Since that incident the only voices which have been heard concerning our social problems have been those of the extremists, or professional agitators, of both races who in neither case represent a majority of the white or negro community. I believe that essentially most of us, of whatever race, are men of good will and earnestly desire to get along with one another. However, there is a crucial need for the more emotionally mature and substantial citizens of both races to assert the leadership which good stewardship requires of them. In my opinion, most negroes of this community do not want integration; they do want equality, but they believe that equality can be had while the races remain segregated. They also realize that equality is a status in society which must be earned and cannot be accomplished by force, nor can it be conferred by judicial decree or legislative enactment. They know that this earned equality will require much more education, extending over a period of many years.
>
> (signed) Carl H. Bear

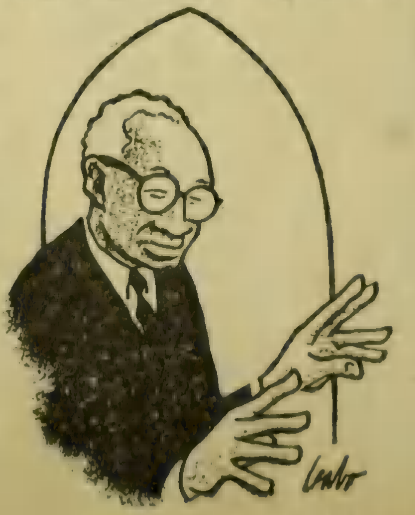
The exhausting revelation of this statement is that "communication" between the races means much more than sitting down at a table together. The heart of the problem is not that the white man refuses to sit down at the table, but rather that when he does, he refuses to see the real face of the man he is sitting across from. His whole life has prepared him to believe that the man across the table is good ol' Preacher Brown; and who can blame his blind refusal to see that it is Martin Luther King instead?

Passing of Uncle Tom

The main streets of downtown Montgomery come together in a quiet, sun-swept intersection that carries an aura of charm and well-being. A fountain sprays in the warm spring light, soothing music streams from public Muzak-boxes attached to light-poles, and the wide main street stretches gracefully upward to the alabaster columns and dome of the state Capitol, handsome against a sky of perfect postcard blue. In this peaceful scene stand the landmarks of conflict, past and present, whose turbulence seems so foreign to the setting. It was in this Capitol that Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States on February 18, 1861; a little below the Capitol's dome is the small frame building that served as "the White House of the Confederacy." It was here, just a block down the street in the Dexter Avenue Baptist church, built by Negroes during Reconstruction, that a young minister named Martin Luther King, Jr., took over the pulpit on September 1, 1954. And it was here, in this same church, that several hundred Negroes assembled March 6 for their prayer march to the Capitol and emerged to find a mob of 5,000 angry whites. Montgomery is already known as "the Cradle of the Confederacy"; it is also the cradle of the Negroes' non-violence movement against segregation which started here five years ago with the bus boycott and now is shaking the South.

Surely the white people of Montgomery, who watched that movement begin, lived with it, and saw its success, should understand better than any other Southern whites what it's all about. But they refuse even to believe it. Five years after the beginning of the bus boycott, and less than a month after the Negro student sit-in demonstrations in public eating places throughout the city, Carl Bear can sit at his desk and write that "In my opinion, most negroes of this community do not want integration. . . ."

Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote in his book that, after the boycott was over, the Montgomery whites had a new respect for the Negro citizens. It is certainly true that the Negroes gained great dignity from



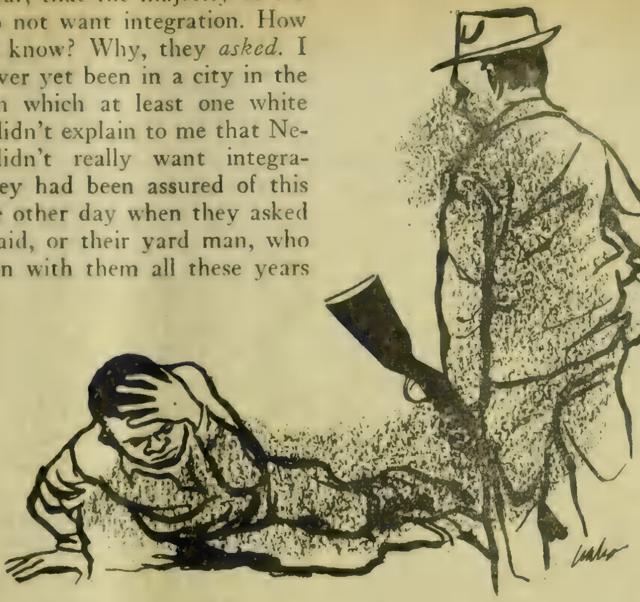
what they did, and that by all rational standards the white people should have gained a greater respect for them. But the feelings involved in this conflict have little or nothing to do with rationality. Judging from the whites I talked to recently in Montgomery, the successful boycott did not increase their respect for the Negroes who carried it out, but rather increased the mistrust and hatred of them.

The sentiments of the majority of local whites toward the Reverend King and the leaders of the boycott are probably reflected with accuracy in the outrage vented on them by the press. To *The Alabama Journal*, Mr. King is a "despicable character." In denouncing the recent sit-in demonstrations, the Montgomery *Advertiser* had this to say about the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, who is now the head of the Montgomery Improvement Association (the Negro group formed by King to carry out the bus boycott):

> Instead of diplomas and teacher certificates, they [the Negro student sit-in demonstrators] can mount in a frame upon the wall a picture of Dr. Abernathy jazzing around in his Gandhi impersonation for the TV and *Life* Magazine cameras, using them as potted palms in his act of aggrandizement.

Negro leaders like King and Abernathy are especially despised and ridiculed, for they are not the Negroes who fit the image of the shuffling old Uncle Toms — the image which the white so tenaciously holds on to because it gives meaning to his whole rationale that the Negro isn't yet ready for equality, and is in fact genetically and educationally (or both) incapable of assuming the responsibilities of full citizenship. Part of the insistence by Southern whites that the movement for Negro rights is a plot engineered by outsiders (Jews and Communists) is based on the reasoning that the Negro is unable to carry it out himself. The emergence of Southern Negro leaders like King and Abernathy confounds the old comfortable theories — but does not disprove them to the segregationist.

Even today, the Southern white can say with conviction, along with Carl Bear, that the majority of Negroes do not want integration. How do they know? Why, they *asked.* I have never yet been in a city in the South in which at least one white person didn't explain to me that Negroes didn't really want integration; they had been assured of this only the other day when they asked their maid, or their yard man, who had been with them all these years and surely wouldn't lie. Perhaps the example that best explains the irony of these reports is one told by a white citizen of Montgomery who was present when the family maid was asked what she thought about the bus boycott. "Oh, my folks don't want to have anything to do with that kind of trouble," the maid had assured her employers. "Me, I walk to work, and my brother Jim, he drives and picks up some other folks and takes 'em to work, and we just stay away from those buses — we don't want to have anything to do with that boycott."



The Negroes They Love

Much is made of the genuine love that Southern whites feel for the Negroes, and such love indeed exists, as long as the Negro stays "in his place" — which is out in the cottonfield, mindin' his business and hummin' a tune. A recent editorial in the *Alabama Journal* tells us how warm the feelings are for those Negroes who stick to their cotton pickin':

> One of the pleasant items in the day's news was a report made by the Negro county agent to the Montgomery County Board of Revenue. . . . Among specific individual reports was the fact that Minnie Guice of Mt. Meigs produced the first bale of cotton in the county in 1959. . . .
>
> Outsiders are hard to convince that white citizens of Montgomery take pride in such achievements by Negroes who conduct successful farming operations and who are not led astray by the visiting agitators who come into the county to make trouble.
>
> Farm stories about our Negroes such as these reported by the county agent show how pleasant are the racial relations here when our natives are left alone by the troublemakers.

There are loving words for Minnie Guice, who produced the first bale of cotton in the county; but stones for Autherine Lucy, who tried to enter Alabama University. Despite the editorials of the *Alabama Journal*, however, Autherine Lucy is not going back to baling cotton; but it well may be that Minnie Guice's daughter will try to enter Alabama University. That is the awful truth that the whites refuse to face, for it means nothing less than that the past they are trying to preserve is already lost.

Role of Economics

The stubborn attempt to preserve the myth of the old, dependent Negro who likes things just as they are — the myth which is so essential to the rationale of segregation — has many complex and powerful roots. Certainly the whole area of sexual guilt and fear, which Cash explains so well, is a primary factor in the present violent attempt of the whites to preserve the *status quo* of segregation. But besides the unconscious motivations, there are also some practical considerations involved in the fight to preserve white supremacy in the South. I mean considerations of the pocketbook.

An Alabama labor leader told me that he was convinced "that one of the aims of the Citizens Councils, and the more extreme hate campaigners, is the opposition to the economic policy of the AFL-CIO and the weakening of the labor movement in the South."

The threat that unions will mean integration has always been one of the major weapons of Southern management in keeping their workers from organizing, and thereby keeping down wages of both white and Negro workers. "Management can't go in and tell the white worker that they'll have to pay *him* more if Negro wages go up—so they feed him this social stuff instead—tell him that if he joins a union it means he'll have 'nigger officers.'

"The leadership of the Citizens Councils comes from the Chambers of Commerce, the landowners, the businessmen. This is partly an economic war for them. They need cheap labor—which means Negroes; any time there's a threat of an increase in industrial wages, there's a threat to their labor supply. Some of the leaders of the Citizens Council in Montgomery are contractors who wouldn't work a union man on a job. Most all their labor is Negroes."

When asked if the propaganda of the Citizens Councils had made organizing more difficult, the union leader said, "Oh, Christ, yes. In fact, it makes it more difficult to hold what you have."

Default of Labor

There have been abortive efforts to form a white "Southern Federation of Trade Unions," but lately the talk of that has given way to intensive and often successful efforts of Klan and Citizens Council union members to take over AFL-CIO locals. "I've seen cases where they turned local union meetings into Citizens Council meetings," the labor official said.

The Klan and the rabid, less "respectable" Citizens Councils draw much of their support from the white laboring class (Elston Edwards, Imperial Wizard of the K.K.K., is a paint-sprayer in the Atlanta Chevrolet plant and a member of the U.A.W. local there) and in many places in the South they have turned union locals almost into "branches" of the segregation groups. Efforts of the international unions to remedy the situation have been of little or no avail. And most of the skilled-craft unions in the deep Southern states — particularly in the building trades — are exclusively white. The Carpenters Union in Montgomery, for instance, is all white.

The continuance of cheap labor in the South, which rests so heavily on the system of segregation, is one of the major lures used to bring in Northern industry. And the absentee Northern owners—who control most of the industry in Alabama as well as in other Southern states—ask no questions about labor practices and make no attempt to interfere in the "local customs" of segregation. As the Alabama labor official summed up their position: "They sit in their ivory towers in the North and their hands are clean."

Default of Industry

Harold Fleming, director of the Southern Regional Council with headquarters in Atlanta, affirmed that the Northern corporations which are going into the South "have it within their power to make a tremendous impact" on the pattern of segregation.

For instance, Douglas Aircraft recently opened a plant in Charlotte, N.C., and went in with the understanding from local leaders that they would hire on a non-discriminatory basis. Few cities are likely to refuse the promise of a new industry that makes such a stipulation. But the Douglas example is one of a very few such cases. "For the most part," Mr. Fleming said, "the corporations that come down here are interested only in avoiding conflict."

That is an understandable desire, but even the business strategy for avoiding areas of racial conflict is often based on a naive view of the situation, Mr. Fleming said. Businessmen tend to pick spots where "everything is quiet," without seeming to realize that today's "quiet spot" may be tomorrow's explosion. A business might have chosen to set up a branch in Mississippi, for instance, rather than in Little Rock during the school trouble, on the grounds that all was quiet in Mississippi. No new businesses came to Little Rock during the school crisis; now that it is over, the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce leaders are trying to attract new business with the line that "We've already had it here; this is a safe spot to come."

The Second "Secession"

It is sad that more Northern corporations have not attempted to take fair-employment practices with them when they open branches in the South, for they are among the few "outsiders" who could make any dent in the local Southern segregation patterns. With the exception of labor unions in some areas (this year, for instance, the North Carolina State Labor Council not only ruled against segregation in its locals, but made a public statement supporting the Negro student sit-in demonstrations), the involvement and the influence of outside forces in the Southern crisis has been pitifully small. Yet the "Southern crisis" is, in the end, the American crisis.

In many places, especially Alabama and Mississippi, the die-hard segregationists have seceded again, at least intellectually, from the rest of the country, and the attempt of national organizations of which they are a part to influence their actions on segregation has usually met with rebuff and withdrawal. This has been the case with the churches in almost every instance. The formation of Methodist "Laymen's Leagues" in the South has been one kind of withdrawal by whites from the influence of their national church group. Another typical example of the church situation occurred while I was in Alabama. The National Council of the Episcopal Church sent out an "advisory statement" urging support of the Negro sit-in demonstrations. The Rev. C. C. J. Carpenter, Bishop of Alabama, quickly issued a statement saying that Episcopalians in the diocese of Alabama should "ignore" the Council's advice.

In the same week, the national board of the YWCA came out in support of the sit-ins; the Montgomery YWCA quickly met and issued their own statement, deploring the national stand. The local branch is now studying the possibility of breaking off relations with the national organization.

There is a tragic irony in the fact that, as the Southern whites increase their own segregation from the outside world, the Southern Negroes become much more involved in the life beyond their own communities. At the same time that the Bishop of Alabama was telling his flock to ignore the words of the National Episcopal Council, and the white girls of the Montgomery "Y" were considering cutting off relations with the national organization, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy was in Ghana, attending a conference on non-violent action, and Mrs. A. W. West had just returned from Washington to report to the Negro's Montgomery Improvement Association on the recent White House Conference on Children and Youth.

"Don't worry about the Negroes here," one white Montgomery resident told me. "They're doing fine. It's the whites you ought to worry about."

Atlanta

ONCE DURING every session of the Georgia legislature, the state's two U.S. Senators return from the battle in Washington to give of their wisdom and inspiration to the troops at home, and in turn be duly honored for their latest forays against the federal menace. This occasion is usually—and especially in recent years—a time of solemn rejoicing and rededication to the common cause of states' rights, segregation and the preservation of the cherished Southern traditions. Standing ovations from the state legislators, as well as from the grateful citizens packed in the gallery, are a customary part of the tribute accorded the Senators. But this year it was different. When Senators Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge made their appearance at the last session of the legislature, the politicians rose and cheered as usual, but the gallery was seated and silent. It was filled with mothers who carried signs that said "Save Our Schools."

The mothers were members of an organization called HOPE (Help Our Public Education), which was formed here a year and a half ago and has spread throughout the state. Its purpose is to keep the public schools open in compliance with a federal court order for the beginning of integration in Atlanta schools this September. Until two mothers of Atlanta school children got together in November, 1958, "to do something" about the possible shutdown of public education in the face of court integration orders, there had been no public discussion of the issue locally beyond the usual political oratory promising that "It can't happen here."

The mothers who organized HOPE held public meetings, circulated literature, sent speakers to talk on the issue before any group throughout the state, and for the first time brought the subject into the open. Their work has been much like that of the mothers' group formed to try to open the schools in Little Rock—except that HOPE began *before* a crisis came. Mrs. Donald Green, one of the mothers on the HOPE board, said recently: "Since we started a year and a half before the 'shock' of the actual court order, we hope we'll be able to save the day. We've gotten help from the mothers in the Little Rock group, and mothers' groups in other states have asked us for help. There's a real feeling of fellowship among these groups in the South."

Making Headlines

The debate on school integration in Georgia, begun by HOPE, has come into almost daily headline prominence in recent weeks with the deliberations of the Sibley Commission, a study group appointed by the state legislature at the end of its last session to hold public hearings and then make a report and possible recommendations on the school question by May 1. This was a week before the federal ruling is expected on whether or not the Atlanta school board must put its court-accepted pupil placement plan (beginning with the 12th grade and working down a grade each year) into operation this September.

It is still possible that the Atlanta schools will close, at least temporarily (though Atlanta Mayor Hartsfield says they won't close for a single day because "we're too busy making progress here"). Governor Ernest Vandiver was elected on the promise of total segregation, but the new force of public opinion on the side of keeping the schools open may give him an excuse to retreat. Some political observers in the state believe that the Governor will try to wait until Negroes are ordered into the schools, so the federal court—rather than the state legislators—will have to knock out Georgia's segregation laws, thus leaving him and the other politicians "officially" free from the blame.

Changed Climate

Whatever tactical stalls may occur, the work of HOPE and the Sibley hearings have changed the whole climate of the conflict. In Atlanta, eighty-five of 114 witnesses told the Sibley Commission they favored keeping the schools open in compliance with the court integration order. In every one of the ten counties where hearings were held, even in the most die-hard segregation spots in south Georgia, HOPE had witnesses to support its stand. Even the most optimistic observers were surprised and encouraged by the fact that not only Atlanta, but a total of five of the ten districts where hearings were held had a majority of witnesses in favor of maintaining public education even if it meant integration. "A lot of us," one HOPE mother said, "never dreamed that the state was even split on the issue."

The results of the hearings, and the popular support of HOPE (which recently presented a petition signed by 10,000 voters supporting open schools) does not mean that there is a great wave of sentiment for integration in Georgia. HOPE does not take any stand for or against integration, but presents the issue purely as a matter of schools or no schools. The Klan and the Citizens Council elements are powerful here, too, and the ladies of

HOPE are subjected to obscene and threatening phone calls from outraged segregationists. Georgia, like Alabama and Mississippi, is one of the states that Martin Luther King called "the South of Resistance," but the difference is that in Georgia there is now an open debate, at least on the issue of school integration. Where there is a public dialogue, bringing the issues and arguments into the open, there is hope. In Alabama and Mississippi there is none.

Raleigh

A CONSTANT theme of Southern segregationist orators, waving the banner of states' rights, is that basic changes in local customs and traditions cannot be lastingly imposed from the outside. They are perfectly right; Reconstruction proved the point. But they, as well as we observers in the North, forget that when we speak of "the South" (e.g., "the South Says Never!," "the South Spurns the Court"), we really mean the *white* South. This mistake in terminology allows us to overlook the fact that the South means Martin Luther King as well as Richard Russell, and that the greatest pressure for change in the South today is not being "imposed from the outside" but is coming from within. It is the pressure of Southern Negroes to do away with segregation in all its forms, and its most dramatic and significant expression is the movement that has grown from the Negro student sit-in demonstrations.

Harold Fleming, who, as head of the Southern Regional Council, has probably been in closer touch than anyone else with all aspects of the racial conflict in the South in the past decade, told me in Atlanta:

"Just as the Supreme Court decision was the legal turning point, the sit-ins are the psychological turning point in race relations in the South. This is the first step to real change—when the whites realize that the Negroes just aren't having it any more."

The leaders and representatives of the new generation of Southern Negroes who have shown that in spite of jeers, threats, jails or mobs "they just aren't having it any more" assembled Easter weekend at Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C., and affirmed that the movement they began with the lunch-counter demonstrations was only the beginning of their struggle for full equality.

If there had been any possibility that the spirit of protest born in the student sit-ins that have broken out in every state in the South would peter out as a passing fad, there was no such possibility after this conference. The meeting, which was sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (a new organization led by the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and other young Southern Negro ministers) established goals, strategy and lines of communication for the future in a series of discussions and workshops held by the students. Up to this point, the student demonstrations have been spontaneous; in the future they will not be. The students now have their own organization, which will work with, but not be led by, adult groups such as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, CORE (Congress on Racial Equality) and the NAACP, as well as local church and civic groups.

Young vs. Old

The question of the role of adults in the student movement was a ticklish one, for in a sense the movement is a protest not only against segregation practices, but against the older Negro leaders. Where many sit-ins have taken place, older Negroes have been skeptical and fearful of the results, feeling that the students were "going too far" at the present time. At a recent meeting of the Montgomery Improvement Association, the organization which carried out the Negro bus boycott, the Rev. S. S. Seay chided his fellow elders by saying that "A lot of our people don't seem to understand what the young people are doing—they say they don't agree with them. Well, that just means they aren't catching the significance of events—it's a case of intellectual sluggishness."

The conflict on tactics has actually been going on for some time throughout the South. In Atlanta, for instance, the local NAACP lawyer who had led the Negro community's battle for civil rights for several decades opposed a group of younger Negroes, in their late twenties and early thirties, when they wanted to boycott the city's segregated trolley cars several years ago. The elders felt that it wasn't the right time, but the "Young Turks" won out, the boycott was successful, and the younger men emerged as the more influential leaders in the Negro community.

The sit-ins have brought the students' feeling of protest over the adults' "slow" tactics into the open, and after some initial reluctance, most of the adults have gotten behind the movement with moral, legal and financial help. The student action has, in fact, become a great source of pride and new morale for their elders, who have been in the battle so long.

Miss Ella J. Baker, executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, told the adults at the rally that "The younger generation is challenging you and me—they are asking us to forget our laziness and doubt and fear, and follow our dedication to the truth to the bitter end."

And King, in the evening's main speech, hit hard at the same theme, saying that the student movement "is also a revolt against the apathy and complacency of adults in the Negro community; against Negroes in the middle class who indulge in buying cars and homes instead of taking on the great cause that will really solve their problems; against those who have become so afraid they have yielded to the system."

Setting an Example

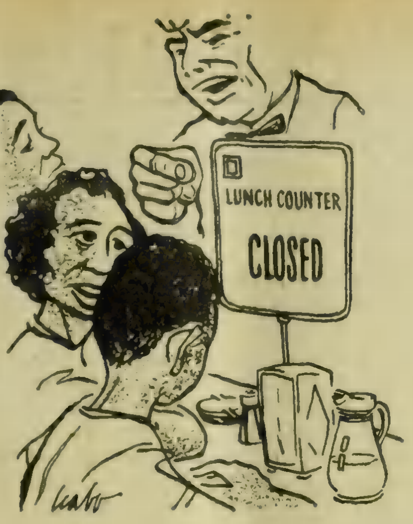
Already, many Negroes who have known nothing else but subservience to segregation all their lives have found new hope and courage in the students' example. Harold Bardonille, a junior at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg, S.C., was telling several students at the Raleigh conference how the old Negroes from surrounding farms had come to the college to offer their help when they heard that police had broken up a prayer march by turning fire hoses on the students and had made mass arrests.

"When they heard about it, a group of tenant farmers came up to the campus," Bardonille explained.

"And I mean these were real *tenant* farmers—*dirt* farmers. You know? They went up to one of the profs and said, 'What're you gonna do about all those chillun that got hosed?' They said they wanted to help, and they'd do anything they could. They don't know what they can do, but they look to us for leadership. They're eager to be a part of this."

Harold Bardonille told the story with a kind of awe, which was only appropriate. Those tenant farmers in the depths of South Carolina are the kind of Negroes whom King describes with the lines of the Blues that say "Been down so long that 'down' don't bother me." But now even they are looking up because a new generation has shown them it is possible. To the students, in fact, it is not only possible but necessary.

Camus wrote in his novel *The Plague* that the people who risked their lives to join the "sanitary squads" that fought the disease did so not out of any sense of heroics, but because "they knew it was the only thing to do, and the unthinkable thing would then have been not to have brought themselves to do it." That is the spirit in which the Negro students seem to have taken up their fight against the "plague" of segregation. It seems so luminously obvious to them that what they are doing "is the only thing to do." Those students who came from every state in the South to the conference at Raleigh went about their business with a quiet determination and a minimum of oratory; to look at the small groups of students scattered on the grass of the campus in the afternoon workshop sessions, or seated in the humid classrooms in the earnest discussion periods, you might imagine you had stumbled into an ordinary spring day of study at any small college. In the "breaks" between sessions the students smoked and talked, exchanging news of what was going on in their own school and city. Billy Smith, a student at A & T College in Greensboro, was telling a Nashville student how he and his friends had been training the high school kids in the town to take over the sit-ins when the college term ended for summer vacation.



"They'll carry it right on till we get back in the fall," he said. "We can't let it stop just because of vacation. We're ready to keep on going for five or six years, or whatever it takes. This is no fad—this is it."

Only the Beginning

And "it" does not mean merely the end of segregation at lunch counters. As Harold Bardonille put it, "We're trying to eradicate the whole stigma of being inferior." The lunch-counter protest is only a symbol of the students' expression that "they aren't having it any more." Already students in many of the cities have broadened their work to include help in voting registration and preparation of economic boycotts among the adult community. Billy Smith said when he got to Greensboro that he and his fellow students would be starting a "door-to-door knock" in the Negro community to "inform them about 'selective buying.'"

The reports of the ten workshops that studied the major phases of the movement from "the Philosophy of Non-Violence" to "Jail *vs.* Bail" revealed the scope and commitment of the students' ideas. The young girl from the "Jail *vs.* Bail" committee reported quietly that her group's recommendations were that the students arrested in demonstrations receive no bail and pay no fines; that all persons arrested stay in jail. "This," she explained, "will show that arrest will not deter us."

One group of students studied the role of college administrations, and decided that Negro college presidents and administrators should back the students' action (at least to the extent of not allowing them to be expelled) and should be willing to do this at the risk of their own jobs. Most of the Negro colleges in the South are state-controlled, and have white boards of directors. Thus, many Negro college administrators who have expressed private sympathy with the student movement have had to maintain public silence—and, in the case of Alabama State, allow some of the student demonstration leaders to be expelled. The students at the conference expressed their belief that the college administrators should put the movement for equality above their own careers—as the students indeed have put it above their own education.

The workshop that studied the "interracial" nature of the movement (there were about a dozen white students at the conference from colleges in both the North and the South) recommended that "this shouldn't just be a movement for Negroes but for all people who are against injustice." The representative of the "Preparations for Non-Violence" committee stressed that only those who are certain they can meet the threats and violence with passive resistance should take part in the demonstrations, but that "for those who can't take intimidation, find something else for them to do—even if it's licking stamps."

The commitment to non-violence is a keystone of the movement, and the Negroes have learned its power and importance. At the Raleigh mass meeting, King preached the difficult text of this doctrine he has given them to use as their weapon against the ugly mobs they have faced already and will face even more often in the coming months and years. He said:

"Do to us what you will and we will still love you. We will meet your physical force with soul force. You may bomb our homes and spit on our children and we will still love you. But be assured that we will wear you down with our capacity to suffer. . . ."

That is the road they have set upon, and they have already passed the point of no return.

BOOKS and the ARTS

'Young Tom Writ Large'

T. H. HUXLEY: Scientist, Humanist and Educator. By Cyril Bibby. Forewords by Julian Huxley and Aldous Huxley. Horizon Press. 330 pp. $5.

Frank Greenaway

BIOGRAPHIES so often try to be works of reference that we are tempted to skip and select, looking for passages to highlight our prejudged picture of the subject. This book deserves to be read right through: preliminaries, forewords by two grandsons, portrait captions, appendices and all. Dr. Bibby has shown high cunning in presenting, chapter by chapter, not just incidents and events, not just aspects of character, but successive levels at which Thomas Henry Huxley was involved in the life of his times. His book diminishes a legend and restores a man.

Huxley's name is well known at least because of his part in an incident in the history of Darwinism — his clash in 1860 with "Soapy Sam," Bishop Wilberforce, over the descent of man — which clouds the memory of a scholarly churchman and distorts the record of a scholarly agnostic. As Julian Huxley says in his foreword, Huxley was more than Darwin's bulldog.

Dr. Bibby lets Huxley speak, briefly but often, so that we know all along how Huxley saw himself, and it is almost always with the three talents as scientist, humanist and educator in action together.

After a modest but effective schooling and an orthodox medical training, he realized that the world of science was his to possess, but not by scholarship alone. Thus, in 1851, of the British Association meeting: "Anyone who conceives that I went down from any especial interest in the progress of science makes a great mistake. My journey was altogether a matter of policy." We sometimes think that the battle with scientific authority was won in the seventeenth century. Not a bit of it; this is a never-ending guerrilla warfare. At a time when much was being taken on authority, and not very reliable authority at that, Huxley had the great advantage of studying biology thousands of miles from a university. His voyage on the *Rattlesnake* was great good fortune. Early recognition is a godsend to a man whose head cannot be turned by it. It helped Huxley steer his way, through temptations to choose some other career, toward a life which was essentially one of public service. But it was a public service of which he himself helped to create the forms. As Aldous Huxley says in his foreword: "We grumble about our educational system but forget that less than a century ago there was no system at all; merely a squalid absence of education." Huxley was able to help greatly in this change because of the variety of his gifts.

As with all scientists, Huxley's research papers (150 of them) have been absorbed into the common compost of knowledge, making fertile ground for another year's crop. His scores of publications on educational reform are now mostly (but not all) irrelevant to times which enjoy some of the reforms he promoted. Much of his writing on religious and ethical issues was prompted by controversies now long spent. But the institutions he helped to create, the educational principles for whose acceptance he worked, are active forces today. Only the spirit of tolerant, humble, inquiring agnosticism which guided him, and which he offered to others as guidance, is hard pressed to survive in a society which has forgotten how to honor dignified nonconformity.

NOT that nonconformity need mean, or meant in Huxley's case, withdrawal. It was said of him that "As a political operative, Huxley was devastatingly efficient." Suggestions that he enter Parliament came to nothing; though there is little doubt that he would have had no difficulty in finding a seat, or in making an impression. But he was content to act from outside. Huxley was that most effective kind of lobbyist: the one who offers a scheme which looks as if it will work because it takes account of those political realities with which the parliamentary politician has to reckon.

He had no naive belief in innate equality. He held that men vary in capacity as much as in opportunity. "The great mass of mankind have neither the liking nor the aptitude for either literary or scientific or artistic pursuits; nor indeed, for excellence of any sort." But he meant these hard words to apply to all classes, and he saw ignorance and lack of taste in all levels of society. Dr. Bibby gives many pages to Huxley's educational theories, but no more than are needed to convey an impression of the importance Huxley himself attached to them. Education was to him the means by which society discovered what a man was good for. He insisted that teaching must be based on knowledge ("What you teach, unless you wish to be impostors, you must first know"); and on skill ("There is nothing so difficult to do as to write a good elementary text-book, and there is nobody so hard to teach properly and well as people who know nothing about a subject"). He practiced what he preached: his own teaching was acknowledged by his pupils to have molded all the biological instruction of the next generation.

He had enough confidence in his principles to want to see them put into effect at the starting point of new lives. The Education Act of 1870 required a system of elementary schools. There was no network of local education authorities, so *ad hoc* school boards were set up, the first to be elected being where the need was most urgent: in London.

The first year's work of the London board set the shape of English education for three-quarters of a century, much that it achieved being initiated by Huxley or by others in sympathy with his ideas. Dr. Bibby's account of this phase of Huxley's work makes it clear that his agnosticism was no passive apathy but did justice to the good in all things, as when he defended Bible-reading: ". . . the mass of the people should not be deprived of the one great literature open to them, not shut out from the perception of their relation with the whole past history of civilised mankind."

Huxley's part in the development of higher education in Victorian England may seem now to have little but antiquarian interest, but the record belies this, and shows that his influence is lasting. Superficially it might seem that Huxley's battle for education in science was won long ago. In fact, as the de-

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tailed account of the negotiations in which he was involved brings out, his battle for a balanced scientific education was lost when, against his hopes, separate science degrees were instituted at bachelor level in the universities. Even though he was the principal force, by practice and planning, in the creation out of several schools of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, his instinct was always against specialization. He would have opened the arena to the visual arts and to music, not only in elementary education but at university level as well. ". . . in the mass of mankind, the Aesthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be aroused, directed, and cultivated; and I know not why that side of his nature . . . should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of University education."

Huxley's name and fame were universal in his day. Honorary degrees came to him sooner from abroad than from his own country. His visit to the United States in 1876 was a notable occasion. His lectures were a crowded attraction, and profitable ("Say £600 profit on the whole transaction" notes his diary). It is characteristic of his sympathy for an audience that his lecture at Nashville, Tennessee, was based on the local geology. At the inaugural ceremony of Johns Hopkins University, Huxley's presence was not altogether welcome. One critic summed it up: "It was bad enough to invite Huxley. It were better to have asked God. It would have been absurd to have asked them both."

Dr. Bibby has constructed his book according to his view that "the great Professor Huxley was simply young Tom writ large." Not that there was no progress or development; but all Huxley's qualities were needed all his life: "the luminous intelligence, the restless inquiry, the indefatigable industry, the courage and the pertinacity, the wide interests, the toughness and the tenderness." And his sheer effectiveness. He saw what men and institutions society needed and used all his qualities to make sure it got them. Each of Dr. Bibby's chapters surveys, from this point of view, Huxley's efforts in a particular field over a long period. The cumulative effect is not so much a portrait as a man alive.

The book would be admirable had it only the minimum reference to sources. As it is, Dr. Bibby's appendices give a thorough annotation. There is also a fascinating parallel chronology of the events of Huxley's life and the political, social, cultural and scientific events of his long day. The plan and execution of this book are worthy of its subject.

The Total Joke

GOLK. By Richard G. Stern. Criterion Books. 221 pp. $3.95.

Terry Southern

GOLK takes its engaging title from the name of its hero, Sydney Golk, a rotund and highly creative entrepreneur who builds a "candid-camera" TV program into a mammoth Frankenstein's monster which in the end threatens (or rather promises — it is a big friendly monster) to destroy, by illumination, quite a spread of our present *way-of-life*. The program's original format — *On Camera* it's called — and, seemingly, its ambitions, are both quite modest: for example, a man enters a reputable butcher shop and unwraps what appears to be the hindquarters of a very thin dog, which he indignantly claims was sold to him earlier as a sirloin steak; naturally an interesting conversation ensues between him and the equally indignant butcher, at the climax of which hidden mike and cameras loom into view and the fat "customer" announces jovially, "You've just been *On Camera*, Mister Butcher!" as he doffs his disguise and is revealed to be none other than the notorious Golk himself.

As the program grows in national favor, under Golk's good guidance, it also develops upward through several stages of complexity, humor and philosophic insinuation until it reaches full maturity by presenting three ruses of such elaborate seriousness as could stag-

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TERRY SOUTHERN's novels are The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

This Spring

(For Luverne)

Now to the care of air spring like a sound
Drifts, and round
The new leaves a pale sun weaves
Frail and bright its running water light.

Song the day long! What floats? the song? a tree?
Sweet buds burst,
But thirsts of bird and bee are half for flight.
What climbs? From earth, yet free,
Rise through the rimed grass all eyes
Flowers whose vivid shades deny that all
Passes, and will fall.

Last fall my sister died; a winter came.
They passed, those days.
And something still of her
Now to the care of air lifts, and stays.
Now I can speak her name.

EDWARD WEISMILLER

"It's an old American custom"

THEIR MAJESTIES THE MOB

By John W. Caughey

This fast-paced work of scholarship is more terrifying than any fiction. Using more than fifty documents from American history, John Caughey traces the vigilante impulse in the last hundred years of American life. He shows the common source underlying all "mob justice"—from the impromptu hangings of the old West to the blacklisting, character assassination, and racial rioting of our own day.
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ger the national brain. It would be unfair to divulge the mechanics of these particular dodges, but, in tonal paraphrase, they amount to something like gaining the confidence of the Vice President and offering him (*very* privately and *very* convincingly) $10 million, say, to come out strongly for communism, *Man-Tan*, or some such thing, just to get his reaction, you see, he being convinced the two of you are completely alone and the offer a genuine one — whereas, in fact, the whole thing is being televised live on a nation-wide hookup.

And yet such delightful speculations are not the limit of this book's considerable interest. Surrounding Golk are several personages and relationships; and at least three of these are drawn with bold and contemporary strokes, from an insight that is rare and a trust in it that is rarer still. *Golk* is a book then to be recommended on many levels, and to be enjoyed by all — all except, no doubt, those very ones in whose lament its author so lyrically sings.

LETTER from ALDERMASTON

W. S. Merwin

ON Falcon Field, on Good Friday, in the countryside of Berkshire, England, I met a young English playwright whom I knew. We compared impressions. Spreading around us, the gathering had something about it which was faintly reminiscent of a football crowd. And more than a hint, here and there, of a Sunday School outing in unpromising weather. All of the English political parties of any importance, from Conservative to Communist, were represented, but the atmosphere of the assembly was not (and never became) appreciably political. In the end we agreed that these ten thousand people, spread out over a large meadow, eating sandwiches, strumming musical instruments, rubbing their feet with alcohol, sitting in little bunches and talking, wandering back and forth under their banners and placards, many of which were obviously homemade, were not quite like anything we had ever seen. The 1960 Aldermaston to London Nuclear Disarmament March had established its own character before it ever set out on the fifty-four miles to Trafalgar Square.

There was clowning. Girls in Bardot hair and leotards, boys in carefully bashed top hats and outlandish costumes; bearded ragtime musicians, warming up on "My Old Man's A Dustman." There were many Quakers, nothing conspicuous about their dress except the heavy shoes and the knapsacks. A large group of Catholics. Another of Methodists, Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Franciscan Monks. Country gentry in impeccable tweeds; doctors; medical students; businessmen; nurses; a representation of colored people in many of the groups. There were contingents from the different boroughs of London, from scores of English towns, from Eton and other schools, from what seemed to be dozens of universities, both in England and elsewhere. An international ex-servicemen's group. And the international contingent itself, with sections from France, the United Arab Republic, Israel, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Iraq, West Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, Australia, Italy, Denmark, Netherlands, British Guiana, Nigeria, Ghana, South Africa, Japan, Ireland, New Zealand, Cyprus, Tanganyika, Kenya. And the United States. The Japanese section consisted of a half-dozen students who had come from Japan expressly to join the march. Their way had been paid for by the donations of other Japanese; their cameras and other equipment had been supplied by Japanese firms. They carried no banners except the small one which told where they came from. Japan's special place in the demonstration needed no emphasis.

Falcon Field faces the heavy wire fence which surrounds the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston. Inside are what appear to be miles of low, pastel-colored buildings laid out like an army base. Between the fence and the buildings is a concrete road. A closed truck passed on this road from time to time, like a satellite in a planetarium. A guard truck? Just inside the enclosure two or three men stood with a big police dog on a chain. Behind them, in and among the buildings, there was not a sign of life. But elsewhere it was obvious that we were not popular around Aldermaston. The pub keepers near the field were non-committal, but local children shouted "Cheers for the Bomb" and "Marchers Go Home," obviously expressing their parents' attitude. The Aldermaston Establishment has, of course, brought employment and business to the locality.

Canon Collins, the precentor of St. Paul's, London, and leader of the march, conducted the assembly through a hymn, pronounced a simple, apposite prayer while Catholics, Communists and Quakers stood silently beside each other; then he headed the march out of the field, down the road toward London. Beside him were other members of the clergy, writers, journalists and Joseph Rotblat, nuclear scientist from the University of London, who had been on the British team at Los Alamos. He was one of a number of nuclear physicists who marched. The day was cold, blustery, with spatters of rain. As we left Falcon Field we had a first glimpse of one visible characteristic which would stay with the march. On the field where 10,000 people had been having lunch, there was scarcely a sign of trash, paper, or garbage. The march would have its nuisance value, all right, but that was not the way it would go about it.

THE procession went on walking for four days, from Good Friday to Easter Monday. On the first day, as we passed through the countryside, there were few spectators. The rain settled in, wet feet began to blister. But it was on that afternoon that most of us had the first exciting view of the march. As the country lane wound through open fields we could see the column moving four abreast under its banners, stretching ahead of us for more than two miles until it disappeared over the horizon. Behind us, at a distance nearly as great, the end of the line was still not in sight. The line, in fact, was four and a half miles long as we wound into Reading, to make our way to the schools assigned to us, where local women were waiting to sell sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and soup at cost, and where we would collect our blankets and sleep that night on the schoolroom floors, laid out like bullets in a belt.

On the second and third days the march was at its most distinctive. The distances were longer, the weather, at least part of the time, got better; it was still cold but the sun came out, and all through the second day there were larks overhead. Feet got worse; spectators multiplied; so did the marchers. On the second day, to cover the nineteen miles, there were 15,000, and on the third, Easter Sunday, the column

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W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest collection of verse is Green With Beasts.

that moved into Chiswick, in outer London, was 20,000 strong and stretched for seven and a half miles. The police had traffic problems. They also had apparently endless patience. Theirs was part of a huge wave of patience and good will which seemed to envelop the whole enterprise, and with so few exceptions that many of us found it hard to believe. It was partly because of this, I imagine, that many who had come to march only for a day stayed on to the end.

AND as the march wore into its second and third days, details of it began to pile up and make a picture which surprised everyone, including the organizers. Pathetic and funny details, some: the turbaned Sikh who stood rigidly saluting the column as it ambled past; the man with the brief case who walked the whole way, alone, on the other side of the road. The antics of the clowning teen-agers; the skiffle bands. On the first two marches, in 1958 and 1959, these eccentricities and capers had been played up in the press, and the demonstration had been largely written off as a stunt carried out by weirdies and cranks. This year, what with the numbers present, and the quiet demeanor of the demonstration as a whole, it was impossible to overlook the seriousness of the procession; in any case the press no longer seemed disposed to do so.

The seriousness was neither earnest nor scouty, and it did not preclude a good deal of gaiety quite apart from the self-appointed clowns. "They *can't* ignore us now," Canon Collins kept saying as the march grew. "They *can't* say we're just a bunch of cranks now." The details which helped to underline his conviction were as homemade as any of the instruments in the skiffle-groups, but they made less noise. Blind men being led the whole way, after having traveled from remote corners of England to march. Spastics and cripples going as far as they could. A gray-haired Quaker who pushed his paralyzed wife all the way in a wheel chair. Old people. A man from Brooklyn, a Princeton graduate in his seventies who has sent two sons through Princeton, a victim of throat cancer, whose larynx has been removed; he was on the march every day, and has participated in every march since the first. Middle-aged people joined the procession in mid-morning, with bulging knapsacks; when the line broke for lunch, they opened these packs which turned out to be full of food to be given away. Several people appeared in the line with plastic buckets full of peeled oranges for the marchers. Couples pushed their babies and lunches in baby carriages.

On the second and third days, too, people began to walk in the "wrong" contingents, not by accident but as a way of fraternizing. In most cases the effect was not obvious. They carried one another's banners and the result looked about the same. But in the international contingent, where this practice was most prevalent, there were some odd results. At one time the Nigerian banner was being carried by two whites who had never been near Africa — a Canadian, as I heard it, and a Dane — and there was only one Negro marching in the unit. Arabs and Jews marched together in several instances, and black and white South Africans. Quakers from far parts of England, Negroes from the West Indies, Japanese, writers from London and Paris, marched with the Americans. A Swiss boy and an English girl once carried the American banner for miles while the Americans marched with the Japanese, the French, the Swedes, the Italians and the Irish (who had an accordion). So that part of the time when the spectators cheered the "Yanks," as they did, they were cheering half of Europe without knowing it.

On the second day the column passed an American car with two American officers in it. As the internationals appeared, one of them was heard to say to the other, "Well at least there won't be any Americans here." "They're right back there around the bend," several of the marchers told him, "you just sit tight." If the officers waited long enough they saw not only a huge U.S.A., but a separate banner from the University of California, marching among the European universities.

THERE were hecklers, but astonishingly few. I could count on one hand the number of jeers I heard on the whole march, and I am not sure that all of those were seriously meant. The main opposition came from Fascist fringe organizations which sent cars up and down the road through the middle days of the march, going too fast, usually, for us to hear what they shouted. One of their slogans, apparently, was "Let Britain Lead," and it is said that the marchers simply picked it up from them to use themselves. Certainly many of the improvised placards bore that same legend, sometimes with "There's Still Time, Brother," or simply "No Nuclear Weapons" written underneath.

The last day the distance was shortest. All the way into London numbers (including the entire large cast of a very successful West End play) stepped off the curbs and joined the march. In Hyde Park, at lunch time, it was possible for the first time to compare notes with the spectators. Then one heard story after story of chic couples who had come to watch and say amusing things to each other and who had looked quite different after an hour. And of men who, asked what they thought, said "Up until today I was neutral." The silence of the column, we found, had more effect than its songs. It was too late to impress this on the marchers, but as the procession entered its last half mile, from Parliament Square to Trafalgar Square, it marched, by agreement, in silence. By that time, according to police figures, the total procession numbered 74,000, marching six and eight abreast (there were about one hundred in the American contingent at that time). At the head of the whole march a single drummer in kilts slowly beat out the Morse for Nuclear Disarmament. Behind him the column, banner behind banner, advanced up Whitehall into Trafalgar Square and the end

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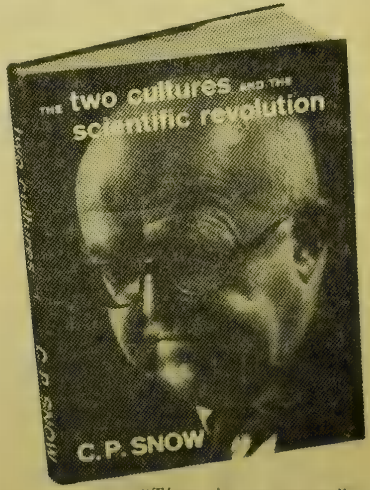
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of the march. There had not been so large a peaceful procession through England, we were told, since the days of the Chartists, if ever. There had not been so many English banners since Agincourt. Quietly the procession came to a stop at the foot of Nelson's column. Some began to disperse. Some stayed for the speeches. One of the last was given by a nuclear physicist who announced that the police estimated 126,000 as the total of those who had been in and around Trafalgar Square to take part in the demonstration, and pointed out that the first small and relatively primitive A-bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima had killed a comparable number of people in one second. At the end of the ceremonies there was a minute of silence for the dead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

SOME of the banners, some of the marchers, moved on toward Waterloo Station to cross the channel and form a procession to the Summit Conference at Geneva. The rest of us straggled off on wobbly joints. (Waiting for me, in the mail, was an insurance statement in red warning that the insured objects under the old policy were not and would not be covered against nuclear radiation. Waiting for all of us was the news that one more victim of the Hiroshima bomb had died of radiation poisoning while we were actually marching.) As we left, we were impressed, in retrospect, by the *quiet* determination of the whole demonstration in which we had participated. We kept asking each other whether it *could* be ignored now. Whether "they" *could* say that it was just a political demonstration, or a cranks' carnival. Two reporters came up to us in the American contingent and asked — among other things — whether we minded giving our names, because they'd quite understand if we did, and "the Embassy, of course, might take views. . . ." We gave our names. Considering how many able-bodied Americans there were in London, we wondered why there had been no more of us from the land of the free and the home of the brave. Or we tried to wonder. Those tourists missed something. We remembered how people all the way along had behaved to us when McCarthy was mentioned, or the McCarran Act, or Little Rock, or the American South, or America's policy on disarmament and the arming of Germany. How those people had always been sure that there must be good reasons for all those things. How we had always agreed, naturally, trying like mad to remember what the reasons were.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE PHOENIX THEATRE is fortunate in having followed the production of *Henry IV*, Part 1 with its sequel *Henry IV*, Part 2. If anything, the latter production is an improvement on the first. There is more comedy in the second part than in the first, and generally speaking the Phoenix company is more successful with the comedy passages of the play than with the others.

An exception to this is the king's death scene, in which Fritz Weaver gives one of the most forceful readings in the production as it is one of the most convincing of his career. Actor and words seem truly wedded at this point. For the rest, Eric Berry completes his sound rendering of Falstaff, though I thought that the moment in the first part of the play in which he senses the possibility of the prince's final rejection was more telling than the actual scene of the dismissal in the second part. John Heffernan is amusing as Shallow. (I have yet to see an actor fail in this role.) The others are adequate or better.

It is a very "commercial" play, this *Henry IV*, for it combines strong action — gratifying propaganda for England's royal house — with a generous admixture of ribaldry and horseplay. I can imagine the critical gentry at the Globe grumbling in their beards at the première of, say, *King Lear*: "If only gentle Will would return to the sunnier vein of the Henrys — he's so cross nowadays."

JEAN GIRAUDOUX's *Duel of Angels*, beautifully translated by Christopher Fry, has been given a handsome production (Helen Hayes Theatre) under the skillful guidance of the English dancer-choreographer - actor - director Robert Helpmann. Vivien Leigh, looking altogether lovely in superb gowns by Christian Dior, speaks admirably in a voice that is both caressing and provocative; she has probably never acted better. Mary Ure is a bit overbleached for my taste, but she also fills the eye with grace.

The text itself — it is Giraudoux's swan song and was first produced posthumously in Paris — has always struck me as somewhat ambiguous. Therefore, though it is certainly one of the superior offerings of the season, I feel slightly ambivalent about it.

The play is another of Giraudoux's paradoxical variations on a classic theme — in this case the legend of Lucretia — and deals, as does so much of his work, with the subject of purity. What is meant by purity in this instance is sexual purity (in *Ondine* and *The Enchanted* the purity is of another kind). One might say that purity here has its most popular Gallic connotation: conjugal purity and its converse, adultery. At the end of the play, with the suicide of Lucile ("Lucretia"), a procuress says something to the effect that purity cannot live in this world . . . a conclusion which Giraudoux has dramatized before.

What troubles one is that Lucile is made to seem — apart from her beauty — a thoroughly bigoted figure, certainly not appealing. Paola who represents the sophisticated rationalization of the worldly Frenchwoman (the play is set in the South of France in the mid-nineteenth century) makes Lucile appear almost ridiculous, though at the sight of Lucile's dead body Paola is nonplussed and admits that Lucile may have been right. We wonder whether Giraudoux meant us to feel that absolute purity must seem either absurd or hypocritical to the normal mentality — as idealism always strikes us in everyday life — because it is so rare as to be out of place in this world. One is not altogether sure where Giraudoux stands. Does he wish to infer that purity by its uniqueness is something of a threat to us and in its own way wrong, even "bad"?

ON further reflection, I hardly think this interpretation, though admissible, is what Giraudoux intended. And here a subtle point of theatrical treatment comes into play, one also involving national character. For I am fairly certain that, though the French are usually considered more tolerant than the English or the Americans in regard to marital infidelity, the French audience did not laugh at Lucile as the American, or at any rate the Broadway, audience does. I believe the Parisians must have taken Lucile at her face value as an inspired person (if only symbolically so) whose example of sexual highmindedness was a kind of poetic reproof of their looseness. One is a sinner only if one believes in sin, and the most frivolous French audience is sufficiently penetrated by its cultural-religious tradition to believe in sin. We, on the other hand, are free without foundation; we are not sure of anything either in our orthodoxy or in our emancipation. As a result we laugh at Lucile, whom we take to be a nuisance, and side with

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Paola, who is shrewd, perceptive and above all gay and amusing.

In this half-spoken and semi-revealed conflict of attitudes, our audience regards *Duel of Angels* as essentially comic, in which case it is very nearly an immoral or a misanthropic play. (Incidentally, Lucile's husband is shown to be a conventional prig, morally entirely inferior to his wife.) But I suspect that for all the play's wit and polished detachment, Giraudoux meant it to have a tragic emphasis: he is *for Lucile.* (The play's original title is *Pour Lucrèce.*)

A striking example of the contradiction between the text and the audience's reaction to it is the last scene, in which the procuress despoils Lucile's corpse of its treasures — the triumph of evil as it were; clearly not a comic moment. But the first-night audience laughed at it, not only because the curtain speech was read with an ineffectual lightness, but because the interpretation of the play as a whole had led the audience to believe that this too was to be taken as a keen joke.

What I think happened is this: the play is difficult because the part of Lucile is not written as consummately as that of Paola. (Also the leading lady — Vivien Leigh — plays Paola opposite a much less vivid actress.) Then the interpreters — the director and the others — like their audience are not impressed by Lucile's (and probably Giraudoux's) moral position. Finally, since the play is so elaborate and elegant in language as to need a special style of presentation to make its particular manner conform with our ordinary demands for "realism," a directorial compromise was effected by placing the emphasis on good looks, suave decorum, salon flair, comedic airiness, a ballet-like picturesqueness in the manner of Constantin Guys's drawings—and a minimum of feeling. The result is civilized, smart, fashionably glacial and—thinking of Giraudoux—perhaps false.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the New York Philharmonic performed Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in celebration of the Easter season. The choral parts were sung by the Symphonic Choir of the Westminster Choir College, a group consisting of roughly 125 voices. Soloists were Eileen Farrell (soprano), Carol Smith (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor) and Kim Borg (bass-baritone). These four are first-rate musicians and made an excellent quartet, though Miss Farrell was not at her usual peak. The choir, while certainly a respectable one, did not sound as homogeneous in quality and well trained in matters of diction and voice production as some others that have appeared with the Philharmonic. Be that as it may, the *Missa Solemnis* made its point.

Probably because this Mass is not worn out by performance, I usually find my response to it fresher and more stimulated by a sense of discovery than is the case with most of the Beethoven repertory. It is not as perfect an aesthetic entity as the "*Choral*" *Symphony*, the "*Eroica*," or some of the other symphonic works. But it is such an interesting piece; such a handsome colossus, despite the fact that Beethoven carved it out with total indifference to surface sheen, and was sometimes even gauche in his mode of presentation.

The "Gloria," for example, has implicit in it a quality of raw extroversion not too far removed from a football rally. When the section is approached from a standpoint of muscularity and speed (as it was by Bernstein), it becomes a real shout from the bleachers. It contains, of course, profundities that one would not find at the forty-yard line, and in the most compelling readings of the *Missa Solemnis* these are emphasized and the naked shouts played down. But the shouts are there, on the score-paper, and one cannot criticize a conductor too severely if he lets them out. You can only recommend a bit of aging and constraint (what is usually called "mellowing"), as an antidote to the composer's Teutonic exuberance and occasional lack of manners.

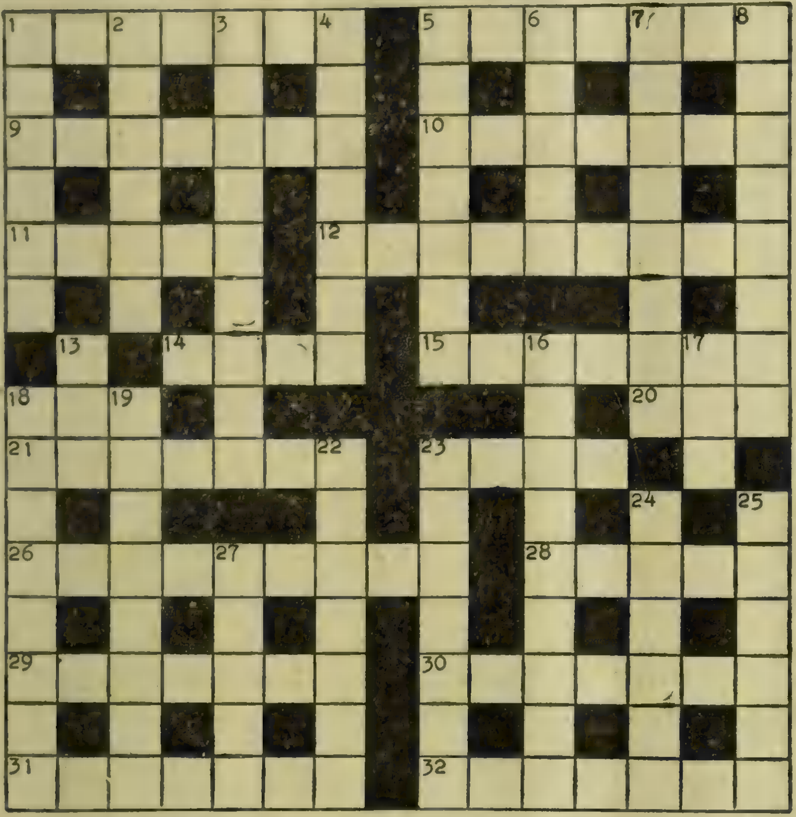
Not only does the *Missa Solemnis* contain a preponderance of music that is first-rate Beethoven, it has a peculiar character which sets it apart from all other works in its genre. There is none of the restraint and impersonality typical of Palestrina; none of the almost turgid, inner-orientation of Bach; none of the soft subjectivism of later, Romantic Masses. Like almost everything Beethoven wrote, the *Missa Solemnis* is a violent affirmation of self, and of the universality contained within the individual. He wrote not just of faith, but of faith as *he* conceived it, without humility and without immersion.

On the other hand, the work is not without context. It owes a heavy debt to the Handelian Oratorio. This can be seen in the many instances of ingenuous illustrative writing, such as the simple rising scales which accompany the words "And the third day he arose again. . . ." It is also, I suspect, responsible for a certain ambivalence, which shifts the accent back and forth between symphonic, illustrative and tone-poem approaches. In the final two sections, the "Sanctus" and the "Agnus Dei," the music takes off in a direction totally opposite to that of the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo," and these become a compendium of attitudes which did not reach fruition until Brahms and Wagner.

Although Bernstein's performance occasionally lacked subtlety and the kind of roundness which can enrich this music, it was blessed by enthusiasm, clarity of idea and an obvious knowledge of what the work is about. I would like to be present when he gives his fiftieth performance of it, with a somewhat smaller chorus, and a set of soloists as good as those used on this occasion in top vocal form.

Crossword Puzzle No. 866

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Will might have this wind about a returning hero. (7)
5 Certainly not the way of peace followed by the brave. (7)
9 The sort of help to affect heavy results, no doubt. (7)
10 One who governed Berkeley's famous course concerned with the Occidental Movement? (7)
12 Feverish child, about ten, found in its native state. (9)
15 It suggests breaking into a run.
20 Rhubarb is such a plant. (3)
21 Partly responsible for the cowboy's overhead expense. (7)
23, 11, 18 across and 14 Something broken off knocks a good score and fusses with the singers. (8, 8)
26 and 24 Implying someone like Langtry has a hollow background? (4, 2, 3, 6)
28 Empty. (5)
29 Declare the noun ceased to delineate it! (7)
30 What the minister might take if the degree is his bent? (7)
31 Macbeth talked with some weird ones! (7)
32 What the female 23, 11, etc., might do in the grass if not originally broadcast. (7)

DOWN:

1 Holds fast and lights after a number of these. (6)
2 Comes down to your level of artificial design? (6)
3 What the classic naval manoeuvre might do with old armament. (9)
4 Were the old professional men real clingers? (7)
5 Pulled away with the left part inside hitched up. (7)
6 Indian traders might use it, but not wampum. (5)
7 Gives a certain amount of publicity to traveling in the field temporarily. (8)
8 It shows in her age (no doubt picked up from her parents!) (8)
13 and 17 Plant Fido's idea of a playful pursuit? (6)
16 A bad liar is put out of tune.
18 Something added changes in the service, possibly. (8)
19 They might sell lots of anything but copies of "Magic Mountain." (8)
22 Yankees were wary of wooden ones.
23 The English gorge after dinner.
25 Like the best players and raisins?
27 The measure of 29. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 865

ACROSS: 1 Class ring; 6 and 18 In the offing; 9 Entices; 10 Minaret; 11 Kin; 12 Hereon; 15 Chairing; 16 Papyri; 20 Indecent; 23 Ears; 24 Wealth; 25 Pea; 28 Against; 29 and 13 Chicago Fire; 30 Enemy; 31 Long since. DOWN: 1 Cheek; 2 Antenna; 3 Saccharine; 4 Insuring; 5 Gambol; 6 Inns; 7 Tardily; 8 Extremist; 14 Cane chairs; 15 Cooperage; 17 Anglican; 19 Furnace; 21 Explain; 22 Vessel; 27 and 26 Only A Rose.

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★ *Politics:* The New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award to "The Shame of New York," by Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason (*The Nation,* Oct. 31, 1959).

★ *Architecture:* A Certificate of Merit in the Seventh Annual Journalism Award Competition of the American Institute of Architects "for the excellence of a series of articles on architecture by several authors."

★ *Welfare:* The Sidney Hillman Foundation Prize Award for "The Lost Appalachians: Poor, Proud and Primitive," by Harry Ernst and Charles Drake (*The Nation,* May 30, 1959).

★ *Art Criticism:* Longview Foundation Award to Fairfield Porter in recognition of his art columns in *The Nation.*

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CHEATING YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

William Graham Cole

South Korea and Turkey

BACKDROPS TO CRISIS

Jay Lefer • Frederick W. Frey

GENETICS and SUBVERSION

Sidelight on Un-American Activities

Ronald W. May

LETTERS

Approaches to Peace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of February 6, entitled "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," treats with some of the most important issues before this country. In fact, the challenge of peace and disarmament is the most important.

This country must assume the leadership in a continuous effort to attain permanent world peace, with justice and freedom. As a necessary step toward this goal, mutual disarmament agreements with as violation-proof inspection and controls as practicable must be negotiated.

It is realistic to recognize that these mutual agreements can be arrived at only if we approach the negotiation table from a position of relative strength. Our superior relative strength must be across-the-board: military, economic, psychological and moral. We dare not concede an advantage to the Communists in any one of those respects.

We have the intelligence, the resources, the skills, and above all the faith, to have and maintain such superiority. But mere possession of such assets is not enough. We must use them, with leadership and vigor.

STUART SYMINGTON
U.S.S. (Missouri)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I quite agree with *The Nation's* editorial of February 6 ("The Candidates and a Politics of Peace") that the issue of peace transcends all other issues in the coming election. I think also that foreign and domestic policies are inseparable and that a reactionary approach to our domestic problems is likely to vitiate our policy abroad.

The success of that policy depends on the intelligence with which we (a) work out a meaningful halt in the arms race and a basis for living with the USSR, its satellites and allies; (b) strengthen the international machinery for maintaining peace even in a relatively disarmed world; (c) bring the economically backward parts of the world into the twentieth century.

The sheer hazard of modern weapons, plus dissipation of the atmosphere of hysteria which plagued us during the McCarthey-Stalin era, make meaningful negotiation about armaments possible before it is too late. With this, the slow, painful job of reducing frictions with the Communist world may start. Small beginnings have already been made that surely would not have been possible when leading Republicans were finding the State Department infested with Communists and the Democratic Party verging on treason. With this, too, it becomes possible to think practically about strengthening international peace machinery. . . .

I hasten to add that I comment on your editorial not as a Presidential candidate, but as one who aspires to provide progressive leadership right here in California, where fifteen million people in one of our great states have a unique opportunity to reach out and understand the human stirrings in the Pacific basin, of which we are an inseparable part.

EDMUND G. BROWN
Governor of California

Sacramento, Calif.

Everyone's America

Dear Sirs: As a Negro college student, I believe that I share the convictions of my fellow Negro college Americans, when we take the lead against discrimination which our elders have left untouched.

We Negro students claim for ourselves every single right that belongs to a freeborn American citizen. Until we obtain these political, civil and social rights, we will never cease to protest. Is America not our land? Have we Negroes not helped to build it, and bled for it, too? Does not our toil and tears of three hundred years sanctify its soil? It is here that we stand and stay and succeed!

EDWARD B. KING, JR.
Co-Chairman, Dormitory Council
Kentucky State College

Frankfort, Ky.

Corrections Noted

Dear Sirs: As a member of the *Bund Nationaler Studenten*, a West German student society, who is now studying at the University of Indiana, I would like to comment on the article, "Neo-Nazism on the March," by Heinz Pol, which appeared in your April 9 issue.

1. Our newspaper is not called *Studentenvolk*, but *Student im Volk*. Our group only advocates unification of Germany before unification of Europe.

2. The *Bund* does not have 2,000 members as stated; at most, it has 1,000.

3. Herr Suendermann, who was second to Goebbels in Hitler's Propaganda Ministry, appeared as an invited guest speaker before our group only once.

4. Willi Schlamm, who preaches a war of aggression against Germany's Eastern neighbors, never spoke before our group, although he did appear before the government supported *Ring Christlich-Demokratischer Studenten*, another student society.

WOLFRAM OSTERTAG

Bloomington, Ind.

Germ-Gas Warfare

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on John Barden's article, "Germ-Gas Warfare" [*The Nation*, April 30], lest your readers obtain the feeling that research in these fields has the approval of most biological scientists. It does not. . . . Prof. Paul Weiss let the cat out of the bag when he said, as quoted, "We must convince the scientific community that

(*Continued on page 425*)

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aircraft remain available, they will still be in the money. They are joined by thousands of reservists and Air National Guardsmen, for whom whole airports are kept in service that they may save the nation every weekend when the weather is good.

Does anyone dream of abolishing this racket? The government is, indeed, pondering a remedy. Not to end flying pay — perish the thought! — but there is the added expense of maintaining, repairing and servicing the airplanes the men must use to draw their bonuses, the risk to the airlines when the hot pilots cross their routes, and some other disadvantages. The government's best thought is to pay without flight, and at least save the expense of the aircraft. In civil life this would be called featherbedding.

The Next Civil-Defense Drill

Several years ago, Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy of the *Catholic Worker*, with a few of their colleagues, inaugurated the custom of refusing to take cover when the air-raid sirens sounded. The site where Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy invited symbolic immolation was City Hall Park in New York. After serving a jail sentence or two, they were joined by a housewife with three children and some other conscientious objectors. At the last civil-defense drill (May 3), Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy did not suffer the pangs of loneliness. Some 700 persons stood their ground in City Hall Park. The police were not overzealous in their pursuit of these hardened criminals. Only three of the police buses, which New Yorkers call "patrol wagons," were on hand and at the most there was room in them for 5 per cent of the crowd. Not even approached by the police were Miss Day and Mr. Hennacy who, as charter members, certainly had a claim to bus seats. Other defiant ones who went unwhipped by justice were Kay Boyle, Norman Mailer, Dwight MacDonald and A. J. Muste. Their only punishment was that they were among the 3,935,490 persons in metropolitan New York who were hypothetically killed by blast and heat, or who died later of radiation. In contrast, a hundred law-abiding citizens in the men's bar of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel escaped unharmed, the bar having been officially designated as a shelter and, it may be added, a very comfortable one. Among other survivors were the spectators at the Yankee Stadium, who were directed to seek shelter under the bleachers. Not one was hurt, which suggests that bleachers may be the answer to the shelter problem.

The police, however, must be doing some thinking about the next exercise. They will have no trouble with the lovers of the national sport, nor with the habitués of the men's bar at the Waldorf (nor at the Biltmore, either). But City Hall will swarm with conscientious objectors, anarchists and persons attracted by the literary lights who seem to frequent such gatherings. After all, where else could a New Yorker get Norman Mailer's autograph? There may also be a certain number of Americans who resent being pushed around, perhaps some, even, who have read that none of the other freedom-loving nations have air-raid drills. It is perhaps too much to expect that there will be 100,000 New Yorkers to match the Britishers who crowded into Trafalgar Square at the end of the Aldermaston march, but that the New York cops are going to need more than three paddy wagons can be confidently predicted.

Fallen Bastions

When an overseas "bastion" of freedom falls, his name is stricken from the roster of American heroes with a suddenness and a degree of unanimity that is truly startling. Forgotten by the press are the years of praise, of glowing tributes, of flattering profiles and biographies, of inspired editorials that went into the making of the hero's public image. Syngman Rhee, for example, must be shocked to discover how quickly the American press has reversed its opinion of him. Not so long ago, notes Mr. James Cameron, foreign editor of the London *News Chronicle* (he was once ousted from South Korea on the personal order of Rhee), "It was unfashionable and indeed hazardous to point out that Rhee was in fact a cruel and arrogant oligarch who was dead certain one day to end up behind the barricades. . . . In those days South Korea was 'a bastion of the free world' and Syngman Rhee was 'a stalwart of democracy'; though anyone who knew either it or him sometimes wondered if words had lost their meaning."

Other "bastions" will fall, other heroes will be discarded. That the South Korean elections were rigged, we all now know, because the entire American press concedes the fact. But the press has not headlined the facts which Representative William Meyer of Vermont called to the attention of his colleagues at the opening of a recent day's deliberations in the House:

> Our press frequently refers to Formosa as a bastion of freedom in the Far East, but this is what happened in the recent election of Nationalist China:
>
> First: President Chiang Kai-shek was the only candidate allowed on the ballot.
>
> Second: The constitution was suspended for one day because it forbade a third term.
>
> Third: The only way electors could vote against Chiang was to cast a blank ballot and so they were thrown out as invalid.
>
> Fourth: 85 per cent of the Formosans are native Taiwanese, but they were allotted only 2 per cent of the electoral votes.
>
> We have seen the results in South Korea of straying too far from professions of some form of democratic process. . . . We cannot justify that which is wrong on the grounds of expediency.

Cheating Your Way Through College . . *William Graham Cole*

THE GROVES of Academe across the country are currently being tossed about by a tempest of impressive force. The trouble began with the revelation that the television quiz shows were rigged; the integrity of one celebrated egghead was the first casualty of a storm which has grown steadily to virtual hurricane proportions. Today the evidence is widespread that cheating goes on in colleges and universities in all parts of the nation. And it isn't only routine tests and examinations that are involved; ingenious entrepreneurs are doing a lively business ghost-writing term papers and even Ph.D. theses. We have long been accustomed to the fact that political figures read speeches written by others, but there is a general conviction that a man's sheepskin credentials should be his own. The diploma certifying one's academic achievement, whether as a Bachelor of Arts or as a Doctor of Philosophy, has been traditionally regarded as a prize won by blood, sweat and midnight oil. If the cost can now be translated into ingeniously designed crib-notes, skillfully furtive peeks, or even cold cash, then indeed the question may be raised: what is higher education worth?

Now, it is deceptively easy to be blown away by the gale, to fulminate eloquently about the decay of national morality, to see in this alarming phenomenon one more sign of the troubled times. "*O tempora! O mores!*" The situation demands some caution, however, for no one can be certain how recent is the phenomenon of academic dishonesty, nor how much more prevalent it is today than in previous eras. Clearly there is more cheating today, but equally clearly there are more schools, more students and more tests. The question is one of proportion. In any case, little is gained by a rush to the wailing wall, however emotionally purging that may be. What is called for rather is a sober attempt to analyze the sources of the problem and to discover some viable solutions.

First of the factors that require a long, long look is the heavy emphasis placed throughout American education on grades. Admission to college and university today requires, more than ever before, a record liberally sprinkled with As and Bs. The graduate schools, becoming increasingly selective, also place a high premium on the marks received in college. This means that as the student climbs the academic stairway, he finds at each successive level a sign reading "Reserved for those with good grades." Thus, if he is not content to abandon his ascent, he must produce his passport.

BUT WHY MUST he cheat? Why should he not earn his marks by hard work? Of course, the answer is that many do, perhaps even the majority. But there is evidently a sizable minority who take the easier, less virtuous way, and when some do and get away with it, the incentive to hard work is perceptibly weakened. *Besides, it is the final mark received in the course, not what one has learned, that is really important.* The academic community rewards the A-earners, however little of their learning they may retain or use, while it disapproves and may even separate the C- and D-earners, no matter how much of lasting and pragmatic value the latter have derived from their studies. And every institution of learning has teachers who play favorites, who discriminate in favor of students who flatter and agree while penalizing those who are personally indifferent and intellectually independent. Learning, then, becomes a game which must be played with skill, gaining aptitude in the arts of "one upmanship."

The curriculum is the means to an end rather than an end in itself—not only in the structure of the grading system, but in the culture as a whole. One of the facts of life early transmitted to the child in a home whose sights are set on the higher levels of success is the necessity of a college degree. The diploma is a work-permit, a ladder to be climbed to profit and prestige. The process may be dull, the experience itself unrewarding, the years empty and routine. Never mind, the pay-off comes later. And not so much in the fact that the graduate is necessarily better informed or more sensitive and aware than his less-educated competitors; it is simply that he possesses those magic letters after his name. *Ergo*, on to college! — there to have as much fun as possible, to major in social activities and athletics, to gain experience in manipulating and influencing people (including professors), to acquire the grades necessary for graduation or for admission to professional school, but with as little involvement as possible in the life of the mind, in the excitement of ideas for their own sake.

America as a civilization has never displayed high regard for the intellectual, for the pursuit of learning as an end in itself. American education has always been more or less vocational. Our earliest colleges were tooled up to produce clergymen, doctors and teachers. We could not afford the luxury of a landed gentry with the wealth and leisure prerequisite to a life of letters. We have been traditionally a nation of doers, not thinkers. The highest places on the totem pole of prestige have been reserved for the businessman, the industrialist, the engineer and the banker. The egghead has occupied the lower echelons. Since the Soviet Union crossed the barrier into the space age, the scientist has enjoyed rapid elevation—primarily for his contributions to technology, not for his explorations into the unknown. Applied research has incalculably greater financial support, laboratory facilities and trained personnel at its command than the humbler basic research. Education is of value as an instrument to mold persons and things; it has little market for its own noncommercial self.

THESE FACTORS represent the backdrop against which the sordid drama of cheating on the campus is acted out, and any solutions to the problem must face them squarely.

WILLIAM GRAHAM COLE is Chairman of the Department of Religion and Dean of Freshmen at Williams College.

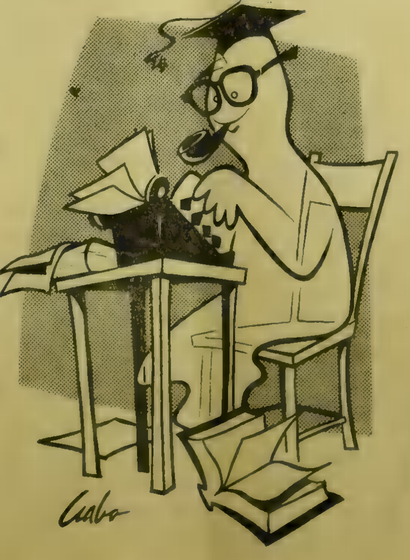
Sermonettes on moral uplift and the importance of integrity will be of little value against the far more powerful structure of academic attitudes and practices. Many institutions of higher learning make use of an honor system with varying degrees of success. On some campuses, the system functions extraordinarily well, and the reason seems to be more a matter of mores than of morals. It is not that these students are more honest or upright than their peers at other colleges. Rather, the prevailing climate simply renders cheating a thing that is not done. It is not acceptable to the community and therefore the individual is unwilling to risk the personal rejection involved (though he might be willing to risk *official* censure and even expulsion). The *sine qua non* of an effective honor system, therefore, is an atmosphere of wholehearted acceptance by the student body—an atmosphere so unmistakable that the newcomer recognizes it at once—that here no one cheats.

This method, while it eliminates academic dishonesty, obviously does not deal with the deeper *malaise* of the educational system. The emphasis on grades remains, and the degree is still primarily the means to another and more important goal.

OTHER colleges protect themselves by a system of rigidly and carefully proctored tests and examinations. A survey of editorials and articles in campus newspapers across the country makes one suspicious as to just how effective these measures are. The students themselves admit that cheating goes on, and the tighter the screen of security erected by the faculty, the more ingenious become the cloak-and-dagger aptitudes of the students. This is not to say that proctoring is totally ineffectual. In some areas, it is probably 100 per cent effective; in others, only a minority successfully elude its watchful eye. But its over-all impact is simply to underline the basic importance of grades and to intensify the rivalry between the teacher and the taught.

What seems to the present writer a more desirable and viable solution is to fix attention on the basic sources of campus dishonesty, rather than to concentrate upon symptoms and ways to suppress them. (What follows may appear visionary, even radical, to heads older and wiser than mine, but these are times which call for courage and for some new thinking.) The first ingredient in the prescription to cure the disease is our willingness to ask a basic question: What is education for? Somehow, some fundamental reexamination must take place so that students will realize that, when they cheat, they are actually harming no one more than themselves. The Ph.D. who pays to have his thesis written for him is robbing himself of the discipline, the experience and the satisfaction of an independent piece of research. The undergraduate who relies on crib-notes instead of careful preparation has cheated his parents, who have paid for his education; he has cheated himself, for he has learned nothing. He has not really cheated either his teacher or the university, neither of whom is seriously damaged. Even his peers, who may find themselves with somewhat lower grades, are not in the long run damaged. They have learned something; the cheater has not.

But how to teach such an understanding? In the first place, by doing something drastic about the whole grading system, which not only is a sheepskin curtain blocking effective communication and cooperation between teacher and student, but a misdirection of the entire academic enterprise. It is not the A for which we want students to work, but rather for what that letter represents: comprehension, imagination, skill, sympathy, diligence. This almost every faculty member knows very well, but it is poorly projected to those who sit on the opposite side of the desk, the more especially when so many tests are "objective," graded by machine, requiring little thought or originality. To be sure, this is the easiest type to mark and it reduces to a minimum the teacher's subjective biases. But such a test is a deadly bore for the student and, incidentally, is the easiest kind to cheat one's way through.



WHY should it not be possible for American education to adopt the tutorial system so long effective in Britain, where the teacher works together with the student preparing for an examination which someone else will give? The examination is of the comprehensive type, virtually impervious to cheating. It is not a trap for the student to reveal how little he knows. It is rather an opportunity for him to show what he can do. Mere rote mastery of facts will get him nowhere. He is asked to display his ability to reason, to relate, to react. It is the sort of examination which is fun for any student worthy of the name. It would be perfectly possible to give such a test "open-book" fashion, allowing the examinees to bring into the room any materials they like, since the material would be of little use anyway. This is the best way to deal with cheating—to make it impractical by making it undesirable to the student himself. At this point, it should be said in fairness to at least segments of American education that many teachers are regularly giving "open-book" exams, and almost invariably students find them a stimulating challenge.

But a change in grading system, in type of examination, in student-teacher relationship, is mere mechanical manipulation. More fundamental is the student's attitude toward education itself. American education, by and large, produces a maximum of passivity; students do not so much *learn* anything as they are *taught* something. There is precious little correlation that is obvious to them between what is going on in the classroom and in the market place where they intend to spend the rest of their lives. We need far more independent study in our colleges and far more contact with the workaday world than we now have.

I am not suggesting vocationalism in any sense of that word. I do, however, mean to point strongly to the need for a continuous dialogue between the university and the world at large, a dialogue which now consists of two independent and deaf-eared monologues. If students can be encouraged to pursue their own research out of sheer curiosity, for the mere joy of learning, and then be asked to relate what they are doing to the larger commonwealth of mankind, in which they share citizenship, then cheating on the campus will wither and die, because the waters which now keep it alive will have dried up.

SOUTH KOREA AND TURKEY

BACKDROPS TO CRISIS

The following articles, both based on first-hand knowledge, convey something of the atmosphere in South Korea and Turkey out of which arose the recent crises in both countries. The author of the South Korean article served as neuropsychiatrist to an American military unit there; the writer of the second piece spent two years studying politics in Turkey on a Ford Foundation grant.
—EDITORS.

Korean Vignette

Jay Lefer

KOREA from the air is a lunar landscape. Rocky mounds of earth rise everywhere; and in the autumn, the colors are sparse, the countryside seems naked. Between the many-sized mountains lie geometric rice fields, where the farmer plows some absentee landlord's furrows with an ox-drawn wooden plow that could have seen service in Babylonia. It takes three men using one shovel to dig the ground; they attach themselves to the shovel with ropes. The tractor treads visible on the dirt roads are left by light and medium tanks that appear suddenly from behind the barbed-wire encampments which cover the peninsula from Pusan, Taegu, Kwangju and Taejon to Seoul, encircling the 400,000 South Korean troops spread along the demilitarized zone. Near them are the two American divisions — understaffed, understrength, and using M1 rifles and jeeps that were in good working condition during World War II. The barbed wire continues on the opposite side of the line to the Yalu River, the graveyard of American Marines.

Arriving in Ascom City in the morning, the Grand Central Terminal of the military, you are taken by the mists covering the mountains, and surprised by the reality of quonset huts and the evil smell emanating from the nearby Korean village. You sit down on a hard, metal cot, grimy and sweaty after the shaky MATS plane ride from Japan, and you are greeted by a plainspoken personnel non-com who tells you that the sinks are broken and the water lines have been stolen by the "slickee boys." Then a voice bellows assignment orders. Those going on to the division area learn that "They're lucky the war's over anyway, 'cause you'll be living just like there's a war going on but no shooting." Going to Seoul and the cities, "Well, that's pretty good, 'cause there's lots of moose [girls] and they put out for two bucks." KMAG, the Korean Military Advisory Group, means living amenities.

I FOUND myself in a KMAG unit for several months, the general practitioner for about twelve officers and twenty enlisted men assigned to an ROK army reservist unit near Kwangju. The houses had been left over from the post-World War II military government. There was a quonset hut containing a library; on the shelf, surprisingly, was a book by Owen Lattimore, who in 1949 had predicted a war between North and South Korea.

My meeting with Koreans was made easier because I taught at the medical school and held weekly English classes. The classes were held in a dim-lit, barnlike building. The high school students were bright, seemed eager to learn. Their black uniforms were torn and patched. Large rats ran around the room. They wrote compositions that bore titles like, "The Beauty of a Korean Spring," "What Is an Autumn Leaf?"

The medical-school library contained texts from Germany and Japan, mainly published in the early twentieth century. The students wanted cheap books from Japan, but the Rhee government refused to allow any trade. The youngsters knew all about the free tuition and books available in North Korea, but if they dared complain the police and government officials immediately labeled them "Communist."

Rhee's Liberal Party officials lived in splendid homes, contrasting with the squalid, mud-walled huts, roofed with hay, of the rest of the populace. The officials seemed to have a never-ending supply of money. Those with military titles openly sold American military supplies.

THE AMERICAN Army officers counted their days of the tour, as did the thousands of enlisted men. The dichotomy of military duty and politics was respected. One embittered colonel went from person to person telling the story, "And who do you think God put here first? The doctor? The lawyer? No, for in the beginning was chaos, and wherever there's chaos, there's the Army."

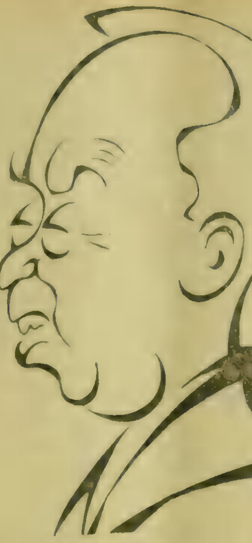
Nights were spent in wild party-ing, collecting groups of prostitutes, and drinking. The "doc" was privileged because he had the supply of "no-sweat pills" (achromycin) to guard against gonorrhea. Besides, the "doc" could avoid writing one's name next to the diagnosis going to Washington (wouldn't be good for the record). Later, I was surreptitiously asked to give "no-sweat pills" to an officer on *the* General's staff in Seoul. Venereal disease remained a problem, in spite of an 8th Army regulation demanding continence. A chaplain said that the problem was common to all armies in similar situations; he couldn't do anything about it. In the division areas, Korean girls would crawl over the hills at night, stick their breasts through barbed-wire openings or enter a quonset hut after pay day and go from bed to bed. If the GI didn't have the two dollars, it was "do it now, pay later." The Korean police would snatch a sizable cut of the proceeds.

Seoul was the showplace. The Officers' Club was rich, with fine furniture, running waitresses, good steaks, excellent plumbing. It seemed as though all the money was concentrated here to give visiting Congressmen a good time. In the division areas—isolated, forlorn, where Congressmen rarely came—the units continued to lack the most elemental toilet facilities. The Chosun Hotel in Seoul was like the sex temples of ancient Persia. The wives were far away, and the girls paraded along the bar and dance floor, going from one officer to another. The enlisted men were accosted on the streets.

NIGHT DUTY at the dispensary or hospital was similar to the emergency room of any mid-Manhattan hospital: drunks, knife wounds, contusions, narcotic addicts. The psychiatric ward contained cases of depressions, suicide attempts, schizophrenic breaks. The atmosphere of thwarted aggression was bursting out with unrestrained sexual behavior, alcoholism or self-destructiveness.

The Korean people became the target of the Americans' anger at having to be in their country. The Koreans were ridiculed, hated, insulted. The American radio repeated, "This is freedom's frontier"—and in every city and village was the evidence of a lack of freedom, of strict police control. The students at the Korean universities whispered complaints; they were frightened, then, by the police beatings. Korea was known even in the nineteenth century for government brutality. A missionary reported that one form of torture was to pry apart the leg bones with a sword.

The Americans came and went, relieved to get away. The opposition party, the Democrats, remained the party of the middle-class professionals. About 80 per cent of the people toiled, their backs bent with heavy A-frames, and the few in the government collected all the money and all the power. Façade after façade was created to continue the democratic picture of a government supporting the fourth largest army in the world. And the people waited. . . .


Syngman Rhee

Turkey's 'War'

Frederick W. Frey

TURKISH newspapers recently have been running items that start like this:

> TO THE EDITOR: YO —
> Ur Report About the Sh —
> Ortage of Antibiotic Dru —
> Gs was false. The ministry
> has conducted an investigation. . . .

The peculiarly scrambled typography is part of the guerrilla warfare between the government of Adnan Menderes and Turkey's independent and opposition press. Among a series of measures against the press, Menderes has put through a law providing that anyone mentioned in a news story is entitied to a response, or denial, which the paper must print in exactly the same position on the same page, in exactly the same type, accompanied by exactly the same size photograph — and occupying up to *twice* the space given to the original story. Under these rigid conditions, there is little the beleaguered papers can do but set the type, as in this example, to make the denial look ridiculous.

Under Menderes' press laws, a total of 811 (by government tally) jail sentences were imposed on Turkish journalists between 1950 and 1958. Many others have been fined. As many as thirty-five cases have come up in one day in the Ankara Press Court. As a result, the special press cell in the Ankara jail has been unable to meet the demand for its facilities: the journalists have had to queue up to do their time.

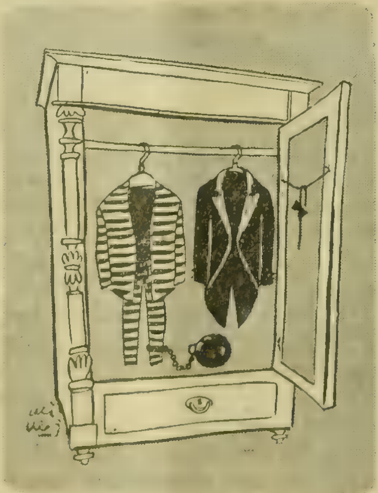
THE source of most of the sentences is the Menderes law that provides for prosecution on the basis of any news item that "belittles" the government — a charge that can be, and occasionally is, applied to virtually any kind of criticism of the regime. *The Times* (London) commented that "a vague and Draconian press law is applied arbitrarily to some journalists for seemingly mild offenses and heavy fines and long prison sentences hang like the sword of Damocles over the heads of all writers and . . . editors." Usually the journalist is sentenced for "belittling" Menderes, one of his ministers or, in one case, a local prosecutor. One of the "belittlers" was a sixteen-year-old newsboy charged with having hawked his papers with the words: "It says the price of sugar will be increased." And the Shah of Iran invoked the law (at the instigation, it was rumored, of the Turkish government) against a Turkish magazine for some rather tame remarks about the Shah's marital difficulties.

The "denial" law has been a fertile

source of convictions. The government has enforced what is literally the letter of the law: journalists have gone to jail for printing the denial on the left side of the page when the original was on the right (seventeen days plus fine) and for cutting an accompanying picture one centimeter too short (fifteen days). Turkish papers often are speckled with the denials. In the first nine months of last year, the Istanbul Press Prosecutor sent no less than 700 denials to the local papers for publication.

Occasionally the government confiscates a paper's entire issue, or suspends the publication for up to three months. The regime also has available economic weapons against the press. It has the power to allocate newsprint and commercial as well as state advertising. It has stated as the criterion for receiving government notices — an important source of revenue — that the papers must show "objectivity in local and foreign news." These weapons have been used mainly against the organs of the opposition Republican Party and the bolder independents, though *Zafer* (*Victory*), the organ of the ruling Democrats, has also been suspended.

MENDERES' treatment of the press is not unusual in the underdeveloped world: the Turkish press, even now, is probably as free as any in the Middle East, and freer than most. Nor is press restriction anything new in Turkey. Kemal Ataturk censored the press; his successor, Ismet Inonu, censored the press; so did Turkish governments before Ataturk. But the present tightening comes after a period in which Turkey seemed to be on the way to parliamentary democracy and a free press. After World War II, Inonu canceled most of the controls on the press as part of the courageous experiment in democracy toward which Ataturk's policies were headed. In 1950, through the efforts of Inonu, who had to overcome strong opposition in his own Republican Party, Turkey's first truly free elections were held. Menderes won and Inonu freely gave up power. But, within four years, Menderes and the Democrats began to move against both the press and the opposition. These measures coincided with the end of the Menderes administration's political honeymoon. After a period of great popularity, the country was getting into economic difficulties.



Cumhuriyet (Istanbul)

Turkish Journalist's Wardrobe

The result of the Menderes policy has been resistance by the press, more restriction by the state — and increased resentment of the regime. A year ago the *Manchester Guardian* found in this resistance cause for optimism: "The most remarkable thing about the government's assaults on the freedom of the press and other liberties is not that they are made . . . but that they are resisted so stoutly. So long as Turkish journalists go on writing what they think needs to be said in defiance of repeated prison sentences, Turkey is a country of hope." In view of the high price Turkish journalists have so often paid in jail time, fines and loss of livelihood, it is, indeed, remarkable how hard they have fought back — how often they have dared punishment to speak their minds. Now, as the government and its opponents approach a showdown, Turkey's future seems to be in the balance. But it is clear that it is the spirit of resistance which the press has helped keep alive that today propels the students into the streets of Istanbul.

GENETICS AND SUBVERSION . . *by Ronald W. May*

REP. FRANCIS WALTER (D., Pa.), chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and Richard Arens, the committee's staff director, have shown interest in a research project, underwritten by a wealthy New Yorker, which seeks to prove that the Negro race is genetically inferior and that American Negroes ought to be "repatriated" to Africa.

Arens has been accepting a stipend for his services, a circumstance which opens him to charges of violation of a section of the La Follette-Monroney law of 1946 which says that "Professional staff members [of Congressional committees] shall not engage in any work other than committee business and no other duties may be assigned them."

Congressman Walter is serving as an unpaid member of one of two three-man private committees which are distributing grants to finance the research on the project. Mr. Walter's fellow workers in this field are alleged to include Senator Eastland (D., Miss.) and a group of private citizens of whom several have been making public appearances on the far, far Right of the ideological stage.

These remarkable extracurricular activities of two key figures in a Congressional body supposedly devoted to upholding the fundamentals of Americanism ("All men are created equal," says the Declaration of Independence: remember?) were uncovered by this reporter in a series of interviews, telephone calls and

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exchanges of correspondence in which both Messrs. Walter and Arens were given their chance for rebuttal.

The underwriter of the project is Wycliffe Draper, a near-recluse in his seventies, who some time ago decided that some extra money he had lying around could not be better spent than on proving that Negroes were inferior in intelligence and that those now living in the United States would be better off in Africa — where, presumably, they would be under the tender care of the South African police. When he failed to get support for his theories from several respectable geneticists, he decided, three years ago, to appoint two committees which might be capable of finding researchers more sympathetic to his ideas. Mr. Walter was named to one of the committees, for which Mr. Arens serves as paid consultant (stipend: $3,000 a year). Senator Eastland was named to the other committee, according to a man who, as we shall see, certainly ought to know.

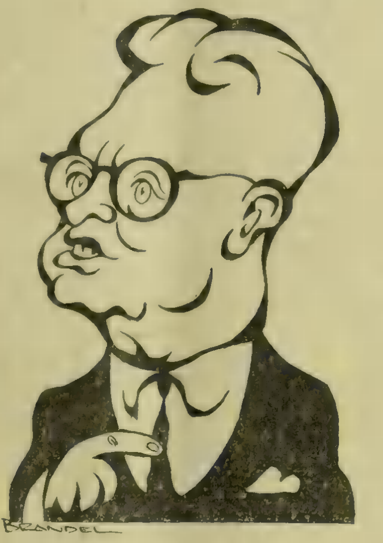
BEFORE proceeding further with this inquiry into the connections between Messrs. Arens and Walter with Draper, it might be well to describe the general tone of Draper's theories as revealed by the scientists who turned down the opportunities offered them to work with him.

Eastern university zoologist: "I took dinner with Mr. Draper at the Harvard Club, and his first remark about the Negro waiter who served us apprised me of the nature of his interest in human heredity. I don't believe he made any offer of support, but he left the impression that what interested him was evidence of race inequalities. I bade him goodby after dinner."

Well-known geneticist: "I don't recall that Mr. Draper offered us a specific amount. . . . He did not really know any genetics himself and was a racist of the usual type. He wished to prove simply that Negroes were inferior to other people and wished to promote some program to send them all to Africa. We merely told him that his ideas were a lot of nonsense and certainly would not work."

Director of a university genetics laboratory: "As far as I could tell, Mr. Draper thought the country would be better off without Negroes and believed that the ideas current immediately after the Civil War of repatriating the Negroes to Africa, as was done in the Liberia experiment, could be resumed on a larger scale and would be successful. As this seemed completely foolish to me, I merely told him that I did not think this was a sensible project."

Eastern university geneticist: "My impression was strong that Mr. Draper was a racist and a radical eugenicist who believed that inferior people ought to be sterilized."


Representative Walter

MR. ARENS, when asked about his work for the Draper project, would concede only that he had assisted Mr. Draper in finding recipients for research grants in the fields of "immigration and genetics." He later told *The Washington Post* that he had never devoted more than fifty-two hours a year to his work. On the basis of a $3,000 annual stipend, it would seem that the science of genetics was rewarding Mr. Arens at the rate of $58 an hour.

Concerning the propriety of this activity, the *Post*, referring to the LaFollette-Monroney law, commented:

> Those familiar with the writing of the Act declare the wording means precisely what it says and that it would be both "unusual" and "exceptional" for a professional committee staff employee to be receiving outside income from other work.

Queried on the same subject by this reporter, Sam Rayburn (D., Tex.), Speaker of the House, said that he would consider it "definitely improper" for a Congressional committee staff man to take money from a private person or group that is "interested in" or "connected with" legislation, no matter how remotely. Mr. Rayburn added that he would not object to a committee employee working part time at a store, garage or other small business which could have no possible tie with the business of Congress.

CONGRESSMAN Walter was a little more communicative than Mr. Arens, but not very. At first he told this reporter that he had long been interested in immigration as it related to Africa (the Congressman is, of course, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Immigration and National Policy). In fact, he said, he had spent some time in Africa last year studying native universities to find those which might profit from Draper grants. For instance, he had conferred with officials of the University of Dakar over the possibility of establishing a chair of government to speed native competence in self-rule. He said also that he had considered the possibility of a Draper grant going to a university in Mali.

But, as the interview proceeded, Mr. Walter gradually withdrew his implied connections with Draper and ended the talk by denying that he had ever met the gentleman or knew anything about his grants. Why, under these circumstances, he had traveled around in Africa looking for likely recipients of Draper grants was left unexplained.

This reporter next telephoned Draper in New York City (the number is unlisted), and was told that questions about the grants should be directed to Harry Weyher, a New York attorney. Mr. Weyher seemed startled to be asked about the matter, but under persistent probing he admitted that two committees were disposing of Draper's money for "worthy projects" and said that Mr. Arens is a paid consultant for the committee on which Congressman

Walter serves and that Senator Eastland is a member of the other committee. He explained that the grants dispensed through the committees pay for "research into genetic and blood-type sciences" and into the uses of isolysin, a chemical important in establishing the transfusibility of blood types. (Southern racists have long inveighed against mixing Negro blood with white in blood banks on the theory that genetic Negro inferiority is thus transmitted to whites, or that in any case the transfusion damages the white person's health.)

Senator Eastland, queried about his connection with Draper, vigorously denied even remembering the gentleman's name, and said he had had nothing to do with dispensing any of the Draper money.

FURTHER inquiry by *The Washington Post* revealed something more about the fountainhead of all these grants and the committees which are disposing of them. Draper is a Harvard graduate whose interest in restrictive immigration laws led to a friendship with the late Senator Patrick McCarran (D., Nev.), co-author of the McCarran-Walter immigration bill. At that time, Senator McCarran headed the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which Mr. Arens was then a staff employee.

As to the grant committees, serving with Congressman Walter are Benjamin Douglas Van Evera, chemistry professor and dean of sponsored research at George Washington University, and Dr. Anthony Bouscaren, political scientist at Le Moyne College, Syracuse, New York. Dr. Bouscaren, an outspoken admirer of the late Senator McCarthy, moved to Le Moyne from Marquette, in Milwaukee, last year after his work for Draper had led to difficulties with the administration of the Milwaukee institution.

The second grant committee consists of Senator Eastland (according to Mr. Weyher, at any rate); Henry E. Garrett, professor of education at the University of Virginia, and Joseph W. Brouillette, Sr., on the staff of the education department of Louisiana State University.

Mr. Garrett, who retired last year as professor of psychology at Columbia University, was one of a group of New Yorkers who a year ago sought a certificate of incorporation from the Queens County, N.Y., Supreme Court to form an "Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice." Heading the petitioners was Donald A. Swan, whom the New York *Post* has referred to as a "self-described American Fascist."

The court turned down the application for incorporation because of what it termed its "malevolent purpose." The application, said the judge, spoke of "individual freedom of choice," but the "avowed purposes" concealed "the negation of a whole series of fundamental and basic rights which are the warp and woof of the way of life vouchsafed to everyone by the U.S. Constitution and that of the State of New York." The judge further referred to the "Aesopian language" of the application as really intending to give the majority the "choice" to segregate minorities by denying them a right "to enter, ride, worship, eat, play, study . . . in certain public places."

It would appear that Messrs. Walter and Arens are linked to a project with ramifications that seem remarkably unsuited, to say the least, to catch the favorable attention of the chairman and staff director of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

THE FIELD THE PILOT TRUSTS . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

LANDING unexpectedly at Olathe, a few miles south of Kansas City, Kansas, another airliner recently made the news. It had lost a wheel from its landing gear. The pilot, bound for Peoria, had suspected trouble shortly after his take-off at Chicago. Together with the copilot, he made the inspections that are possible in the air. Then he called the Chicago Midway tower and asked the operator to take a look. He circled the field as close as he could and made one pass in front of the tower. Two operators peered through field glasses. They were uncertain about the extent of damage, but suspected that a wheel was gone.

The captain next called the plane's hostess. Since flights from busy terminals normally waste little time getting under way once they are airborne, he knew the passengers would be curious about their circling the field. And he thought they had a right to information. He explained the facts to the stewardess, and amplified them with his guesses, then asked her to take it from there.

Quietly and efficiently she briefed the passengers. Since the load was light, and she had plenty of time, she talked to them individually. She carefully explained about the defective landing gear: while there was every reason to believe that the landing would be normal, there was no merit in taking chances. She hoped they would not mind a little inconvenience for safety's sake.

She gave each an extra pillow in case padding might be required. She made certain the seat belts were in order, for they might really be needed this time. Once on the ground, she told them, they should proceed calmly to the exits, but with no undue delay.

Meanwhile in the cockpit the pilots, too, were busy. Establishing communications with the company, the copilot explained the situation. The captain requested a search of the runway the plane had just left; and would the company check old log books to see if there was any history which might bear on the

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condition of the gear? The log book in the plane was new, giving history for but the previous three days, and revealed nothing of importance.

It was not long before an answer came from the airport: the search crew had found a wheel. From all indications it had fallen free on the take-off roll. The crew found no evidence that anything else had come loose. Armed with this information, the captain radioed the dispatcher that he was diverting the flight to Olathe. Next he called Airways Traffic Control and received clearance to his new destination.

There was a hum of activity on the ground. One man called Olathe to make certain the authorities there knew about the flight. Another checked with reservations for a count of passengers on the plane and arranged transportation for them from Olathe to their destinations. A third man called public relations: since anyone can listen to radio communications, some enterprising reporter would surely be on the scene, and it would be well for P.R. to have a man there, too.

ON THE GROUND at Olathe there were other discussions. Since the runway was covered with snow, was there any danger of fire? Had it been dry, the crash crew would have coated the runway with foam to inhibit sparks and to smother incipient fire. But was this necessary, or desirable, with a natural coating of snow?

The pilot finally brought his plane in. He came over the threshold using the least possible speed. Near the ground, he held her off until she could no longer stay in the air. Then, skillfully, he landed on the two remaining wheels, keeping one side from lowering as long as he could. Quickly, gracefully he brought the plane to rest. It was a magnificent job of flying.

Seconds later the crash crew arrived. Swarming about, hoses primed, they watched for possible fire. Quickly, efficiently, the well-briefed passengers deplaned. Showing little excitement, they walked to the terminal where an agent escorted them to a waiting limousine. Almost unnoticed the crew walked to Operations. An unneeded ambulance drove quietly away.

It was a great day for the reporters and photographers. What better for page one than a shot of the disabled plane on the runway! There she stood, ankle deep in the snow, like an embarrassed queen on a throne that had unexpectedly collapsed. A reporter rode the passenger limousine, listening for tidbits. There would be human interest here. Probably it would be some woman's first plane ride. That would be worth half a column. Or an important speaker might have missed a lunch engagement. Or perhaps a lovely bride might be late for her wedding. In any case, here was high drama: the world would be eager to learn how it feels to be in a plane that has left one wheel behind on the ground.

Satisfied with their work, the reporters filed their stories. AP distributed the pictures throughout the land. Radio newscasters painted dramatic oral images (though many of them couldn't pronounce Olathe). Two days later, the story was dead, wrung thoroughly dry of human interest. A plane had landed safely, minus a wheel, and nobody had been hurt.

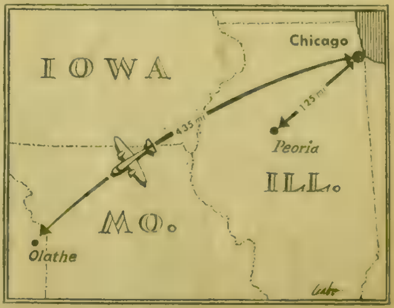
In due course of time, there would be an investigation. Specialists from the Civil Aeronautics Board would overlook nothing. With cameras, tapes and transits, they would carefully check the place where the wheel had been lost. Speed and take-off roll would be documented. The plane itself might be impounded temporarily and the doubtful gear inspected. There would be hypotheses, tests and checks. Mechanical deficiencies might be uncovered, and voluminous reports would be filed.

Weeks later there would be a hearing. Here much evidence would be presented: the date and origin of the flight; its weight, fuel load and destination; the certification of the airline and its right to operate scheduled flights; the name, age and qualifications of each member of the crew. And there might be pages more. Months later the CAB would publish findings. Dryly, in monotonous fashion, it would relate the history of the flight. And in its conclusions, responsibility would be fixed: at fault would be the pilot, a mechanic or the airline. Or it might even blame a faulty part. But having assessed responsibility, the CAB would then close its books.

The FAA, too, might write a chapter. It might investigate to determine whether the pilot had acted legally in diverting to Olathe. Had the dispatcher concurred with him in the decision? Did the approved operating manual give the company authority to land a plane at Olathe under such conditions? If it did not, then by what authority was the landing made? If the captain claimed an emergency, was he justified in so doing? And if he was, did he, within the statutory time, file sufficient copies of an appropriate report detailing the reasons for his actions?

In the end someone would be reprimanded, perhaps fined. And one more statistic would be added to the accident records of the fiscal year. And there, in all probability, the matter would end.

FOR IT is extremely unlikely that the real story will ever be written, because no reporter will take the trouble to inquire. He will not think to ask why the pilot chose Olathe — why a little town in Kansas, nearly 300 miles beyond the flight's destination and 435 miles from its origin. Why didn't he set her down in Peoria — or in Chicago?



Was it more than coincidence that a few months earlier another pilot had selected Olathe when his landing gear had also declined to function? The papers had carried that story, too: an incident, superb flying, coordinated activity on the ground. But why did both pilots select Olathe, an airport where no airline has facilities, where they employ no mechanic and own no loading stand?

The unwritten story would reveal that both pilots landed at Olathe because they knew what they could expect there, and that is more than can be said for Chicago or Peoria. Olathe, long a training field for Navy pilots, is equipped for accidents which are sure to occur in training. It has adequate ambulances, fire trucks and other emergency equipment. Equally important, it has sufficient trained men who know what to do. And that, too, is more than can be said for many airports.

For it is a sad fact that the pilot faced with an emergency has no way of knowing the adequacy of the facilities on the ground. There is no list telling him what equipment is available. Of course, given time, the pilot may inquire by radio whether a field has a fire truck in operation, but even then its effectiveness remains unknown. For there are no standard requirements.

While it is true that major airports have emergency equipment, the variations are tremendous. No regulation sets forth the number or capacity of fire trucks. No rule stipulates crash-crew size nor how well the crew must be trained. Even where airports have emergency equipment, men to operate them are not always available around the clock. Indeed, at some "modern" airports the men assigned to the equipment know little more about this job than would volunteers in Ben Franklin's bucket brigade. Other fields do have both the latest equipment and men trained to handle it efficiently.

For the business of emergency operations is in a no man's land. It is true that the federal taxpayer pays the lion's share of the cost of building the nation's airports. But except in the nation's capital, once an airport is built, it is run by local groups. Safety items regarded as essential by the Port Authority of New York may be ignored by the airport commissions at Peoria or by the City Council in Dubuque, Iowa. And the pilot on the spot has no way of knowing whether a regular airport has emergency equipment, whether the equipment is in operating condition, or whether its handlers have ever seen a fire.

There is urgent need to assess the emergency facilities at all airline airports and to remedy deficiencies that may be discovered. It is all very well to be "for" safety, much more important to achieve it. Today many of our airports are like poorly designed industrial plants. Tacked on the walls are numerous signs saying, "Safety First," "Be Careful," "Pay Attention to the Rules or Lose Your Job." But the workers in the plant would trade all the signs for reliable safety equipment continuously manned by competent operators.

THE NUMBERS WRITER: a Portrait . .

by Julian Mayfield

THE POLICY racket was in the news again. Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.) had charged that the New York City police were cooperating with white numbers bankers to drive Negro bankers out of Harlem. Police Commissioner Kennedy replied that the charges were irresponsible. Representative Powell, whose district includes most of Harlem, read names and addresses of white "policy barons" into the *Congressional Record*, and there was a wave of arrests in Harlem. The newspapers vied with one another to see which could produce the loudest headlines. It seemed that, after half a century, a real attack was about to be mounted against the numbers game.

I wondered what my friend Jimmy Slick thought about all this furor, and I went up to Harlem to see him. Jimmy is a numbers writer who has spent more than half of his forty years in the racket. In the early afternoon he is always at his favorite barroom on Seventh Avenue, where he writes down the bets of his customers, and it was there I found him going about business-as-usual. When I asked him what he thought of Mr. Powell's declaration of war on the numbers game, he set his glass on the bar and cursed — not violently, but tiredly, as if he were weary of everything, even his own curses.

Jimmy was one of those who had been picked up a few days before during the mass arrests. The young white plainclothesman who took him to the precinct station had been very embarrassed because he himself was on the policy payroll, the same as Jimmy. The detective had been full of apologies, but Jimmy had comforted him, assuring him that everything was cool, that such things were to be expected from time to time. "This cop," Jimmy said, "is one of my regular players. He's been betting 507 with me for two years."

I asked Jimmy if he thought he would receive less "action" (betting) as a result of all of the unfavorable publicity, and he stared at me as if I had suggested he run for President. "Man," he said, "you can't stop people from playing the numbers. And, furthermore, nobody is going to try to stop them. This is a business." He said it with a quiet assurance that is disconcerting to a person who believes in the possibilities of genuine social reform.

Since 1900, there have been countless exposés of the policy racket, and there have been several vigorous spurts of prosecutions. Indeed, it can be argued that one man, Thomas E. Dewey, almost reached the White House on the fame he achieved in his war on the numbers. But today the racket is more highly organized than ever and, as a business, it shows no signs of experiencing even a mild recession during the present municipal soul-searching. In each of the greater urban centers, it is the employer of several thousand people, and in New York City alone its an-

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JULIAN MAYFIELD is the author of two novels on Harlem, The Hit *and* The Long Night *(Vanguard).*

nual take is estimated to be a *quarter of a billion* dollars.

Even the most tolerant among us must by now be convinced that the policy racket can no longer be considered a harmless pastime. It is a cancerous growth on city life. It siphons millions of dollars a year from the sections of the population that can least afford it. A huge share of its revenue is used to bribe the police and public officials who protect it. Worse, the easy atmosphere of corruption in which it flourishes destroys respect for social institutions and encourages juvenile delinquency. Moreover, the well-greased and efficient machinery of the numbers game is used for other criminal activity; many of the policy barons are knee-deep in the dope traffic, using the capital acquired from one to furnish cash needed for the other.

I like to think that Jimmy Slick is unaware of the anti-human ramifications of his trade. He is, after all, only a minor figure in the operation. But perhaps he is aware, for I have heard him say, defensively: "This is a business, man, like any other. Millions of dollars are involved. You can't stop business. Business comes first."

I BELIEVE that is the heart of the matter. Jimmy Slick and his world view, his *Weltanschauung*, were not created by the policy racket. Both Jimmy and the racket were spawned out of — and are sustained by — certain generally accepted attitudes which many people fear now dominate our national character. These attitudes might be summed up as follows: The highest motivation of mankind is to look out for Number One; corruption and compromise of principle are as natural to human society as breathing; and, in the end the only thing that matters is success (the getting of money, influence or power).

It is in this framework that we must test Jimmy Slick's cynicism. To him the policy racket is merely a thread in the quilt of national corruption. He did not share the outrage that many people felt when the deep-freeze exposés shook the Truman Administration or when Sherman Adams was driven out of Washington for accepting favors from a person doing business with the government. Jimmy has assumed for many years that nearly everyone in public office is on the make one way or the other, that where there is no actual graft there is the use of influence and the exchange of favors for personal gain. The hullabaloo over the fixed TV quiz shows and payola confuses him, for he cannot believe so many people are genuinely indignant over something that is so perfectly natural. To a barroom pal who was excoriating Charles Van Doren, Jimmy said: "Cut the bull, man. Nobody turns down $123,000, no matter what he has to do for it." Few people, privately, would disagree with him.

Jimmy's attitude is more complex toward prominent Negroes who find themselves in trouble, but it is consistent with his philosophy. He defends Adam Clayton Powell and Hulan Jack, but he does not protest their innocence. He is convinced that politics are behind the prosecutions. Besides, he points out, the amounts of money involved are piddling compared to the sums he has heard changed hands during certain Title I slum-clearance deals. The one thing for which Jimmy will never forgive Mr. Jack is that he received only $5,500. Jimmy says scornfully, "That was a disgrace to Harlem!" Why, he demands (echoing Mr. Powell's outcry against the police and the white policy barons) should the Negro get a smaller share of the spoils?

JIMMY never believed that Congress would pass a strong civil-rights bill this year. He is even a little amused at the circus that was staged in Washington, for he wonders how it appeared to the rest of the world. He expresses no outrage that President Eisenhower, while vacationing at a Jim Crow golf course in Augusta, pontificates about the challenges facing the free world while he refuses to take a forthright stand on human freedom at home. To Jimmy this *is* the American way of life.

It is years since he has been stirred by the promise in the Bill of Rights, and he would be downright embarrassed pledging his allegiance to the flag of the United States. He remembers the Star Spangled Banner nostalgically only because of a verse he and his Harlem schoolmates used to sing to the tune:

> Oh, say, can you see
> Any bedbugs on me . . .
> If you do, take a few
> Because they came from you . . .

Obviously, Jimmy is not typical of any large segment of our society. But this should give no one comfort, for his attitudes, while not typical, are symptomatic of a growing cynicism among those who once dreamed of seeing our nation realize its great potential. The cold war, the constant threat of a nuclear holocaust, the era of McCarthyism and a creeping apathy have taken an awesome toll of the most visionary elements in our community.

Idealism has given way not to complacency, but to resignation. How are we to meet the challenge presented by Jimmy Slick? Do we still have the capacity to regenerate his faith in the American promise? Or have we resigned our prerogatives as free citizens to such an extent that there is now a little of Jimmy Slick in all of us?

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

chemical and biological warfare is not a dirty business. It is no worse than any other means of killing. There is no excuse for scientists regarding it as degrading, particularly in the light of its public-health aspects."

If scientists were ready to work in these fields, they would need no convincing. Those who have spent a good deal of their adult lives in finding ways to protect Man from his biological enemies (and this includes Soviet man as well as American man) are not going to be so easily convinced that they should now discover how best to use bacteria to wipe out Man, indiscriminately. Of course, CW and BW are no worse than atomic warfare. Nor any better. But why should scientists speak and think of killing?

Philip Siekevitz
The Rockefeller Institute
New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

Forty Years of Friendship

MARK TWAIN - HOWELLS LETTERS: The Correspondence of Samuel L. Clemens and William D. Howells, 1872-1910. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. Harvard University Press. 2 Vols. 984 pp. $20.

Howard C. Horsford

"SOMETIMES I think we others shall be remembered merely as your friends and correspondents," Howells once wrote Twain, with a wry near-accuracy. Despite his admittedly serious limitations, Twain has emerged as one of our greatest writers; only in a much more hesitant way is Howells just beginning to receive his due — a respectable novelist, but also the editor-critic who almost single-handedly midwifed the birth of modern American literature. So it is one of the many signal virtues of this correspondence that Howells emerges a warmly friendly, acute intelligence, a restrained strength to match the volatility of Twain.

These two volumes, scrupulously edited by two distinguished scholars of Twain and Howells (it would be graceless carping to suggest that the editorial apparatus is almost too anxiously full), and handsomely produced by the Belknap Press, bring together for the first time all the known but scattered nearly 800 letters and notes of all kinds. Happily, there seem to be only a few tantalizing gaps. Twain, exulting in the financial triumph of his first book, *Innocents Abroad*, had met Howells in 1869 to thank him for his discriminating review in that temple of New England respectability, *The Atlantic Monthly*, but the extant correspondence begins in 1872, with a telegram from Twain characteristically helping a friend. The subsequent forty-year record of one of the closest and most significant friendships in American literary history is rivaled only by the remnants of the Melville-Hawthorne exchange, or by the letters between Howells and his other great friend, Henry James.

These are not, to be sure, the letters of a Walpole or Chesterfield, written in formal elegance and with half an eye on posterity's audience. Much of the time the two men lived no more than a few hours from each other, joying in each other's many lengthy visits; the letters occupy only the interstices of their communion. Besides, many of the letters individually are already familiar from previous use elsewhere.

But it is the whole consecutive sequence here which is illuminating, which conveys the developing sense of confidence and intimacy in understanding that sprang from a long, deep and constant affection. The publicly staid Howells writes from Switzerland: "Think of a country where they are so proud of their manure heaps that they plait the edges of the straw that sticks out." We see not only Twain's exasperations and his extravagances, but often also his unpublicized generosities. We learn to estimate the generosity of Howells, who again and again took time from his own crowded days to read and correct patiently the manuscripts or proofs of his much wealthier, impatient friend. With newly delighted pleasure, we come unexpectedly upon the well-known passages casually mentioning the genesis of *Life on the Mississippi* or *Huckleberry Finn*, see the new disturbed seriousness of Howells as he writes *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, or risks his career to speak for the Haymarket anarchists. Bit by bit we see their Republican satisfaction eroding before their developing social consciousness and troubled political consciences as the century wears out its tarnished years.

We have known of the frail health of the two deeply loved wives, but it is with a much deeper sense of the recurrent distress it must have held for their husbands that we see it mentioned again and again, year after year, as a kind of grimly accepted constant. The younger exuberance and high spirits shift slowly into the wry jesting about age, the letters carry an increasing burden of news of death of friends and relatives. With sharper poignancy in its restraint, after the tormenting years of his daughter Winifred's breakdown, comes the last sentence in an otherwise routine note from Howells: "We shall be just beyond Cambridge, not far from Winny's grave, beside which I stretched myself the other day, and experienced what anguish a man can live through." And then there is the wonderfully delicate sympathy of Howells' letters to Twain during that devastating sequence of the death of a daughter, a wife and another daughter.

THE notion that Twain was not, all faults being freely granted, a deeply serious writer behind his role of professional entertainer dies hard. So does the notion — built on arbitrary excerpts and given its most extravagant statement

---

HOWARD C. HORSFORD, who has written on Melville as well as Twain and Howells, will join the Department of English at the University of Rochester after teaching this summer at Bread Loaf.

St. Martin's Lane, London

Yes, and on the one hand were the jagged teeth of walls
And starred red paper screaming . . .
Paper pasted with a host's eye . . .
Screaming where it hung like flesh,
Torn away by a demolition plan.
They felled the bricks and dust
Streamed about them,
Rose from the rubble — inevitable ghost
Haunting their mouths with grit.

Yes, and then opposite
The mammoth many-storied monster
Still in a cage of scaffolding —
Men were flies on its side —
Was hideous and grey in growing pains.

Something was in the air I thought,
Something like 'dust to dust'
Or 'to redress the balance of the old.'

I couldn't have told why I stopped in my haste
And slunk into a café where it wasn't cold.

SUSAN ALLISTON

years ago by Van Wyck Brooks — that Twain's genius was stunted by his culture, emasculated by those genteel representatives of that culture, his wife and his friend. But if the patient work of more recent students has not laid such notions of Sam and Livy Clemens, of William and Elinor Howells, perhaps these letters may. Within this sequence we see more justly the significance of the constant teasing about domestic tyrannies, the shared, intimate family joke. The supposedly chilling effect Mrs. Clemens had on the vigor of her husband's diction comes into a more proper perspective after we read any number of passages like this one spoofing Livy's clucked exasperation over a social engagement preventing a Howells visit: "That did not deceive the Recording Angel a bit; I knew the entry that was being set down in the great book opposite the name Livy L. Clemens, to wit: 'March 24, 1880 — at breakfast — unarticulated remark reflecting the thought, "*Damn* those Warners."' — To get this woman to give up the baneful habit of underhanded swearing, is one of those things which I have long ago been obliged to give up. . . . But the poor children don't suspect, I thank God for that."

FOR Twain, Howells was "really my only author." His regularly enthusiastic acclaim for each new Howells work, no matter how slight, is in large part due to his personal affection, but it is also based on a genuine appreciation of Howells' merits, the delicate felicity of style, the shrewd elucidation of character and motive and situation — matters always close to Twain's artistic heart. Howells, for his part, was rather more discriminating in his praise; some of his restraint comes from a too wary regard, no doubt, for the nineteenth-century proprieties. But to his everlasting critical credit, he saw and shared almost from the first something not always recognized even today — the passionate moral intensity, the tenderness for human suffering, the outrage at injustice, the constantly deepening tragic perception in Twain.

Of course Livy Clemens and Howells had effect on Twain's writing, and at times we should call that effect too prissy. But what is clear here, if we had not known it otherwise, is something of the debt Twain owed his wife's good sense in vetoing his genuine crudities, his misplaced enthusiasms and exasperations. Most of all, we begin to sense the enormous debt Twain owed, owed knowingly and gratefully, to Howells' patient counseling. "I owe as much to your training as the rude country job printer owes to the city boss who takes him in hand & teaches him the right way to handle his art."

Life, as Melville wrote, seldom has the symmetry of fiction, and these letters end rather flatly with one of no great significance from Howells to Twain, just before Twain's return from Bermuda to die. But the editors appropriately conclude with a passage from Howells' moving tribute, *My Mark Twain*, written in deep grief in the months following the death of his great friend and of his own wife — a tribute Howells had promised himself years before when he wrote Twain, "I want to get a chance somehow to write a paper about you, and set myself before posterity as a friend who valued you aright in your own time."

Those Who Murder

A STUDY OF MURDER. By Stuart Palmer. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 239 pp. $4.95.

THE MIND OF THE MURDERER. By Manfred S. Guttmacher. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 244 pp. $4.50.

C. H. Rolph

I FOUND only one slipshod, non-scientific statement in the whole of Dr. Palmer's truly remarkable book: "Chance makes it likely that about one out of ten of the men imprisoned for murder did not actually commit the crime." What on earth is chance doing in a report so methodical, so scrupulously unbiased from beginning to end? Dr. Palmer goes on: "Ten to twelve per cent of selected groups of individuals in the United States who have been executed or imprisoned for life in recent years have later been found to be innocent." This is better, though it is a staggering statement. This, at least, is why such a survey must be welcomed by criminologists the world over — this, and the stubborn survival of the death penalty in countries where men are free to make their own laws.

Dr. Palmer sets out to prove no the-

C. H. ROLPH, a regular contributor to the New Statesman, *is a former Chief Inspector of the City of London police. He is on the Executive Committee of the Howard League for Penal Reform.*

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ory in this account of his interviews with fifty-one male murderers — and their mothers, whom he rightly expected to know so much and who seem to have talked to him so freely. He *has* a position about the death penalty, which is so exactly my own that I can't forgo the indulgence of quoting it:

> Capital punishment probably does not lead to a decrease in known murder because it is not based on psychologically sound principles. People about to commit murder do not rationally weigh the act against the penalty. On the other hand, some individuals have unconscious drives to place themselves in positions where they will be punished with utmost severity. My feeling is that the major reason for existence of the death penalty is that it allows the more or less law-abiding members of society one violent aggression outlet. The murderers are, in part at least, the products of the society, and they become its scapegoats.

If he had a special interest it was to find out whether there was a connection between severe frustration in infancy and murder committed by grown-ups. His study, carried out in New England from 1956 to 1959, involved the interviewing of a selected number of murderers still young enough when he met them to have living mothers. Since it also necessitated an equal number of non-murderers (a "control group") to compare them with, what better choice could there be than their non-murdering brothers, who had shared the same family atmosphere? The numerous "comparative tables" about these two groups reveal, perhaps, few surprises, and would do some damage to any preconceived theory of causation; but among the few surprises some are memorable and disturbing. What are we going to do, for example, if we can confirm on a larger scale than Dr. Palmer's research that there are dangerous indications in epilepsy, prolonged high fevers, falls on the head, severe corporal punishment, an excess of physical pain, the slow learning of speech, early histories of bedwetting, stuttering, sleepwalking?

Dr. Palmer's experience reinforces recent "prediction tables" and suggests more convincingly than ever before (though he makes no strong claim himself) that a good many potential murderers could be recognized and headed off in early life. He is a very acute and perceptive observer of human beings. And his reporting of these unique interviews achieves a standard of verisimilitude that you would expect only of a tape recorder.

IN *The Mind of the Murderer* Dr. Guttmacher has brought together, in an expanded form, the Isaac Ray Lectures he delivered at the University of Minnesota in 1958 under the auspices of the American Psychiatric Association. For more than twenty-five years he has been Chief Medical Officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore; and among the good effects his book may well have is to convince other states at last — and even the United Kingdom — of the value of such an official within the juridical pattern. It's a fair criticism of this book, its title and its publishers to say that only a third of it (Part I) is in fact concerned with "the mind of the murderer." Part II is about "expert testimony" and Part III about "the patient's right to secrecy," and they could have gone into any other collection of Dr. Guttmacher's criminological lectures. For me, though, the fact that they are published at all is ample justification for their appearance between any two covers, and I would expect his invigorating chapters on "experts" of all kinds to attract the most attention — and gratitude.

The presence of the court's own psychiatric expert does away with those "battles of the experts" which disfigure and confuse so many criminal trials, bring forensic psychiatry into popular disrepute and create the situation described by Dr. Guttmacher on page 118:

> More than ten per cent of psychiatrists refuse all courtroom employment, and another twenty per cent refuse employment as partisan experts — they are only willing to testify when cast in the role of neutral adviser to the court. One can, of course, smugly assert that that still leaves seventy per cent of the nation's psychiatrists to draw upon and that is more than enough. The truth of the matter is that in this dissenting third are to be found most of the leaders of American psychiatry.

Even so, Dr. Guttmacher himself can quote cases like that of an aged clothing merchant who had been struck with the butt of a revolver while measuring his assailant's waistline and could recall that his last thought before losing consciousness was that the man was a thirty-six. When the prisoner protested that he was a thirty-two, Dr. Guttmacher was called upon, as a "neutral expert," to make an examination and report to the court. With a clear notion that this was not psychiatry, he demurred, sent for a tailor and stood by while the old man was proved to have been right. But as the author elsewhere remarks, it is an amazing phenomenon that the truth, in legal cases where medical issues are of paramount importance, should be reached (he might have said obscured) by biased partisans noisily developing certain facts and skillfully concealing others, by relying on an esoteric and narrowly restrictive procedural formula, and by leaving the final decision to twelve bewildered laymen.

LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

CELEBRATED visitors to Chicago frequently get themselves quoted in its newspapers, somewhat petulantly, to the effect that although they have heard there is a renaissance going on here, they haven't seen it. Now, a renaissance is a difficult thing to pinpoint for a tourist, especially while you are right in the middle of it (probably nobody in fourteenth-century Italy consciously thought of himself as living during a renaissance), but some small offshoots do make themselves apparent. Even Norman Mailer, in town for a reading-and-advertisement-for-himself graciously tagged Chicago a "hip town." Then, eager to provoke an audience discussion of "hipness" for which he had apparently come equipped with manufactured bons mots, he was dismayed to find that a Chicago audience wouldn't play ball. Chicago likes its ideas before the edges have been rubbed off. The city does not go for the posh, the polished, the professional. It leaves all that to New York. Chicago likes to start things, to rough them out approximately; it likes the actual moment of creation, the "becoming" rather than the "being."

For that reason it is especially difficult to take something in "the Chicago style" and transport it intact to the national scene. Garroway wandering

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JEAN MARTIN is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

around aimlessly on the old "Tonight" show was Chicago; when he tried to take this same casual intimacy and consciously embed it in the massive background of New York TV, "the Chicago style" flew out the window. Kukla, Fran and Ollie were not so much ploughed under by national television as made to seem like a small candle alongside a battery of klieg lights. But the spark of creative energy in its purest, most rudimentary form which they captured and which is the true "Chicago style" cannot be extinguished except by *polishing* it out of existence.

Granted this kind of intimate, sharp, crude vision, the Chicago scene is an ideal one for raising up small, neat, scalpel-like talents, and one branch of the Chicago renaissance has been the flowering of the Chicago comedians. Just at a time when many people were beginning to wonder where, if anywhere, the new comics would come from (after all, the old favorites had been around a long time, including Mr. Jack Benny of Waukegan who has done as masterful a job as possible of transferring intimate Chicago humor to the big-time), Chicago has turned out in quick succession such talented recruits as Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Jean Shepherd, Abrogast, Shel Silverstein and Bob Newhart. But the newest and brightest manifestation of the Chicago comedy renaissance is a vibrant troupe of young comedians who have pooled their talents at a Chicago coffeehouse-night club called The Second City and who, with their joint, anonymous and skillful comedy creations, constitute a kind of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill of satire.

TRUE to the Chicago tradition there is nothing spectacular about The Second City, but neither is there anything quite like it in the entertainment world. It is a place where intellectuals go to get kidded by other intellectuals, where in a bowling-and-beer society it is not considered effete to be able to think sharply and express yourself with finesse, where the big sport is joshing phonies. The Second City (the name is wryly taken from A. J. Liebling's patronizing *New Yorker* profile of Chicago) is located in a made-over Chicago laundry on North Wells Street in the arty section called Old Town. Decorated with discarded phone-booth doors painted black, chi-chi San Francisco round-globe lighting fixtures, and a red-velvet, jewel-box curtain, The Second City looks like the toy stage-set of a night club, but serves up espresso and satire to a minority-interest audience which comes in majority numbers to see—well not exactly a review (there's not enough music to call it that, although there is some)—but a kind of playing around with ideas, often improvised out of audience suggestions. Sometimes the theme is classic as in "What Happened to the Centaurs?" where a bearded boy-centaur (an irresistible variation of the old lovable two-man stage-horse) appears and pleads with an invisible adversary, "But please, sir, if you could just wait a minute. I know she will be here in a minute." But his adversary cannot wait, and when at last a girl-centaur gallops onstage and asks the characteristically feminine question, "Am I late?" the boy-centaur answers with some asperity, "Yes . . . Noah sailed without us." Sometimes, however, the theme is contemporary as in "The Many Faces of Richard Nixon," in which ideal wife Pat one morning forgets to give Dick his public face before sending him off to work. Finding himself faceless on the street, Dick rushes back and frenziedly tries on his old public faces, "No, no, that's my Russian super-market face . . . no, no, that's my South American face, it's a little smashed on one side. . . ." He finally settles for his new, liberal face which, when he gets out on the street, causes passersby to mistake him for Senator Kennedy. In another, Senator Harry Byrd, anxious to preserve the traditions of the Old South, is instructing a troupe of players in the art of putting on a jolly old minstrel show: "You gotta have the blackface, see, and sing a little song about 'How ah loves to plant de cotton all day on de massa's place, and in the evenin' go to the movies and sit in a "special" place. . . ." The Second City skits number dozens and range from the vagaries of Swedish dialogue in Ingmar Bergman movies through the subtleties of a *True Confessions* serial.

While all seven actors collaborate on these satirical sugarplums, often using the daily newspaper as a springboard to ideas, a single taste is needed to hold it all together, and in The Second City the common denominator is thirty-two-year-old director Paul Sills. Sills, who looks like a sulky Teddy Bear, some years ago co-founded the ragtag drama group of University of Chicago actors who called themselves Playwright's Theatre Club and who gave offbeat dramas (very heavy on the Brechtian didactic theory) in a converted chop suey parlor on North LaSalle Street. Playwright's ambitions outstripped its facilities, but it provided training ground for Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Zohra Lampert, and by the time it disbanded and re-formed on Chicago's South Side it had evolved into The Compass and had dropped formal drama in favor of acting out ideas, often from on-the-spot audience suggestions. Most of these were esoteric South Side jokes, but The Compass idea was always and everywhere a hit. Sills worked with a Compass group in St. Louis, studied at the Old Vic in England on a Fulbright, learned the night-club business in a Chicago folk-song bistro; then, with Bernard Sahlins and Howard Alk, he regathered the old Compass troupe and opened the present den of satire. Ten minutes before opening night found them frantically painting the last of the phone-booth doors, but from the very beginning The Second City was first rate. For those who knew Playwright's and The Compass it was the gradual evolution of a kind of play-acting in which the actors project ideas rather than emotions, but to others it seemed a crazy dove of comedy out of a clear blue sky.

A SECOND branch of the Chicago renaissance became easily apparent this spring with the First Chicago Invitational Art Exhibit held simultaneously

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RANDOM HOUSE

at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, the Superior Street Gallery and the Holland-Goldowsky Gallery. It is the first clear-cut dissection of what is happening in Chicago painting and it turned up a whole herd of cloven-hoofed *fauves*—the beautiful new Chicago Uglies.

The problem of showing Chicago art has always been a ticklish one, and the Art Institute, yearly committed to a showing of local work to the local public (it has certain prize money it must give away) has never successfully solved it. If it chooses a "New York" jury, the little old ladies in the suburban art leagues take umbrage at what the staid Chicago *Tribune* habitually refers to as "so-called modern art." If, however, the jury is conservative, students and local professionals bitterly ridicule the beauty-take-your-hand-off-my-knee realism of the show. If the students take too many of the prizes, the professionals hold mass discussions and demand that student work be banned. If the Institute obliges, the students scream discrimination and organize counter-exhibits. And all of these groups are very, very verbal. One year, in what must have been real despair, the Institute held a No Jury show —just hung everything submitted—but this involved using Navy Pier to show it and subjected the visitor to literally miles of amateur art, some of it unbelievable, like painted tigers behind real bamboo bars, not to mention the Taj Mahal made of sugar cubes.

All this cacophony of hurt feelings had made it almost impossible to know what direction Chicago art was taking until three small galleries joined forces and solved the problem by the simple expedient of not trying to please anyone. Caring not a fig for anything but showing what was going on in Chicago art, they invited whom they pleased (hence First Chicago Invitational) and the results are explosively exciting. Painting in a variety of manners as alike yet different as handwriting, the new Chicago Uglies read like a glossary of the old classic Scottish spooks: (1) the Ghoulies (Schulze, Halkin, Bouras, Berger, etc., who paint dark, weird, fascinatingly ugly things); (2) the Ghosties (Pope, Kahn, Sellenraad, Brorby, etc., who paint eerie, other-worldly scenes); (3) the Long-Legged Beasties (Kokines, Goto, Hunt, etc., who do spidery, angular, creepy creatures); and (4) the Things That Go "Bump" in the Night (Kapsalis, Post, Baum, etc., who paint bits and pieces of interestingly repellent, darkly unspeakable objects). The whole show is hands-down the most illuminating cross section of contemporary Chicago painting yet uncovered and — as the French say — it marches.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

LESLIE STEVENS has written and directed in Hollywood *Private Property!*, the kind of picture one instantly senses could never be made in Hollywood. Actually it wasn't made there, if by Hollywood you mean the big studios and the great names. It was filmed (filmed with the sharpness of a knife) in the very luxurious house and grounds of its producer, Stanley Colbert, and in a house standing empty next door. And the cast, three men and a woman, has not a neon name on it. Kate Manx, very beautiful but a little too obviously being led through an intricate charade, is Stevens' wife. Corey Allen and Warren Oates, whom I do not recall having seen before, play a couple of psychotic bums with horrifying conviction.

All in all, it is a horrifying film, though not entirely convincing. The idea is that Boots wants a dame, but is too close to being a moron to get one for himself. His dominating buddy, Duke — more dangerously unbalanced but a skillful dissembler — therefore undertakes to snare one for him. Ann, alone in the isolated house all day and with the empty house convenient for a hide-out; Ann, whose lounging pants look painted on and who swims naked in the secluded pool, is designated.

She proves easy, being a naturally friendly girl and being also made a little restive by the fact that her husband is too much engrossed in his successful insurance business to notice that her needs are not all monetary. The pair of animals moves in and before long she is fighting for her sanity and her life.

I'm certain that Mr. Stevens can prove that every episode in the picture is not only possible, but has in fact sometime happened. Nevertheless, it all fits together with suspicious neatness, more like a clock than a drama. If a thriller was all that Mr. Stevens had in mind, he has certainly achieved that; I get the impression, though, that he was trying for more.

ANOTHER of the young French directors dealing in "strong" subject matter is Jean-Pierre Mocky. His *The Chasers* is thus "new wave"; it also recalls *Marty* and Federico Fellini's *Vitelloni* (The Big Calves), shown here four years ago.

The story is excellently simple. Two downy young men, one clothed in sophistication and the other quite nakedly inexperienced, devote a summer evening in Paris to chasing girls (this, you might say, is a healthier version of *Private Property!*). Their aim is to find companions for the night, their dream is to find true loves for a lifetime, their fear is that they will pick up professionals — not unlikely, considering the waters in which they fish. They avoid professionals, not because of the money such encounters would cost — they have no money, so that danger is not real — but because the point of their game is to buttress their insecure belief in their own charms: girls must be dazzled, not bought.

The great fun of the picture is to watch these feckless seducers at work. They are as brash and as timid as squirrels, disguising their honest, yearning hearts behind the second-hand techniques of eroticism. They get a great many nibbles — I thought a surprising number even for a warm night in Paris—but they land no fish. Or perhaps the Marty of the pair does—at the end he is escorting home a mousy trained nurse whom he and his pal have rescued from a debauch of stunning implausibility (the only really crass sequence in the film) — but he will certainly have to see her father before he sees her bedroom. The knowing youth, however, is beset by the most perverse bad luck: every girl he picks up turns out to be suicidal or lesbian or underage or crippled or sadistic or in the trade. It looked in the end as though the script were toying with him. No tragedy though: he is young enough to try another night, and meanwhile he has had a lot of exercise in the fresh air.

Jacques Charrier plays this part — a slightly Americanized French youth — with a lucid ease and warmth of communication that is impressive in a young actor. His surface mastery of situations he doesn't begin to understand is appealing, and his lechery — quite explicit in places — has a gulping inexperience about it that keeps it sweet. Charles Aznavour, as the eager incompetent, is wildly funny at moments and keeps the necessary pathos uncloying. Like *The Cousins*, this picture reflects what seems to be the new "international" (i.e., American disk jockey) culture of young France.

DESPITE THE JUBILANT press greetings and notwithstanding the presence in the cast of Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas (also a funny man, though more blatantly so), I found *I'm All Right, Jack* a little slow on the bounce. "Ha," you say, "the man's a liberal — he refuses to admit that a satire on organized labor can be funny." I don't think that's so; in fact, labor seems to me about as ripe for balloon-pricking as any pomposity in our midst. It's just that everyone in the picture works so hard that in the end you get the idea it must be pretty hard work. An opening scene in a nudist colony, neither relevant nor witty, starts matters off on the wrong foot, and after that the plot creaks and labors, the actors visibly holding their sides to contain their scarcely disinterested laughter. Mr. Sellers' dim cockney-come-up-in-the-world is undeniably brilliant, but even he seems impelled to pop his eyes in a way that would not occur to him if he were sure of his material. I wonder if the makers of the picture thought they were being terribly, terribly daring. That would explain the arch giggle I seemed to be hearing.

ART

Maurice Grosser

FIFTY works of modern art, donated by artists, dealers and collectors, were auctioned late last month for the benefit of the Museum of Modern Art's thirtieth-anniversary fund. This sale, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, was easily the most brilliant event of the season. The audience was made up of all the prominent figures in selling, collecting and curating modern art. The Mayor, Mr. Wagner himself, was there, and the ceremony was introduced by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III. The multiple Leicas of some fifteen press photographers flashed incessantly to record it, while the crews of two television cameras transmitted the scene by closed circuit to bidders in Dallas, Chicago and Los Angeles. The bidding, in behalf of a respected cause, was brisk and cheerful. The ladies' hats, like large, tight bouquets of fresh spring flowers, were wonderful, and the auctioneer, Mr. Louis Marion, in front of a pink curtain and lit by rosy spots, was the best of television entertainment.

The works being auctioned had been selected by Alfred Barr, Jr., director of the museum's collections, from those offered to the museum for the occasion. Apart from two Cézannes and three Renoirs, they were all by the names in modern art, from Braque and Picasso to Soulage and Mathieu, which are the museum's special province. The over-all quality of the collection was disappointing. In fact, there were only two pieces of first quality among the entire fifty. The finest, given by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, was a quite wonderful Braque *Violin* in the high Cubist manner of 1913; the other a Picasso pastel, one of the best, depicting, in his 1920 "Classical" style with daring and skillful distortions, a pair of meditative and affectionate female nudes. Of the two Cézannes, the more important — a characteristic still life with wall paper, apples and crumpled napkin — is one of his more heavy-handed pieces, while the other — three small dead birds on a brick-red cloth — is a minor work and unappealing. As for the three Renoirs, only one has any pictorial quality, and that — a late painting of a large fat servant — is singularly unattractive. The Juan Gris is characteristic but not his best, and there are better Pascins. Morandi and Dubuffet were represented by good examples of their work — of the first a sparse *Vase of Flowers* and of the other a *Jazz Band*. There was a charming and

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somewhat posterish Tamayo of a night sky with moon and hills and constellation of stars; an important Miro; a Gorki, thin but with pretty color. Apart from these, almost everything was either unimportant snips or, in my opinion, decidedly second rate.

Nevertheless, the auction netted the museum almost $900,000. The highest prices were paid for the Cézanne still life — $200,000 — and for the Braque *Violin* which brought $145,000. ("That's not a price," said Mr. Marion, the auctioneer. "You can't stop there. Think how much nicer to be able to say 'That picture cost me $150,000!' ") The large Renoir went for $31,000, which I understand is something less than the usual market price for a Renoir of that size, and the Picasso pastel brought in $32,000. The bidding for one of the works—a large energetic criss-crossing of black paint on a brown ground by Hartung — was stopped by a precisionist in the audience who protested that it was displayed upside down. The bidding was resumed and the picture, still upside down, went for $11,000; a pair of negligible Matisse paper cut-outs went as one of the cheapest lots for $2,600.

THE prices, I am given to understand by dealer friends, were not exaggerated: slightly higher than the market, perhaps, on some of the smaller pieces, and lower than expected on some of the more important ones, but roughly comparable to what the works would have cost from a dealer. They seem, none the less, for the most part astonishingly out of scale with the pieces' real value as works of art, and are more than a little shocking to one like myself, not a dealer or collector, but a painter, accustomed to evaluate a work on its own qualities rather than on the publicity rating of the painter's name. It almost seemed — as it has seemed before — that the buyers were collecting signatures rather than pictures.

Just the same, such prices are standard for work, even indifferent work, by famous-name painters of today. There are several reasons for it. To begin with, and contrary to received opinion, successful contemporary painters have always brought higher prices than old masters — except those few outstanding masterpieces from the past which only rarely turn up in the market. In any given period, contemporary work is more in demand. Naturally enough; we would find it on the whole more cheerful to live with a Matisse, say, than with a Rembrandt. And if we are astonished at the prices commanded by Braque or Picasso, remember the prices brought by Bougereau or Meissonier in the nineties and by Sargent and Lazlo in the years before the wars. And high prices for pictures that have worn better than these were also normal. In the sale of Degas' collection, which took place in 1918 in Paris under bombardment by the German guns — certainly not the most favorable background for a public auction — a small Cézanne of two green apples brought $2,000, a tiny *Bathers* $5,000 and a Manet $10,000.

However, another factor operates today to inflate the picture market. Under our income tax regulations, a deduction (up to 30 per cent of taxable income) is allowed for donations to schools, hospitals or charities. In this context, a museum counts as a charitable institution, and if it accepts a work of art, the work's money value can be listed by the donor as a tax deduction. The money value of a picture is at the best a guess, depending on highly subjective estimates of what it would bring if sold on the public market. It is to the donor's advantage — and not to the disadvantage of the museum — to assess the value of his gift as high as possible. All of this tends to jack up the prices of pictures, particularly of pictures by famous names, which are, of course, what a museum will most willingly accept.

Up to a few years ago it was possible for a donor to announce his intention to give a picture to a museum, take its value off his income tax, and still remain in possession of the picture during his lifetime. This is no longer possible, though even now a museum may, after taking title to the picture, allow it to remain on loan at the donor's house. As a result, the market has for a number of years been ransacked for pictures acceptable to a museum, and sufficiently high in price to make the troublesome operation worth while. It is principally this which has been responsible for the astronomical prices museum-type pictures have now attained.

NONE of this applies directly to the recent auction. There the deductible value of the works contributed was not based on fanciful estimate, but on the exact amount each picture brought when sold. The high market was, of course, already established, but the buyers, whatever their good will toward the museum, had no inducement to raise it higher. Furthermore, the pictures were offered to the museum for sale in auction, not to hang in its collections. With this in mind, it could accept works of lower artistic merit than commonly appear in its galleries as representative of modern art. This goes far to explain the group's low quality.

That was not the museum's fault. The auction was announced; works were given; all the museum could do was to select the best. One remembers in this connection the Parisian doctor who was also a collector and whose collection was sharply divided into two categories. On the one hand were the excellent pictures he had bought himself. On the other were mediocre ones given him, in return for professional services, by his painter patients.

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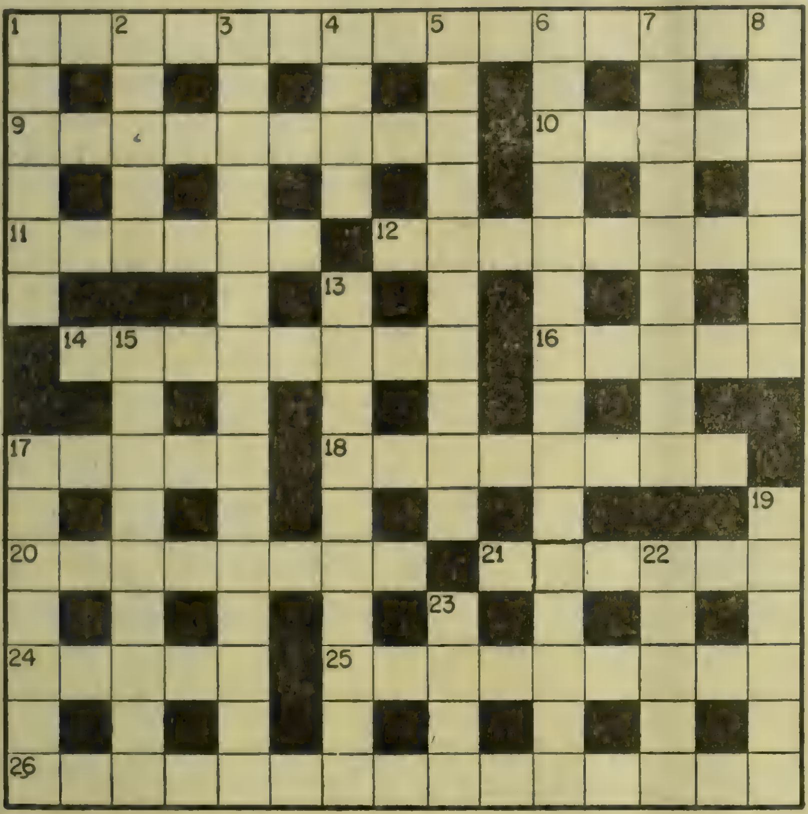

ACROSS:

1 Whatever happened to Edward Bok? (Taking aim can zero it, in a different environment.) (15)

9 Give the people it belongs to good cheer at first, for it entitles them to something! (9)

10 See 21

11 War-time-colonels in the air service? (6)

12 Hence this shadow in Macbeth! (8)

14 Timely things might arrive on it. (8)

16 Do the ones of glory have grave consequence? (5)

17 The home of the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner? (5)

18 What a muddy shoe leaves in the vestibule might be official. (8)

20 All but one might be taken on board. (8)

21 and 10 BCD* (Confused with what it does to your ribs?) (11)

24 What one might do with the cue missing (2, 3)

25 Where one's carriage is left shaken by the ague so? (9)

26 Fair game in the cloak room at Ruby Foo's? (7, 8)

DOWN:

1 It's a rare old bird to be climbing inside one cell, if given life. (6)

2 It's not necessarily the caliber of the bore that causes it. (5)

3 Sans reproche? (15)

4 What's the trouble with Bach Etudes, anyway? (4)

5 Certainly not in the manner of the 3. (10)

6 Attributing to the gods the shape we find ourselves in? (15)

7 Layers coming out of it were not unnecessarily exposed. (9)

8 But these, in the Old West, were not real layers. (7)

13 Native Australian Federation? (4, 6)

15 Louie Chan — who might check the 26? (4, 2-3)

17 Zounds! It is! (7)

19 Are these trees like some swans? (6)

22 Purpose to which the writing of 17 across might be put? It's wrong! (5)

23 Might cause a scratch, but it probably doesn't show! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 866

ACROSS: 1 Codicil; 5 Warpath; 9 Adipose; 10 Emperor; 12 Hottentot; 15 Dashing; 20 Pie; 21 Stetson; 23, 11, 18 across and 14 Chipping sparrows; 26 and 24 Lily of the Valley; 28 Inane; 29 Enounce; 30 Doubled; 31 Sisters; 32 Relayed. DOWN: 1 Clamps; 2 Deigns; 3 Crossbows; 4 Leeches; 5 Wrested; 6 Rupee; 7 Airstrip; 8 Heritage; 13 and 17 Catnip; 16 Spiritual; 18 Psalters; 19 Realtors; 22 Nutmegs; 23 Cheddar; 25 Seeded; 27 Ounce.

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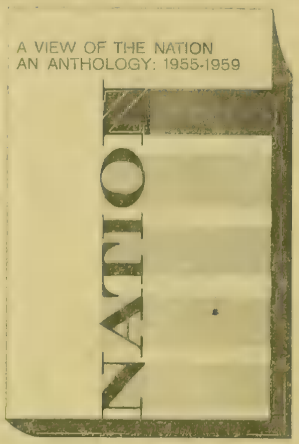

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THE
NATION

May 21, 1960 . . 25c

CITIES INTO TARGETS

Our Misplaced Missile Bases

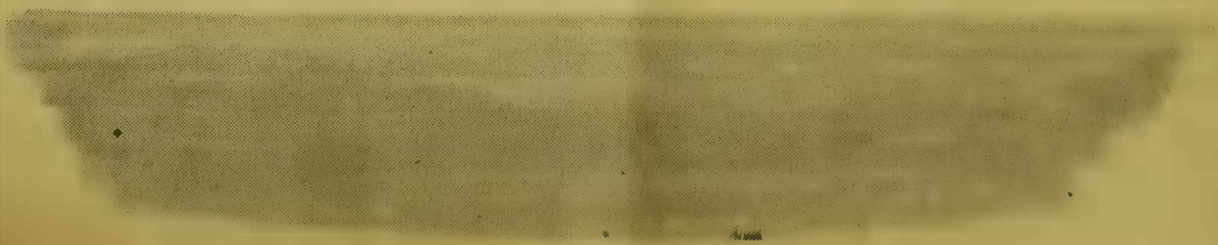
James E. McDonald

DOES NIXON PLAY the GAME?

Joel Feinberg

HOW MANY MORE CHESSMANS?

Stuart Palmer



LETTERS

Letter from Seoul

The letter from which the following extracts are taken was written by an American resident of Seoul on April 24, at the height of the student uprisings in South Korea.—Ed.

Seoul

Dear Sirs: . . . Why, you may ask, was it the students who revolted? Why not an opposition party, or more adult dissidents? The answer is that they are the only ones, and the logical ones, to see that the country is being cheated of its independence. They study Locke and Hobbes and Rousseau and the rest of them *in English*—because there are few textbooks in their own language. Their elders know now that they have learned only too well what the West has to teach about political democracy. Their parents belong to the past, to the ruling clique, and those who tag along with it. The opposition is split by unfortunate circumstances, including the death of the most responsible leader. Moreover, there was a tradition in Korea of student responsibility in politics. Under the last dynasty, the top graduates held the highest civil posts, and it was their duty, when the King was corrupted, to remonstrate and even bring about his removal. It is almost as if this old practice, unused for the fifty years of Japanese rule, is revived in a new form. . . .

Frank was in the Ministry Building where the police were hiding and from where they opened fire. The Koreans were most concerned for his safety. He left the building at the peak of the battle and urged the demonstrators not to destroy foreign property, as it would only get them into trouble. They had already smashed all the windows in our car, but several people apologized—imagine!—when the police were firing at them. Then Frank drove the car two miles through the mobs to the U. S. Army compound, where he raised a convoy to go back and rescue the other Americans holed up in the same Ministry Building he had left. He accomplished this trek, inch by inch, without ever a sign of anti-American feeling. . . .

It has been a relatively orderly revolution (Frank says he has seen much worse) but *very* determined indeed. Nobody thought the youngsters had it in them. I wouldn't have thought so either. They seem so leisurely, self-concerned, like all young people — and, oddly, pampered, the one privileged group in an underdeveloped country. But they weren't fooled. That's the great thing. And the country will, if it ever gets a decent government, owe it to them.

Georgia Fraise

Seoul, Republic of Korea

Sen. Humphrey on Peace

Dear Sirs: I welcome your emphasis upon disarmament in your editorial, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace" (February 6, 1960). The quest for safeguarded disarmament must be at the heart and center of American foreign policy. Of course, until disarmament is negotiated, we must maintain and if necessary increase our military strength. But we must press disarmament negotiations forward *now,* not postpone the effort.

As you know, I have introduced legislation for the establishment of a National Peace Agency. I see it as a "Manhattan Project for Peace," mobilizing the brains and the resources needed to solve the complex problems of controlled disarmament, and the equally complex problems of economic adjustment which it would entail.

I have also called for the up-grading of disarmament negotiations within the State Department, through the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of State for Disarmament and Atomic Energy Affairs.

We should carry on disarmament negotiations as far as possible within the framework of the United Nations. Needless to say, I have also long been emphasizing a greater dedication to the works of peace—development for peace, food for peace, health for peace and education for peace.

Hubert H. Humphrey
U. S. S. (Minnesota)

Washington, D.C.

Negroes and Unions

Dear Sirs: I take exception to Dick Bruner's article, "The Negro Bids for Union Power," in your March 5 issue. It is superficial and fragmental. . . . I take specific exception to the statement that only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership. Of the sixteen Executive Board members of our union, two are Negroes. . . . Each was elected by virtue of his own abilities. Each has been re-elected several times and has survived competition from white opponents. Each comes from a district in which Negro membership is in the distinct minority, so white members elected these leaders of our union. The nature of politics in our union is such that these men could not have been elected by administrative ar-

(*Continued on page 460*)

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 21

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Mission of the S-4

Suppose it had happened this way. . . .

The Russians were jubilant when the Cubans announced that an airport would be made available to them for use as a base in the investigation of atmospheric phenomena. Short of starting an atomic war, there was nothing we in the United States could do about it; besides, the Latin Americans had become so critical of us, for things we had done or left undone, that we had to limit ourselves to protests. It was on May Day that the first of the new-type Soviet reconnaissance planes took off from the Cuban air strip, presumably to study gusts. Eluding our radar, it flew to Mexico, refueled and headed north over the border into the air space of the United States. The airplane was unarmed and owned by the Soviet Institute of Meteorology. The pilot was Sergei Popoff, formerly a Soviet air officer but now a civilian; in short, everything was absolutely correct except that soon the aircraft was over Cape Canaveral, photographing the missile pads. Sergei was not afraid — what was there to be afraid of? He was wearing a Macgregor sport shirt and his emergency kit bulged with American money, French perfumes (it is well known that American women will do anything for perfume), maps and Diners Club and American Express credit cards. And if the worst came to the worst, Sergei could kill himself with the hypodermic needle which the Soviet government had thoughtfully included in the kit.

Sergei turned and flew over the arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, where he secured excellent photographs of our 1,500,000-pound-thrust Saturn as well as of Wernher von Braun drawing a diagram on a blackboard. Another turn, and he was headed for the softly hardened missile base at Plattsburgh, New York, whence it was only a short hop back to the Cuban base. But he never reached Plattsburgh. Operational for the first time, SAGE got a fix on the S-4 and it was shot down by anti-aircraft gunners who immediately received a free trip, with their families, to New York City, including dinner at Lindy's and tickets to the Jack Paar show.

Sergei landed unharmed in a Catskill Mountain village and was seized by the peasants, who turned him over to the FBI. When Moscow discovered that Sergei was alive, confusion engulfed the Kremlin (nobody there had ever envisioned the possibility that the S-4 could be shot down). The Soviet Institute of Meteorology issued a statement insisting that Sergei was only a high-altitude weather man, but this statement was quickly revealed as a fraud by our own Allen Welsh Dulles, who waved the photographs of the missile bases before a joint session of the House and Senate. The trapped Russians then made a clean breast of the whole affair, and had the effrontery to plead, in defense, their traditional fear of attack since the Japanese jumped them in 1904 and the Germans in 1941. They even had the gall to compare these attacks with Pearl Harbor. What was still more brazen about the Soviet attitude was Moscow's insistence that it would continue to invade the American air space from Cuban or other bases close to our shores. And the Russians, citizens and officials alike, closed ranks behind Khrushchev. . . .

How would Americans be feeling today had this reverse version been the true one?

A Peculiar Moral Climate

Now let us look at the actual reactions to the all-too-real facts of the U-2 incident. If we are to accept the reaction of our legislators and publicists, our press and electronic communications media, as reflecting public opinion, we must conclude that fifteen years of cold war have indeed conditioned us to what the New York *Herald Tribune* calls a "peculiar moral climate." A nation gone morally bankrupt could hardly have struck more grotesque attitudes or taken refuge in more obtuse apologetics. We admit that we have repeatedly violated the sovereignty of another nation by "overflight" incursions. Despite the risk of accidental war, we reaffirm our intention of continuing to conduct such flights. The record shows that we first denied, then, when caught red-handed, conceded the essential accuracy of the Soviet version of what had happened and justified it on the same grounds of necessity and expediency that we have denounced others — especially the Russians — for using. In our strange new world, we maintain the right to spy as though it were a high moral principle

— "distasteful" is the strongest adjective that the Administration has used in qualification. We concede by implication our inability to pinpoint responsibility for the doubly hare-brained mission of the U-2 on the eve of the Summit conference. We permit an agency deeply involved in international scientific responsibilities to be placed in the position of having grossly misrepresented the facts ("I thought I was telling the truth," the aggrieved acting head of NASA complained); we place indispensable allies in a position of peril and compromise them diplomatically, and we finally concede a series of violations of international law, long hidden from the American people, which, had it been known earlier, would certainly have reduced indignation over Soviet espionage by several tens of decibels. When caught, we attempt to make a virtue of our acknowledgment, although the record leaves not the slightest doubt that the only reason the acknowledgment was made is that we were caught. And then, by a kind of self-brainwashing, we seek to make a scapegoat of the pilot who, it would appear, should have shot himself to save the honor of CIA and the reputation of Allen Dulles, our master spy.

Outside of the Administration and its apologists on both sides of the aisle, what has been the domestic reaction to those miserable disclosures? The *Wall Street Journal* summed up a nation-wide survey of individual and newspaper reactions in this way: "It was just too bad that we got caught." The quotes amply substantiate the conclusion. As further evidence, *The New York Times* quoted from thirty-four editorials, among which only the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* pointed out that aerial mapping of a country with which we have strained relations is something utterly different from the ordinary run of espionage. Nor were any of the editorial writers troubled by the fact that the pilot of the U-2 was obviously reconnoitering and photographing bombing targets, which makes a travesty of the excuse that his mission was defensive unless, indeed, one holds that preventive (or pre-emptive) war is a legitimate form of defense.

The final insult to what remains of the intelligence and moral sense of the American public is the exhortation to "close ranks." Close ranks behind whom? An Administration that, as James Reston of *The New York Times* said of the President, is not managing its

What We Should Learn from the U-2 . . *by William H. Meyer*

SOME MAY REGARD the recent loss of an American plane in Russia as a warning that the uncertain peace could at any moment explode in the fury of a war beyond conception. However, the immediate issue is the survival of free democratic government operating under civilian leadership in a manner that openly informs our people and is at least reasonably responsible to the voters and somewhat responsive to their wishes.

We are alarmed whenever any arm of government leads us needlessly to the brink of war, but we should be equally disturbed by the threat to our form of government occasioned by a well-intentioned oligarchy of militarists and sympathizers who operate secretly and are responsible only to themselves and responsive solely to their own misconceptions.

The latest incident is an extreme example of the danger caused by the actions of a clique that could never obtain prior consent for such deeds from the American people. No justification can be claimed on grounds of military necessity. Strength in the power struggle, or the need for espionage, is no excuse for foolish acts when the stakes are so high. Opposition to a Summit, or to negotiation, is even less excusable.

If we are to have any chance to establish peace, we must return to our traditional application of the processes of government. This is the path to justice and freedom. It is also the way to help lead all the peoples of the world to spiritual and material progress. The plane lost in Russia is a symbol of the utter failure of those who have lost faith in American democracy. These misguided usurpers of power, together with their even less enlightened counterparts in other nations, will destroy all that we hold dear unless we make certain changes in government operations.

We must start here by eliminating all unnecessary secrecy. Police-state tendencies must be discredited so as to promote public discussion. The unconstitutional accident which resulted in the building up of an oligarchy of first-class Senators and Representatives with access to some of the secret information and who, for this reason, exert an influence that demotes the vast majority of the elected representatives of the people to second-class Congressmen, should be repaired. It is vital to restore the leadership of the entire Congress in cooperation with the President and his civilian departmental officials. This cannot be done unless the authority of military men is restricted solely to their proper field of military matters and unless the leaders of such specialized agencies as the Atomic Energy Commission, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation are divorced from the formulation of policy.

THE HON. WILLIAM H. MEYER (D., Vt.) has built up a reputation for plain speaking remarkable for a freshman Congressman.

own departments preliminary to a critically important international conference? Behind a Democratic leadership that appears to have no inkling of the obligation of an opposition to analyze, criticize and dissent? Behind the Central Intelligence Agency as it staggers from blunder to blunder, from disaster to disaster? And where is the rationale, the stature, the greatness which the ordinary citizen might aspire to share? Not a single true or stirring word came from anyone in authority, for neither truth nor nobility was in them. There was only one eloquent voice, and that was raised in dissent. It issued from a room in New York Hospital where Dr. Leo Szilard expressed "such indignation as I have rarely experienced. . . . I resent being lied to by my own government."

And a Postscript

The temptation was very strong this week to reprint in its entirety Sir Compton Mackenzie's article "The Spy Circus: Parasites with Cloaks and Daggers" from *The Nation* of December 5, 1959. But tradition prevailed and we decided not to use it. Even so, we yield to temptation to the extent of quoting the concluding sentence from this article by a distinguished writer who devoted several years to cloak-and-dagger work at a high level of responsibility and authority. "I owe it to my conscience," Sir Compton wrote, "to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today."

The Next Best Thing

The West Virginia returns will be exhaustively analyzed and interpreted, down to the last ward and precinct. But in the end, we suspect, the meaning will be inconclusive not merely in the sense that the vote is not binding on the delegation, but because what it "proved" is not of critical importance. Senator Kennedy succeeded in knocking the weakest of his opponents out of the campaign; this much is clear. But the more one looks behind the scenes, the more equivocal his "triumph" becomes. For one thing, money flowed — and flowed — in West Virginia, where the word "election" has long been closely associated with the words "whisky" and "money." "There was a hell of a lot of vote-buying here," commented the editor of the Logan *Banner*, "the worst I've ever seen. . . . But it was among the local, not Presidential, candidates." This was disingenuous in the extreme. With an exceptionally long ballot — listed were delegates-at-large, candidates for the state legislature, numerous propositions and candidates for local office — "slating" was the order of the day. Money naturally went to the local ward, precinct or district leader — or the local candidates — who, in turn, arranged the slate. Apart from the fact that these slates were of great assistance, the Kennedy campaign had everything it needed that money can buy.

But no matter how much was spent — and any figures reported can be quadrupled — money was not the key factor in Senator Kennedy's victory. Money merely made it possible for him to exploit three factors that were decisive. By all accounts, the Kennedy organization is a thing of wonder and of beauty; there are no loose ends, every contingency has been provided for, there is careful planning and close supervision. But organization, no matter how efficient and well-heeled, could not have availed without a candidate. Kennedy projects an image that voters of all sorts, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, find immensely attractive. Oddly enough, *Nation* observers found that Senator Humphrey was a bit too "folksy" for the West Virginia folks: one person interviewed reported having heard a voter say of him, "That man has more solutions than there are problems." But there was still a third factor: possession of the one issue of great emotional appeal. For two weeks, Senator Kennedy kept insisting that any West Virginian who failed to vote for him solely because of his religion would be guilty of a grievous sin against the American creed.

What, then, did Senator Kennedy prove in West Virginia? He defeated an opponent who, for all his fine qualities, never had a chance of winning the nomination. And the race was between Kennedy and Humphrey and not, as Senator Kennedy tried to make it appear, between himself and Senators Humphrey, Johnson and Symington. Senator Kennedy also succeeded in proving what everyone already knew: that he is an excellent campaigner, that he has fashioned a formidable organization, and that money is always useful in political campaigns. He further proved that he could win a Democratic primary in a predominantly Protestant state and therefore, by inference, that religion is not a bar to his nomination. But Al Smith proved this in 1928. And while Senator Kennedy showed that "saturation" campaigns can be staged in a single state, he did not prove that he could, even with unlimited funds, conduct campaigns of this sort in fifty states between August 1 and the first Tuesday in November.

But in politics, the next best thing to a genuine triumph is the appearance of one. This, Senator Kennedy has achieved.

Bulldozers in Retreat

Conservation is so consistently a losing game in this country that the report of a victory for the side of things as they were is a reason for cheering. In the case of the recent reprieve for Walden Pond the cheering can be hearty, for the ruling handed down by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court was stronger than even the champions of Walden had expected. The judges not only halted the Middlesex County Commissioners in their zealous efforts to turn Thoreau's pond into a community fun spot—all parking lots, scooped out beaches and bath houses—but ordered that changes made in the last four years be undone. Trees must be replaced, the grading restored and the whole sylvan atmosphere recaptured as nearly as possible in what is now a suburban section of Greater Boston.

This decision makes the commissioners look foolish; it is also likely to cost them a good deal of money (public money, to be sure, but they will have to square themselves somehow with the electorate). Thus, public servants elsewhere with a passion for bulldozers may be restrained from making "improvements" until the voices of protest have been satisfied.

We take a personal pleasure in the outcome of the Walden affair. Two years ago *The Nation* published "Walden on Trial" by Truman Nelson, an article which in reprint raised an appreciable part of the $12,000 war chest amassed by the Save Walden Committee that carried the issue to Massachusetts' supreme court.

Middletown, U. S. A.

Ever since Alphonse Daudet wrote "The Last Class," set pieces have been in order whenever a distinguished academician conducts his last class and retires. But instead of devoting a set piece to the occasion of Dr. Robert S. Lynd's final lecture at Columbia University on May 12 before his retirement, we would like to quote from Stuart Chase's review of *Middletown,* which appeared in *The Nation* of February 6, 1929:

> Our authors lived there for over a year, studying every phase of the town's life, with the same detachment and the same objective thoroughness that a good anthropologist devotes to the habits of natives in the New Hebrides. . . . Nothing like it has ever before been attempted; no such knowledge of how the average community works and plays has ever been packed between the covers of one book; and I warn you that hereafter nobody has any right to make more than the most casual generalizations about the culture levels of this republic, until he has first read and mastered his *Middletown.*

This is still a fair judgment, thirty years later, as Bob Lynd concludes his final seminar and settles down to the uninterrupted task of concluding the study of power on which he has been at work for so many years. Any list of the most widely discussed, reprinted and anthologized *Nation* articles of the last two decades would necessarily include: "Capitalism's Happy New Year," December 28, 1946; "Our 'Racket' Society," August 25, 1951; "Whose Wars?", December 27, 1952, and the review of *The Power Elite,* May 12, 1956—all by Robert S. Lynd, whose *Middletown* provided the emerging American social sciences with a model that has influenced the form and content of a legion of subsequent studies and whose *Knowledge for What?* provided a generation of American social scientists with a yardstick by which to measure their achievements.

OUR MISPLACED MISSILE BASES

CITIES INTO TARGETS . .

by James E. McDonald

OVER $10 BILLION in defense funds is being committed to fixed-base ICBMs of the Atlas and Titan types. The sole reason for undertaking this costly program is to protect American lives. Yet the question arises as to whether the program is not more of a *threat* to Americans than a *protection* for them.

To appreciate the significance of our ICBM program, the following points must be noted:

1. The American policy of deterrence through the threat of massive retaliation requires that any enemy attempting a sneak attack must direct an overwhelming first blow at all accessible elements of our retaliatory machinery.

2. Whereas Strategic Air Command (SAC) bomber bases are now our main sources of retaliatory action, completion of the present Atlas-Titan base construction program will create twenty-seven additional retaliatory elements which an enemy must knock out.

3. Introduction of the ICBM into our arsenal of retaliation opened the possibility of decoupling all fixed continental targets from large population centers. But by locating ICBMs at SAC bases near large cities, as is now being done, this great opportunity is being lost.

4. Hardening of our ICBM launchers — i.e., putting them underground — and dispersing them in such a way as to increase the numbers of missiles an enemy must use to knock them out raises by a hundredfold the total megatonnage of enemy nuclear missiles that must be expected to rain down near any city where a nearby SAC base is used as support for surrounding Atlas or Titan sites.

5. When Atlas-Titan sites are put *upwind* of cities, as is true now in a number of cases, the urban populations will be unable to escape the *greatest killing agent* of enemy nuclear weapons — radioactive fallout.

During recent months, I have

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been gathering ICBM siting and related technical information from all available sources. The results are startling:

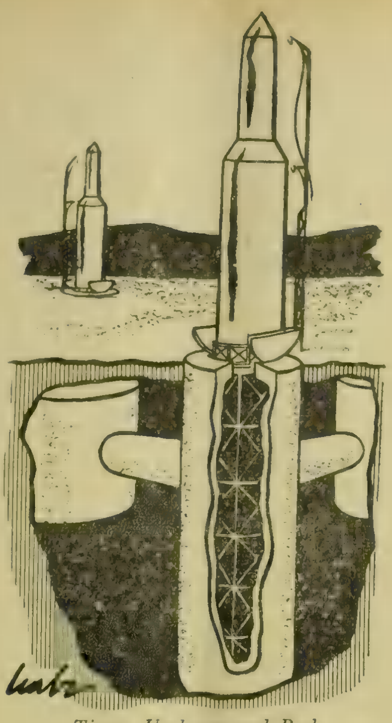
Spokane, Washington, is in the path of prevailing westerly winds. To safeguard Spokane's population from fallout in case of enemy attack on nine neighboring Atlas pads, all the pads should have been constructed east of the city. Instead, six lie on the dangerous *west* side of Spokane!

Cheyenne, Wyoming, is another almost unbelievable example of present siting policies. A total of twenty-four Atlas pads will ring Cheyenne when its large missile complex, based on Warren Air Force Base, is completed. The proper place, meteorologically, for *all* twenty-four was in the open plains to the east. Instead, the sites will so ring Cheyenne that lethal dosages during the first few hours after any attack are almost perfectly guaranteed for the city's civilians, regardless of wind directions.

Topeka, Kansas, is another hot spot. Its Forbes Air Force Base is getting a squadron of nine Atlas missiles — and five of them are being built on the dangerous *west* side of the city. Furthermore, the Topeka missile complex lies less than 100 miles upwind from the populous Kansas City area, creating a hazard for a million Americans.

Plattsburgh, N. Y., scheduled as an ICBM base, presumably will have hardened Atlas sites. Portland and Augusta, Me., will be seriously threatened by the presence of the Plattsburgh base; and even Boston, if the winds were northwest at the time of attack, might be threatened.

RECENTLY Tucson, Arizona, the city in which I and my family live, has been announced as a site for eighteen Titan missile-launchers. The Davis-Monthan Air Force Base will be used for support. Since one SAC B-47 wing was only recently removed from Davis-Monthan, the news of an $80 million construction project was greeted with elation by Tucsonans not familiar with the finer details of nuclear war. A local TV announcer may have put the matter rather more perceptively when he asked whether the news was "a blessing, or a disaster with fringe benefits."


Titan: Underground Pad

It is relevant to examine certain details of the Tucson development. Air Force press releases indicated that here, as elsewhere, the Titans will be dispersed in a *ring* around the city. No hint was given, of course, of the tremendous threat of radioactive fallout that would result from enemy attack. Instead, the Air Force argued that since Tucson was already a prime enemy target due to the nearby SAC base, the Titan bases would create no additional danger. This assertion deserves attention.

ICBM accuracies recently attained by both the United States and Russia imply probable circular errors of only one to two miles, even at a 6,000-mile range. As a result of this great improvement in accuracy, only two or three half-megaton warheads of the type planned, say, for the forthcoming Minuteman ICBM could, in enemy hands, fully neutralize all aircraft on an SAC base that were not airborne at the time of attack. By contrast, the eighteen dispersed Titan silos announced for Tucson will draw something like 100 to 200 megatons of enemy fire. This great increase in megatonnage required to neutralize hardened ICBM bases was stressed by Gen. Thomas Powers, SAC Commander, in a recent New York speech.

How many Tucson citizens will appreciate that their community's target load will go up by a factor of the order of a hundred when the Titans are finally let down into their 160-foot-deep underground tubes? Not many, I fear. And apparently, in other communities similarly threatened, not one. But public ignorance scarcely justifies the failure of the Air Force to speak out forthrightly about the consequences of bringing in fixed-base ICBMs. How, for example, can the Air Force and other federal agencies now set about the urgent task of educating the Tucson citizens in the highly complex civil-defense problems created by the Titans? After all, the Air Force's public attitude all along has been that there is no new danger. The public-relations problem is a vexing one for the Air Force — and a source of grave peril to the citizen.

The Air Force has also been assuring communities getting ICBM bases that they need not worry about "practice firings" of the missiles. That this argument may be part of some kind of do-it-yourself kit for local Air Force public-relations men is more than vaguely suggested by a statement appearing in the January 11 issue of *Missiles and Rockets*:

> A major educational task . . . is that of convincing community leaders of the need for making their town a prime target for enemy attack. A telling argument, particularly in communities accustomed to aircraft noise and associated dangers: there will be no take-offs from the missile base except in anger.

Is this not somewhat like putting a pistol-shooting target near a group of playing children and then telling them and their parents that there is little need to worry since the target is made of non-flammable plastic?

IN OCTOBER last year, before the announcement came that our city was to be made a Titan base, I had protested publicly against the ICBM siting policies. Despite the fact that the fallout problem was explicitly the main point of my protest, the official Air Force reply — distributed by wire to cities all over the country near which ICBM bases are under construction — ignored the fallout question entirely. Why?

The Air Force reply to my October protest hinted at the great need to save money and time in the ICBM-base program. But the actual nature of the program makes these arguments doubtful. For instance, the announcement concerning Tucson stated that construction would begin in about twelve months, and that completion date would be about three years off; so to argue urgency is less than convincing. And why were ICBM bases being put near SAC air bases? The complex launching silos with their cryogenic plants, power plants and elaborate air-conditioned underground control centers have to be built up from scratch, and hence can make little use of SAC facilities. Moreover, a squadron of nine ICBMs is manned by only 500-600 airmen, so personnel-housing burdens are so light that numerous small non-SAC airbases in sparsely populated parts of the West would have served quite well for support. Since missiles just sit and wait for the next war, with no test flights to wear down countless components, remote base areas would pose no insuperable logistic headaches. But even if millions of dollars were saved by using SAC fields as support bases, the savings should be weighed *publicly* against the risk to the human lives involved. Where have these considerations been clearly pointed out by the Air Force?

MANY PERSONS hint at political pressure as the probable explanation for the base locations. It seems likely that pressure — originating with local business interests — has frequently been applied. But it remains an inescapable responsibility of technically informed Air Force representatives to point out to a Congressman that putting an ICBM complex in his district could spell doom for his constituents in event of attack. Where is the evidence that such clarification has ever been provided by the Air Force? Finally, let's assume that the Air Force has explained the extreme dangers involved, and yet has to bow to some Congressman's pressure. It then remains Air Force duty to place the actual launchers where they will do the least harm to civilian survival chances in the face of fallout hazards. Yet almost the opposite seems to be the case. As one of my colleagues put it, the civilian would have come out better if the sites had been determined by picking names out of a hat.

There have appeared vague allusions to the complex problem of selecting sites in terms of soil and terrain requirements. Again the facts argue otherwise. ICBM sites are now being built on solid rock, in deep soil, in dry ground, and in relatively wet soil. An engineer has pointed out to me that when holes have to be dug in solid rock, the excavation costs are high but shoring and concrete-pouring are simple and cheap. On the other hand, when the sites go into deep soil or sand, excavation is cheap, whereas shoring and pouring then run high. The final cost, he noted, runs about the same either way.

EXPERIENCE IN Tucson shows that many laymen feel that there is no point in questioning the placing of ICBM sites near large cities: "We'll all be gone in a minute. anyway, if the U.S. is ever attacked." The prevalence of this notion is simply another measure of the public's ignorance concerning nuclear war. First of all, as Bertrand Russell noted, instant death will be only for the fortunate few. More important, the kind of nuclear war for which these ICBMs are being built may well involve only (or at least chiefly) attacks on the retaliatory machinery itself, and scarcely at all any metropolitan and industrial areas *that are not in the neighborhood of these special targets.* So survival prospects for populations near ICBM bases are quite definitely being reduced by the siting policies in use. And if, by any chance, the Air Force is predicating its siting policies on the assumption that all Americans have written off hope of survival in event of attack, this should be made known publicly. The resulting debate would be interesting.

Persons concerned by the problem of ICBM-base locations will do well to watch the unfolding of a protest movement currently gathering momentum in Tucson. The protest will do no more than ask that the Titans be located well to the *east* of the city. No similar request, to the writer's knowledge, has been made by any other community. Through petitions, talks to civic groups in Tucson and other ways, an attempt will be made to arouse public concern over a problem which the Air Force has not even hinted at in announcing its intent to place two squadrons of Titans in a twenty-mile radius ring around the city. If the protest is unsuccessful, national pressure for action to change the Air Force siting policies will become indispensable. If it is successful, other communities already ringed by ICBMs will wish to ask some pointed questions.

Indeed, considering the time involved in the preparation of these zeroed-in Atlas and Titan bases, it should be asked at Congressional levels why any more such bases should even be started. The Air Force states that the Tucson complex, for example, will not be finished for about three years. The submarine-launched Polaris, the Hound Dog and Skybolt air-launched ballistic missiles, as well as the Minuteman, will all be operational sooner than, or as soon as, the Atlas-Titan bases. The intrinsically high vulnerability of fixed-base ICBMs will make them long-lingering danger spots, sites which an enemy must always try to knock out if he tries to attack our country. The more of these we still have buried around the country after the build-up of our mobile retaliatory force by about 1963-64, the worse off will be our unprotected civilian population.

Clearly, Congress should explore further the logic of all these points. And it should do so immediately, lest hundreds of millions of defense dollars be spent on bull's-eyes — magnetic bull's-eyes drawing heavy enemy fire to those populous areas in which Air Force site-selection groups are now putting our fixed-base ICBMs for reasons that are difficult to understand.

U. N.—Africa Shifts the Balance . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

AFRICA'S "independence explosion" will continue to have repercussions in the U.N. for some time to come. By the end of this year, four new African members will be admitted: Togo (which has just won formal independence), Somalia, Cameroon and Nigeria. British Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo have been promised independence. Mali (Senegal plus the Sudanese Republic) and the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) may soon make a break with France to follow Guinea's example into complete autonomy, and in their wake may follow other restive members of the French Community in Africa. "The wind of change" that Prime Minister Macmillan said is "blowing through the continent" will some day sweep Sierra Leone, Kenya and the Central African Federation out of the British Colonial Office into the U.N. Also in the path of the wind are Portuguese Angola, Mozambique and Guinea.

By 1970, the African continent may swell the ranks of the U.N. to a hundred members. The effect of the addition of twenty names to the Assembly roll call is preoccupying everyone here from Secretary General Hammarskjold to the guards who hoist the flags outside the Secretariat building. Sharing the concern are the U.N. delegations — and particularly that of the United States. Will the new members vote with the anti-Western bloc? How will the colonial powers adjust to the situation? Will Latin America decide that its place is with the "have-nots" and abandon its heretofore dominant ties with the West? What will the development mean to the U.N. itself?

Some Western statesmen here find the answers disheartening. They predict that the new members will join the anti-colonial Afro-Asian bloc, which together with the nine-nation Soviet group will then constitute an indisputable majority. They foresee the fragmentation of the Latin American bloc into "neutralists" and Afro-Asian partisans. All of this, they say, will work to the advantage of the Soviet Union. The effect will be seen not only in the voting on specific issues, but in the diminishing prestige of the U.N. For they believe that the Western powers — particularly the United States — will lose faith in the organization once they are in a minority position, and tend more and more to negotiate outside that body. The U.N. will become increasingly what its detractors are already calling it: a glorified "soap box."

THE pessimists see no escape from this dark future. History, in their interpretation, has betrayed the U.N. The organization's Founding Fathers acted on the erroneous assumption that the post-World War II world, fundamentally, would remain the same Western-oriented world of the League of Nations. Even though the USSR was already recognized as a great and growing power in 1945, and stirrings were evident in Asia and Africa, the statesmen who gathered in San Francisco could not have foreseen the profundity of the East-West cleavage, nor how quickly Western colonialism was to come to an end. Moreover, the pessimists point out, the headlong rush of colonies toward independence before they are economically viable and politically mature makes for unstable governments that are ripe for Communist exploitation.

But the Cassandras who are thinking this way are in a minority here. The following is a consensus of the more optimistic thinking that is going on, both in the Secretariat and among many delegations, Western included.

It is admitted that the new members will gravitate toward the anti-colonial bloc, where they will find natural allies who share a common background of struggle — first for independence, then for social and economic evolution. But this prospect, say the optimists, is not necessarily a frightening one.

For one thing, the death of colonialism must ultimately mean the death of anti-colonialism as a uniting force. Regional problems are already arising to disturb the ties which formerly bound together the victims of imperialism, colonial type. Despite much Pan-African talk, Africa today is far from united. Publicly, Ghana holds hands with Guinea, but in private Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah and Guinea's Sekou Touré wrangle over their respective roles in the political and economic future of the continent. On October 1 Nigeria, seven times the size of neighboring Ghana, and with a population more than seven times greater, will become independent — another huge X to be added to the power equation. The entrance of Kenya's dynamic Tom Mboya and Tanganyika's ambitious Julius Nyerere into the power arena, when their countries become independent, will put additional strains upon friendships formed in the camaraderie of the struggle for independence. The United Arab Republic's tentative offers of Moslem Pan-Nasserism has little attraction for Black Africa.

As for Asia, dominated by the specter of a Communist China, there is a strong probability that it will evolve into a neutralism independent of East and West on the one hand, and of Africa on the other.

In fine, many U.N. experts foresee that the Afro-Asian bloc will gradually break up into new formations based on changing political and economic conditions.

Without doubt, an enlarged Af-

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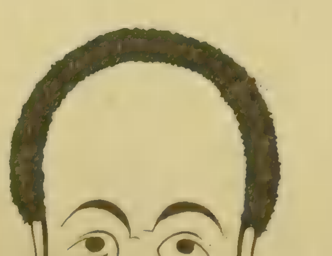
rican contingent in the U.N. will increase the fragmentation already apparent in the twenty-nation Latin American bloc. True, on issues vital to the West and to the United States especially, Latin American support is generally forthcoming (though often reluctantly). On other issues, the West has long since lost assurance of this support. Though Latin American delegates sometimes put themselves in an "economically underdeveloped" category in discussions here, they are really in an intermediate stage between underdeveloped and industrialized, and their votes often reflect the degree of their domestic evolution. Fiercely proud of their own hard-won independence, they are wary of pressures that smack of the "big stick." And their own history leads them into fervent support of every African drive toward independence, and of every proposal to assist new countries striving for social and economic progress. This has put them into frequent opposition both to the European colonial powers and their NATO partner, the United States.

In the Fourteenth General Assembly, increased Latin American defections from the United States camp were largely on resolutions dealing with Africa's future. In 1958, Cuba voted fifty-four times with the United States, thirty-seven times against, abstained twelve times; last fall, the total was: thirteen times with the United States, thirty-seven against, twenty-seven abstentions. Cuba's increased defections were not surprising, coinciding as they did with Castro's emergence. But in the same session of the U.N., Cuba was joined by Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Honduras and Panama in voting less often with the United States than in the preceding session.



Ghana's Nkrumah

Of course, the role of the USSR and its eight "captive" delegations as stentorian spokesmen for the colonial peoples will not soon be forgotten by the new members. With nothing to lose and a stake in Africa's future to gain, the Soviet Union has voted almost unswervingly with the Afro-Asian bloc against the colonial powers. Up to a point, the Kremlin can expect to reap a harvest of gratitude from the U.N.'s new African members.

THE USE of voting records as the only criteria for judging a country's policy is, of course, somewhat perilous. There is often much more behind an "aye" or a "nay" than meets the eye. Domestic policies play an enormous and often ambiguous role in international decisions. Log-rolling is not unknown; the promise of a dam or a new loan has been known to change a "no" to an abstention, at the very least. Mr. Hammarskjold noted in his "Introduction to the Annual Report of the Secretary General on the Work of the Organization" (June 16, 1958-June 15, 1959):

> . . . Whatever legal standing the Charter may provide for the results of the votes, the significance of these results requires further analysis before a political evaluation is possible. This observation applies to the composition of majorities and minorities as well as to the substance of resolutions. These resolutions often reflect only part of what has, in fact, emerged from the deliberations and what, therefore, is likely to remain as an active element in future developments.

Nevertheless, if the public image cast by the U.N. is to be assessed at all, it must be when the countries stand up and are counted. On that basis, the USSR gained an advantage over the United States during Africa's period of political evolution by voting unswervingly on the side of the Africans.

But the Western optimists do not find this shifting balance of voting power to be a threat either to the U.N. or to the United States, the largest contributor and indispensable supporter of the world body. To the contrary, they are convinced that the larger U.N. will be stronger because it will more truly reflect the political realities of the postwar world. There are still great gaps in U.N. membership (Communist China, Germany, Korea and Vietnam), but millions more people now have a direct voice in the world body than in 1945, and U.N. prestige has gained, not lost, by these additions. As for a threat to the United States, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge told the Tenth Annual Conference of National Organizations recently:

> As we look ahead it seems certain that the United Nations will remain what diplomats call a "power fact," with which countries have to cope whether they like it or not. There is certainly no reason to fear its growth. For us it is a priceless asset and an unceasing opportunity. . . . Our foreign policy must have more than physical strength, vital though it is. It must also have great and magnanimous purposes, and it must find ways to express those purposes so that the peoples of the world will understand and welcome them. Economic cooperation through the United Nations is, pre-eminently, such a way. Indeed, it can be one of the indispensable ingredients of peace on earth.

The key word in Mr. Lodge's statement is "economic," and his statement not only foreshadows a shift in U.S. policy toward the U.N., but reflects the increasing weight that economic issues have already begun to assume in the U.N. itself. The change is not surprising. Three-fourths of the world's peoples who now live in poverty are determined to better their condition, and most of them are, or soon will be, represented in the world body, and it is natural that they should turn to it for help.

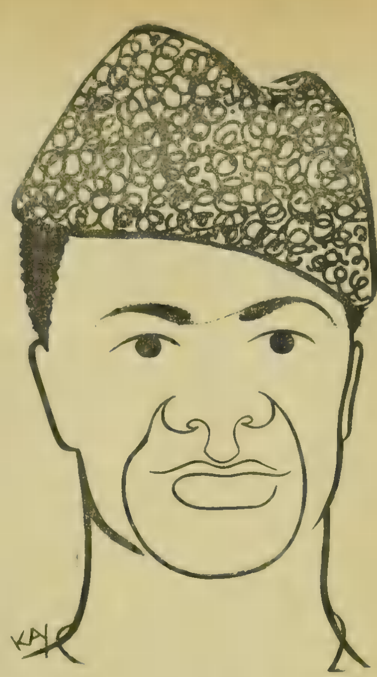
The U.N. Secretariat is already setting the stage for this changing role. The Secretary General's swing through Africa this past winter convinced him — if he needed convincing — that the steady and peaceful evolution of Africa from colonial status into viable, stable entities is imperative for the maintenance of international peace and security — the primary responsibility of the U.N. Again and again, Hammarskjold heard pleas in Africa for assistance — with no political strings attached. "We do not want to exchange our old bosses for new," African leaders told him. "Give us men to help us build up our educational systems, our communications, our industries. Give us financial assistance." Little enough can be done immediately. The U.N. has no capital-development fund and its excellent technical-assistance program is limited by lack of money. But the groundwork is being laid now for greatly expanded facilities with which to meet the needs of the new, struggling nations.

ALREADY U.N. expenditures for Africa have risen from $1,800,000 in 1952 to $5,000,000 this year; the budget for next year will be still higher. The U.N. Special Fund, which concentrates on resource surveys and development programs leading to profitable private investment, will pay greater attention to African needs. OPEX, the U.N. program which provides experts to fill executive positions until local personnel has been trained, will be expanded. Secretary Hammarskjold will ask the General Assembly for a "crash fund," which he will administer himself, to aid countries such as Laos, whose tottering economic and political structure may endanger peace in a potentially explosive area.

These are small steps, perhaps, but they are preparing the way for the giant stride that the West, with the United States in the lead, must inevitably take if Africa's problems are to be solved. This is recognition on the part of the industrialized Western nations that it is to their advantage to channel a large part of their assistance to underdeveloped countries through the U.N.; in other words, to back with banknotes the words of Ambassador Lodge.

Lodge is but one of a growing chorus of Americans calling for use of the U.N. in massive aid programs. Mason Sears, United States delegate to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, who returned recently from his ninth visit to the African continent, urged —as he has often done in the past— that increased U.S. economic aid to Africa be channeled through the U.N. Paul Hoffman, Managing Director of the U.N. Special Fund, does so eloquently in his booklet, *One Hundred Countries — One and One-quarter Billion People* [see "The Hoffman Plan," by Jane Stolle, *The Nation*, March 26]. Presidential candidates give lip service, at least, to the idea. Slowly, traditional U.S. objections to multilateral aid are breaking down. No, the USSR would not be "spending our money for us," forcing aid to go where we don't want it to go. Any aid administered by the Special Fund, for instance, must go through the hands of an eighteen-nation Governing Council — and seventeen of these nations are "friendly" to the United States. The USSR, though vociferous in supporting the underdeveloped countries' plea for a U.N. capital development fund, now puts up only a thirtieth of what the United States contributes to the U.N. Technical Assistance Program. The Kremlin says it will open its purse further only when disarmament is achieved. But faced with a full-scale multilateral-aid program, the Soviet Union will have to put up more, or shut up. Facts and figures flood daily from the U.N.; the underdeveloped countries will not be unaware of the original sources of multilateral aid — given without political strings and in a manner favoring no particular donor.

ECONOMIC aid must be accompanied by what Secretary Hammarskjold calls "moral support"—support for the principle of self-determination, for social advancement, for racial equality. The underdeveloped countries are tired not only of being hungry, but of being treated like poor relations. Optimists at the U.N. see a healthy change coming over the world body in this respect, particularly on the part of the United States. Until recently, U.S. policy toward Africa in the U.N. was one of complete loyalty to the European colonial powers. In a basic statement of the American position as of November, 1953, Assistant Secretary of State Byroade pleaded for frankness


Guinea's Touré

> . . . in recognizing our stake in the strength and stability of certain European nations . . . which will probably represent, for many years to come, the major source of free-world defensive power outside our own. We cannot blindly disregard their side of the colonial question without injury to our own security.

But now that the Republic of Togo will be speaking with her own voice, instead of through the Quai d'Orsay, and Ghana and Guinea and Somalia have found their tongues, American ears are proving more sympathetic to their cause.

THE most important breakthrough in our attitude was on the question of apartheid in the Union of South Africa. Until March, 1959, we had maintained that the problem of racial segregation in that country was a "domestic" matter, and had voted—along with the United Kingdom—against a resolution opposing it. To the great satisfaction of the Afro-Asian group, we finally reversed our position, going so far as to work actively in the Security Council last April for an Ecuador-sponsored resolution which "deplored" the outbreaks near Capetown and Johannesburg and requested the Secretary General to "make arrangements" to provide that the U.N. Charter be upheld. The vote was 9-0, with Britain and France abstaining. On another resolution, urging the holding of *pourparlers* with a view to arriving at a peaceful solution of the Algerian war on the basis of the right of self-determination, the United States abstained. But the Afro-Asian bloc considered this a victory for their side, inasmuch as in the past the United States had stood with France in opposition to the same resolution.

So, the optimists feel, the United States is at last getting "on top of the story." And since the story of the next decade in the U.N. will be the effect of the underdeveloped world on that organization, the U.S. position—the position of the so-called leader of the free world—is all-important. Both the United States and the U.N. still have a long way to go. But a United Nations more soundly based on political realities than it was in 1945 will be better equipped to handle the questions that come before it—whether they have to do with peace or with prosperity.

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

NEW MAN on the CAMPUS . .

by Warren S. Smith

HISTORICALLY the arts have generally been welcome in the academic community, but usually either as guests or as specimens. The arts could be entertained or studied there, but it was not assumed that the university was to provide a home for the artist himself: hence, "art historian" as opposed to "artist"; "drama" as opposed to "theatre"; "musicology" as opposed to "music." These lines are too fine, and many a university theorist (like Lessing) has crossed over. Nevertheless, I think it is a fair historical statement that the scholarly community has been officially interested in the arts only *after the fact.* In 1921, poet-playwright Percy MacKaye was noting that "the universities . . . still concern themselves almost wholly with the exposition or historical criticism of literature, poetry, drama, painting, sculpture," and inquired: "If it be worth while for a university to provide opportunity to study a living author's work, may it not be equally worth while to provide opportunity for the author to create it?"

MacKaye was himself the first of a series of resident artists, the recipient of one of the Fellowships in Creative Art initiated by President R. M. Hughes of Miami University (Oxford, Ohio). Hughes, a visionary, had proposed the previous year at the National Association of State Universities the establishing of such fellowships at, perhaps, a hundred institutions in America, with each Fellow's sole obligation simply to live in the academic community and create works in his own field.

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Both Miami and nearby Western College have been faithful to this tradition in their fashion. The novelist, Walter Havighurst, is the latest of Percy MacKaye's successors and has supplied further commentary in *The Miami Years* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1958). Miami also supports a composer in residence (Edward Gould Meade) who is "exempt from the system." But the "research professorship" which Mr. Havighurst now holds, like most such arrangements, as we shall see, falls somewhat short of Hughes's ideal in that it requires part-time teaching.

NEITHER did the hundred fellowships in themselves materialize, but the general change in the artistic atmosphere of the American campus would have been unimaginable in 1920, as a survey I have just made for *The Nation* clearly indicates. The change is not complete, but it has advanced beyond any turning back, and the process of it has taken on distinctive American characteristics, wholly unassociated with Old World precedents.

Responses to my questionnaire indicate that the transformation is more or less general across the nation, giving evidence, at long last, of the hoped-for decentralization and dissemination of the arts throughout the land, whereas a mere two or three decades ago the arts were largely bound to the theatres, opera houses, museums and private collections of the big cities, principally the older cities of the East Coast. Significant portions of the American artistic product can now be seen and heard on dozens of campuses that hardly follow any geographical pattern.

The "road," which theatrical producers had almost completely lost in the early 30s as an aftermath of the introduction of sound movies, is in process of being reborn in a new form via university campuses, more and more of which boast physical facilities far beyond the physical and economical reach of New York's antiquated theatre section. There are not yet enough superior facilities to make genuine touring of elaborate productions feasible, but the time is obviously coming. In the meantime, solo performers and touring companies of modest scenic investiture are finding the campus circuit profitable. Sir John Gielgud, as a case in point, perfected his *Ages of Man* performances on this route. The eminent director, Tyrone Guthrie, has even expressed some desire to settle down away from the professional theatre centers, and the two university towns of Minneapolis and Ann Arbor are currently vying for the privilege of accommodating him.

The kind of arts center which

seemed so revolutionary at the State University of Iowa in the thirties has ceased to be a surprising phenomenon. Even the Ivy League, traditionally distrustful of the arts as non-intellectual, is yielding. Yale's School of Drama has always been regarded as a special case, but artists in residence have become part of the regular pattern of Princeton, which has had a creative arts program, under a Carnegie grant, since 1939; and composer Roger Sessions, though not regarded as an artist in residence, occupies an endowed professional chair there. Now Harvard plans a new visual arts center to be designed by Le Corbusier.

There are at least thirty-five academic departments in the United States which refer to their creative artists, either frankly or euphemistically, as artists in residence, resident artists, resident playwrights, etc., and a good many state approval of the idea and have plans for the future.

IN EVERY case it is difficult to judge how much of the creative output is underwritten consciously by the university and how much is a voluntary addition to the teaching faculty's work-load. Most difficult of all to assess at a distance is that of creative writing — although it is probable that colleges and universities have more traffic with creative writers than with any other type of creative artist. The writer's primary tool is language, and he is more likely to be part scholar. Or, where creativity is not popular with the administration, it is easier to *pretend* a writer is part scholar, and so conceal him in the mass of scholars where he doesn't show! This expedient, one gathers, becomes less and less necessary. William Faulkner, at the University of Virginia, is certainly the most eminent resident novelist. But the University of Michigan (to cite only a single example) has had a series of creative writers in residence since the twenties, usually for a single semester each, and including such names as Robert Frost, Katherine Anne Porter, Elmer Rice and (currently being invited) Lillian Hellman.

Even in the non-literary arts, the term "artist in residence" has limited significance. The work done by practicing faculty members is of increasingly high caliber, often as high as could be expected from an artist employed specifically to be "in residence." The total number of resident artists, therefore, even if it were known, would in no way indicate the extent to which the arts are really *resident* in the American university scene in the sense that practicing artists have in some measure found their home there. Certainly there are dozens, probably hundreds, of competent creative artists in the university faculties for every one who receives support nominally for being "in residence." Raymond J. Eastwood, Chairman of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Kansas, feels that a much more important factor than the resident artist, at least in the trans-Mississippi area, is "the professional school, attached to a state university and staffed, primarily, with professional artists."

On the other hand, a title such as "artist in residence" does indicate a frank commitment on the part of the institution, often with pride (sometimes, we may suspect, even with snobbery), to support an artist for the sake of what he produces. This is true even though the resident artist may, as it turns out, teach, say, half time, and so have no more real subsidy than many a practicing faculty member. The decision to engage an artist in residence must be considered, then, a qualitative rather than quantitative commitment on the part of a university to the support of an artist *as such.*

Where the term "artist in residence" is specifically *not* used, two quite divergent points of view present themselves. The one is an assumption that the university administration would be unwilling to accept publicly the responsibility of supporting the artist unless he could be employed ostensibly as a teacher — in which case his creative talents would also be welcome. The other (with a suppressed injured outcry) would have us know that the university has advanced *beyond* the artist-in-residence concept to the point where all staff members are employed primarily on the basis of their creative output and it would be unfair to give a special label to any of them. Robert L. Iglehart, Chairman of the Department of Art at University of Michigan's College of Architecture and Design, explains: "I regard the artist-in-residence arrangement as a transitional one, associated with the period prior to real acceptance of art as a 'respectable' discipline. I regard all of our staff as artists in residence." He seems to voice the sentiments as well of the art departments at Ohio University, Indiana University, Kansas University, Tulane, University of Florida, and University of Texas; and the music schools of the University of Illinois and Oberlin College.

In all but a half-dozen cases where the "residence" label *is* given to the artist, he has achieved recognition, sometimes amounting to international fame, before his appointment, thus bringing a measure of prestige with him. Though the advantages of a "name" artist are obvious, one must admire the few departments which make a policy of providing publicized opportunities for limited periods to those who need it most. Stanford speech and drama department has both a "senior" and a "junior" artist, the latter being a promising unknown. The University of Virginia Art Department also has embarked on a program involving an unrecognized resident artist.

WHEN IT comes down to the actual situation, almost all the artists, to earn their salt, are expected to give some service in addition to their creative contributions to society. Only a bare sprinkling of them are completely free to reside and create: University of Virginia; Miami University of Oxford, Ohio; Indiana University; Stanford; Dartmouth. Most of the others are considerably more free to work on their own than are their conventionally employed colleagues.

Most of them teach — some at their own request. Classes are usually, though not always, graduate or upper-level. A series of public lectures, demonstrations, concerts, or recitals is often expected. Performing musicians usually give some private lessons. Almost all are available for consultation by advanced students. A few even serve on faculty committees.

When these duties amount, as they do in nearly 50 per cent of the cases, to half a "normal load," one may properly suspect the title of "resident artist" of being a euphemism, for many a conventionally employed professor in the art areas can claim as much creative freedom as this. Nevertheless, most of these positions appear to be meaningful in the amount of opportunity they have given for unhampered work.

Within the academic framework the resident artists may be regarded as being well paid. Half of them are paid the salaries of at least full professors — in a couple of isolated cases substantially more. Surprisingly, and in my opinion, encouragingly, almost all resident artists are paid out of regular salary budgets. Here and there are an endowed chair (as at Princeton in music), a Rockefeller or Carnegie grant (University of Alaska), but by and large the new American subsidy of the artist is being paid for by the university itself, which means, in many cases, indirectly by the state. Budget pinches are therefore reflected in the program. At Stanford, since the university discontinued a special grant, artists in residence have been supported out of the theatre box office. The University of Arkansas has had to abandon its visiting-artist program altogether.

Most of the appointments are not of a permanent nature. Moreover the sentiment expressed by department heads is against regular tenure. An artist who "resides" too long is almost bound to provoke some jealousy from the regular staff; whereas a short-term association, especially with a "name" artist, often seems to be a real morale-builder—"a shot in the arm," as one educator put it. A full university term is the most common. At Princeton a tenure of from one to three years is established. Some stay only a semester or for an even briefer period. The University of Georgia has a long roster of eminent artists, each of whom has been engaged for only a week. At the University of Delaware a string quartet arrives every weekend and stays for Monday music appreciation classes. Boston University invites Broadway directors to direct an occasional play. These short-term visitors are naturally variants of the procedures already generalized.

EXCEPT FOR TENURE, the resident artist's terms of employment resemble the regular staff member's. Since his field of interest is highly specialized and his stay relatively brief, his participation in campus life outside his own area is likely to be merely polite. Within the department, however, the artist must be accessible to students. I gather from the tone of my respondents that this accessibility is perhaps the one requirement almost universally enforced.

Departmental comments point to other benefits of artist-in-residence programs: stimulation, prestige, exploitation via TV, rise of enrollment, attraction of better students, free concerts, status-relationships with those who supply the money — these are the expressed or implicit rewards of the investment, from little Langston University, which is currently basking in the presence of the poet laureate of Liberia, to the University of California at Berkeley, which is welcoming the renowned French motion picture director, Jean Renoir, as a "Regents Professor of English and Dramatic Art."

But there is one particularly disturbing problem resulting from the fusion of the artist into the academic community. I suppose there is hardly a graduate school in the country that has not by this time debated the problem of equating creative work with scholarly work in evaluating advanced academic degrees. Stephen C. Pepper (in the *College Art Journal*, Spring, 1952) states the case succinctly: "A Ph.D. is no indication of an artist's achievement, and it is far better not to give such a degree than to allow the impression to get around that it signifies something it cannot possibly mean." In a similar frame of mind, the Midwestern College Art Conference at its 23rd Annual Meeting last October resolved "that the M. F. A. be considered the terminal degree for teachers of studio courses" and that "the Ph.D. or other doctoral degrees are not appropriate ways of measuring success in creative fields." The resolution specifically requested that the academic degree should not influence appointments, promotions or tenure. The problem continues to be faced in different ways. At Vanderbilt University since early in the century it has been the policy to engage two creative writers on its English staff who, although they are regular professional appointments, are officially excused from the degree-race. Miss Clare Fontanini, sculptor and head of Art at Catholic University, asserts that equality of artists and scholars is the policy of her university; but if this is so in practice as well as "policy" it presents a rare exception.

THE DIFFICULTIES of the arts in finding a secure academic niche need not obscure the benefits of campus artists or their significance in terms of an emergent cultural pattern. It would be a mistake, I think, to assume that the artist himself receives merely an endowed period of time and freedom from the pressures of commercialization. There are other advantages. The vastly improved theatre facilities on many campuses have already been mentioned. Some institutions offer, as well, "the best existing recording equipment," and studio conditions and equipment that are close to ideal. There are trained (and increasingly mature) students to perform the play that is written; instrumentalists and trained voices to perform the musical composition. There are skilled directors, conductors, designers, technicians. There are handsome galleries to display the graphic and plastic pieces. Best of all there are increasingly intelligent and critical viewers and audiences, and the fellowship of professional colleagues. And the resident artist may be expected to recognize the well-oiled publicity lines that fan out from university departments of public relations!

A cautious word should be added about the supposed "freedom" that the artist has on a campus. Is it real or illusory? Certainly it is real in the sense that he may choose both styles and subject matter without regard to market-place values. But we have already noted that the artist invited to be resident has usually already achieved that much. Whether he would be, in every case, equally free from political or moralistic pressures is extremely doubtful. It is difficult to assemble evidence, except after-the-fact, on this problem. Few institutions, one can surmise, would harbor for long a poet or playwright who found cause to sing paeans to the glory of communism. Some might even glower at strong criticism. One can only conclude that the artist would have the same measure of freedom in these matters as the institution allows his colleagues on the faculty, and this has been shown to be a highly variable quality across the full spectrum of the American scene.

EVENTUALLY it may become clear that the most significant part of the revolution herein described is not the change in educational policy and practice, but the change in the status of the arts themselves. In our times the arts have come upon dismal days. Universally disseminated through mass media, all but the most esoteric expressions of the human spirit run headlong into the question: Will it sell goods?

Even in their past history, the arts have nearly always been stepchildren, either unwanted or spoiled. So now the lure of an independent and meaningful life on a university campus, with a measure of security and freedom, is not being regarded lightly. The stakes are high. And the American university is "type cast" as the rescuer that will scoop up the arts from the precipice of mass-exploitation and carry them off, at long last, to their lost home. We are conditioned, however, to treat all rescuers on white horses with appropriate skepticism, especially when the hero's credentials, as in this case, are not flawless.

In the process of becoming secure and respectable the arts may go sterile. They may become academic. They may become one more additional kind of snobbery for the "diploma elite." Within sheltered halls they may lose their contact with the everyday world and become effete.

But we are a romantic people, and we have really no choice but to take the chance. For the reward, if we win it, will be — we cannot say a *renaissance*, since the fusion we hope for has never yet been in civilization as we know it. We must say, then, not a *new birth*, but a *birth of something new*, which is far more exciting.

And After de Gaulle? . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

SO FRANCE'S "globe-trotting President" is back home once again after his triumphal tour of London, Ottawa, Washington, New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Martinique, Guadaloupe, etc. And many Frenchmen are slightly puzzled by the warmth with which he was greeted in some of these places, especially Britain and the United States. Did not these "foreigners" look at their distinguished visitor somewhat differently from the way in which he is today regarded in France?

It would be wrong to suggest, of course, that de Gaulle's personal prestige and popularity have seriously declined here, or that a large part of French opinion does not continue to feel grateful to him for having averted, in 1958, the real danger of the Algiers military and Fascist putsch extending to France itself. No doubt, too, it is realized here that the Fifth Republic can claim a few solid, positive achievements: a healthier currency, a bigger international prestige (thanks to de Gaulle personally), a normalization of relations between France and the various parts of Black Africa now forming part of the "community"; the maintenance of a fairly high economic standard inside France. But these positive achievements are offset by a number of very troublesome problems, chief of which, needless to say, continues to be the Algerian war. In 1958 a large part of liberal opinion in France supported de Gaulle in the firm belief that he would, sooner or later, end this war. There were times when hopes ran high that the end was in sight; but each time the Army seems to have had the last word, and the end is no more in sight today than it was two years ago. Some Army leaders have even revived the fear that, with their "right of pursuit," they may extend the war to Tunisia. Meanwhile horrible things continue to happen in Algeria, not least among them the various "*camps d'hébergement*," in which 1,500,000 Algerian men, women and children are now "living"—often in quite appalling conditions. Recently even so pro-Government a paper as *France Soir* published some terrifying details on these camps.

In France itself, the President and the Government are armed with virtually unlimited special and emergency powers. It may be argued, of course, that these are not yet being abused; and yet, all kinds of disturbing "little" things are reported to be happening: stories of an "auxiliary" police force composed of Moslems alleged to be operating in the 13th district of Paris, complete with beatings-up and torture chambers to which Algerian "suspects" are dragged at night. Recently again a number of papers (notably *France-Observateur* and *L'Express*) were confiscated on dubious pretexts; a journalist, M. Arnaud, was arrested after publishing in a pro-Government paper (which was *not* confiscated) an account of a clandestine

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press conference given by a M. Jeanson, a pro-Algerian-rebel writer against whom a warrant had been issued; Arnaud was arrested for not reporting Jeanson to the police immediately. *Le Monde* reported the other day (without being contradicted) that a new press law is being seriously considered by the Government with a view to silencing criticism almost completely.

WHO IS ruling France? Last week, *Le Monde's* political editor, M. P. Viansson-Ponté, wrote a remarkable series of articles called "The Republic of Silence," in which he described how France is being ruled "from behind closed doors." While it is true, according to this account, that de Gaulle issues "general directives" on certain subjects such as Algeria (and these are not always obeyed), a constant squabble for supremacy is also going on. Thus the *Monde* writer draws special attention to the fact that there is serious rivalry between what is called "the Right Bank" (i.e. de Gaulle's secretariat at the Elysée Palace on the Right Bank of the Seine) and the various committees and technicians centered on the Premier's residence, the Hotel Matignon, on the Left Bank. M. Debré's personal loyalty to General de Gaulle is not questioned, but there appears to be a singular lack of co-ordination between the Elysée and many of the men surrounding the Premier.

Why all these strange goings-on? The answer seems to be that "the battle for the succession" has already begun. At a recent meeting of the U.N.R.—de Gaulle's party—the possibility of the President's sudden death—politically called "brutal disappearance"—was openly discussed; and in the industrial weekly *Entreprise*, M. Albin Chalandon, one of the party's leading lights, bluntly wrote that things would be greatly simplified if de Gaulle frankly stated whom he considered his most suitable successor! And already the tongues are wagging, and it is suggested that, under a Constitutional revision, the creation of a Vice President should be seriously considered.

Thus behind the scenes the battle for the succession is already being fought. There seems very little doubt that the real battle will ultimately take the form of a clash between two major right-wing forces: the powerful technocracy now grouped round U.N.R. leaders like Debré, Chalandon, Chaban-Delmas and other "moderate Gaullists" and, on the other hand, a large part of the "classical" Right—probably including M. Pinay—and allied with the "ultras" of Algiers and Paris, including men like Soustelle and Bidault. And again the No. 1 question will be which of these two forces will enjoy the fullest support of the Army and the police.

And what about the French Left—has it no chance? Here the time factor is of supreme importance. If de Gaulle were to disappear soon, nothing could stop one of the forces of the Right taking over; if, on the other hand, the Fifth Republic lasts long enough to create a sharp mass movement in favor of a return to a more "normal" type of democracy, then the Left might be given a chance to return to power. Yet even then a solid Left would be scarcely conceivable unless a *modus vivendi* were reached between the Communist and the non-Communist Left.

DOES NIXON PLAY the GAME? . . *by Joel Feinberg*

IF A MAN in private life is accused of lying, cheating, breaking promises or ruthlessly seeking to destroy the reputation of innocent men, he is expected to reply in one of four ways. He might deny the facts ("I was misquoted"; "I could not have done that, for I was in Europe at the time"); or he might admit his guilt, apologize and beg forgiveness; or he might defend himself by justifying his behavior ("I said what I knew to be false, but it wasn't—strictly speaking—a lie; rather it was the right and proper thing to do in the circumstance"); or, finally, he might offer an *excuse.*

Excuses can be divided into two groups: those which completely defeat the ascription of responsibility ("I did it all right and it was wrong, but I was sick and didn't realize what I was doing"; "Someone had a gun at my back"; "I was only two and a half years old at the time"), and those which diminish the degree of responsibility by citing mitigating or extenuating circumstances. (Consider, for example, the statement which has been attributed to Richard Nixon: "All I can say is that I was very young and very ambitious. . . .")

If the situation is less clear in politics, it is because there is little agreement about what sort of consideration constitutes an acceptable *excuse.* When a politician is accused of deceit, there are always many who find a mitigation, if not a total excuse, in the very nature of his vocation. Thus, politicians tend to be excused for offenses which would not be tolerated if committed by ordinary men in private life.

A familiar response to the moral condemnation of a political leader's conduct is: "Yes, of course he lied and cheated, but after all, you must remember *he is in politics*—what did you expect?" It is the alleged relevance and legitimacy of precisely this response which is so confusing to most of us. Is it intended as an apology, an excuse, or a mitigation? Is it relevant at all? Does it have at least some force?

During the coming year, especially if Richard Nixon is a Presidential candidate, concern with these questions is likely to be greater than at any time since the age of Progressives, Populists and the muckrakers. No other successful politician in recent years has acquired such widespread and bitter enmity in both

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parties as Mr. Nixon. As a Congressman, he perfected the techniques of legislative inquisition and trial by headline and used them with more personal profit than any of his confreres. No one has used the "soft on communism" charge, or the insinuation of treason with greater effectiveness. He has been accused of smearing Jerry Voorhis, of framing Helen Gahagan Douglas, of breaking a solemn pledge to Governor Earl Warren; he has been charged with abusive and dishonest personal attacks on Adlai Stevenson.

Many supporters of Mr. Nixon will simply deny these charges. Others will concede that he was guilty of certain indiscretions, but argue that, since he is now a "new man," he deserves another chance. Others will urge that his youth and inexperience were extenuating circumstances. With these types of defense I am not presently concerned. Of far greater importance in the long run is the defense which will *not* be made by Mr. Nixon's official spokesmen. I refer to the "realistic" argument that the political game itself provides a total excuse for forms of shysterism which would be inexcusable in private life.

I happen to believe that if a man has advanced himself by unscrupulous double-dealing and cruel deception, then that fact is a very good reason—a quite sufficient reason—for not electing him President of the United States, regardless of his administrative capabilities, his energy and his other political virtues. To express this opinion nowadays is almost certainly to evoke the "Yes, but after all, he is in politics" response. It is said that politics is a rough-and-tumble, inevitably dirty "game," that the greatest political achievements have been the work of men with "dirty hands."

PERHAPS the best way to reply to these claims is to accept the metaphor of the "rough-and-tumble game," and then compare carefully our moral responses to such games with our moral responses to the "game" of democratic politics. The metaphor is a peculiarly appropriate one, I think, for two reasons. First of all, politics, like such bruising body-contact games as football and ice hockey, is a highly competitive activity in which a team is not likely to win unless it is "aggressive" and highly "charged up." Second, both politics and games are forms of rule-governed activity.

Now, I suspect that behind the usual appeal to the metaphor of the "political game" is the assumption that, in certain highly competitive forms of human activity, the rules which govern ordinary "private" life must, from the very nature of the case, be suspended, and in their place be substituted rules of narrower scope peculiar to the activity in question—the "rules of the game."

That this assumption is a mistake, though a very natural one, can be seen, I think, if we list the various kinds of rules which do govern such games as hockey and football. There are at least four of them:

1. Rules of Skill. These are tactical or strategic rules of the sort Kant called "hypothetical imperatives." They all have the form: "If you wish to win without cheating, then you had better do so-and-so." Examples of such rules are "Never turn your back on your opponent" in boxing, and "Keep your left arm stiff" in golf. Analogous in the grand old game of politics are the rules prescribing blue shirts for television appearances and regular Sunday church attendance by Presidential candidates.

2. Constitutive Rules. These constitute part of the very definition of a game. In effect, these rules make a game the game it is, and not some other game. The constitutive rules of ice hockey specify that the game is played on ice by two teams of six players, each of whom must wear ice skates. It is impossible to "violate" these rules and still play ice hockey; for a "violator" would, by definition, simply be playing some other game.

The constitutive rules of the "game" of American politics include those which specify terms of office, how candidates are to be nominated, how votes are to be counted, and so on. If we adopt a rule allowing our President to hold his office for life and then pass it on by primogeniture, then "by definition," we will no longer be playing the grand old American political game.

3. Regulative Rules. While not part of the definition of the game, they regulate the playing by proscribing certain moves. Such rules are "legislated" by rule makers, and are in fact changed from time to time. Their purpose is to make the game a better game on the whole. More often than not they have penalties or forfeitures attached to them and are enforced by officials—umpires, judges and referees. Typical examples: the offside rules in hockey and football, the balk rule in baseball, the pass-interference rule in football.

There is an important point to notice about regulative rules. In games with referees and judges, a player can deliberately infringe a regulative rule without necessarily subjecting himself to the charge of "cheating," without incurring any moral guilt, without doing anything which is in the slightest degree morally offensive or blameworthy. A pass defender in football is forbidden by a regulative rule from blocking, holding, pushing, or even touching an opposing pass catcher, except unintentionally in the process of trying to catch the ball himself. Suppose, however, that the pass catcher, through clever feinting, has managed to elude our pass defender, so that he is now "in the clear," with nothing to do but catch the pass and trot a few more yards for a touchdown. The only way our pass defender can prevent the other team from scoring a touchdown is by deliberately and "illegally" interfering with the pass catcher; and in this situation *that is precisely what he ought to do.*

To be sure, he won't get away with it. The referee will impose a severe penalty on the defensive team. But however severe the penalty, it will be preferable to a touchdown by the opposing team. The regulative rule against pass interference simply puts a "price," albeit a stiff one, on a type of behavior which, if common, would make football a less skillful and less interesting game. At the same time, the rule leaves players free to decide in individual cases whether or not paying the price is "worth it" for a certain competitive gain.

Where violations are in their very nature public and easily detectable, we never think of viewing them as unsportsmanlike or of applying to them such epithets as "immoral" and "unfair." It is much more fitting to regard them as prudent or imprudent, and the penalties as "price tags" specifying the "cost" of behavior which, from the narrow point of view of the game itself, is generally undesirable.

4. *Moral Rules.* These differ from the others in at least three important respects:

¶Moral rules apply not merely to a particular game or to games in general, but to all human behavior. Pass interference is possible only in a football game, but deceit and cruelty are possible in any form of social activity. Hence, moral rules must be stated in much more general terms than regulative rules.

¶The informal "penalties" or "sanctions" attached to moral rules are usually such that it can be in the interest of a person to violate them *only* if he goes undetected. A conspicuous violation of the pass-interference rule can sometimes be more advantageous to a player than strict adherence. There can be no profit, however, in bribing opposing players, gouging their eyes or planting microphones in their dressing rooms, all in full view of the referees and the public. Immorality can pay, but only when concealed or disguised as something more respectable.

¶Finally, moral rules are not merely useful or helpful; they are of absolutely overriding importance. Without such rules, not only games but most other forms of cooperative social activity would be quite impossible. If there were no pass-interference rule, or if the rule were generally disobeyed or not enforced, then football would be a less interesting game—rougher, cruder and less skillful; but if the *moral* rules were suspended or generally violated, then there could be no game at all. Where anything goes, there can be no predictable patterns, no security, no confidence in the performance of one's fellows; and these are the *bare, minimal conditions* for a game or any other collective enterprise.

While a state of affairs in which moral rules are universally violated can benefit no one, a *particular violation* of a moral rule can yield considerable benefit to the violator, but only on the condition that *others* obey the rule. This is what gives infractions of moral rules their special character as *violations of trust.* The violator profits only because there is general compliance on the part of others; hence his violation gives him an "unfair advantage." A football lineman who inconspicuously kicks or gouges his opponent secures a great advantage over him only if the opponent is unprepared for dirty play and unwilling to resort to it himself. If, on the other hand, *both* opposing linemen are disposed to play foul when they think they can get away with it, then there can be no special advantage for either of them. In fact, both of them are far worse off than they would be if each could count on the other's compliance; for where each competitor plays dirty, the jungle state—what Hobbes has called "the war of all against all" — exists with its attendant dangers for both.

IT SHOULD now be easy to show that the fact that politics is a "rough-and-tumble game with its own rules" neither justifies nor excuses the sort of double-dealing which has been charged against Richard Nixon. If Mr. Nixon is to be defended, this must be done by denying the charges of his enemies, or else by admitting the charges and citing evidence of sincere reform. But Mr. Nixon cannot be excused *simply* on the ground that politics is a rough game, for to do this, one would have to argue either (1) that Mr. Nixon is simply a skilled political tactician adhering strictly to the letter of certain well-known political "rules of skill"; or (2) that he has violated only certain "regulative rules" analogous to the pass-interference rule in football; that Mr. Nixon happily paid the "price" stipulated by the rule in order to gain a personal competitive advantage.

BUT neither (1) nor (2) will do. As for (1), there are no "well-known political rules of skill" prescribing that one shout "Communist" and "traitor" whenever he likes, any more than there are manuals teaching how to win at football or chess which contain the rule: "Kick your opponent in the groin whenever you think no one is looking." Indeed, such a "rule" is incompatible with the very concept of a "game."

It is even more plain that (2) will not do. In the first place, if Mr. Nixon violated any rules at all in his dealings with Mr. Voorhis, Mrs. Douglas, Alger Hiss, Earl Warren, Adlai Stevenson, *et al.* (and the charges against him in these cases have been carefully substantiated in numerous studies), these rules could not have been mere regulations of the political game, for the violations were not committed openly, under the eyes of any referee who might impose a penalty; and, in fact, Mr. Nixon paid no price whatever to secure his gain. Secondly, he was able to profit from his sharp practice only because his enemies were either unwilling or unable to use the same sorts of methods against him.

Finally, the fact that these were *moral* rules which Mr. Nixon violated is clearly shown by the fact that if everyone in political life adopted his methods, then American politics would be no "game" at all, but rather an intolerable state of jungle warfare in which the careers of politicians would be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Distaste for the Contemporary

Martin Green

WILLIAM GOLDING already has a considerable, but unofficial, reputation in this country. There has been one article about him—in the *Kenyon Review* — but the charge carried by his name in literary conversations is out of all proportion to that. To some degree, the lack of published criticism may actually increase that charge: to say the right thing about Golding is the most searching of current tests of one's sophistication. The recent flustered review of *Free Fall* in *The New York Times Book Review* was one example of this nervous excitement.

The achievement claimed for him is that he is the most original and profound of the postwar novelists in Britain, the one with something new to say; *The Lord of the Flies* (1955) has been re-issued in a highbrow paperback series alongside Rilke, Shaw and Whitehead. The exact nature of this achievement is indicated by the vocabulary of his admirers; he is said to write *fables*, to make brilliant use of *symbolism*, to deploy the findings of modern thought about *man-in-society*, to have a vision of the *evil* inherent in human nature. He is compared to Conrad.

The outlines of his career are quickly given. William Golding was born in 1911, studied science and then literature at Oxford, was a naval officer during the war, and since then has taught and written. He has produced some poetry and a play, *The Brass Butterfly*, but he is best known for four novels, *The Lord of the Flies, The Inheritors, Pincher Martin* (published over here as *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin*) and now a new one, *Free Fall*.* Of these, the best known, and the best, is the first. It deals with the moral evolution of a group of British schoolboys, about twelve years old, wrecked on a tropical island by an airplane crash; their life together develops in two directions, one toward a civilized, rational, parliamentary discussion of common problems, in imitation of the society they were born into, the other toward tribal superstitions and rituals, orgiastic hunting, dancing and human sacrifice. The two tendencies clash, and the first is defeated (this, of course, is the book's big shock and challenge), but just as the last representative of civilized behavior is about to be hacked to pieces by his companions, the adult world returns, in the shape of a British naval officer just landed on the island, and in a flash all the boys revert from howling savagery to the mundane classroom obedience which was all they had been capable of until a few weeks before. This ending, and the relief it brings, is ironic, for the officer is himself engaged in a war of far more appalling savagery than the one he interrupts. The whole action, moreover, is an ironic reversal of a well-known Victorian boys' book, R. M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, still favorite children's reading in England, in which three boys wrecked on a tropical island solve all the problems of primitive living in a jolly-romantic way, with of course no uneasy stirrings of the primeval in them. Golding has given his main characters the same names as the protagonists of *Coral Island*; Ralph, the thoughtful narrator of the Ballantyne book, is here the leader of parliamentarism, the one about to be tortured and slain by his companions at the end; Jack, the brave and dashing hero, is here the leader of those who revert to savagery; and winsome Peterkin (in Golding called Piggy) is a fat, bespectacled, sweaty boy, the butt of the group, who insists on debate and formality because he can get his rights only in an adult world. He is one of those killed by Jack's group.

The other books do not deserve such elaborate summary. *The Inheritors* takes us inside the minds of those beings who preceded us in the evolutionary process; we follow the adventures of a tribe of these, and see the advent of the first human beings (an unattractive group) from their point of view. The creatures whose consciousness we share cannot be said, strictly, to have any thoughts or feelings, so the book is a tour de force technically. *Pincher Martin* is the record of the feverish reminiscences and efforts at survival, during the few days between his shipwreck and his death, of an unscrupulous and treacherous naval officer, alone and resourceless on a meager mid-Atlantic rock. At the end of the story we realize, by another technical sleight of hand, that the whole thing has been a horrible illusion in the mind of a drowning man, and that he never reached the rock in the first place. *The Brass Butterfly*, it is worth noting, is in the mode which is so often the obverse of the mode of these three novels; it is an elegant, mannered, frivolous story of a Roman emperor's court in the third century A.D., with an ultra-civilized, ripely wise, old emperor (Maurice Chevalier type), his brilliant-effete poet grandson (the play was first presented at Oxford, and this character can best be described as a British undergraduate) and figures obliquely symbolizing modern science and Christianity. The play's effective sympathies are all with civilization and paganism, the emperor and the grandson.

IT IS CLEAR, from even this summary, that Golding is not importantly original in thought or feeling. He sees life in the categories which have been most common among writers, especially in Britain, since the First World War; which by now are perceptibly losing vigor and conviction. His world view, that is, closely resembles that of T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and a dozen other typically modern authors.

And I think it can be demonstrated, even from his new book, that he is not a significant artist. His admirers will protest that he must be judged rather by *Lord of the Flies*. It is true that that is a much more successful piece of work, but it is so for highly special reasons, and its success does not, after all, transcend the limitations of Golding's talent; it is not, after all, about the evil inherent in human nature, but about how brutal twelve-year-old boys can be to each other, and the specious extension of that conviction (profoundly, obsessively felt) to an attitude to life is no insight but a trick. *Free Fall* is a better test case. It is a life story and self-interrogation, told in the first person, by a man Golding's own age, an artist, with an intellectual and religious history presumably very like his creator's. In this freest of forms, though complete artistic success may be difficult, whatever a writer has to offer can find expression; at least as a test of a writer's power of experience this may be taken as fair. And a poverty of experience, a poverty of imagination, is exposed in every line of *Free Fall.*

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*Harcourt, Brace. 253 pp. $3.95.

MARTIN GREEN, who was born in London, has taught in England, France and Turkey; and, in the United States, at the University of Michigan and at Wellesley. His book on the cultural contrasts between the United States and England will be published by Harper this fall.

Golding is a rigidly disciplined writer — his poverty is not unconnected with that — and the structure of *Free Fall* is beautifully clear. Each part can be grasped as a thing in itself, and in its relation to the whole; a relation which is, mechanically, very economical and efficient and harmonious. The narrator tells us his early history, before he lost his freedom and his innocence, for eighty pages; then jumps a few years, to describe his cruelty and compulsion in a love affair, after he had lost that freedom, for fifty pages; then fifty pages about the experience of torture as a prisoner of war which reduced him to self-contempt, returned him to God and started this process of self-interrogation; then forty pages on the crucial intervening period of adolescence, the influences on him of science and religion, and the decision to rebel against his better self which, he realizes, lost him his freedom.

THE prose bears the marks of the same rigid discipline. On the whole it is simple and flat, with contemporary colloquial phrases, and metaphors drawn from scientific technology. "He was specialized and soulless as a guided missile"; "that sees as at the atom furnace, by reflection." The images are sensually realized and fully worked out. At other times there is an odd archaism about the diction: "Shall I choose a Roman Catholic *to* my father? . . . I may communicate in part; and that surely is *better than utter* blind and dumb." And there are passages of violent imagery, like the opening sentence: "I have walked by stalls in the market place where books, dog-eared and faded from their purple, have burst with a white hosanna." In every mood, the prose bears the marks of a scrupulous craftsman.

But it is not the prose of a successful artist. There is no life in his language; it is all ingenuity, intention and synthetics. The colloquialisms are never the perfect expression of complex meaning; the elaborate imagery is never assimilated into a natural speaking voice. Ideas are worked out too mechanically. A character described as "skimped in every line of his body by a cosmic meanness," has all the details of his physique accountd for in the same metaphor.

> His hands were in his lap, his knees together. His hair was of a curious indefinable texture — growing all ways, but so weak that it still lay close to his skull like a used doormat. It was so indeterminate that the large light freckles blurred the hair-line on his sloping forehead. His eyes were pale blue and seemed curiously raw in that electric light for he had neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. No, madam, I'm sorry, we don't supply them at that price. This is a utility model.

Details are often flatly commonplace, though at the same time exaggerated, in a way that is not really redeemed by the author's indication that he knows they are. Beatrice is described as having "huge, unutterable eyes." And when he escapes the commonplace it is by invoking the eccentric. "Now I saw the very water of sorrow hanging honey-thick in eyelashes or dashed down a cheek like an exclamation mark at the beginning of a Spanish sentence." Most limiting of all, an obsessive ugliness of experience reveals itself continually in casual metaphors. "In winter you can see the soil smeared away from the chalk like the skin from a white skull. . . . That potency which is assumed in all literature was not mine to use at the drop of a knicker."

Some of these effects make one believe that Golding uses other writers' interpretations of experience as his basic material. The physical description quoted above, for instance, must surely remind one of Dickens. One is reminded of some other writer on nearly every page of *Free Fall.* The intellectualism which dominates it all, especially in would-be Rabelaisian scenes, is very like Joyce Cary's; for instance, the figure of Ma, and the scene of her emerging from the lavatory. The vision of life (the people, places, events, seen as characterizing contemporary experience) is very like that of Wells. The hero's character and his life story are very like those of *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*; above all, the two women in his life, one passive, slow-minded, sexually alluring, a victim; the other energetic, ambitious, rough-talking, an aristocrat, these are Wells's two kinds of women. All this is not a simple kind of imitation; the various reminiscences dovetail together beautifully, and offer themselves quite convincingly as Golding's own view of life. But there is so little new experience here, or new interpretation; so much re-interpretation. The figure of the rector, for example, is *judged* differently from how Wells would judge him, but he is seen with Wells's eyes. And where there is no vividness of experience, the reader can have no vividness of response.

The other source of trouble is that the experience in the book which *is* vivid — the repeated discovery of meanness and nastiness in others and in oneself — is so much on one note of pain; so much of the thinking is a repeated demonstration of this one ugly fact of life; the other things seen and reported

The Tinker

Really a tinker was it I heard?
Or bells itinerant tingling forth
from childhood, one nostalgic noon
of smarting warmth when catkins swarmed
the bough? He never reached my door.
He kept to streets not quite in view,
ringing a two-toned, echo-deaf
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

He came a route from so long since.
His music mended time alive:
medley of monkey and organ-grinder
and chestnut-man and gas beginning
to sweeten the lamp, that magic hive
of swarming dusk, where Leary's wand
struck honey two-toned and echo-deaf:
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

Once more in trill across the air
let memory click like special coins
which pay the past its due demand.
Come, tinker, true. Turn, wheel, repair
the breach. Sharpen, sparkle the stains
of use, before you round the bend
in twilight two-toned, echo-deaf:
E-flat, F, E-flat, F.

NORMA FARBER

seem to have been all vitiated for the writer — at least his report is vitiated for the reader — by this early obsession. In consequence, everything in the book, language, characterization, symbolism, ideology, etc., divides itself between the commonplace and the nightmarish. Here, for instance, is a description of the alarm clock going off in the hero's bedroom, while he was still a child, his security still unshaken:

> All night it had ticked on, repressed, its madness held and bound in; but now the strain burst. The umbrella became a head, the clock beat its head in frenzy, trembling and jerking over the chest of drawers on three legs until it reached a point where the chest would begin to drum in sympathy, sheer madness and hysteria.

The intention seems to be richly imaginative; the effect is both dull and disturbing. Or here is a description of a near-mystical discovery of beauty:

> The trunk was huge and each branch splayed up to a given level; and there, the black leaves floated out like a level of oil on water. Level after horizontal level these leaves cut across the splaying branches and there was a crumpled, silver-paper depth, an ivory quiet beyond them.

Here it is not so much the ugliness of the oil image as the deadness of the crumpled silver-paper and ivory which is oppressive.

THE large experiences described take on the same characteristics. The love affair between the hero and Beatrice is presented as notably dull and commonplace, but at the same time as so painful that it deranged them both, mentally and morally. The book's naturally evil figure (the one skimped in every line of his body) becomes a minister of the Crown and "he finds life as easy as breathing"; the naturally good figure dies very young — he is last shown riding a motorcycle at 100 m.p.h. up over the brow of a hill and turning round to kiss the girl riding pillion as he does so; again everything is both too predictable and too exaggerated. The hero's membership in the Communist Party is dismissed as the simplest kind of self-delusion; the only working-class comrade had joined as a move to better himself socially; the others were all either fools or knaves. He sums up his pre-religious experience as a whole as the discovery that "Sex is everything and is a poor return for birth, for the shames and frustrations of growing up."

The handling of ideas is similar, too predictable and too exaggerated. The attack on hygiene, liberalism, rationalism, progress, and the return to mysticism and dogma, both have nothing new in them. "And this is my cry; that I have walked among you in intellectual freedom and you never tried to seduce me from it, since a century has seduced you to it and you believe in fair play, in not presuming, in being after all not a saint." Such sentiments, in such diction and rhythms, in 1959, can only seem like a summary and an echo. The big themes, of memory and time, of free will and compulsion, of sin and regeneration, are summaries and echoes. The treatment of memory and time is the flattest textbook application of a narrative method we are now all familiar with. There is a mechanical rigidity in the treatment of sin (some characters are "good," others "evil," and the hero stops being "good" and becomes "evil," in one clear-cut, irreversible, eternally binding gesture) which is very inappropriate to the theme of free will. And the technical tours de force, like the discovery at the end that the Gestapo cell (where the hero had suffered the solitary confinement that led to his religious experience) was really only a broom closet, convey a disrespect for the reader and for the art of fiction.

The Lord of the Flies succeeds much better because Golding is genuinely involved in that experience, has some complexity of knowledge and vividness of feeling about boys' brutality to boys; also because the simplification and formalization which can alone disguise his lack of other experience is uniquely appropriate to those characters and that form (the ironic comment on an earlier fiction). But even there you may easily detect the author loading the dice, prejudicing the issue, insuring the triumph of greed, savagery, slyness and panic.

In other words, Golding is a belated recruit to the ranks of those writers who have rediscovered for this century man's essential savagery; who have triumphantly rejected science and hygiene, liberalism and progress; who have, in any account of contemporary conditions, alternated between effects of commonplaceness and effects of nightmare. He is so belated as to inherit these themes in their decrepitude. It is not Conrad he should be compared to, but Graham Greene.

In *The Brass Butterfly* the wise emperor exiles the representative of modern science to China, and thus wins the West a thousand years' reprieve from gunpowder, the printing press, steam, etc., and from all the "unrest, ferment,

The fantastic story —
much of it never told before —
of the men, the policies,
the undercover battles . . .

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and SOVIET RUSSIA
THE FORMATIVE PERIOD
by Theodore Draper

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fever, dislocation, disorder, wild experiment and catastrophe" which they will bring. This should corroborate Sir Charles Snow's recent thesis of the hostility active between the literary and the scientific cultures, and of its consequences for modern writers. Golding is perhaps the most extreme example of that sullen distaste for the contemporary which Snow describes as cankering modern literary intellectuals and as deriving from their rejection of science.

No Pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti

HEARING BEFORE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE ON THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE. Published by the Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti. 1959.

Ralph Colp, Jr.

NO event in America's recent past so persistently quakes present-day American conscience as the 1921-27 trial and the August 23, 1927 execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. The latest quake was on April 2, 1959, when, publicly considering a bill which would posthumously pardon Sacco and Vanzetti, a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature sat on the podium of Gardner Auditorium on Boston's Beacon Hill, listening to and questioning eleven speakers. This volume, the stenographic record of that day, presents better than any other publication thus far the topical meaning of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Speaking first, Representative Cella, sponsor of the pardon bill, "confessed" to "many moments of doubt, despair, and discouragement . . . whether . . . we should leave Sacco and Vanzetti to the ultimate and inevitable vindication of time and history." Then, in support of his legislative action, he quoted a letter just received from a sister of Vanzetti living in the family house in Villafalletto, Italy: "It is for the men of the state today to take heart of the gravity of the action of their predecessors and to be good enough to recognize and repair the bad deed with serenity and open heart without any preconceptions of race or ideas." After Cella, the speech of Michael Musmanno — once last counsel to Sacco and Vanzetti, now a judge on the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania — though floridly baroque in style, sharply summarized the three salient defects of the Sacco-Vanzetti prosecution: the prejudice of Judge Thayer; the prejudice, mendacity and unreliability of the prosecution witness; the prejudice and ignorance of the Lowell Committee. "The Lowell Committee," said Musmanno, "made so many errors that I have to doubt that they read the [Sacco-Vanzetti trial] record." Here, for a generation that did not experience the case and may not have read the books of Frankfurter, Frankel and Morgan, is the cornerstone of the argument for Sacco and Vanzetti: though tried by all the forms of law, they did not receive a fair trial.

IF NOT Sacco and Vanzetti, who then were the murderers of paymaster Parmenter and Berardelli? Herbert Ehrmann in *The Untried Case of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1933) presented evidence that the culprits were the Morelli gang of Rhode Island. *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1948) supposed that the real criminals were either dead or would soon die and the truth would never be known. Now, in his speech to the legislators, Morris Ernst revealed that Joe Morelli showed him the manuscript of an autobiography he had written containing the "real truth and no baloney about Sacco and Vanzetti." Ernst also knew Mancini, who according to hearsay had been the actual gunman and who after a brief prison term disappeared. Search for Morelli's book and for Mancini and you will make a real contribution to justice, Ernst told the legislators.

A number of speakers regarded Sacco and Vanzetti in the perspective of three decades. "Every American historian," said Harvard Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., "has either by implication or by direct assertion, stated that the two men did not receive a fair trial." Professor John Roche, Chairman of Brandeis University's Department of Political Science, saw Sacco and Vanzetti as victims of the "sordid social fear," Stokes-trial obscurantism, race and religious hate, xenophobia and gangsterism, of the "terrible decade" of the 1920s — "since then the United States has grown up." And then the Rev. Donald Lothrop of the Community Church of Boston: "I have a strong feeling that there isn't a man in your Committee but that hasn't had implanted in his heart and in his mind, a certain doubt about the virtue of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. . . . One of the most difficult things in the world is the recognition of error, the confession of guilt. . . . And yet it is the most profound mark of the religious spirit. . . ." Of the eleven speakers, all but one urged the passage of Cella's pardon.

OF THE legislators, who listened to these pleas, Donlan — most aggressively anti-Sacco-Vanzetti — asked how could such institutions as a jury, a judge, a state supreme court, a committee headed by the president of Harvard, the Governor of Massachusetts — who "with a magnifying glass" examined photos of the bullets that killed Parmenter and Berardelli and agreed with some ballistic experts that they came from Sacco's revolver — how, indeed, could all these American institutions commit an error? Representative Kaplan was the most objective: "The thing that troubles me . . . is how we on the Committee are qualified to come to any real decision on this matter, which has been a matter of controversy for legal experts for the last thirty years." No committee member publicly supported Cella's pardon. In the end, a statement signed by a committee majority of eleven said: "We do not believe it is a proper function of the Legislature to pass resolutions which seek to influence the Governor in the exercise of his executive powers." The statement also added: "In saying this, we are not unmindful of all that happened in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. We neither condemn nor criticize the action taken by the court. That is not our proper function." So, although Cella's pardon was

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RALPH COLP, Jr., a practicing psychiatrist, has written historical essays on both Sacco and Vanzetti for The Nation.

In the Shade of My Hair

(Anonymous, from the Spanish)

In the shade of my hair
My lover fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

I was combing my hair
As usual, over and over;
The breeze toyed with it, stealing
Those that were most fair.
In their shade and air
My lover fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

He says that he suffers
From my vast ingratitude,
That my tawny color
Quickens and strikes him dead,
And calling me siren
Beside me he fell asleep.
Shall I wake him or no?

W. S. Merwin

quashed, the "certain doubt" that perhaps an injustice had been done was acknowledged.

The hearing showed that today — as during the past four decades — individuals may divide on Sacco and Vanzetti for personal rather than political reasons. (The Ford Foundation's commission to Marc Blitzstein for an opera based on Sacco and Vanzetti reminds us that Henry Ford doubted their guilt.) Sacco and Vanzetti also, as John Dos Passos said in U.S.A., divided America into "Two Nations." One was monied, conservative and supporting the *status quo*; the other was poor, liberal-radical and reformist. In the hearing Sacco and Vanzetti divided the Massachusetts "men of state" into two groups. Both believed in the same political institutions; they differed only in their ability to look at the past of those institutions. One group can look at the past and publicly admit errors. The other — though nursing doubts — cannot look at the past.

The Wrong Road

THE ELECTRIC INTERURBAN RAILWAYS IN AMERICA. By George W. Hilton and John F. Due. Stanford University Press. 463 pp. $9.50.

Benjamin DeMott

IN OURTOWN, as perhaps in Yourtown, the rails of the abandoned interurban won't stay down. Like bits of a blasted wisdom tooth that pierce the gum, they work up through the asphalt of Pleasant or Main, and give old hearts a turn. How it used to be! Ah, how it used to be! In spring, summer and early fall (one-half century ago) a crossbench open car ran back and forth from here to the neighbor village, and the breeze of its motion had the sweetness of river meadows in it, and at night the college boys—"fussers" who had visited a cottage at Smith or mere lads returning from a pitcher of suds at Dick Rahar's—sang their longings to the stars. The maximum speed was twenty miles an hour; traffic was light at all times; and you did not have to worry about a drunk at the wheel. Neither had you to worry, if you were a professor strolling home from the office, about coming on some sight—three Theta Delts scrubbing the tailfins of an Imperial with Tide—that would gravel you for an hour in clichés about The Conflict of Values: the "boys" had as yet no need for cars. At first glance it would seem, in short, that ridiculing old hearts for reading the trolley rails as signs of a lost Eden is not only harsh but thoughtless. Life *was* simpler and so in consequence were men.

Precisely how much simpler is one of the revelations of the scholarly and interesting history at hand. This is not to say that the authors of the book lack feeling for the departed age. Although they see themselves (correctly) as contributors to knowledge of American transportation, although they offer batteries of charts, graphs, tables, not to speak of several hundred brief histories (from birth to bankruptcy), of individual interurban companies, their affection for the trolley is never out of sight. They dedicate their labors to a nineteen-year-old boy killed in World War II, and they say of him that he "would have found little in [the book] that he did not know." This hint that behind the grand façade of scholarship lies an expanse of boyish enthusiasm is strengthened by a lovingly amassed and beautifully reproduced collection of photographs of streetcars, as well as by such passages as the following:

> The standard wooden interurban car was a thing of beauty that has been . . . too little appreciated. In the truest sense, it exemplified functional design. . . . Almost all the wooden interurbans have now been destroyed. Most were burned for their metal, but a few became summer cottages, roadside stands, or farm buildings; barely a dozen have been preserved as museum pieces. It is a pity that so few of these cars were preserved, for the best of them were exemplary pieces of American design.

But neither aesthetic feeling nor nostalgia is allowed much place in the text as a whole. Messrs. Hilton and Due bring forth not a vision of A Golden Past, but a convincing record of human lunacy, of the idle chaos of human events. They may well have wanted to produce a record of another kind, but the evidence denied them the chance and, to their credit, they suppress none of it.

"One of the classic manias" of the American past—that is the description offered of the boom in construction of

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BENJAMIN DeMOTT is Professor of English at Amherst College. His The Body's Cage, *a novel, was published by Little, Brown.*

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trolley lines. The boom took place in the first decade of the century, at a time when Henry Ford and William Durant were in desperate and unsuccessful search of backing for the manufacture of automobiles. It was marked by stupidity extraordinary even for a boom. An Illinois contractor spent tens of thousands building a line from Amboy (pop. 1,900) through Lee Center (pop. 250) to an electric pole at a crossroads called Middlebury. A promoter in 1901 gained considerable support for a scheme to construct an eight track, sixty-miles-an-hour trolley line between Jersey City and Philadelphia—the fare to be a flat nickel. At one point eleven companies were preparing to lay track into a town called Tiffin in Ohio. Work was begun on the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line, an interurban that was to follow an absolutely straight track between these cities: no grades, no curves that could not be negotiated at ninety miles an hour, no crossings with other railroads. ("Even in the flat country of northern Indiana the Air Line's construction standards proved to be unbearably expensive. One can barely conceive of the expense of the bridges, cuts, fills and tunnels necessary to drive a straight line through the mountains of Pennsylvania.")

THE rhetoric that accompanied such projects was, of course, delicious. In 1903 the interurban was spoken of as "the latest harbinger of a higher state of civilization." An aluminum car was advertised as "The Red Devil" in a famous newsreel that showed it winning a race with an airplane. Investors in the Chicago-New York interurban were members of "The Air Line Stockholders' Association of the World"; there were supposed to be fifty "camps" of these stockholders in the United States, each holding periodic revival sessions "to rally support for the Air Line." Fine condescension for the automobile came forth from such pioneer interurbanists as C. H. Henry, who predicted in 1916 that "the fad feature of automobile riding will gradually wear off," and in 1917 announced that the prediction had come true: the fad was over, the automobile was in decline. So powerfully did the rhetoric touch the enthusiast that none accounted it significant that interurbans began losing money almost as soon as they began offering regular service. Net earnings rarely exceeded $500 per mile of track; fixed charges were close to $1,250 per mile of track. When interurbans operated on city streets they were required to "pave between the rails for a certain distance, often two feet on each side," which in effect meant that the trolleys were paying for the roads that encouraged people to buy automobiles. In 1917, the Connecticut Company reported that it had lost 75 per cent of its short-haul freight business to trucks; in 1915, the Air Line—that "extreme example of the lunatic fringe of interurban projects"—went bankrupt. People were aware that, owing to the competition of cars and buses, scores of interurban lines had died after less than five years of operation; they knew that some, like the Fidalgo City and Anacortes in the State of Washington, ran only a few trips, and that millions had been wasted on similar insane projects—but optimism was slow to diminish. "Some roads continued to plan for expansion even as late as the mid-twenties . . . when the trends should have been perfectly obvious." A few companies were buying new cars as late as 1948. Nor were lip readers the only people involved in the madness. There were thousands of "nice homes" throughout America to which the interurban mania brought ruin—among them, the Van Doren house in Urbana. Carl Van Doren wrote that the last of his father's enterprises was:

> . . . an electric railroad that would run north and south through Urbana. . . . The line would compete not only with the Illinois Central railroad, which it paralleled, but with automobiles and trucks. . . . People put money into it because [the elder Van Doren] asked them to; they believed in him as he believed in it, for his initial faith was very strong; and thoughts of these people were to rob him of much sleep before he died. The railroad never did prosper, though it ran for years. . . . We all witnessed the dismal, slow disaster without any power to stop it on our part. It was eventually . . . to take away from him whatever wealth he had; my mother, by buying a few houses and renting them, and by renting rooms in her own house to university people, saved them both in so far as they could be saved. All of this was a heart-rending spectacle. . . .

The whole tale, dry and statistic-ridden as it is, can hardly be regarded as less than that. To be sure, there are other ways of seeing it. The "city" planners of Los Angeles, for example, are now aware that the decision to drop the interurban may well have been responsible for their present torments. The student of transportation is right to doubt that America, once the world's master in the field, ever invented a happier mode of movement than the cross-bench open car. And as already indicated, specialists in nostalgia who are deep in the period have undertaken to transform the trolley into the key symbol of the sweet innocence of "the good years"—to use the label favored in a *kitsch* treatise on The Golden Past shortly to be released. But these alternative responses are, in the eyes of Messrs. Hilton and Due, scholars who have seen to the bottom of the story, finally a shade irrelevant. At the moment when the automobile was just "coming in," why should vast energies have been expended on another, futureless mode of travel? Too clear an answer would obscure the truth that all passages of history are chaotic—so these writers speak of lunacy. Their stern and orderly book, like the strips of rail that here and there in this aimless land still jut up glinting in the sun, is a useful reminder of the pathos of many homely American hopes.

LETTER from WASHINGTON

Stanley Meisler

THE BRUISED cultural feelings of Washington received a fillip of sorts during the week of April 17, when twenty-eight writers and artists from eleven countries assembled for an annual congress sponsored by the capital's Institute of Contemporary Arts and financed by the Ford Foundation. The roster included Italian Nobel-Prize poet Salvatore Quasimodo, American poets Richard Eberhart, Stanley Kunitz and Allen Tate, England's critic-poet Sir Herbert Read and potter Bernard Leach, French poet Yves Bonnefoy and Brazilian novelist Erico Verissimo. Keeping close to a prepared schedule, they ate, drank and partied together, delivered lectures, plunged into panel discussions, declaimed poetry and exchanged views on the theme of the congress — the status of the artist. Leach even potted. While these activities did not tear headlines from the other major events of the week (the convening of the Daughters of the American Revolu-

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STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

tion and the opening of the Washington Senators' annual drive to soar higher than eighth place), enough occurred to make Washington cultural buffs puff out their chests and, for at least a week, forget Howard Taubman.

For four months now, the capital has lived under the shadow of Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, who wrote an article last December 27 with a question for a title. "In Culture," it asked, "Is Washington a Hick Town?" Taubman's answer clearly was yes. Putting aside comparisons with London, Paris, Moscow or Rome, the critic suggested that Washington does not measure up even to Brussels or, for that matter, a provincial town like Tiflis in Russia. While finding Washington's record in the plastic and graphic arts quite satisfactory, Taubman described its performance in music as variable, in the dance as negligible and in theatre as poor. As an example of the capital's attitude, the critic noted that while designers have prepared detailed plans for a new, stately National Culture Center, few planners have bothered to discuss who and what will fill it.

Taubman's article contained the most perceptive analysis of Washington cultural life recently published and should have prompted residents to read it closely and brood. But rather than brood, the city has chosen to snarl, and few columnists, lecturers and party-goers miss an opportunity these days to snatch at the tidbits of Washington culture, hold them high and wave them angrily toward Taubman. The Congress of Writers and Artists was that kind of tidbit, and I attended a couple of public sessions to see for myself if, perhaps, Washington had a much more exciting cultural life than Taubman imagined.

ONE EVENING 400 others and I filled a bit less than half of the Interior Department auditorium to hear Eberhart, Leach, Read, Tate, Verissimo and British critic Robert Conquest discuss the status of the artist. It became apparent, after a while, that the panelists were bored with their status and one another. Eberhart seemed to speak for everyone when he suggested that the American artist may be using up too much energy searching for status. "The world is a place of struggle," Eberhart said, "and the spirit of man will not be put down by obstacles." And Tate clinched the argument by noting that the status of the artist cannot be too bad if foundations and the State Department continually spend money shipping them about the world to talk to one another. "Someone once called me an international congress bum," Tate said, chuckling at his sponsors.

The evening livened only when Herbert Read discussed his tour of Communist China last fall and reported dispassionately on his interviews with Chinese writers and artists. The audience and his fellow panelists leaned forward to catch every word as Read described the physical status of Chinese writers (he was struck by their elegance, well-being and high incomes) and then recounted the gist of his conversations with them on their spiritual status. He had asked the leaders of the Chinese Writers Union if Mao's "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom" policy still continued for writers. He was assured there had been no change although, the writers added, "naturally the blossoms were Socialist blossoms and must not be choked by noxious weeds." Read then asked if *Doctor Zhivago* had been published in China. His question first evoked a negative reply, then an embarrassed flurry of whispers, and finally an admission that the book had been published in a limited edition and circulated among members of the Writers Union. After reading the novel, the union, which operates a publishing house, decided not to issue it for general circulation. Wasn't this censorship? Read asked. No, he was told, any publishing house has the right to turn down a manuscript. Read noted that their replies resembled double-think but their actions actually were not too different from those of Roman Catholic bishops who refuse the imprimatur to anything the Church considers evil.

Read also provided one of the few live moments at a festival of poetry two nights later. He, Bonnefoy, Kunitz, Tate and Quasimodo read some of their poetry to an Interior Department audience that now had dwindled to 250. Here I must confess to a prejudice, for I have never felt that poets reading their own poetry provide any new insights. But, at the festival, both Read and Quasimodo offered something new and different, at least for me, and my interest perked up during their turns. The rest of the audience, perhaps with the same prejudice, also awakened at the same times I did.

Read's contribution was a few abstract poems, which he insisted were not nonsense, but had significance, at least for him. They consisted of words strung together ("Syntax is the death of poetry," Read had said in his preface) with no discernible meaning but somehow filled with musical logic. They were short and fun to hear.

Quasimodo, who won the Nobel Prize

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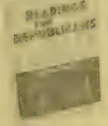

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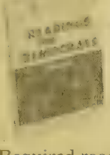

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last year, is little known in this country. A few journals have published individual poems, but the first major translation of his works will be published here this month. The audience, therefore, was treated to an event, a sort of introduction of Quasimodo to America. Bonnefoy, of course, also is little known in the United States, but, not being a Nobel Prize-winner, he was less of an event. Kimon Friar read Quasimodo's poems in English translation, and then the poet, in a low monotone, read them in Italian. It is difficult to judge a poet by hearing a few of his pieces in translation, but Quasimodo impressed me as a tough-minded Romantic, a lyric poet searching for beauty but not blind to Buchenwald or the poverty of the south of his country. "Poets are not liars," he says. And he ends a lyric about the Italian south by describing his poem as "a love lament where no love sings."

Quasimodo and Read stirred the public sessions of the congress by offering something unusual: a new Nobel poet, a report on Red China, a few abstract poems. In short, they made news. But the news they made was meager and somewhat accidental. Perhaps many more exciting things went on at the private sessions of the congress. But I have visions of endless dull talk and endless dull parties. Potter Leach, however, may have been an exception. He spent his mornings in an apron, conducting pottery workshops at Catholic University. The vitality of Leach may underscore the basic fault of the congress. Too much talk and not enough potting. And that may be the trouble with Washington cultural life, too.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE MIDTOWN GALLERY exhibits drawings and paintings by Isabel Bishop. The tiny drawings have an easy careful accuracy. Isabel Bishop's name has been associated with a group of artists who favor realism and the human image. Her paintings show girls on the street, in the subway, at lunch counters, and men at drinking fountains. The color is transparent tan, opaque gray, and in almost every painting, there is an abstract triangle or oblong of acid red-orange that at a distance, where subject matter is lost, counts as the part that holds the painting down. The figures hurry over subway platforms; the legs, and especially the shoes at the instantaneous still point of the motion, clearer than the faces and bodies above. They walk in tiers, in Piranesi's prisons. Underlying the grayly opalescent transparent bodies and crisp transparent architecture, are small impastoed horizontal strokes, over gray horizontal striping. This texture and the acid triangle of solid red gives each painting its tactility.

What is real? The canvas surface, recalled by this tactility, dominates the illusion and, since representation is shown to be illusion, Miss Bishop supports, except in choice and taste, the non-objective painters who want no part of illusion, for she emphasizes more even than the painter friends of Mallarmé, the illusory nature of objectivity. The horizontal impasto, parallel to the floor of the room where the painting hangs, places one indoors: she will not allow herself to forget that the painting is a dream, which convinces by virtue of its dreaminess. What is real, the room where we spend most of our time, or the human imagination? One painting shows a girl's face reflected in the mirror of a subway gum dispenser; to the right is the girl's head looking toward the mirror. The acid orange of the gum machine in the only opaque color besides the ubiquitous gray, and therefore the only color with materiality. The girl's head in profile is almost lost; the image in the mirror, the most sensitive passage of the painting, is in many colors. The materiality of the box that frames the mirror is bright, strong and ugly, the girl herself is passing, but her image, her sublimation, of the thinnest substance of all, holds you by its subtlety. You are held by an image of an image. The human image, and its architectural setting, which are important to Miss Bishop, are only half of her subject; the sublimated and immaterial half. The other half is not image, but the wall behind it. Her paradox consists in saying that the part of art which represents the outer world, and which criticism associates with reality, is a sublimation; and that the abstract part that represents nothing, and that criticism associates with non-objectivity, is the part that stands for reality, for the object, for being awake.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE SECOND program on Leonard Bernstein's New York Philharmonic "Spring Festival of Theatre Music," devoted to four large operatic excerpts, turned out to be a thorough delight. It began with the Prologue to Arrigo Boïto's *Mefistofele* (1868) and ended with two acts of Virgil Thomson's dada opera on a Gertrude Stein text, *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934). Between these extremes were three duets from Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* (1934), and the world première of a nine-minute comic opera by Lukas Foss, called *Introductions and Goodbyes*. The latter had a libretto by Gian-Carlo Menotti, who commissioned the piece for his *Festival of Two Worlds* in Spoletto, Italy. It will be performed there this summer.

If the excerpt from *Mefistofele* had been presented in any other than a historical context, I would have lamented its presence on the program, for this is not very interesting music, and the choir of Cherubin and the thunder-machine is a little silly. Nevertheless, Boïto has his place in operatic history, as an important figure on the Italian literary and musical scene of the late nineteenth century, and as the librettist for Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*. His music deserves to be heard now and again, if only as a historical curiosity. And on this occasion its relative naïveté and lack of pungency made it a useful foil to other works which were anything but naive or un-pungent.

It is a pity that operas like Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All* are not taken up by managements in this country and treated as the important repertory items they deserve to be, rather than as "special" operas for erudite or precious tastes. It is true that a Gertrude Stein text differs considerably from the usual opera libretto. For this, let us praise heaven. As Thomson treats her word-complexes, they are loaded with dramatic potency; and they are more easily comprehended than when read on the printed page. These operas are not "special"; they are simply civilized and literate. Their level of linguistic, musical and dramatic taste would serve as a better example for the American lyric theatre than does the pseudo-Americana (like that of *Susannah*) with which we are frequently peppered.

The musical personality exhibited by Thomson's larger pieces is, I think, a great deal like that of Charles Ives—audacious, iconoclastic, a bit profligate.

Unlike Ives, however, Thomson is a thorough professional. He has always heard his music in performance and has thus been able to perfect ways of making his statements efficiently, of keeping them under practical control. His score for *Four Saints in Three Acts* sounded forth the other night with a solidity, cleanliness and brisk frankness that were a delight to the ears. Even in a truncated concert performance, presenting only Acts III and IV, it drew the loudest applause of the evening. And the Stein text seemed to bother nobody.

The duets from *Mathis der Maler* were, on the other hand, received with more iciness than I have witnessed all season at the Philharmonic. I was surprised, for they contain so much deeply beautiful music, and received performances that can only be called inspired. Perhaps Hindemith's contrapuntal textures make *Mathis* less directly appealing than the Italian, French, or American stage works, which usually put emphasis on the voice, rather than on the orchestra, and stress simplicity of presentation. Whatever the reasons for the public response, I found this music profoundly moving—so elevated, supple and distinguished.

The new Foss work, *Introductions and Goodbyes*, was written for fun, and it is fun. There is only one character, a Mr. McC., who first greets unseen guests to his cocktail party, introducing them to one another (they mostly have elaborate names like Addington-Stitch), and then, from the opera's mid-point on, begins to bid them farewell. A small chorus (which would be placed in the orchestra pit for a staged performance) emits an incoherent muddle of names from time to time, imitating the conversation usual at such gatherings. The whole affair is a joke, but for nine minutes, it sustains itself well. Foss's music is nicely crafted and appealing. I did not get the point of some passages at the very beginning of the Overture, and at the very end of the Epilogue, which sounded like vulgar parodies of Webern. But these were very small portions of the whole. The extended xylophone solo, which the composer referred to fondly as "Dry-Martini music," was charmingly conceived and effective.

BERNSTEIN'S conducting, through the whole evening, was nothing short of phenomenal. At none of his earlier performances have I gained so strong an impression of deep, internal identification with the music he was directing. His technique is, of course, brilliant, and one always recognizes that. But a baton can reach to the core of an idea, or touch it only on its edge. On this evening, Bernstein was delving deeply into things, and even his physical gestures seemed imbued with a new kind of calm, muscular thrust. The orchestra responded in full measure. Only once or twice, under any conductor, have I heard it sound so spiritually unified and lovely in coloration.

The soloists and chorus, too, performed with almost unbelievable excellence. The Choral Art Society (William Jonson, Director) is one of the finest groups of its kind: not too large; perfectly balanced; and capable of the very purest ensemble diction. The Boys' Choir of St. Paul's Church, Flatbush (Charles Ennis, Director), though not as exemplary, was, after all, composed of children. Every one of the soloists was first rate. McHenry Boatwright appeared as Mephistopheles and Compere (in *Four Saints*). Herbert Beattie, Irene Jordan and Lee Venora sang the Hindemith duets. John Reardon, a young baritone from the New York City Opera Company, sang Mr. McC., with members of the Choral Art Society acting as the cocktail conversation in *Introductions and Goodbyes*. The adult chorus, Betty Allen, McHenry Boatwright, Lee Venora, Arnold Voketaitis and Robert Eckert composed the ensemble for *Four Saints in Three Acts*. It was, as you must have gathered, quite an evening of music.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AT THE AGE of twenty-one Chekhov was already blessed with the gifts of observation and understanding that made him one of the masters of late nineteenth-century literature. *A Country Scandal* (Greenwich Mews Theatre), his first play, is endowed with the signs of his genius. It has never before been professionally produced in this country.

Cruder in craftsmanship than his later work—Chekhov's talent grew in subtlety and depth with every play he wrote—less delicate in touch and verbal statement, *A Country Scandal* is none the less a brilliant achievement. The strokes of portraiture are more emphatic, more highly colored with the youthful tendency to exaggerate and overstress, but they are all strokes of the keenest perception.

This is a comedy full of hurt, a pathetic work which at times is as hilarious as a French farce. The young man who wrote it understood that the every-

QED 3

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GOOD MORNING, GOD
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by OLIVER GARRISON

Geddes Magrane is the author of **No Goose So Gray** ($1000 prize winning story, Writers' Fund, Inc., publication 1950), **A Tight Little Gym For Two** (QED 1), **Harlequin B.** (QED 2).

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day muddle of ordinary folk was a tragedy to those who feel and terribly funny to those who think. Although it reflects perfectly the Russian quality of the scene it describes — reflects too the particular historical moment in which the story unfolds: the eighties of the last century—the play is universal and its people are more real, more vivid and more intimately known to us than are our neighbors. In fact they are us.

They are a feckless lot. Chekhov makes us laugh at them; yet they are never altogether contemptible. Trivial, they somehow remain worthy. That is why Chekhov's realism is not petty nor what one might call "statistical." He sees that all these people are composed of the honorable traits and needs of more exalted folk. What gives them their aspect of caricature is their lack of purpose: they live in a world without horizon or direction. They move in feverish spasms like members truncated from a body.

PUBLICATIONS

POLITICAL AFFAIRS — May
features CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT: "The Negro People and the 1960 Elections"—JAMES WEST: "Mass Movement in Illinois"—DOROTHY HEALEY: "The California Scene"—FRED BLAIR: "The Wisconsin Primaries." Also, Soviet analysis: "The Struggle for the Defense of Democracy in Bourgeois Countries" and HYMAN LUMER: "Notes of the Month" (South Africa, Cuba, etc.). HERBERT APTHEKER: "Mythology of American Racism, Part II." **Single Copy 35c; Subscription $4.**
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As the play progresses we can scarcely fail to notice how much these "benighted" Russians resemble our contemporaries—particularly those who appear most "modern" and sophisticated. There is however this difference of approach: if one of our American realists were to present them, these people would be made to seem abnormal or, much worse, too flat and thin in human texture to touch us, to be poignantly relevant.

The central figure is Platonov, a young school teacher, good looking, idealistic but with no specific ideal to aim at, intelligent but lacking any definite problem with which to grapple. He is moderately sensual and, being aimless, he is intrinsically passive. Attractive to women who live in the same airless environment, he becomes a victim of their yearning; to other men, however, he seems the ravaging pursuer of the female sex. This parochial Don Juan is a lover who experiences little pleasure and whose every adventure renders him more abject—flotsam on a stagnant sea.

Around him are rich landowners with nothing to buy—except women who do not desire them. They are men who seek release in drink or in the fleshpots of Paris (they are ashamed to sin at home), blue-stocking girls who are housewives at heart, married women rendered hysterical by the inanity of their nincompoop husbands, aggressive women who can find no partner or prey equal to them in forthrightness or force. The rich Jew is scorned because he is a tradesman, the aristocrat is spineless, the peasant is brutal and baffled, the doctor, a drunk uninspired by his profession, and the good are simple-minded and utterly lost in a society they cannot comprehend or change.

All this, I repeat, is communicated in heartbreak which is not sentimental, with a sense of the ridiculous which is not patronizing. Chekhov was a fine artist, a beautiful spirit and truly modest.

It is significant that so admirable a play—which by the way offers many first-rate acting opportunities—should be done on the American stage in an off-Broadway production. And it is no criticism of the performance we see now to say that it does not encompass the play's full scope. For it is a very knowing production. The actors are generally well cast; Ammon Kabatchnik's direction, which points up the comedy, is firm and aware; the sets by Richard Bianchi aré remarkably apt in relation to the circumstances of playhouse, company and resources.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

rangement, for our union does not have a "machine" (or, more politely, "team"). No, these men were elected on their own, due to their own virtues, by predominantly white electors.

RAY DAVIDSON, Publicity Director
Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Davidson wants us to believe the sixteen Executive Board members of his union have the same status as the Executive Board members of most unions. They are not, in fact, full-time functionaries; most of them are plant workers who hold no full-time union jobs. They are like the board members of most "volunteer" organizations. They meet every so often and purport to set union policy between conventions. But the regional administrative work is done by district directors, appointed for that purpose. Since the Executive Board is not much more than window dressing, it matters very little whether its members were elected by a "machine," a "team" or by pseudo-intellectuals who read progressive publications.

DICK BRUNER

Bergenfield, N. J.

Jane Addams' League

Dear Sirs: Roger Baldwin's excellent piece on Jane Addams in your April 30 issue speaks of her rise to "international acclaim as the leader of the most influential women's movement for peace and freedom." He speaks, too, of her most enduring heritage—"the ongoing world union of women she created."

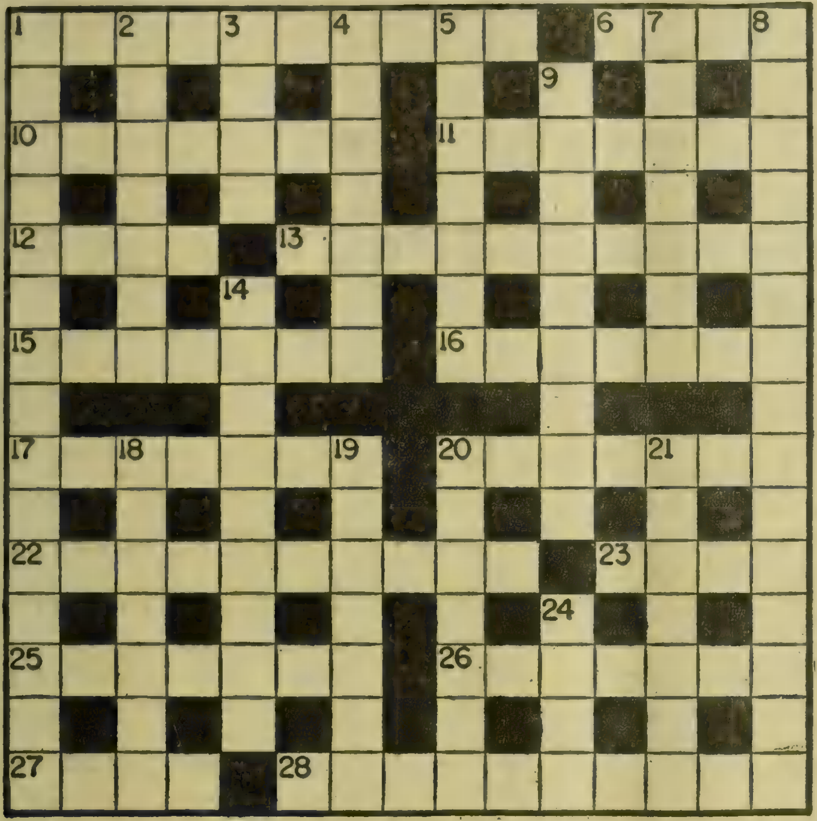
Mr. Baldwin does us honor to assume that his readers will recognize in both descriptions the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the organization of which Jane Addams was a founder in 1915, international president until her death, and to which she gave her share of the 1931 Nobel Peace award money.

MILDRED SCOTT OLMSTED

Philadelphia, Pa.

Crossword Puzzle No. 868

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It makes a stone stink badly, and suggests badness itself. (10)
6 See 3 down
10 Omar might be brought up to date.
11 More than one 20 down puts a load on the family automobile. (7)
12 Isn't this fellow ever met as a patient type? (4)
13 Desiring so for improvement in leaving the course? (10)
15 Covering many things at once. (7)
16 Included for the most part in Poland and Czechoslovakia. (7)
17 And including Dutch, Germans, and Scandinavians. (7)
20 When men are doing this with their locks, they won't be doing it much longer. (7)
22 Gas in the water might. (10)
23 That's the trouble with getting beached away from the base! (4)
25 Nations might be thrown into discord by such smears. (7)
26 Assign a reporter? (7)
27 Raise up with a jerk, like some tramp. (4)
28 Tender name with which one might close a letter? (10)

DOWN:

1 Sounds like Saturday might be in order! (6, 2, 3, 4)
2 Eggs change into a situation where one might find lots of 12. (7)
3 and 6 Any monkey can make his own gas-saver! (8)
4 Messengers of a churchwoman belonging to a union organization. (7)
5 Even an ill-bred person looks around and protects things! (7)
7 They're contrary to what is expected of the state ore is in. (7)
8 What the answer to this clue involves might be found in England ten times. (15)
9 Jacob and Orlando? (9)
14 It's repugnant to dislike a tear! (9)
18 To insist on someone's getting out of the habit? (7)
19 A person does to the gas, relatively indirect. (7)
20 A cigarette holder might be a problem to occasional smokers. (7)
21 What goes with some company at the head of the queue is lean. (7)
24 The object of a healthy jester? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 867

ACROSS: 1 Americanization; 9 Ownership; 11 Blimps; 12 Horrible; 14 Schedule; 16 Paths; 17 Abode; 18 Hallmark; 20 Chessmen; 21 and 10 Breadsticks; 24 Ad lib; 25 Gatehouse; 26 Chinese checkers. DOWN: 1 Amoeba; 2 Ennui; 3 Irreprehensible; 4 Ache; 5 Improperly; 6 Anthropomorphic; 7 Incubator; 8 Nesters; 13 Bush league; 15 Chou En-lai; 17 Archaic; 19 Aspens; 22 Abuse; 23 Itch.

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LETTERS

'Report from the South'

Dear Sirs: I have almost nothing but admiration for Dan Wakefield's "Report from the South: Eye of the Storm" in your May 7 issue. . . . Permit me to underscore one of his comments, and to criticize (slightly) two others.

In pointing out that Montgomery, "the cradle of the Confederacy," was also the cradle of the non-violent movement against segregation—the bus boycott—Mr. Wakefield suggests, but does not point up, the paradox: that there is some direct relation between the degree of the pressure of segregation and the degree of resistance to it. It is true, the sit-in demonstrations began in North Carolina, a comparatively liberal state; but, what I for one would never have expected, they have spread rapidly through the hard-core state of South Carolina and indeed across the South. I'm still inclined to see the Deep South states as the last to accept the new day, but I'm not as sure as I was about this. . . . The demonstrations have made me more deeply aware that perhaps the main force making for desegregation is the will of the Negroes themselves; and there are a lot of Negroes in the Deep South.

In one sense Mr. Wakefield is probably right in suggesting that these resistance movements—he was actually referring to the Montgomery bus boycott—do not create among the whites respect for Negroes, but rather distrust and hatred. I should limit this by saying "among some whites"; and I should also point out that respect may increase even along with distrust and hatred. Perhaps not respect for the total person, but respect for the man as a fighter, as one whose existence has to be taken into account. . . . In addition, there are many whites in the South—though I'll admit they aren't saying much—who are proud that the Negroes are rising to the occasion. . . .

Finally, I think Mr. Wakefield isn't quite fair in dismissing the "love"—to call it that—between whites and Negroes as being honest only so long as the Negro remains "in his place." I'm not prepared to write off the interracial relationships of the South as entirely false or bad. I'm not so much maintaining that whites like Negroes and Negroes whites as I am that both are basically alike, and that in the South people are inclined to like people. It's the possession of a deep common knowledge of each other that tends to cause Southern whites and Negroes studying in Northern colleges to become acquaintances and even friends. In spite of the divisiveness of segregation, we know one another better (and think better of one another) than we usually think.

I realize that this is a wide-open field for sentimentality, and that I as a Southerner am an expert sentimentalist; but I also feel that in this vague and shadowy region are solid truths the South might build upon.

JAMES MCBRIDE DABBS

Mayesville, S. C.

[*Mr. Dabbs, a South Carolinian, is the author of* The Southern Heritage. *Under the title, "Dime Stores and Dignity," he commented upon the Southern "sit-ins" in* The Nation *of April 2*—ED.]

Broader Horizons

Dear Sirs: I guess one of the most important parts of growing up is an increasing recognition of events . . . beyond one's immediate environment. Until now, my quest for knowledge of current events has been satisfied by the local paper, radio and a cursory glance at the Sunday *Times*. The May 7 issue of *The Nation* was the first I've read. I found that it wasn't trying to "sell" anyone or anything, but gave a concise and refreshing view of the news—the way I would like to be able to write it.

Dan Wakefield's article was very enlightening, and I have distributed some extra copies to friends at school.

RICHARD BERNSTEIN
Eastchester High School

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Invitation to a Walk

Dear Sirs: I have organized myself into a Committee of One to conduct a March for Nuclear Disarmament similar to that held recently in England. I propose to march from Einstein's home in Princeton, New Jersey, to New York City, approximately fifty-three miles. The march is to take place on the anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing in August.

Anyone caring to join me please write, as arrangements must be made for overnight accommodations along the way. My address is 4 Johnson Place, Ardsley, N. Y.

HERBERT SEMMEL

Bitter Harvest

Dear Sirs: In your May 14 issue, you ran a brief letter by me telling of the fight against discrimination which some students at Kentucky State College are waging. I have since been expelled for my activities. If my expulsion from college will pave the road to equality for my fellow Negroes, I can truly say that my labors will not have been in vain.

Meanwhile, I'm trying to raise money to appeal my expulsion to the state Board of Regents. I will be grateful for assistance from your readers. I am now living at 548 Georgia Ave., N.E., Roanoke 12, Va.

EDWARD B. KING, JR.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

And Now What?

Now that Khrushchev is back in Moscow and the President returned to Washington, perhaps both men will take stock of the tragedy that has engulfed them and us. And make no mistake about it: the break-up of the Paris conference was more than a failure — it was a tragedy. On May 1 an "incident" took place that neither man had anticipated would take place at that precise time or in that particular manner. The rapidly spiraling consequences wrecked, in a single day, two years of arduous effort. In itself, failure of the Summit conference need not have been tragic; had the meeting adjourned after a week or so of palaver without agreement, but with "progress" noted and a new date set, it would have been a disappointing development, yet not unexpected and certainly not tragic.

Now there is personal tragedy for both men, as well as a grave outlook for the world. Once the fateful "incident" was known, Khrushchev tried to leave the President an "out," but Mr. Eisenhower could not take it. What the President then did exposed the Soviet leader in a way that, from the Russian point of view, could justly be regarded as indefensible. Even Khrushchev's harshest critics concede this. So instead of coming to Paris determined to salvage something from the conference, Khrushchev came determined to wreck it, and he succeeded.

Now what? The immediate effect of the Summit debacle, under these circumstances, is to encourage the worst elements in both countries. And let's face it: they are legion here and, one may assume, in the Soviet Union as well. Several surveys — notably those taken by *The Wall Street Journal* and by Samuel Lubell — indicate that most Americans not merely tolerate but approve a "tough line" policy. This majority was large enough here before the Summit conference was reduced to a shambles. It is now much larger and even, perhaps, more obdurate. It is not a pugnacious majority; it does not want war. But through default in political leadership and as a consequence of insistent indoctrination, it has succumbed to the "get tough" fallacy which is the demagogue's favorite solution to all difficult social and political problems. How to deal with juvenile delinquency? Crack down. Use the nightstick. Resort to flogging. What to do about drug addiction? Don't treat the addict; punish him. And so, too, with the problems of how to get along with the leaders of the Soviet Union.

Popular reaction to the Summit debacle shows all too clearly that it is only a minority — as one might expect — that has thought through the implications of the terrifying predicament which, in Adlai Stevenson's phrase, finds Russia and this country "like two men in a dark room, each armed and feeling for the other," with neither daring to put his weapon down for fear the other will not. In the long run, this minority view could be expected to penetrate the visceral elements, but it has not yet penetrated these elements widely or deeply, as the current surveys show. Now, with the Summit conference wreckage all about us, it will be doubly difficult to get the majority to re-examine the "get tough" premise upon which it relies. Yet it is not an impossible task. Surveys can be deceptive; they can be misinterpreted. We are a free people, says Walter Lippmann, and one of the advantages of a free society is that it provides a way to deal with error and correct mistakes, i.e., "to investigate, to criticize, to debate, and then to demonstrate to the people and to the world that the lessons of the fiasco have been learned and will be applied."

The rejoicing now audible among the cave-dwellers — the idiot's chorus chanting "We told you so," "You can't negotiate," "The Soviet air defenses are a sieve," "Isn't it wonderful that we know so much about Soviet installations?" etc., — will not last long. There will be second thoughts, then third ones. But if, as Lippmann goes on to say, we rally around the President, it will prove to the world that the blunders will not be corrected and that "our people are satisfied with bad government" — bad government, wretched management and incompetent leadership. It is therefore — as it has always been and will ever be — up to the thoughtful minority, which never divides on party lines, to demand the type of leadership from both parties that alone can bring out the mistakes and correct the errors. But if the cave-dwellers prevail in both parties, if the election turns out to be a competition in toughness — in who can be most beastly with the Russians — the Summit wreckage will be irreparable. There are some competitions in which it is folly to engage — and one of them is a competition in toughness in an age of nuclear weapons.

Hot Tip

The CIA, though somewhat downgraded in secrecy, went up in the estimation of Wall Street during the past week and, should it issue stock, it would have no difficulty in getting a listing on the Big Board, where it would rival the electronic and missiles issues in volatility. From a bureaucratic standpoint, CIA was always a fascinating stock. Consider these features: its appropriations were practically unlimited and disclosed only to a few Congressmen and these sworn to secrecy; what it did was not revealed to anyone (Allen Dulles couldn't know it all and the President demonstrated that he knew practically nothing) and therefore the agency was not subject to review or criticism; and it was getting an enormous new building in which a bureaucrat could take his ease in luxurious surroundings. But then the Russians, using, according to their account, a major as a computer, brought down the U-2. CIA stock, as and when issued, plummeted. The bears pointed out that it had always been a risky stock: so little was known about it. The name of Allen Dulles became a hissing and a byword; his job hung by a thread. But if there was any smart money around, this was precisely the time to buy, for Khrushchev, all unknowing, came to the rescue. When he insulted the President, the CIA was made. Its stock zoomed. Within a few days one could make millions on an investment of $500. Espionage flared into a growth stock which would make Texas Instruments look like a snail. The

The U.N.'s 'Other' Perspective . . *by Mario Rossi*

United Nations, May 20

Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold placed the collapse of the Summit in its proper perspective when he said that "the problems which would have been taken up in Paris remain with us and require as much of our honest efforts as ever." Nevertheless, the atmosphere in which these problems will now be debated at the United Nations has changed dramatically. The smaller countries, which represent the great majority of the U.N., are less interested in the problems as such than in solutions which are likely to be acceptable to both the United States and the Soviet Union. Only an agreement between the two super-powers can dispel the nightmare of total annihilation and focus world attention on the needs and problems of the underdeveloped countries.

It little matters, in the opinion of a majority of U.N. members, whether an American plan or a Soviet plan is good or bad. The only test of validity is: "Will the other side accept it?"

It is against this background that the world body is approaching a debate before the Security Council, and later undoubtedly before the General Assembly, which may recall the worst days of the cold war. And it may be in vain that the United States and the Soviet Union will bring accusations against each other, because the majority here does not judge problems by the same "ideological" standards as do Washington and the Kremlin. The underdeveloped countries are interested in disarmament, because it can release the funds necessary for their economic development. But disarmament is predicated upon a measure of U.S.-Soviet understanding, and any departure from a climate of understanding is blamed more or less equally on the two sides. When the virulence of charges and counter-charges before the Security Council will have run its course, and the smaller nations get their chance to speak before the General Assembly, this "other" perspective may dominate the debates.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Hammarskjold has stressed, it is necessary and urgent to bring the temperature down in order to reduce the ever-present risk of war by accident. "The more constructive work in the long run," he said, "is that which aims at creating a situation in which even occasional sparks do not lead to a fire." The world organization provides the framework for constructive diplomatic efforts—"for public diplomacy and for conference diplomacy on any level which governments may desire." The Secretary General added another important consideration: "There is in such non-publicized diplomacy within the U.N. an additional element of value: the mediating influence of the participation of all those who are vitally interested in peace, while free from an immediate involvement in the issues at stake in terms of prestige or national interest."

MARIO ROSSI is a U.N. correspondent for several newspapers here and abroad.

dope in the bureaucratic marts of Washington is that nothing can stop CIA — the sky is the limit. Allen Dulles, its patient, self-sacrificing head, could be elected President if he cared to run. It is indeed a romantic story of the bureaucratic financial marts, and everybody must be looking for similar situations which, in the dark purlieus of modern government, may well exist.

The Best and the Worst

During its recent hearings in San Francisco, the Un-American Activities Committee scored an impressive headline victory over the pre-Summit news. "Police, Crowd Battle Outside Red Hearing; 12 Hurt, 52 Arrested," the screamers read, "400 Cops Fight Mob Storming City Hall," "Clubs, Fire Hoses Used on Youths," "Cops Use Clubs, Hoses in Wild Melee." Most of the demonstraters were young men and women from neighboring college campuses (who said this generation of students is apathetic?) who wanted to get into the hearing room mostly because they wanted the committee to get out — permanently. The ensuing bedlam led Richard Arens, committee staff director, and others to repeat a weary charge: "They're a bunch of Commies." If they were, then so are the Episcopal Diocese of California, the First Unitarian Church of San Jose, Rep. James Roosevelt, Assemblymen John O'Connell and Philip Burton of San Francisco, the Berkeley YWCA, 400 leading citizens of Palo Alto (site of Stanford University), the San Francisco Society of Friends, several hundred members of the faculties of the University of California, San Francisco State College and San Jose State College, the San Francisco Central Labor Council (AFL-CIO), etc, etc. — all of which are on record as protesting the committee's hearings or demanding its permanent abolition.

True, many who share the students' contempt for the committee subsequently denounced, with some justification, the youngsters' unruly method of showing that contempt. But it is an old story that the Committee on Un-American Activities brings out the worst in people, as well as the best. On the witness chair, the friendly neighbor turns informer; and the civil libertarian, prodded beyond endurance by his inquisitors' tactics, often is transformed into a ranting maniac who hurts his own cause. And the effect on the community is the same: citizen turns upon citizen; civic groups, normally united in constructive programs, are split down the middle; the press spews venom. Inevitably, the world is treated to the enlightening spectacle of a couple of hundred students, sitting with arms locked against the jets from fire hoses, singing, cheering and howling while police clubs fly and water runs three inches deep over the marble floors of San Francisco's City Hall.

For what purpose? San Francisco provided a dramatic test. Had the committee sincerely sought to carry out its sole Constitutional prerogative, i.e., to conduct inquiries for the purpose of improving legislation, it could have held the hearings in executive session. There could then have been no complaints of packed audiences, no noisy demonstrations inside the hearing room, and no clubs, no fire hoses, no bedlam outside. But there also would have been no headlines. The paradox is that in its publicity hunger, the committee is driving inexorably for the one headline it doesn't want — the one announcing its own demise.

Hot Front in the Cold War

A small blessing, which will probably not be widely utilized, may result from the U-2 incident and its additional amplification by Khrushchev's convulsions in Paris. The American people — those of them who look beyond the supermarket and the TV show — can now examine a king-size journalistic package on modern intelligence techniques. However heavily loaded this material is with tribal self-righteousness and melodrama, it also contains information which concerns today's taxpayer, who may be tomorrow's nuclear casualty. According to *U.S. News & World Report,* which knows all and now deems itself free to tell more of it than it used to, the United States alone employs more than 100,000 people in military intelligence and spends $2.5 billion a year. There is much more of the same in this and other media of the mass-produced inside-dopester, but perhaps the most thought-provoking story is in the May 23 *Time*, which pictures Francis Powers, the man of the week, taking off from the U.S. Air Force base at Adana, Turkey, on April 27 for Peshawar, Pakistan. There *Time* pictures him as fidgeting nervously, waiting for the right combination of winds aloft that would boost him along his 3,5000-mile route to Norway, minimal cloud cover, and so little moisture in the upper air that the U-2 would not leave contrails. Five days of this, and he took off. But on the operational details of this crucial decision *Time* is silent, either not knowing, or not able to let the masses in on the secret. *Time* does remark that "the demands of diplomacy scarcely figured in the delay," and this we may well believe. We may conjecture, also, on the closeness, or lack of closeness, of Powers' contact with anyone who knew or cared about the diplomatic situation at that juncture. It is perfectly conceivable that some sort of agreement could have been on the way at the Summit conference, and Powers, or one of his thousands of confreres, might have wrecked matters by getting shot down over the Soviet Union while the talks were in progress. Or later. The right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth; CIA and Air Force are a law unto themselves, and let the Herters fall where they may. And it may be a lieutenant who brings Herter down.

DEBACLE IN PARIS . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, May 20

NOW that it's all over, it is still hard to believe that it happened. I have before me a copy of Khrushchev's book, *Peace and Friendship*, lyrically describing the author's visit to the United States, whereof 600,000 copies were sold in the Soviet Union in the course of a single day only a few months ago. I remember the immense enthusiasm Khrushchev's visit aroused in Moscow and the delight with which Moscow audiences watched films showing the cordial Khrushchev-Eisenhower meetings.

At the time, these tête-à-têtes seemed like the crowning achievement of the Soviet peace policy. The cold war seemed over. The spirit of Camp David was expected to mark future international relations. True, Khrushchev was fond of stressing that the Americans would never have been so accommodating had they not been aware of the tremendous technical advances in military strength made by the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, he seemed certain that the days of "brinkmanship," the "positions-of-strength" policy, were over and that President Eisenhower was genuinely opposed to a return to the cold war.

Khrushchev had been campaigning for a Summit for a whole year. The U-2 incident might not have proved fatal, but the subsequent Eisenhower-Herter utterances that the overflight had been part of routine American policy which the United States intended to pursue, made it impossible to regard it any longer as a relatively harmless, isolated incident. The development produced a tremendous crescendo in the anti-American campaign of the Soviet press, which castigated American "banditry" and the "incredible cynicism whereby international law is violated." Walter Lippmann's severe condemnation of the Eisenhower-Herter line was quoted extensively not only in Britain and France, but also in Russia.

According to all international standards the United States was wrong, and this fact is fully realized in Western Europe. Today the French radio, attempting to explain the failure of the conference and yet determined to maintain Western solidarity, says that the United States in only 20 per cent to blame, while the Soviet Union is 80 per cent. Actually, a majority of French and British opinion believes that the reverse proportion is the truer one.

What has been the Russian reaction to the Paris development? It has been one of extreme bitterness, with Khrushchev complaining that Eisenhower wrecked a policy which was humanity's hope. Why didn't Eisenhower repudiate the spy-plane's organizers? Khrushchev, it is argued by his entourage, deliberately gave the President the benefit of the doubt and an opportunity to reduce the incident to a minimum. Even after Khrushchev arrived in Paris, he waited two days for a favorable move from the head of the American state, but nothing happened. The Soviet leader concluded that since the President is "helpless" in the hands of "war mongers," it is useless to negotiate with him.

THERE ARE, I think, several relevant points which should be made. First, the Soviet leader appears to be personally outraged by the wrecking of his step-by-step peace policy. At the same time, the U-2 incident has now been magnified in the Soviet Union into a symbol of a constant threat that one day "a mad American pilot" might bomb Moscow by "accident." The genuine alarm that has been worked up in the Soviet Union goes together with a constant reminder that the Russian military can smash any invader.

It is significant that while Khrushchev was in Paris he was accompanied constantly by Malinovsky who, it is rumored here, supports a tougher foreign policy aimed particularly at the liquidation of the American bases which ring the Soviet Union. Khrushchev's explicit threats concerning these bases have been interpreted here as meaning that any further air incidents would probably result in Soviet ultimatums.

The fundamental question is whether Khrushchev today is really the master of Soviet policy. Here we are in the realm of speculation, but a number of significant facts emerge. Recently, Nehru told President de Gaulle that Khrushchev's position was weakening inside the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, where his "soft" attitude toward the West was considered fruitless. The spy-plane incident served to confirm the Central Committee's judgment. Moreover, the opposition to Khrushchev argues that the Soviet Union is today in a favorable position to give active support to the revolutionary movements of the underdeveloped countries — and that it would be better to do this than to act the part of the rich uncle.

Another theory widely advanced here is that China was hostile to Khrushchev's pro-West policy from the beginning, and was particularly opposed to the Summit. In this connection, some experts here argue that the postponement of the Big Four talks might be a good thing: perhaps, they theorize, the next American administration will be disposed to recognize China, in which case the Big Four Summit would be transformed into a much more satisfactory Big Five.

Khrushchev himself, even while he was pursuing his pro-West policy, never quite abandoned an alternative one. His entourage recalled how during his recent visit to Indonesia, he pointed out that there were powers bigger than France and England and that the time might come when the Summit would present itself in a different light.

The question now is whether Khrushchev will maintain the uneasy *status quo* until after the American elections — provided, of course, there are no further Western provocations — or resort to unilateral actions in Germany and elsewhere,

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notably Turkey. American bases seem to be a more urgent problem, in Khrushchev's view, than Berlin, whereon the Soviet leader was fairly reassuring (as he was also in continuation of the Geneva nuclear-test-ban talks). In general, one gets the impression that the Russians are hoping that Britain and France will restrain American provocations. Khrushchev is obviously reluctant to abandon his peace policy, but he seems prepared to adopt a much tougher one if the United States persists in the flights.

Reports from Moscow show that the Soviet public is both angry and extremely nervous. The memory of the horrors of the last war are still fresh in the minds of the Russians. Nevertheless, there are elements of the Soviet people, and particularly of the Soviet leadership, which favor a "limited showdown" with the West.

HEALTH INSURANCE FOR THE AGED

WHICH BILL IS BEST? . . *by Leo J. Linder*

NOT IN YEARS has Congress been subjected to so much pressure as is being currently applied for and against health insurance for the aged. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that "tons of mail" have been received by Congressmen. The AFL-CIO and organizations of the aged on one side, and the American Medical Association and private insurance companies on the other, are in direct conflict on the issue.

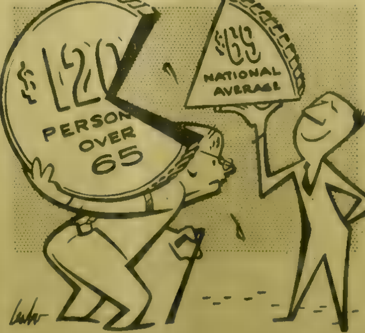
The pressure arises from the failure of our social security arrangements to furnish adequate health care for the people who need it most—the people over sixty-five. These older people use about two and a half times as much hospital care as persons under sixty-five. Even aside from hospitalization, the average elderly couple spends about $200 a year on health costs; one out of every six pays more than $800 a year in medical bills.

The aged, moreover, have less money to meet their greater need. Almost two-thirds of the 16 million Americans over sixty-five have money incomes of less than $20 per week (including social security income). Old-age insurance beneficiaries, receiving an average of $72 a month, are in no position to meet big health costs. The result is that millions of our aged either do without medical care, despite their need, or "go broke" paying health bills.

Private health insurance doesn't meet the problem. Most insurance companies simply will not insure persons sixty-five or over; those that do charge premiums of $7 to $10 monthly, which most older persons cannot afford. So more than half of the aged have no private insurance coverage at all, and those who do have limited protection.

TO DEAL with this problem, there are now four different measures before Congress. They break down into two different basic approaches.

On the one hand, there is the Forand Bill (the storm center of the current debate), and a new bill introduced by Senator McNamara (D., Mich.) with the joint sponsorship of fifteen other Democrats. Both these bills would operate within the present social security system. On the other hand, there are the Administration's "Medicare Program for the Aged" and another, essentially similar, proposal offered by Senator Javits with the co-sponsorship of seven other Republican Senators. The Administration and the Javits bills would by-pass the social security system and provide federal grants for state programs to subsidize private health insurance.



Medical Expenses: 1958

LET'S take a closer look at these measures.

The Forand Bill would give all who qualify for monthly benefits under the OASI (Old Age Survivors' Insurance) provisions of the Social Security Act additional benefits to cover the cost of up to sixty days of hospitalization and up to 120 days of nursing-home care, plus certain surgical benefits. It would cover not only the 11 million persons sixty-five or over who are now receiving OASI benefits, but also the 2 million under sixty-five who receive these benefits as survivors and dependents. The Forand Bill would not, however, cover the 5 million aged persons who are now excluded from OASI.

The McNamara Bill would exclude under-age (i.e., under sixty-five) OASI beneficiaries, but cover not only the OASI-covered aged but also the aged who are not so covered, provided they earn less than $2,000 annually. It would pay for the first ninety instead of sixty days of hospitalization, 180 (instead of 120) days of nursing-home care, substitute for surgical benefits home health and diagnostic out-patient services, and pay for "very expensive drugs."

On the whole, McNamara's proposal is better than Forand's in coverage and benefits. It would be unfair, however, not to see that this is the child sitting on its father's

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shoulders. Rep. Forand deserves the credit for the initial push.

The bills are alike in that they both build on the present efficient social security system, whose administrative cost runs about 2 per cent—much lower than private insurance. And since social security is a federal system, everybody in the country qualifying is benefited.

Both measures would be financed in the same way that social security benefits are financed. The government estimates that Forand Bill benefits would cost $1.1 billion, which would be met by adding .025 per cent to both wage and payroll tax rates. The McNamara proposal would cost about the same, insofar as coverage of OASI beneficiaries is concerned. The additional costs involved in the McNamara plan's coverage of the non-insured aged are estimated at $370 million, and this sum would be met from general revenues. But since the government is already spending for this purpose approximately $240 million out of general revenues, the McNamara measure would add only about $130 million to our general tax bill. Beneficiaries pay no premiums under either bill; the premiums are paid by the whole working population in the form of taxes.

LET'S NOW look at the Administration program and Senator Javits' bill.

The Administration's "Medicare" proposal would provide federal grants to states for state programs to enable individuals sixty-five or over to purchase from private insurance companies a "major medical expense insurance policy." The state programs would be open to all the aged, regardless of whether or not they are OASI beneficiaries, who in the preceding year either had paid no income tax or whose gross income (including social security and pensions) had not exceeded $2,500 ($3,800 for a couple). The individuals would pay a premium of $24 a year.

The benefits cover a "ten-point program," including 180 days of hospital care; a year of nursing-home care and home-care services; surgical, physicians' and dental services; physical restoration and private nursing; drugs up to $350 a year, and laboratory and X-ray services up to $200 a year. On its face, the benefits are broader than those offered by either the Forand or McNamara proposals, as Vice President Nixon was quick to point out. But there is a big catch: the benefits are subject to a deduction of the first $250 ($400 for a couple), as well as 20 per cent of costs *over* these amounts.

According to Secretary Flemming, the average annual health and medical expenses of aged persons in 1957-8 were $177 ($210 at 1960 prices). Thus, the $250 deductible provision is expected to eliminate the cost of "average expenditures" which would have to be borne by the insured. About 15 per cent of the aged (2.25 million persons), Dr. Flemming estimates, had "total medical expenses on the average of $700 per year" ($840 at 1960 prices). These people would have to bear the following average costs: $24 premium plus the first $250 plus 20 per cent of the excess over $250, or another $188. An average burden of $392 for annual health and medical care would be imposed on a group two-thirds of whose members have a total annual income of "less than" $1,000. Few could carry it.

"Medicare" would also cover public-assistance recipients of qualifying states without any premium payment or other deductions. But the federal government is already making grants to the states for public assistance — including provision for medical care. Thus, the effect of the Administration's proposal would be to expand the public-assistance program—conceivably by injecting private insurance policies and costs into it. What possible sense is there in subjecting the public-assistance program to private insurance costs?

"Medicare" would involve an estimated governmental cost of $1.2 billion, with the federal government contributing about half from general revenues, the other half being supplied by the participating states.

Senator Javits' plan also depends upon state operations. It would have the aged purchase insurance policies and pay premiums ranging from 50c to $13 a month (the latter figure applying to those with incomes of $3,600 or more annually). Senator Javits also would have the federal and state governments subsidize the private insurance companies by putting up $1.1 billion (the federal share coming from general revenues) to meet the difference between premiums paid and the actual cost of the insurance.

In my judgment, the "Medicare" and Javits proposals are both basically unsound. In both, coverage depends upon a state enacting the necessary legislation. Under "Medicare," the states' cost would be $600 million annually; under the Javits Bill, $640 million. Many states are in financial difficulties; some would finance the additional burden through higher sales or other regressive taxes. And, as we have seen, both programs depend upon individuals purchasing policies and paying premiums, while the "Medicare" plan suffers the additional disadvantage that its benefits are seriously restricted by the "$250 deductible" and the 20 per cent "co-insurance" clauses.

Administratively, the two Republican measures, by-passing the excellent social security administration, would set up a new and complicated structure involving the federal government, the fifty state governments and as many of the 1,150 different voluntary health insurance organizations as would insure under the program. The result would be hundreds of different policies and premiums subject to the heavy administrative costs of private insurance subsidized at government expense.

THE A. M. A. has denounced the Forand Bill as the "entering wedge" of "socialized medicine" and President Eisenhower has taken up this allegation. "I am against compulsory insurance," he has said, "as a very definite step in socialized medicine." The charge is untenable. Unlike the British system and, indeed, unlike many private-group hospital insurance plans, neither the Forand nor the McNamara Bill disturbs physician-patient relationships, nor does either limit beneficiaries to restricted panels. Both provide for payments to any hospital, nursing home or surgeon selected by the patient within appropriate administrative regulations.

Actually, opposition to "governmental action" to meet hospital costs makes little sense. A government memorandum shows that the country's total hospital bill for 1955 was about $6 billion, of which 44 per cent was paid by government funds (i.e., for the care of veterans, members of the Armed Forces, Congressmen and other officials; the maintenance of hospitals for tuberculosis and mental diseases, and medical expenditures under the Social Security Act). It is thus too late to object to governmental help in meeting the costs of hospital care.

The Eisenhower Administration insists that the solutions to the problem of health care for the aged must be found in "voluntary" action and reliance upon private insurance. The whole argument concerning "voluntary" action has an air of fantasy. When we use general revenues to subsidize private insurance, as the Administration proposes, we are using "compulsory" taxes to finance "voluntary" plans. Actually, the so-called "voluntary" pension systems financed by employer contributions depend upon the tax deductibility of these contributions; thus, they reduce general revenues and cast a heavier tax burden on all of us. These "voluntary" actions are actually subsidized by compulsion.

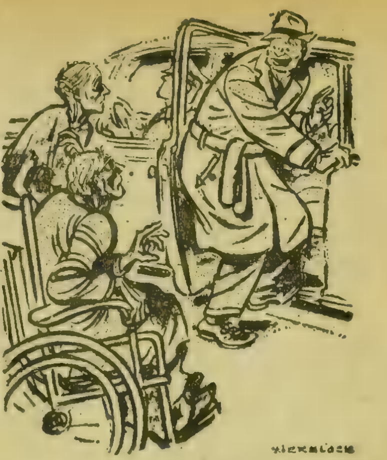
IT IS too late to question whether meeting the health needs of its older citizens is a proper function of government. That decision was made when we enacted the Social Security Act twenty-five years ago. We then determined as a nation that government has a responsibility for old-age security. For a generation we have been applying, and still apply, vast compulsion to over 70 million persons who pay social security taxes, and we have set up, through such compulsion, an efficient system which is now generally accepted as part of the institutional fabric of our society. No new principle is involved in adding benefits for hospital expense to benefits already being paid out to older people.

The real question is: how should we finance the needed additional benefits? Extraordinarily enough, the Administration and the Javits proposals, bad as they are, do contain one element of greater equity than is to be found in the Forand and McNamara bills. This is the idea of financing from general revenues rather than from social security taxes. Secretary Flemming, indeed, points to this as a superiority of the Administration's approach. "Medicare," he said, would "divide the cost equitably among the entire population by providing for financing the federal share out of general revenues. . . ."

The "Medicare" and Javits programs thus both reach out beyond the $4,800 fixed as the maximum taxable income under the Social Security Act. This makes sense; taxation according to ability to pay should never exempt higher income. Under the Social Security Act and under the Forand and McNamara bills, income over $4,800 bears no tax burden for providing OASI benefits. And unearned income, dividends, interest and capital gains, of whatever amount, bear no such tax burden at all.

Why shouldn't the whole additional burden involved in health insurance for the aged be financed from general revenues? The fact is that there is a cost which must be met. The question is: whose taxes should be increased to meet this cost? Why should the increase come only on earned income below $4,800? Isn't the burden of the country's aged population a burden upon all of us? And shouldn't we all carry the burden in proportion to our ability to carry it?

Of course, to increase social security taxes rather than to defray the cost from general revenues serves the interests of high-income recipients and those who receive interest, dividends and capital gains. It is understandable that they should insist that the general revenues not be touched. But why do labor leaders and progressives take the same stand? They do so because they have long ago been sold on the so-called "contributory principle." Workers pay for their own benefits. The financing of social security is based upon so-called "actuarial" principles relating benefits paid to taxes received. The taxes stop at $4,800 and the benefits are based on average wage income up to $4,800. If you increase benefits, you must increase taxes.


St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Perhaps some day a kind of voluntary program for—uh—voluntary illnesses."

THERE IS, however, nothing inevitable about this. Our government could, for social security purposes, tax all income without limit or up to any desired limit and still gear benefits to a $4,800 top—or to any other figure. What we do depends upon the decisions of social policy that we make.

Actually, we have long ago abandoned any strict relationship between taxes and benefits. In order to help low-income workers, we weight the formula, fixing monthly benefits in favor of the lower-income worker. Thus, the primary OASI benefit for a person with an average monthly income of $100 is $59 monthly, while the primary benefit for one with an average monthly income of $200 is only $84. Again, a worker with dependents receives higher benefits than a worker in the same wage bracket who is without dependents.

We do these things because they are socially justified. We are not dealing with private insurance, which must proportion benefits to premiums. Private insurance is not concerned with social responsibilities; it cannot be, without jeopardizing its solvency. Social insurance, however, involves governmental policy, operating on the whole of society; social insurance can adjust policies and benefits as social needs require.

SO FAR, we have been contrasting two methods of financing the needed health-care benefits for the aged. One is through general revenues, the other is by increasing the social security tax.

There is a third alternative: lifting the ceiling on social security taxes. Total earnings covered by the social security program in 1959 were $249 billion, of which $201 billion was taxable. The balance of $48 billion was untouched by social security taxes because it represented per capita earnings above $4,800. The present tax rate of 3 per cent for both wage and payroll tax, or a total of 6 per cent, applied to this $48 billion would yield $3 billion—three times the Forand and McNamara bills' costs. If we merely increased the ceiling from $4,800 to $6,000, we would make another $17 billion of earnings taxable. At 6 per cent, this would yield $1 billion, or approximately the Forand-McNamara cost. Thus, there is no need to increase the payroll tax from 3 per cent to 3¼ per cent; new legislation could be financed by extending the tax to a higher bracket. Significantly, Speaker Rayburn has suggested as much.

The Forand and McNamara proposals, for all their virtues, are obviously inadequate to meet a cost of $3-$4 billion for a complete medical-care program for the aged. Is the only solution to be found in the ultimate increase of the social security tax not by .025 per cent, but by four times as much? Considering the large burden which these taxes already constitute, and the fact that they are due for a 50 per cent increase over the next eight years even without any new legislation for the aged, clearly other solutions must be sought.

Many people would agree that financing out of general revenues is the most equitable solution. But they are afraid to press the argument because they think that to do so would kill the whole program. Yet the Republicans have not hesitated to propose financing their old-age health measures through general revenues! In politics, as in life, you should fight for all you think you ought to get and settle for the least that is worth taking. While politics has been defined as the art of the possible, what is possible depends in part upon the targets of those waging the fight.

THE ARMY PLEADS for SURVIVAL . .

by Ralph Caplan

Fort Benning, Ga.

LT.-GEN. ARTHUR G. TRUDEAU, the Army's Chief of Research and Development, stated a few weeks ago that an army must be able to do three things—"move, shoot and communicate." The General found it necessary to make the statement because, in the minds and hearts of its members, there is one other thing an army must do: it must exist. And it is no secret that nuclear developments have threatened the existence of the Army by promising to render it obsolete, just as they have threatened the existence of mankind by promising to render it dead. The threat is most palpably evident in the relative prosperity of the Air Force, once a minor Army branch, and the Navy, which once played the role of a sort of hired carrier, designed to take the Army where it was going and support it once it got there. These offspring now flourish like a green bay tree of pre-strontium-90 vintage, while the Mother Service is neglected.

In an ambitious move to dramatize the Army's continuing importance and its increasing needs, the Department of the Army this month conducted Project Man, a three-day conference and demonstration held here "to acquaint key members of the Executive branch of the government, senior commanders, industry . . . and informational media with the needs of a modern Army."

Project Man gets its name from the words M(odern) A(rmy) N(eeds), but also from a peculiar humanitarian emphasis that finds Man at the core of modern warfare just as he was in the bow-and-arrow days. What is Man that the Army is mindful of him? He is, quite simply, "the ultimate weapon," a definition that found its way into each visitor's night-table literature and out of the mouths of Secretary of the Army Brucker, Chief of Staff Lemnitzer, and even a young Ranger captain I met at the bar.

In his welcoming speech, General Lemnitzer expressed pleasure at the opportunity to "stress the continued pre-eminence on the military scene of our ultimate weapon, today's soldier." This was the key refrain during Project Man. When the killing power of a nuclear warhead was described, the description was enriched with the warning that we must not become complacent about atomic power: after all, only Man could wage war. (Why, without Man, there was hardly any point in even *having* war.)

Another theme without variation had to do with inter-service rivalry. Whenever an Army helicopter or amphibious carrier appeared, someone was on hand to point out that these were not competitive with the more sophisticated equipment of the other services. In discussing the need for new and better air vehicles, General Trudeau modestly explained: "We don't want to fly very high or very fast. But we *would* like to move quietly over the nap of the earth."

For me, Project Man commenced the afternoon of May 2, when the Curtiss-Wright company plane in which I was riding descended on Lawson

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Army Airfield. One of the reporters sitting near a window yelled, "There must be some brass landing. They have an honor guard and a band." Not until we stepped off the plane did we realize the reception was for us. The band played *Semper Fidelis* and a general shook my hand and said, "We're sure glad you could come." "So am I," I said. I was. It was so much like a dreams-of-glory fantasy that all I could think was "Gee, the kids back home'll never believe this." (Some of them didn't.)

The band swung into the theme from the movie *Bridge on the River Kwai* and we were ushered into buses. We had each been sent a memorandum (in duplicate, naturally) telling what to pack ("Each guest should provide his own sunglasses. . . .") and an itinerary detailed after the manner of armies everywhere:

1530-1550 Open
1550-1600 Load on Buses
1600-1605 Enroute
1605-1610 Unload Buses

All three days' activity was meticulously scheduled this way, and furthermore the schedule was adhered to. Indeed, the entire affair was superbly engineered. It is no easy task to herd some 600 visitors — many of whom outrank you one way or another — around a military base the size of Fort Benning; and the officers in charge did it with the courteous firmness that is the Army at its semi-social best.

WE ARRIVED at Building 2756-A, registered, and signed a paper relieving the Army of responsibility for any injuries we might incur. Then a colonel introduced himself and led me to the nearby bar. He said that Project Man was an important enterprise for the Army, and he hoped I'd enjoy it and learn something. We were joined by a Washington reporter who said, "It's about time the Army did a little public relations, and I'm glad to see it happening. The Army's been taking a terrific pasting." Other reporters agreed that the Army had been getting a bad press, and were equally pleased to see that now it was doing something about it — courting the press, for one thing.

The Army also purported to be courting industry, although it was not easy to identify the aggressor in that particular romance. Most industry representatives at Project Man were receptive to the Army's case for more and better equipment, because their business is selling the equipment; they were, in effect, cosponsors. It would be unkind to say that they were shills; the euphemism in vogue during Project Man was "allies." But they were hardly disinterested allies. It was as though a child were defending his need for an electric train to an adult audience consisting of his parents and three salesmen from F.A.O. Schwartz.

THE Army-industry alliance was shaken briefly in a speech by Secretary Brucker, however. Having pointed out that Man was not only a tactical weapon, but actually a strategic - weapons system, Mr. Brucker turned his attention to those weapons that are made and not born. In supplying them, industry "must not allow the desire for profits to assume greater influence in its plans and activities than the desire to serve the nation faithfully and well," he said, adding: "I have always considered any contract between the armed forces and an industrial supplier as a sacred covenant for the good of America." To some industrialists this sounded suspiciously as though the Army thought it deserved weapons whether it could pay for them or not. "We're not buying any of that," one said afterwards. A military writer regarded this as the worst sort of civilian cynicism, and said so. I tried to remember the "true faith of the Armorer" as described by Undershaft, the weapons-manufacturer in Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Later I looked it up: "To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles."

At the heart of the Army's argument was General Hugh Harris' declaration that, despite the advent of nuclear warfare, "the traditional role of the Army has not changed greatly." His speech was followed by a live-firing demonstration, showing how a rifle company might conduct a night defense operation, using artillery, flame tanks, illuminants and rockets with nuclear warheads. Like the other Project Man demonstrations, it was accompanied by a running narration delivered in what I came to think of as The Army Forensic Style—a loud, high-pitched technique somewhere between Oral Roberts and a radio fight announcer. Obviously, the Fort Benning speech coach is no exponent of Method Acting. In the narration, as well as on the field, a hypothetical enemy was efficiently beaten. Later on I asked a two-star general what the enemy might have been doing while we were scoring all those direct hits.

"It's a problem," he admitted. "No one has ever hit on a realistic way to simulate war. If you just imagine an enemy, you have to imagine his moves. On the other hand, if you assign a unit to *be* the enemy, you can't use real firepower. Also these things get competitive, and although soldiers are supposed to 'stay dead' once they've been 'killed,' a lot of them keep popping up to score points for their side."

A WORD about generals. I had never met one before, and here were dozens all about me. As they sat clustered in the bleachers, I watched them, fascinated by how much they look like generals. Their faces had all the components of virile energy: the tanned leathery skin, the clear eyes, the crisp authoritative mouth, the close-cropped, lead-gray hair. But there was also something disturbing in their faces and in their very presence in the bleachers among the rest of us, something alien and inappropriate: humility. For the duration of Project Man, they had voluntarily subordinated their command to the collective interest. It was not unselfish. It was done in the hope of establishing that theirs was not an outmoded calling. Like the Rangers, who had put on a display of courageous athleticism in hand-to-hand combat, the generals were strong men of proven ability, touchingly gathered in the conviction that no H-bomb could make their ability irrelevant. It was hard not to wish that they were right. Either way, the romance of their competence seemed a sad, sad waste.

Without any question, the most important single contribution to Project Man was the appearance of the President of the United States. He sat thoughtfully with his head cradled in one hand as the latest equipment rolled by. After a demonstration of the speed with which a missile could be set up for firing, the narrator explained that it would not be fired from its present position because "if it were, everyone behind it would be burned to a crisp." The President, who was sitting directly behind it, laughed comfortably. Later, at a firepower and airmobile assault exhibition, he shook his head admiringly as a guided rocket hit the target, and occasionally stuck a protective finger in his ear during explosions.

At the conclusion, Secretary Brucker announced: "The paradox, Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen — the paradox is that none of this would be possible without Man." It is sobering to think we have a Secretary of the Army who believes this is a paradox. Mr. Brucker gave the President a cast statuette of an infantryman, and promised that we would each get one that evening. Then President Eisenhower—to the apparent surprise of the officials—mounted the rostrum. He gave the best speech I have ever heard him give. Although it was spontaneous, it had none of the embarrassing syntax of his press conference utterances; and although it was not brilliant, the platitudes were from the heart and not ghosted. It was sincere, assured and moving, in much the same way that Project Man itself was moving.

Whenever I am in a strange place I am seized with a compulsion to use the facilities, simply because they are there; and when we came to a twenty-minute open period I thought of getting a haircut or a shoe shine, or using one of the typewriters in the press room. Finally I settled for the PX. Needing nothing, but wanting to bring home something military, I bought a tube of hair dressing called "Top Brass." I needn't have done it, for when I got back to my room there was a small, white box on my pillow. Inside was my infantryman statuette. The front of it read, "Project Man"; the back of it was an advertisement for the Sperry Gyroscope Company. The next morning I asked whether the President's statuette also carried a commercial, and I learned that it did. Well, nobody gets something for nothing any more, which—any way you look at it—is what Project Man was all about.

DIALOGUES IN CUBA . . *by Barbara Deming*

> In all my thirty-eight years on *The New York Times,* I have never seen a big story so misunderstood, misinterpreted, and badly handled as the Cuban revolution.—Herbert Matthews.

BEFORE my recent three-week stay in Cuba, I had never played the role of journalist, and I had certainly never tried to play the role of amateur ambassador; but after a few days there, I found that I was exerting myself in both roles. The fact that I did so tells something about Cuba at this present moment. Nothing is more possible than to engage a Cuban these days in earnest conversation about the new regime, and about the misunderstandings between his country and ours. You have only to ask one question of a stranger sitting next to you in a bus, and before a minute is out, the bus will be a hubbub of discussion — every passenger eager to add his word. The only obstacle to communication that I encountered (aside from the fact that I speak a minimum of Spanish, and not all Cubans speak English) was that they are so eager to talk to Americans about what is happening, that I sometimes found myself trying to listen to two or three people at once. No one was indifferent. What is happening there is not something to which they passively submit, but something in which the great majority of Cubans feel actively engaged.

There is no blind following of Castro. Those who are most enthusiastic freely describe him as "loco" about some particular project, or term him "Superman" for wanting to think about everything himself. "We make jokes about everything, in Cuba," a young volunteer government worker told me. "Our joke about Castro is, we call him our kid. 'That kid, he's working too hard,' we say. It's very, very strange; we feel responsible for him." That attitude is also strangely contagious — so much so that, at the end of a week, having by then strong feelings about Cuba's relations with the United States, I found myself stepping into a taxicab and telling the driver that I would like, please, to talk with Fidel Castro.

When I admitted that I had no idea where Castro might be found, the driver pulled up to the curb and consulted some men who were chatting together. They advised me to ask directions at the main police station. There the matter was discussed again in an astonishingly informal fashion. I was advised to apply for an interview at the INRA building where, after explaining something of my purpose before a casual jumble of reception desks, I was suddenly taken in tow by a stranger who turned out to be an engineer, there this day to submit a rural electrification project to the government. Overhearing my explanations, he had decided that I had "good feelings" and so took it upon himself to steer me to the appropriate officials. It was not, of course, as easy as all that. The men in question were naturally busy. But I was asked to come back again; and the difficulty of getting to see Castro

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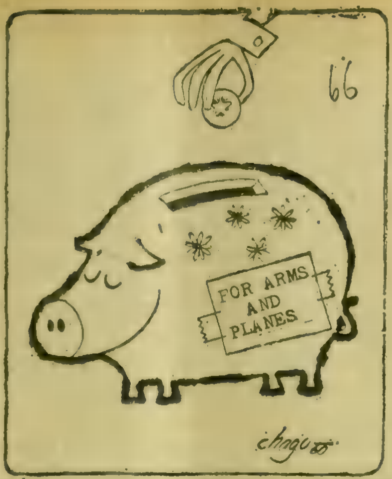
was explained to me in the simplest human terms: he'd been up working, the night before, until 5 A.M. Meanwhile the engineer led me off to meet some other people, of the press and radio, who might be able to arrange the interview for me.

It should be apparent to the reader by now that one widespread impression among us is mistaken: Cubans may be loudly critical of the present policy of our government, but they are not hostile toward the American people. Nor is their friendliness simply the friendliness of a people who want tourists. It is quite unstrained. No Cuban with whom I spoke treated with scorn my determination to try to see Castro. And when I finally did manage an interview in the manner that a number of people had begun to suggest — by catching his eye in a public place and asking whether I could talk with him — the attitude of the small crowd that soon surrounded us was curiously protective. After Castro left, many of them stayed round me for an hour more — asking me about myself and elaborating upon the words he had spoken.

* * *

The specific event that had caused me to prolong my stay in Cuba was the speech Castro made on March 6 at the funeral for the men killed in the explosion of the munitions ship, *La Coubre*. He had declared that he couldn't help suspecting that those who had tried to halt all shipments of arms to Cuba (which is to say, U.S. officials) were somehow responsible. His words had filled me with confusion. Back home, I had seen him described in public print as a little dictator in the making. But the vision of him in this role had been dissolved for me by then — confronted as I was by a population enthusiastic, yet without fanaticism. From one person after another I had heard, in effect, the same words: "For the first time we are full of hopes, we feel that life is possible." Even those few people with whom I had talked who were critical of Castro acknowledged that he was helping the great majority and that his regime was absolutely honest. A taxi driver who was furious at him, because he, the driver, depended on tourists for a living — "And they're not coming, they're not coming!" and Castro was to blame — described him, in his wrath, in these terms: "This island has always been called a paradise. Now he wants to actually make it one. He wants to make it a gol-den saucer, a gol-den saucer!" (I told the cabbie I had never heard that expression. "It's my own," he said proudly.) The day of the funeral speech, however, revived in me the old doubts. Why should Castro mouth such suspicions — even while he admitted that he had no proof?



Revolucion (Havana)

I had not been staying in Havana itself up to now, but now I moved in, and my second night there I suddenly had a chance to voice the objections of an American to Castro's charges. I wandered by chance into a crowd of people on the Prado who were being solicited for contributions for arms for Cuba. Everyone who donated something was allowed to speak a few words into a microphone, and a TV camera mounted on a truck would catch his picture for watchers throughout Cuba. Still troubled by my doubts, I hesitated to make my own contribution, but the eager faces of the girls asking for donations made my hesitation seem foolish, and I gave a few pesos. Instantly a number of people standing in line to take their turns at the microphone, waved and smiled at me. "You are an American? That's wonderful! Thank you, thank you!" — and all beckoned to me to say something too. One after another of these people was crying a little speech into the microphone. Even little children squeaked out something with no shyness. (Fiery oratory, I noticed, is a national habit here.) I instinctively shook my head as they invited me to say my word. Then I decided that if I had a protest to make, I should make it here. So I asked the man who was passing the microphone whether he could translate for me, and I said: "Here's to Fidel Castro, and here's to your revolution. But may Castro come to speak less violently against the United States, and it may yet change its heart toward him." I rather expected my words to be disliked, but when I looked about me, people waved at me and cried again "Thank you!" and the next day, when I went to the Western Union office to send a cable, the head of the office hurried toward me, beaming, hand outstretched: "I want to thank you for your cooperation with the Cuban people. If I am not mistaken, I saw you on television last night."

* * *

That night, too, I began methodically to ask everyone I found who could speak English: *why* did Castro make such violent charges? I had started asking this question on the day he made the speech, and the first answer I had been given had seemed strange to me. "Don't you see? He was so *hurt!*" a young woman had explained to me. It had seemed strange to hear the statements of a head of state explained in such personal terms. And, I told her, most Americans felt that, in the face of Castro's abuse of us, our government had behaved with astonishing restraint. In the coming days, however, I was to hear repeatedly the same expression, "You must understand, he was hurt," and to mark a look of wonder that I could not appreciate that human fact. Over these next two weeks — while I persisted, too, in my attempt to manage a conversation with Castro himself — I had long conversations about the relations between our two countries with scores of Cubans from all walks of life.

They would usually speak first of the refusal of our government to sell Cuba arms, and of the strong pressure we had put on other governments to refuse them also. "Why are we not to be allowed to defend ourselves?" they would ask. Then they would bring up the raids over Cuba by planes flying from airfields in Florida. There was not a day, I was told, when at least one plane did not come over. Many acres of sugar cane had been destroyed by fire bombs ("and sugar is our livelihood"); sugar mills had been attacked; even 100-pound bombs had been dropped; and a raid on Havana on October 21 had caused the death of two people, the wounding of almost fifty. The United States did little to prevent these flights. I assured them: Our government naturally deplored the raids, but it wasn't easy to prevent them. How was one to keep a pilot from lying about his destination? Again the response was a look at me and a smile — as though I were a child. If planes had been making similar raids into Canada, they said, they couldn't help feeling that the U.S. government would have managed by now to stop them.

Everyone with whom I spoke would bring up the subject of the Batista henchmen to whom we allow asylum: Ventura, Laurente, Masferrer, Pedraza, others. These are not political refugees, they would say; they are known mass killers and sadists. There is a gesture in Cuba where the speaker touches the corner of his eye, meaning: I have seen it. This gesture was repeated for me many times. There is scarcely a person to whom one speaks whose family has been untouched by Batista's torturers. About 19,000 Cubans were murdered by them. In Havana alone they castrated 300 men and boys, so people said. Some of the tortures they perfected are almost unspeakable. One woman told me with emotion of the treatment dealt out to her cousin. A Batista henchman had had a man jump up and down on the boy's stomach until everything inside him was broken. The fellow responsible "is now a leader of the 'anti-Communists' in Miami," the woman told me. "There is your anti-Communist man! You must try to understand why we are so hurt."

When the Batista men were mentioned, I would urge the difficulties of forbidding asylum. And it was through a mistake, I would point out, that Pedraza had been allowed to enter the country. No such mistakes seemed to occur, they pointed out, when anyone tried to enter whom the United States had named a Communist. And the United States knew, they all said, that Batista's men were not idle there. Men known to be plotting against, say, the government of England, would never be given such freedom.

* * *

It seemed unreal to all these people that we should be indifferent to the nature of these men now in our midst; and it seemed unreal, too, that we should be indifferent to the contrast between the Batista regime and the regime now. That contrast is for them a cause, still, of happy wonder. Person after person would remark to me how amazing it was to be able to look at a soldier or a policeman without fear. And in their eyes the youth I saw drilling in the streets have a very different significance than for the casual visitor. As one of the Catholic priests with whom I talked explained to me with feeling: Army barracks are being converted into schools all over the island. (This is one of the changes people talk most about.) And the militia that one sees everywhere is voluntary — "the first completely voluntary army in history," the priest boasted. "The army can no longer threaten the people of Cuba. The people of Cuba *are* the army."

It is not only the disappearance of terrorism that they speak of with wonder. Terrorism under Batista was matched by corruption. The facts of this, too, are vivid in every mind. Over and over someone would name for me the exact figures of some monstrous example of graft. Under Batista, a social worker told me, it used to be that a man would go into the government and within six months you could count on his being a millionaire. It was something *strange,* she said, if this didn't happen. One of the first things the heads of the present government did was to reduce their own salaries. Pride in this new honesty is one of the most conspicuous elements in the revolutionary movement. A man pointed out to me the little boxes being passed about for contributions for arms. "And nobody touches a penny!" he cried; "this is holy!" A girl opened one of the boxes to show me a diamond ring among the pesos contributed.

And so they look about with pride and relief at the difference between the two regimes, and cannot understand why we are suddenly full of protests about this one. They all conclude that the United States does not want Cuba to be independent; that it wants her to remain in the position of a colony.

* * *

By now I knew to what they referred when they explained Castro's words about the United States in terms of "hurt." It still seemed to me a strange explanation. Did they not expect diplomacy of their Prime Minister? When I finally did, by chance, late one afternoon, catch sight of him standing on the sidewalk outside the Sevilla Biltmore Hotel, I stepped up to him and asked my questions directly of him.

I introduced myself as an American distressed at the poor relations existing between our two countries. I did understand, I told him, that he had cause for bitterness; but, I said, his angry words were losing him friends in the United States — even those who might well be his friends. For several minutes his answers to me were a prolonged echo of all I had been hearing from other Cubans. "How would you feel—?" he asked me, and again: "How would you feel—?" naming again for me all the damaging acts, or omission of acts, that had been named for me by one person after another. "How would you feel?" His hand touched my arm. His appeal to me was personal—quite as though I had been trying, say, to reconcile him to a mutual friend who had disappointed him.

I reiterated: I understood why he was bitter. But wasn't he letting bitterness confuse his own actions now —when he went so far as to accuse the United States of complicity in the munitions-ship explosion, of actual crime? He was quick to deny this: he had not accused them. "The people around me, advising me, would never have let me say such a thing. I said that I had no proof. But," he added, "I have a right to wonder." A right to wonder out loud? I asked. The point was, he tried to explain, that if the United States had not attempted so persistently to block all sale of arms to Cuba, such a thing could never have happened. United States hostility had created an atmosphere in which the crime was possible.

I told him that I had recently read the speech he had made in October, 1953, before the court which tried him for his early rebellion against Batista. (This speech, published under the title "History Will Absolve Me," I recommend to anyone wishing to make a considered judgment of Castro.) I said that I had often heard Americans worry that he might be a potential Mussolini or Hitler; I had decided that one who spoke as he did in that speech never could become another such figure. But listening to his words at the funeral, I had not been sure. Again, he looked at me hard.

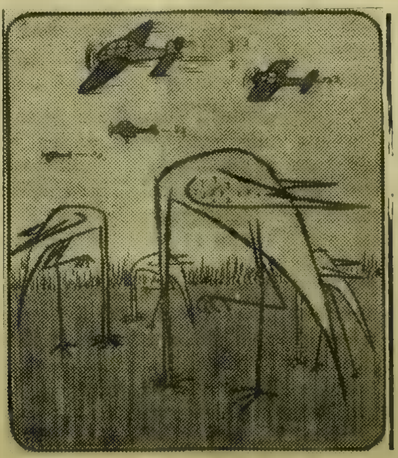
The crowd had pressed us close together by now, and someone behind me was holding onto my waist, with warm hands, as though I were a child she or he were helping to speak up. It seemed to me, I said, that in his fight against Batista, his genius had been to win new adherents to his cause from the ranks of the opposition. That is how his army had grown. And in a recent talk to school children, I reminded him, he had urged the children, in their dealings with the children of those who spoke against the revolution, to "win them over with friendliness, not with contempt." Was he not forgetting that principle in his dealings with the United States?

In the beginning, he answered me now with emphasis, he had done just this—had tried to ask for understanding. But how was he to hope to reach the people of the United States, he asked, when between him and the American people was the American press? He spoke with a hopelessness conspicuously sincere. I persisted: it was not impossible to communicate with the American people. Must he not continue to try to make himself clear—thinking always, when he spoke, of those Americans who *could* understand him? He had gone on trying for a long time, he said. I asked, must he not keep on trying still? He looked at me then and shrugged his shoulders forward eloquently. "You would like me to be like Christ," he said. I answered: "I would like you to be like Gandhi in his conversations with the British." "The people of Cuba are like Gandhi," he answered quickly.

I had referred once more to his funeral speech, when he suddenly put his hand on my arm again: "Don't you see? It is not to the United States that I am talking. I am talking to the people of Cuba." He spoke now at length and with feeling: "Don't you understand? I have to build up in the Cuban people a national conscience. I have to teach them what their true situation is. I have to make them aware of what lies before them, to be done and to be suffered. How did George Washington have to speak to his soldiers at Valley Forge?"

He was elaborating upon this theme when two N.B.C. men, who had found their way through the crowd, asked him if he would grant them a televised interview the next day. He tried at first to decline; he was terribly busy; also, he spoke awkward English, and he might not say things well. I asked whether there couldn't be a chance for him to see the interview played back first, before approving it. Impossible, the reporter said, shortly. Castro turned to me suddenly now and patted me on the shoulder: "She's a good girl. She advises me not to get angry."

The newsmen then, pencils in hand, began to ask some of their own questions. The revolution, Castro tried to explain, was not really against the interests of the American people. It was true that a very small group of them would lose something. "We can't help this," he said. "You had a revolution once. There were changes, weren't there? And didn't the British lose something?" "We're reporters," said the N.B.C. man. "We're here to ask *you* questions." Castro looked surprised. But he went on: the revolution was hurting the interests of a small group of monopolists. "Are you against monopolists?" asked the newsman quickly. "I'm not *against!*" Castro cried, with a helpless emphatic gesture; "I am *for* the Cuban people." (I noted that this outcry was omitted from the account of the interview in next morning's *Havana Post*, an English-speaking publication there.) "We are in favor of the Cuban people. We are against those who are not," he was simply reported as saying. Nor was there any account of what had been, for me, the heart of his self-explanation: his comparison of his own role to that of Washington at Valley Forge.



Cartoon by Arroyito (Havana)

ZOOLOGY LESSON

"The flamingo lives in Florida marshes; when airplanes pass, it buries its head."

I came to believe that afternoon that Castro's words are not really weighed in terms of a reaction to them in the United States. I came to realize also that his very lack of diplomacy in speech, so disastrous where the relations between our two countries were concerned, had for his Cuban audience a special value. "Would you want him to be a hyprocrite?" people had been asking me all these days. Batista had indeed been a "good politician," quite able to keep his mouth shut when it was diplomatic to do so. With Castro, Cubans feel secure in the knowledge that whatever comes into his head, he will say. When this leads to some exaggeration, they make allowances: "Remember, he is young." The point is: he is not trying to keep anything back from them. They feel that they share, for the first time, in what is going on. An edge of pride is no doubt involved, too. As the French wife of an exiled Haitian newsman said, with delight: "They have had to speak carefully for so long. This is an important moment for them!"

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Absorbing Love of Man

ON THE SOCIOLOGY OF MEDICINE. By Henry E. Sigerist. Milton I. Roemer, M.D., editor. MD Publications. 397 pp. $6.75.

ON THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE. By Henry E. Sigerist. Felix Marti-Ibanez, M.D., editor. MD Publications. 313 pp. $6.75.

George A. Silver

HENRY SIGERIST was a man who felt deeply that medicine was a *social* service, and history became for him a means of promulgating this belief. As evidence of this approach, the selections in these books are excellent; in addition they are astutely chosen to illuminate his varied interests and the depth and range of his knowledge. (The volume of historical essays was actually compiled by him a year or so before his death.) As he said of Paracelsus, so it can be said of him:

> He was a scientist in search of a philosophy of medicine. . . . He wanted to understand the world in which he was living and man's part in it in health and disease.

Dr. Sigerist was both a scientist and a scholar, but he was able to transmit his own excitement as a common touch because he devoured life with great appetite, cramming experiences of several careers into his sixty-five years; his clear and simple style of writing reflects his own eager wonder and zest:

> What I wrote I have lived, and it has enriched my life so tremendously that I thought others might benefit from my experience.

His grasp of language was prodigious. Although his native languages were French and German, he learned to write English with ease and grace and did all the writing of his maturer years in that language. Thus he was able to transmit the sense of continuity which is the hallmark of a dedicated historian. Whether he wrote of tea or truffles, of doctors or patients, of drugs or regimens, we see how they relate to the magic of the past and the folly of the present.

Some of his appeal as a historian lies in his serious courtesy to men of distant "unscientific" times:

> I . . . strongly felt that such a man was not a fool [Paré] and that a treatment that he applied and constantly found efficacious could not be a mere superstition.

> They [the Mandeville papers] give delightful sidelights on the practice of medieval surgeons.

This feeling for the quality of another time he carried over into a tolerance for the different and untraditional in our own time. Not only was he politically very much of the Left — a position derived from his philosophic Marxism and strong Socialist ethic — but he saw desirable values in unconventional treatment (onions for burns, the efficacy of spas), in new orientation of medical education and practice and, of course, in internationalism of science. He writes vividly of the importance of understanding *difference* and treasuring it.

Much of Sigerist's appeal derives from his absorbing love of man and his works. He wanted to know *all* about *every* man. From his earliest student days he grasped at the elusive omniscience of language. He qualified in Oriental studies at the Sorbonne before he studied medicine. All his life he restlessly traveled, always studying more languages.

> For the last fifty years I have devoted one half hour to language studies every morning, learning and practicing Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, Russian — whichever I happened to be interested in at the moment or needed most for my work.

On a long table in the "Casa Serena" (his home in Switzerland during his last years), were newspapers and magazines he read currently in English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian and Chinese at least, with added publications from friends in a dozen other languages. As he mastered a language he learned to enjoy the literature, adding to the pleasure of a familiar translation by reading the original. Language, literature and social aspirations became tied together in his mind and gave him appreciation and respect for the varied cultures he came to know. During his life he visited every corner of the world and wrote charming and sensible travel essays, or penetrating reviews of medical practice or social policy. But invariably he tried to be friendly and understanding. His criticism was never unfeeling or patronizing. Social comment and criticism is applied in a personal form, so that the problem is seen not abstractly, but in human terms.

> And I also wish that I may be granted to end my life at home and not in the hospital. . . . Many examinations and treatments are impossible or at least very difficult outside of a hospital. But it is a dreary place, nevertheless, with its sterile-looking rooms, bare walls, high beds, and the necessary but rigid routine that makes it so difficult to rest. . . . How much nicer it is to be sick at home where we have our books, where the cat takes the place of the hot-water bottle, and where we may count on a decent cup of tea.

THE DISTINCTION between these two collections is largely artificial, since historical and sociological elements mingle and interweave in the essays in both books. The "History" has the advantage of having been selected by Sigerist himself, and obviously it is a collection of memorable, congenial and substantial work. ("The Physician's Profession Through the Ages," "On Hippocrates.") But the "Sociology" has important virtues in that the scholar's mind can be seen at work, ranging over the political and social issues of our and other times, or displaying the image of new countries reflected in a sensitive intelligence. ("The Place of the Physician in Modern Society," "Nationalism and Internationalism in Medicine," "From Bismarck to Beveridge," "Report on India.")

These essays breathe the spirit and mind of the great teacher and social philosopher I knew and revered. His voice and gestures appear unbidden at certain passages, and the deep perspective of his insight. For example, looking at the special position of the sick, sympathy did not blind him to the realities of human relationships. So of social security he says:

> With this institution [social security], the worker acquires a right to help and care. . . . He is no more at the mercy of society. . . . The privileged position which he enjoys as a sick person is one which he has . . . earned through his labor.

But then he adds:

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> The firmer the privileged position of the sick, the sooner will the inclination appear to take that position voluntarily, to escape from the struggle of living into sickness.

And he tempers this:

> It is . . . necessary to avoid using the vulgar word malingerer. . . . A man who has succumbed before the stress of life, who can find no other way to save himself than to flee into the safety of illness, is a wounded creature. . . .

And so:

> The stigma of sinfulness and the stigma of being less worthy [former connotations of illness] have been in large measure removed from the sick, but a new burden . . . the stigma of . . . being an antisocial human being and . . . in many cases a criminal [has been placed on them].

These two volumes are the distillate of powerful intellectual experiences applied to the medical scene. Through the glass of history we are brought to see the earnest search of generations of other minds to help and heal mankind. In that glass we see too the blind and brutal things man has done — can do — to subvert this help and healing. And in it all is the picture of medicine today and the shape of medicine tomorrow.

DURING his last years, Sigerist paid a price for his outspoken leftism, his firm defense of academic freedom, his espousal of radical medical (and social) causes. His academic position became untenable. The great Institute of the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins to which he had given brilliant form and direction was left behind and he secluded himself in Pura "to write uninterrupted." He never completed the twelve volumes of medical history and sociology he had set himself as the goal of his life's work. He liked people and conferences and talks and visits too much to lock himself in the harsh grip of of the study until the huge work was done.

Some say the material we have is really the Sigerist History and Sociology and that we should be content, but I don't believe it. I see how the doctor's job is illuminated in new and unexpected ways from one essay to another ("The Physician's Profession," "University Education," "Thoughts on the Physician's Writing and Reading" and "The Place of the Physician in Modern Society"), but I wonder how much more he might not have added in later discussion. I see the patient in "The Special Position of the Sick" and in "Living Under the Shadow" and I wonder what more he might have been able to add. Perhaps if he could have stayed in America, in the midst of activity and with a stream of visitors and students, he might, paradoxically, have found the time to work on his great dream. As it was he fled the isolation of his retreat. From Pura he went to Italy, Belgium, England, Russia, China, always off somewhere to see what was going on — to be doing something, not to write.

But the writings Sigerist did leave are meaningful, important and timely; these essays, like his great lectures in *Civilization and Disease*, like *American Medicine, Man and Medicine* and *The Great Doctors* (recently reprinted as a paperback) offer lessons he taught that are yet to be learned.

The Ashes of Power

THE GLORIOUS FAULT: The Life of Lord Curzon. By Leonard Mosley. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.95.

Horace Gregory

POSTERITY is not kind to Lord Curzon (1859-1925), the first and last Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Biographies of his contemporaries, whom he regarded as lesser than himself, give him swift, brief mention; often as not, his name remains unlisted in indices. Once known wherever English was read or spoken—"a great Viceroy of India," he was called—the very archetype of the Tory diplomatist, statesman, politician; today he re-emerges as none of these, but rather as a symbol of past errors, not quite ridiculous, yet in his last years of defeat, a little less than tragic.

Curzon was like a character drawn out of British fiction, the English milord who glittered in society: Trollope anticipated his arrival in Silverbridge, the Tory son of a Liberal Prime Minister, who married an American heiress (Curzon's two wives were American heiresses); he was also anticipated by the hero-villains of "Ouida's" early novels, and it is no surprise that Curzon and "Ouida" heartily admired each other; nor is it strange that Elinor Glyn, the lady novelist on a tiger rug, became Curzon's mistress. In Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*, Lady Metroland resembles the type of American heiress who became Curzon's second wife.

Leonard Mosley has written a lively, partisan, anti-Curzon biography — because Curzon fascinated him, as well he might. The book has an air of adventurous excitement which is appropriate to the great rise and fall of Curzon's fortunes. Mosley calls Curzon "feudal," and that is not quite accurate, for Curzon was less feudal than Victorian Gothic, overtly towering in his ambitions and talents, an offense to the architecture around him, a bit monstrous in Edwardian days, and more than a shade inhuman. Whenever he did the right thing (the restoration of the Taj Mahal in India and the "Stately Homes" in England are examples of his rightness), he had the fatal knack of making it seem wrong.

WHAT was wrong with Curzon? So much seemed right for him to make a masterly career. He was the son of the Reverend Lord Scarsdale, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and had little ready money—circumstances which are often a spur to actual achievements. He was both an industrious and precocious boy, and in that sense a step ahead of his generation. He was attractive to women, another mark in his favor. True enough, his spine was crippled by an early fall from a horse, but since he courageously wore a leather harness which held him straight, his injury need not have deformed his behavior. Men have suffered illnesses and have outridden pain to their greatest accomplishments. Even the sadistic-masochist pattern in his behavior, hinted at by his biographer, cannot explain his fall at forty from Viceroy of India—to the Foreign Office, and then to positions in the Cabinet where the office of Prime Minister always eluded him.

His flaw was a moral flaw. That his ambitions were completely wordly is clear enough. His marriages were contrived (on his part) for the sake of money, and had an air of strangeness in a man as romantic as he. At Balliol, he amassed more skills at gaining prizes —the Lothian Essay Prize was one— than in true scholarship. He was myopic in his reach for prizes and honors; he mistook notoriety for fame, display of power for actual power, and like many men of wealth, he became possessed by power madness which he lacked the art to conceal. That was why he found so few friends among his immediate associates in the Cabinet. His enemies feared

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HORACE GREGORY is a poet, critic and biographer. His most recent book is The World of James McNeill Whistler *(Thomas Nelson & Sons).*

him less than his friends; they saw him clearly as the weak spot in the Tory party. Because his drive for power made every man his enemy, he betrayed and lied to his associates with the greatest ease.

Curzon's appointment as Viceroy to India was the true turning point of his career: at the Durbar the sight of millions bowing at his feet gave rise to the power madness that seized him, blinded him. His quarrel with the British Army, his underrating the political shrewdness of Kitchener (who like so many modern generals was a political general), were signs of Curzon's blindness. He returned to England unaware that the rest of his life would turn into an extended career of humiliations, outwardly glorious in the honors he won, inwardly corrosive. Because they were less visible than the occupancy of 10 Downing Street, the honors of running the Foreign Office had become humiliations. It was as though the twentieth century had conspired against him.

The Kremlin

THE KREMLIN. By David Douglas Duncan. New York Graphic Society. 168 pp. $25.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THE PHOTOGRAPHER of Picasso's private life has now turned his camera, loaded with the brightest Kodachrome, on the Kremlin. Strange and strenuous as it was to spend a day with Picasso, it is stranger still to accompany Mr. Duncan as he looks at the midnight sun setting behind the fantastic black towers, or as his strobe lights strike the brocades, the silver, gold, ivory, sables, pearls and rubies that centuries of Tsars have hoarded in the strong dim rooms of the Kremlin. Though Mr. Duncan was not allowed to move any object or even to open any exhibition case, he got remarkably clear photographs, which Jan Schwitter in Basel has reproduced brillantly. These eighty-three color plates take us close to the incredibly clumped and encrusted riches of ancient Russian ceremonial, and make us experience them more vividly than the elaborate and very clearly drawn lithographs of the nineteenth-century folios by Vel'tman and Solntsev. Mr. Duncan's text attempts to startle even more than his illustrations, but this does not really matter, since Arthur Voyce wrote an excellent English account of the Kremlin in 1954. Still, it is a pity that Mr. Duncan felt that he had to orchestrate his prose in *Time*-style, with bass drums and *vox humana,* because the plain unvarnished chronicle of the Kremlin is quite enough to stand one's hair on end. Every government housed there has been as close and as secret as Mr. Khrushchev's. Revolutions do not change the basic habits of a people, especially a people as conservative as the Russians.

PROBABLY no complex of buildings in the world has concentrated so much of a people's life for so long a time. From the mid-1300s (a little after the death of Giotto and Dante) until 1713, when Peter the Great transferred the capital to St. Petersburg, the walls of the Kremlin enclosed the secular and ecclesiastical governments of Russia as well as the direction of its artistic life through the imperial workshops for painting, weapons and goldsmith work. It was therefore inevitable that the Soviet government should establish itself there and should keep the buildings in perfect order: every revolutionary government seeks to prove its legitimacy by taking over and preserving the symbols of traditional power. As soon as revolutionaries lay down their guns, they pick up trowels and begin to restore national monuments.

In the nineteenth century the Tsars who, like everybody else, had read Sir Walter Scott, followed the antiquarian patriotism of the time by repairing the neglect of the eighteenth century, and by turning the Kremlin into even more of a stage set for the drama of their ancestors. Thus the ancient Tsars' private apartments became an amateurish Russian Williamsburg, the surviving monument being blurred with repaints, imported antiques and imaginative reconstructions. Recently, the excellently trained and intelligent Soviet art historians have stripped off these embarrassing additions to reveal the beauty of the ancient architecture and the somber, tender glory of the Byzantine wall paintings.

Ancient Russian architecture and decoration disconcert us by their smashing opulence, their packed outburst of complexity. Such high spirits might appeal more to Turks and Syrians than to Frenchmen and Englishmen, just as the Russians themselves seem to be more relaxed and deft when dealing with the East than with the West. To understand Russian art we must penetrate a tradition very different from ours, one that took over the leadership of Greek orthodoxy when Byzantium fell, and therefore could throw itself into the Greek Revival, in about 1800, more totally than we, who inherit Greece only at second hand. And during the Middle Ages, the Tartar Golden Horde had turned Russia toward the nomad art of bright color and scattered pattern, thus shutting the country off from the experience of Gothic architecture, which taught the West of Europe that a dominating vision can fuse structure and decoration into one simple flow.

Although the Kremlin is built of brick and stone, the old Russians, like the eighteenth-century Yankees, felt more at ease with wood, which their exuberance carved and turned, extended in verandas, threw up into rooms as tall as silos, and blew into onion domes, with every board painted in colors that make a Bucks County barn look drab. Some of the wooden churches remain, though nothing is left of the wooden palaces, one of which had 3,000 windows. Yet if the old Russians had not had their fling with wood, they never could have used brick and stone with that captivating madness which stops us in our tracks with admiration when Mr. Duncan photographs it in the eerie arctic light.

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THROUGHOUT May the Chalette Gallery is exhibiting a collection of Constructivist painting. This show covers the history of Constructivism from the pioneers — Malevich, Kandinsky, Van Doesburg, Vantongerloo, Mondrian, Lissitsky, etc.—to the present; the youngest are Agam and Ris, both of whom were born in 1928. But why not Rheinhardt, Bolotowsky and Xceron? When it closes in New York, the exhibition will travel around the country; according to such part of the schedule as has been settled, it will be in the Cincinnati museum from July 1 to October, at the Chicago Arts Club in November and December, and from January 15 at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

The catalogue of the exhibition begins with a quotation from Appolinaire: "But it may be said that geometry is to the plastic arts what grammar is to the art of the writer." This is followed by a preface written by Michel Seuphor, one of the fifty-one exhibitors, notable for an angry denunciation of the "vogue of informal, lyrical, eruptive painting. . . . Thus the surrealist menace of the twenties reappears in another form. . . . For ten years we have witnessed this release of torrents of mud and of intestinal matter in which remains of viscera, a whole viscous mass in the process of decomposition, can sometimes be made out." Against this visceral matter, produced by a "failure of adaptation to the environment created by the century," Seuphor opposes "a return to simple rules, to the limitation of means, to a certain deliberate poverty" where "cold reason, the most arid calculation, will suit art's purpose perfectly. . . . I see a return to rigor . . . the artist's personality expressing itself in spite of it, and almost in spite of himself." "I believe that it is . . . much more difficult to make an abstract painting than a successful figurative painting."

ALMOST all the paintings are geometrical; that is, the shapes are bounded by straight edges and arcs of circles. And the exceptions, like Arp's irregular curves or the coarse, neat textures of Kandinsky, which are not precisely geometrical, still have such sharp or contrasty definitions of shape that they count as artificial instead of natural, as isolated instead of part of an ambience, and therefore they belong to an ideal world of mathematics, and not to an empirical world. Albers and Vasarely believe that modern techniques make it possible and desirable that a work of art be no longer unique, but can and should be ultimately machine-made and indefinitely reproducible. And so these abstractionists take science as the precedent for their art—or at least engineering. They do not make the distinction between science and art that has been expressed very clearly by Suzanne Langer in her essay "Abstraction in Art and Abstraction in Science": that artistic abstraction is unique and scientific abstraction is general.

In some paintings of this school, notably Albers' (though not in this show), and Agam's "kinetic" paintings, with their fluted bases covered with triangular vertical ridges that make the underlying pattern of ellipses shift as you pass —in these paintings there is the pleasure of optical illusion, as if expressing a rebellion against the self-imposed discipline. By teasing the spectator, the painter gets his revenge against his own negativism. The colors remain in the memory as red, white and blue, with some black, and less yellow and green. The exhibition resembles a congress of flags. All the color is even, washable, neat. And still, in spite of the austerity of each painting, the total effect of this display of the flags of personality is more rich and various than an average "abstract-expressionist" exhibition, where, though a single painting has more variety, a whole show presents a monotony as of the sea. Here sharpness clarifies personal difference.

Even without the ferocity of the manifesto, these paintings express a ferocity only secondarily directed against the spectator. It is first of all directed by the artist against himself. But the spectator, whose tendency is empathically to identify with any work of art, will feel this tightness in himself.

IT IS the pretension of the Constructivist that he sees more profoundly than another artist: he sees below appearance. He believes he is closer to reality. Reality is geometry. Constructivism implies the comment about realistic art that it is not real enough; about Impressionism that it is too feminine, too concerned with subtleties; and about Cubism, that it is not pure enough. Insofar as the Constructivist sees the reality below the surface in a Platonic way he adheres to the traditional view that spirit and intellect are higher than materiality, and that the aim of civilization is the development of a disembodied intellect. This requires sublimation, which in turn requires repression. The repression is the origin of the rigidity of line and immaculateness of surface. The firm lines, the colors that are not colors seen, but colors intellectually understood, the general quality that any Constructivist painting can be reproduced, and even completely explained verbally, devalues the bodily life of the sensations. The painting substitutes a new life of sensation based on the world of sublimated art. And finally, repression exists as a method whereby one adapts oneself to worldly and external reality. What Seuphor denounces is the disorderly world of the body. What he believes in is "adaptation to the environment created by the century": he believes that what exists most truly now, the reality underlying present appearance, contains the moral imperative to adjust. "Poverty, coldness, aridity" are all his words; the poverty, coldness and aridity of the state of soul of a person who suppresses his instincts. And the rigor is justified by his belief that it is "more difficult to make an abstract painting than a successful figurative painting," because in the former case you fight your instincts instead of using them. Value is measured by the artist's suffering.

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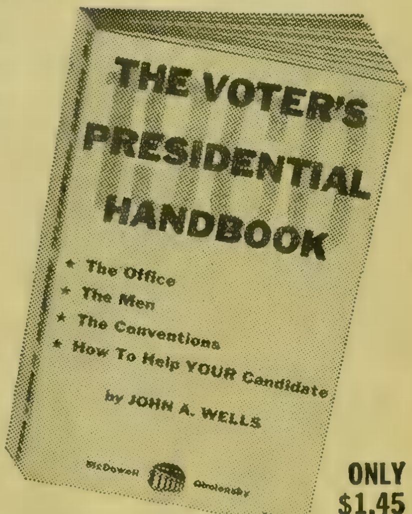

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do these paintings have? For they do have something, or one would not bother to look at them. For one thing, the artist's personality expresses itself in spite of the rigor, "through the meshes of a discipline that he imposes on himself." For instance, there is a great deal of difference between the personality of a painting by Mondrian, in which a rectangle of yellow is carefully and exactly banished to the edge of the canvas by a central square of blankness, and a painting by Nicholson, with its weak friendliness, also expressed in rectangles. Or between Vantongerloo's few horizontal bars, so ingeniously and spaciously extending the width of the canvas, and Malevich's flashy scatter of quadrilaterals. Or consider the delicacy and precise lyricism of Sophie Taeuber-Arp's rhythmical arrangement.

THERE is truth in the observation that this painting is "Communist." The combination of radicalism with a disciplining of the individual, the desire for absolute order, the polemics associated with the movement, the simplification of problems to black and white, or to colors as invariable counters abstracted from actual sensation, in the way that Marx abstracted capitalism from the machinations of individuals in the market—all this is like Communist abstraction of the idea from the particular. And the three countries where Constructivism counted most were the three countries where Marxist ideas had the most intense life in the decade following the First World War: the Netherlands of Pannekoek, the Germany of Rosa Luxembourg and the Russia of Trotsky. Seuphor's preface even has a Trotskyist literary style.

The limitation of this painting is, in addition, the limitation of painting that is not primarily a painter's painting (the painter in Mondrian was repressed almost out of existence) but rather an engineer's or architect's or industrial designer's painting. Man is pushed away —insofar as he will not adapt to the machine—as he is pushed away from a hallway by Gropius, where one expects to see ball bearings roll, but where people have only a statistical life, and clothes are like mechanical constrictions. And though this painting comes out of radicalism and revolt, it is in the anomalous position of so much modern architecture and Marxism-in-practice. Architects, Constructivist painters and Marxists all base their activity on an awareness of a condition in building, art and social relationships, where the dead hand of the past is an obstacle to the fullest expression of human possibilities. But in practice, they do not think of changing the environment to suit men, but want to fit man to their vision of the essential nature of the environment. They believe their more profound understanding entitles them to a position of leadership. But they assume only positive values for the technical revolution; they admire the mechanical world and the sublimated life of cities, of which they fancy themselves in more efficient control, and the dead hand of the past symbolizes, finally, only personal rivalries. It does not symbolize a basic maladjustment of things to people, but of people to things, which they believe they could adjust better than the academies or the capitalists have done. These three are alike: the practical Marxist who is less indignant at the inequities of capitalism than at the successes of capitalists; the modern architect whose contribution to the problems of planning is a new whimsicality and whose skyscraper thickens the traffic congestion; and the Constructivist painter who elevates his secular suffering above the spectator's pleasure in sensuality.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IF THE American Ballet Theatre's sad little three-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House proved anything, it was that the company, in its year and a half of inactivity, has fallen into such aesthetic tatters that no miracle on heaven or earth could stitch it back together in less than two years of hard, well-directed labor. There is real tragedy in this situation. No one watching the valiant attempts of this group of beautiful and gifted dancers (many of whom had never before danced together) to weld themselves into a company in a bare few weeks could have failed to sympathize with them—and to protest the circumstances which led them into such an undignified dead end, and allowed them to be so exploited.

A repellent quality of cynicism and ignorance is also involved. Our government has never had any interest in the arts. When a ballet company or a symphony orchestra has gone on the rocks for lack of money, federal, state and municipal governments have held hands off. Assistance to the arts, it has always been said, would be undemocratic: it undermines freedom.

In recent years, however, a new idea has glimmered in Washington: art can be a useful commodity—as propaganda. This was not original with our administrators; they stole it from the Russians. But it brought into existence "The President's Special Program for Cultural Presentation," under the administration of the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA). Through this program, we have sent various artists and troupes of artists abroad to represent us. Sometimes they have been our best; sometimes they have not.

We have never been so disgracefully misrepresented as we are in this instance. As I write, the American Ballet Theatre is in Portugal, beginning a six-month tour which will end with eight weeks in the Soviet Union. Perhaps some friendly parts of Europe will remember that our best ballet does not really look like this. But to send this company to the Soviet Union, where dance has been lovingly nurtured with government money for two centuries, where the ballet tradition is held up with high seriousness and pride—to send this disfigured image of ourselves to that country is unthinkable.

There would be no point is asking the President what he had in mind when he instituted "The President's Special Program for Cultural Presentation." He has probably never heard of it. But we deserve an explanation from the ANTA administrators as to just what they thought they were doing when they decided to bring the American Ballet Theatre out of limbo and send it, still

Habit of Years

Pointillist, the morning:
We lay late in our
Habit of years, slowly —
Hands, eyes — waking warm,
And watched the sun mount, coming
Over pillared poplars' tall brass
Thrust to new sky
Where in the windowed morning
Everything stood aged, strong —
Grass tough with fall;
Darkly flaming, the maturer flowers of fall
Lolling against stiff air:
Everything burning in a
Spiral of returning up
To the whirling suck of the sun,
Yet so close, so still; so slowly.
Then we found —
Wind-flung through the open door —
By the bedside a drift of leaves
Night-minted while we slept:
So smooth to the bare foot
As not to seem out of place
On the floor of our room.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

wet, to Europe and the Soviet Union. We deserve, also, that they should halt this travesty before it goes any further.

Among the drearier performances I witnessed was *Dialogues*, choreographed by Herbert Ross to the music of Leonard Bernstein's *Serenade for violin solo, strings and percussion*. It was as complete a mishmash as I have ever seen on a ballet stage. What it was supposed to mean, I have no idea, and from what I have read of my colleagues' observations, they don't either. Notes scribbled on my program read: "embarrassing corn"; "leave it at home." The printed notes said that it was based on Plato's *Symposium*. (Mr. Ross, by the way, and his prima-ballerina wife, Nora Kaye, are forming their own ballet company, to be called "Ballets of Two Worlds." Miss Kaye severed her twenty-year relationship with the American Ballet Theatre as of the final New York performance.)

Miss Julie, a strong work by the Swedish choreographer, Birgit Cullberg, was one of the few ballets that approached a satisfactory level of performance. Erik Bruhn, of the Royal Danish Ballet, gave a sensual, dart-like impersonation of Jean, the butler. Sallie Wilson, as Kristine, the cook, was nicely bucolic. The title role was somewhat lightened by Claude Bessy, though her performance was not without telling moments.

Anton Dolin's little conceit, *Pas de Quatre*, I found amusing, though it was distinctly overlong, slack and shoddy on the edges of performance. *Fancy Free*, a Jerome Robbins-Leonard Bernstein ballet that used to be delightful, looked simply tired and gross. The World War II sailors in this version had thickened in the waistlines and heavied on their feet. *The Combat*, a William Dollar ballet I have always detested, was well enough danced by Lupe Serrano, one of the company's brighter lights. Antony Tudor's *Jardin aux Lilas*, despite the fact that Miss Kaye, Mr. Bruhn and Miss Serrano held it together, displayed little of the poignancy that is its primary quality. *Lady from the Sea*, a Birgit Cullberg opus based on Ibsen, was distinctly inferior to her *Miss Julie*, lacking both the originality of movement and pungency of characterization. And so it went.

THIS whole affair of the American Ballet Theatre's sponsorship by ANTA will have repercussions, and I hope they will go beyond ANTA's misjudgment and to the heart of the matter: the American government's position vis-à-vis the arts. I see nothing wrong with using artists as implements of propaganda, to the extent that any first-rate artist can lend prestige to his country simply by existing, and by showing himself abroad. But the picture of an anti-artistic government using its talented citizens without giving them any meaningful support, without even exerting proper discrimination in its exploitative choice, offends me beyond description. When we need an atomic submarine, we are taxed, and Washington pays for the scientific talents needed for its creation. If our government wants to show off the American Ballet Theatre as the apex of American ballet art, let it sustain the company and make it into the first-rate ensemble it could be. *Then* let it represent us.

I realize that if the government were to support one company, a clamor would arise from every corner for a similar application of largesse. Splendid! Support them all! Since Washington wants art for propaganda, let it nurture art and pay for it. Then, at least, hypocrisy and exploitation will be removed from the relationship. Then, dedicated and infinitely valuable artists like those in the American Ballet Theatre will not have to choose between starvation, jobs in restaurant kitchens, or the species of maltreatment they are now undergoing.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

OUR INSTRUCTORS, in a spectrum as wide as from E. M. Forster to Mickey Spillane, have taught us that there is a connection between violence and sex. Automobile wrecks are aphrodisiac and gunfire will speed some people to bed. That, too, is the motif underlying *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

At first it does not seem so, and I think it may be held against the picture that it leads us deliberately down the wrong path. The film opens with a close-up of two nude bodies entwined. The woman's voice keeps repeating, in French, "I have seen everything in Hiroshima"; and the man's keeps answering, in French with a strong accept, "You have seen nothing in Hiroshima." Meanwhile the shots of their intimacy, rendered almost reptilian by the extreme close range, are repeatedly broken by details of the most appalling horror taken from the documentary records of the first atomic city. The picture, it seems, is to be a plea for life, set in the spot that has become the world symbol for absolute death.

Eventually, the camera moves back a little from the bed and we learn that

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the woman (Emmanuelle Riva) is a French actress engaged in playing a nurse in an international peace film and that the man (Eiji Okada) is a young Japanese architect whom she met the previous evening. There follow scenes of the film company on location in one corner of the city; parades of protests have been staged for the cameras of the international company and extras made up as victims of radiation are much in evidence. It is clear that *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* will somehow tell us that we should embrace one another in love and joy and renounce our powers of ultimate destruction.

But it does not work out so. The actress, her portion of the film completed, is supposed to leave at once for Europe. Instead, she goes to the home of her new friend and, amidst further paroxysms of passion, begins to show signs of emotional stress. Then begins a conversation— more accurately a monologue—that goes on for dream-intangible hours and carries the couple in trance for miles through the apparently empty city. It comes out that the woman's first lover had been a German soldier in Nevers during the war. Partisans had killed him on the last day; they had dragged her from his bleeding body and shaved her head. She had gone quite mad and her parents, turned brutal by shame, had hidden her in a cellar.

Eventually she recovered, sneaked off to Paris in the night and there, apparently, achieved success as an actress and contracted a happy marriage. (The architect is also happily married—his wife is away on holiday.) One gathers, however, that her emotions have been arrested—until now when, in a city torn by the most extreme lesions of war, she meets a man about whose race, background, experience, language, even name she knows nothing, and the past returns for her.

THE re-enactment and recollection of her first love presumably have a therapeutic effect. A torrent of emotion bursts from dykes vigilantly guarded for fifteen years, and at the end we are entitled to suppose—the picture has become increasingly dream-like—that she will return to Paris in a far healthier state. We forget everything, she says. "I am forgetting you, just as I have forgotten my first love, just as men everywhere have forgotten Hiroshima." There is a bleak solace in this not entirely novel, or entirely accurate, insight.

The audience, meanwhile, has endured the atrocities of Hiroshima and waited patiently for an hour or so to discover what they are supposed to feel. I never did find out. As a story of individual lives the picture thwarts me because it is too fragmentary: what is the truth behind this woman's legend of herself? I see no reason to believe that she tells, or knows, the truth. In the case of the man, nothing emerges except that he takes a masochistic pleasure in being identified with the dead lover. As a story of war's holocaust, the picture cannot overcome the disparity between the mass torments of Hiroshima and the heroine's individual hurt. The very fact that she seems to see the city as symbolic of what happened to her makes the equation only more grotesque. She was bereaved and punishment was heaped on her bereavement—that is clearly moving, but a world war is not required to give it focus.

The director, Alain Resnais, says: "*Hiroshima, Mon Amour* is based on memories. . . . The schism arises because we have the obligation and the will to remember . . . but in order to live we must forget." This may be an inept translation, or it may be what it seems to be—a rather lofty way of saying nothing very remarkable. The picture strikes me as a rather sensational treatment of some only partly-digested psychological commonplaces.

TOSHIRO MIFUNE, who carries the title role in *The Rikisha Man*, is remembered here with awe as the bandit in *Rashomon*. Mifune is a man who explodes a part—he eats like a tiger, roars like a baboon, flings his assailants about like a demented laundry man sorting wash, and expresses contrition with an abasement that suggests acute melancholia. As an actor he is perhaps a little flamboyant, but as an athlete he is a one-man gymkhana.

The present film is baffling—not difficult but offering no clue as to why director Hiroshi Inagaki should think the times apt to the moral treacle of Warwick Deeping. When the picture opens, the rikisha man, having just broken up a theatre because it would not give him a pass, befriends a dear little tyke of a boy who has been knocked down by his chums. This leads to patronizing friendship from the parents, a young officer (the time is the Russo-Japanese war) and his gentle wife. The officer then gets his feet wet and dies, and the mother is left to raise her anemic chick. Always in the background, always sweaty and selfless, our hero plays foster father to such good effect that the boy matures into a university student of outstanding priggishness. At this point the rikisha man, who has been asked not to show so much familiarity toward his protégé, discovers in himself an autumnal physical yearning for the mother. Stricken by the beastliness of such a sentiment, he takes to drink and dies in a snowbank.

There are a couple of good, extrovert scenes: one in which the rikisha man, employing the curious floating lope of his trade, outruns a group of schoolboy athletes; one in which he plays virtuoso changes on an enormous drum. But the tone of neo-Victorian dampness washes the picture right off the screen.

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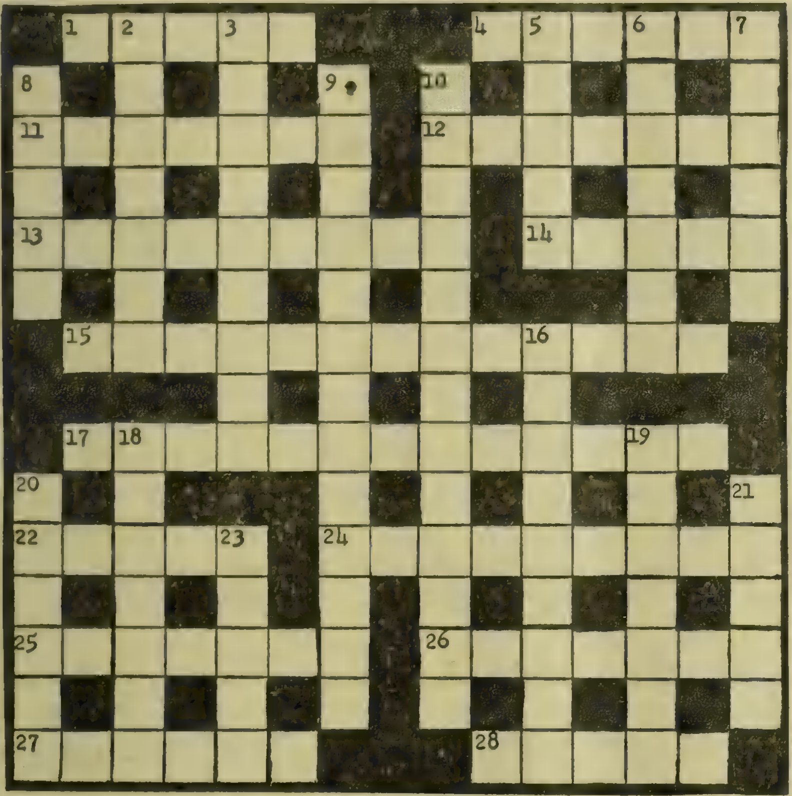
Crossword Puzzle No. 869

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A radiant look right opposite the middle! (5)

4 Being stupid is somewhat more than right. (6)

11 One should abhor money, since this holds an influence on activity. (7)

12 It's not a bad social position, nevertheless! (7)

13 The way some Rough Riders served in the brush? (9)

14 Cooper's works might be bound so. (5)

15 Comical spot in what shouldn't set in with the well. (13)

17 The first ingredients of feminine construction. (5, 3, 5)

22 Do the short form? (It means the same thing.) (5)

24 A time in an otherwise dull condition? (9)

25 It would be awkward walking with only one cheese! (7)

26 In the last icicle, one is reminded of something spring-like. (7)

27 A minister went ahead and got confused, evidently. (6)

28 See 2 down

DOWN:

2 and 28 Pierced to shreds, but the cause was evidently dull. (5, 2, 5)

3 Unsubstantiated stories, but they made Cora happy. (9)

5 See 23 down

6 Thurber's was in the garden. (7)

7 Sterne character of dramatic importance. (6)

8 Still admonition is made with difficulty in the 13. (5)

9 Tens and hundreds, according to the bills, of Quakers and such. (13)

10 It's the custom to turn over a card with the man who gives it to you, since he probably has a lot. (4, 3, 6)

16 The heart of 15 that is about to show a connection. (9)

18 Rookies might be found under it. (7)

19 Hire the weather man on television, perhaps. (7)

20 Verses on a foolish person getting up town? (6)

21 This fruit might be inexpensive. (5)

23 and 5 A novel place to look for shells, since none was left here. (2, 3, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 868

ACROSS: 1 Knottiness; 10 Iranian; 11 Cartons; 12 Hail; 13 Digression; 15 Omnibus; 16 Silesia; 17 Teutons; 20 Parting; 22 Effervesce; 23 Ache; 25 Anoints; 26 Ascribe; 27 Hike; 28 Endearment. DOWN: 1 Knight of the Bath; 2 Ovation; 3 and 6 Tailwind; 4 Nuncios; 5 Secures; 7 Ironies; 8 Disentanglement; 9 Wrestlers; 14 Abhorrent; 18 Unfrock; 19 Stepson; 20 Package; 21 Incline; 24 Scar.

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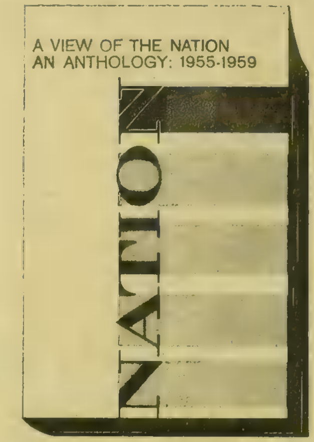

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OVERFLIGHT BY SATELLITE

Are the U-2s Obsolete?

Donald W. Cox

WHY KHRUSHCHEV WRECKED THE SUMMIT

Harold J. Berman

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FINANCING OUR SCHOOLS

FEDERAL AID OR LOCAL TAXES?

Harry W. Ernst

LETTERS

Reappraising the Students

Dear Sirs: Following publication of your "Campus Report No. 3," on May 16, 1959, I wrote a letter, which you printed, asserting that the present generation of students was more persuasively liberal than my own was. . . . I have just finished Mr. Wakefield's article, "Eye of the Storm," in which he tells of the student sit-in demonstrations in the South (*The Nation,* May 7, 1960). If you were right and I was wrong last year, where the hell did these kids in the South come from? I think you owe it to yourself, let alone to your readers, to reappraise the situation in the light of the very evident capacity these youngsters have for action. . . .

Esther Bloom

New York City

[*We had already begun to reappraise the situation with "Campus Report No. 3," the subtitle of which was "Tension Beneath Apathy." The truth is that if student behavior has changed markedly in the last three years (and all developments would so indicate), the potential must always have been there. To this extent, Miss Bloom is right.*—Editors]

The Big Steal

Dear Sirs: Donald Cressey seems to have written his review of *The Thief in the White Collar* [*The Nation,* April 30] from a perch so high in the ivory tower that he is no longer able to focus on reality. He bemoans the fact that American businessmen are able to "rationalize" their thievery and that they do not have the high moral fiber of the Hindus who in 1943 starved rather than kill a sacred animal. He sees only an end result, and ignores the basic cause.

To act from a sense of high moral purpose, one must first have something in which he can believe. The only creed which finds any currency in the world of Business and Success is "Screw you, Jack — I got mine." . . . Thievery is blandly condoned in every walk of life. A President steals time from a nation by spending most of it on the golf links and the rest of it in a cloud of rosy platitudes. A Vice President claws his way up a crooked ladder, displaying a bland and open contempt for the whole human race. A whole segment of our scientific community steals hope of normal life for generations yet unborn. A Pentagon is stacked to its multi-corridored roofs with frantic medal-spangled anachronisms who will do anything to keep their creaky establishment going. Manufacturers hire old soldiers whose only qualification is that they "know Joe." At the lower echelons, the sight is of kickbacks and bribery in high places. . . .

The inevitable reaction? If "they" can do it on so large a scale, where's the harm in a "little" stealing?

Alex Apostolides

Los Angeles, Calif.

Ignorance

Dear Sirs: Re your editorial on gas-germ warfare ["Easter and the Chemical Corps," April 30], I take issue with you over whether chemical and biological weapons are any more "fiendish" than, say, land mines, or even the molten lead of yore. War continues to be hell. . . . All the experts, be they for or against the employment of CBR weapons, seem to agree that the Russians have extensive capabilities in them. As things stand, we remain unprepared to defend ourselves from these weapons, and our plans for the employment and development of our own agents, especially the more humane ones, are inadequate. The problem to be solved seems to be one of public hysteria caused, for the most part, by ignorance. . . .

Michael D. Maremont

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dictionary of Diplomacy

Dear Sirs: In the belief that public evaluation of recent events has been hindered by a lack of clear definition of terms, the following preliminary ones are offered pending further reconnaissance:

U-2: Airplane employed for peaceful weather observation. Derivation: U-boat, underwater craft used for peaceful oceanography, c. 1914.

Altimeter: Weather instrument.

To misinterpret: To believe something on the day it is said.

Barometer: Weather instrument.

Bipartisanship: Doing two things at once. Cf. "bi-lingual," "bi-focal," "by and by."

Camera: Weather instrument.

Secrecy: National defense (Russian).

Silencer: Weather instrument.

Keeping the door open: A way of getting what you want while appearing not to want it. Cf. John Hay, "Open Door Policy"; Lady Macbeth, "I hear a knocking at the south entry; retire we to our chamber; a little water clears us of this deed. Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, and show us to be watchers."

Poison pin: Weather instrument.

Responsibility: Being the person who has to make up a new story when silence is no longer possible. Cf. Nathan Hale, "My only regret is that I have but one lie to give for my country."

H-Bomb: Weather instrument.

Amos Marsden

Chicago, Ill.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Blitz That Failed

The strategy of the early Monday morning "surprise attack" on Democratic critics of the Administration's handling of the Summit conference was clear enough. Catch the opposition off guard by a swift attack, without notice, in full force and — by the savagery of the attack — seize the initiative, keep the opposition off balance, and (with good luck) spike their guns. It was the classic, "rule book" counter-offensive formula. Senator Dirksen led off with a "soft on communism" tirade directed against Adlai Stevenson for his "crowbar and sledge hammer" speech in Chicago. But the dirty work was left for Senator Hugh Scott, who suggested that Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kennedy should "relieve themselves of the curse of the suspicion of appeasement," and who called both men "turnquotes" — a phrase which, in the excitement of the early morning assault, registered with many sleepy Senators as "turncoats."

But the blitz failed. Recovering from their rather stunned initial reaction, the Democrats quickly rallied and, with hastily summoned reserves, proceeded to give Senators Dirksen and Scott a brutal drubbing. Few issues of the *Congressional Record* this season make more lively reading than Vol. 106, No. 93, devoted to the Monday, May 23, debate. Senators Carroll, Symington, Morse, Monroney, Muskie and — once he had been notified of Senator Scott's sneak attack and rushed to the Senate floor — Senator Kennedy, made mincemeat of what Senator Carroll accurately characterized as "a raw, partisan, political piece of chicanery." In the end, Senator Dirksen sought to mollify his Democratic critics by expressing undying "love" for them as friends and colleagues. His opening speech, he said, was "just plain politics, spelled with a capital 'P'." But the Democrats wouldn't buy it. The response, said Senator Kennedy, was grudging and evasive; there was nothing amusing about an indirect charge of disloyalty. Senator Scott, to his credit, was more manly than Dirksen; he apologized. Bruised and battered, neither Dirksen nor Scott will be anxious to return to the "apostles of appeasement" theme soon. As Senator Monroney pointed out, the Monday morning blitz was all-too-reminiscent of "another Senator who once waved papers and shouted 'I hold in my hand.' . . . We are tired of that sort of procedure. Mr. President, Americans are tired of the attacks which are strictly for the purpose of diversion, in an attempt to light another fire, to try to direct attention somewhere else."

The lively debate suggests strongly that Senator Monroney may be right — that in the Senate at least, the ghost of the late Senator Joe McCarthy has finally been exorcised.

A Debate, But About What?

Thanks in no small measure to Adlai Stevenson and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the Nixon strategy of sealing off a full-dress debate on the issues raised by the Summit debacle is not likely to succeed. The timing and vigor of Mr. Stevenson's sharp attack disrupted the "rally-round-the-President" exhortations of Senator Lyndon Johnson and like-minded Democrats, and led directly to the Senate debate on May 23. Governor Rockefeller's equally well-timed statement of May 24, in the words of one commentator, had "the impact of a wet towel on Senate Republicans anxious to keep brickbats hurtling at Democratic critics of Ike's Summit policies." On its merits, the statement was excellent; the need for "an open and honest exercise of reason" — that is, for debate — has rarely been stated with greater cogency. In effect, the Governor seconded Mr. Stevenson's contention that "we cannot sweep this whole mess under the rug in the name of national unity." So there may be a debate. But about what?

And at this point both Mr. Stevenson and Governor Rockefeller are a bit vague. An investigation — as by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee — is not a debate; it may be used as a device to stifle debate. Nor will a carping, point-making attack on the President's leadership be of much value. A debate that centers on "blunders," "timing" and "tactics," or on how to be tougher with the Russians, will not meet Governor Rockefeller's demand for "an act of national self-examination . . . an act of realism . . . of renewed and reasoned dedication." Nor is there any point in encouraging Messrs. Morton and Butler to engage in a smearing contest. And, finally, we need to be clear that it is not a debate on the details of foreign policy that is needed. A public as large, as varied, as widely scattered as the American electorate, cannot follow with the required close attention a debate on American policy as related to fifty or sixty nations. Nor can "the Berlin question" be debated in a vacuum. What can, and must, be debated are the assumptions, the principles, the values which should determine American policy.

As in any large organization, so with the federal government: policy is indispensable. We should, therefore, debate ends, not methods or techniques. It is for this reason that *The Nation* stated in an editorial ("The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," February 6) that peace is the key issue. We understood then, as we understand now, that everyone is for peace; no one is asking for a debate on the advantages of peace. We propose something else. If, as we are constantly reminded, war is unthinkable, then we must start thinking in other terms. War is in the process of destroying itself, and us; yet we continue to act as though war were the ultimate guarantor of national security and survival. War is militarily unthinkable because no one —neither the chiefs of staff of the USSR nor of this country — can today formulate a rational strategy to win a war fought with nuclear weapons. So the issue becomes: shall we continue to adhere to policies which can lead only to a war which we say is unthinkable — or shall we plan for peace? Stated another way, are we to continue to fight the "hot front" of a "cold war" by any means, no matter how corrupting, or dishonorable, or self-defeating these means may be? Is the arms race to be steadily accelerated? Are we to continue preparations for a nuclear war that would destroy us and the Russians too?

The voting public can grasp an issue of this kind precisely because it turns, in the last analysis, on moral principles. This is the issue that should be debated, not whether Lt. Powers should have been permitted to take off on the "overflight" of May 1. If this issue is debated, the other issues will assume their true and minor proportions; if it is not debated, it may not matter how the other issues are resolved.

The Other Summit Conferences

One — they called it the "Little Summit Conference" — was held in San Francisco on May 13-14. No heads of government were present, but among the speakers were officers of the American Friends Service Committee, civic leaders, professors and an economist from the Bechtel Corporation, a heavy-engineering firm which has done missile-construction work in the San Francisco area. Also Albert Bigelow, wartime naval commander and skipper of the *Golden Rule*; William Davidon, nuclear physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory, and Dr. Linus Pauling of California Institute of Technology. On May 14, 3,000 persons marched in a "Peace Walk" to San Francisco's Union Square. While they stood in silent memory of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, "not a baby squealed, not a breath seemed to stir the air."

The other "Little Summit Conference" was held in Madison Square Garden in New York City under the auspices of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. The paid attendance was about 17,000; the speakers were Norman Thomas, Walter Reuther, Rabbi Israel Goldstein, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Harold Taylor, Orson Bean, Harry Belafonte, Norman Cousins, Charles Pickett, Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, and former Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas. Telegrams were read from Senator Humphrey, Senator Javits and Adlai Stevenson. Afterwards, Norman Thomas led 5,000 of those at the meeting in a peace march to the United Nations Plaza. While they were demonstrating, the big Summit foundered. But it is just possible that the demonstrations at the grass roots (or on city pavements) will grow, and the heads of government will listen.

Happy Days Are Here Again

The Summit crackup may be a tragedy in the eyes of eggheads, world-improvers, bleeding hearts and suchlike deviants, but if there were tears elsewhere, they were tears of joy. SUMMIT FAILURE A MARKET TONIC, was the headline on the first page of *The New York Times* financial section. BULLISHNESS REVIVES was the subhead, and the caption explained, FIREWORKS IN PARIS SHIFT SPOTLIGHT TO SHARES OF MILITARY SUPPLIERS. On the other side of the country, appealing to a humbler audience, the Los Angles *Mirror-News* carried a roaring full-page advertisement for a technical school: THE SUMMIT HAS FAILED — WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU? TREMENDOUS UPSURGE IN ELECTRONICS. BILLION DOLLAR PAYROLL. 110,000-EMPLOYEE INDUSTRY IN SO. CALIF. BOOMING! Returning from Paris, General Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, recalled saying earlier this year that America's deterrent power was so great "no rational decision could be made to attack us." Now, testifying before the Senate Appropriations Committee, General White added an amendment: "To meet the possibility of irrationality, I think we should beef up our deterrent strength. There has been a change.

More missiles would certainly be additional insurance." Just a few billion dollars more to defend the free world and unite its capitalists and workers in the indissoluble bonds of the hopped-up armament boom.

Taking note of this social phenomenon in Congress, Representative Charles A. Vanik (D., Ohio) found it "indeed a strange paradox that bad news for the world should be such good news for the stock market." Another Congressman, Robert W. Kastenmeier (D., Wisconsin) speaking on the Department of Defense appropriation bill while the Summit conference was being given the works, called for long-range defense planning "and for that study most overwhelmingly essential to the future of humanity, the study of the means and technique and implications of disarmament." The latter he is not very likely to get, but as for long-range defense planning, let the Congressman be of good cheer: the matter is in competent hands. Speaking on "Defense Electronics" at the annual convention of the National Federation of Financial Security Analysts Society, John J. Rutherford, Director of Long Range Planning of Sperry Gyroscope Company, Division of Sperry-Rand Corporation, gazed into the crystal ball and liked what he saw. The security analysts, listening with "rapt attention," liked it too. The long-range planner estimated total Pentagon spending in 1970 at three levels. In the event of a Korea-type limited war during the sixties, the Pentagon would spend $77 billion and the gross national product would be $788 billion. For a mere continuation of the arms race, the respective figures would be $56 billion and $747 billion. But suppose "disarmament" supervened? Mr. Rutherford did not avert his eyes from that possibility, but he obviously did not believe that Mr. Khrushchev's scheme for total disarmament stood much of a chance, because in 1970 the "disarmed" Pentagon would still be spending $34 billion (as compared with $41 billion today) and GNP would be $708 billion. We could live on that if we had to, but isn't that extra $80 billion worth fighting for?

The Aerojet Project

The Nation has been so consistently critical of missile-makers that it is a pleasure to be able to praise one. Aerojet-General Corporation of Azusa, California — and points north — is a cold-war baby; it started as a gleam in the eye of Dr. Theodore von Karman, the aerodynamicist, in 1939 and is today, courtesy Department of Defense, the largest rocket engine-maker in the country (1960's estimated sales, $500 million).

Back in 1958, someone at Aerojet had a good idea: to encourage citizenship by encouraging employees to participate in politics. The encouragement offered was, and is, strictly nonpartisan. The company made it possible for some 15,000 employees to make contributions to the political party of their choice; it also encouraged them to register as voters (in California registrars can be sent directly to plants). Some 2,000 employees who had not previously bothered to register, now did so at booths set up in the plant. In 1958, approximately 81 per cent of the company's 15,000 employees contributed to the political party of their private choice; the $25,000 raised was divided fairly evenly between the two major parties (about $300 went to the Prohibition Party which that year appeared on the California ballot). Once the program was under way, checks were sent to the two major parties twice weekly, and all parties — including the minor ones — endorsed the project and praised Aerojet for the fairness with which, aided by plant committees on which union representatives served, it was administered.

Now the Ford Motor Company has initiated a similar project. While a caveat should be noted — such convenient spoon-feeding might weaken political parties if sustained over a long period — Aerojet is to be commended for its initiative in projecting one of the best of current industry programs designed to encourage political participation. With 255 Ph.D.s on its staff, Aerojet should be able to come up with some other good ideas not directly related to missile-making.

Passing the Buck, 1960-Style

The House Appropriations Committee recently called for a reduction of over 3,000 employees in departmental headquarters of the Department of Defense, which impelled Congressman H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) to rise with a caveat. "I want to commend the committee on its insistence that personnel be reduced," said Mr. Gross, "but at the same time I want to point out that you are not going to accomplish anything if you are simply going to turn around and appropriate the money for the Defense Department and the various military establishments to hire consultants and management experts." The Iowan then proceeded to give facts and figures on the growing military practice of "contracting out." For example, the well-known management firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton received a $95,000 contract for a study of the adequacy of existing Army and Navy ammunition facilities. One would think, Mr. Gross suggested, that on the rosters of the ordnance divisions of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps there would be officers or civilians capable of making such a survey. Again, the Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA) received $5,465,000 for various scientific and technical studies and evaluations for the Department of Defense. IDA was found to be paying 129 of its 241 employees from $14,000 to over $30,000 each a year, and Mr. Gross wondered whether all these people were worth more than career government scientists and engineers.

Mr. Gross paid special attention to the Air Force, which pays out over $34 million annually for outside intellectual services, including $13.5 million yearly to its private think-factory, the RAND Corporation, while largely turning over control of its ICBM program to Thompson Ramo Wooldridge and its subsidiary, Space Technology Laboratories. And still Mr. Gross did not desist from his ferret-like probings. The Office of Navy Management, he pointed out, has grown from a staff of eight in 1953 to a present staff of seventy-one, of whom thirteen are GS-15 and above in Civil Service rating, yet the Navy was paying a college professor $70 a lecture to conduct classes in management development.

Still another expert was hired by the Navy to teach "effective writing" at $53 per *hour* (page 8925, *Congressional Record*, May 5, 1960); the Air Force hired the wife of an Air Force officer to do two portraits for the Air Force Academy; the Academy itself employed two experts to explain "merchandizing procedures, philosophy of merchandizing, and efficient sales and operation" of the cadet sales store; and Headquarters, Air Materiel Command, employed a retired supply officer, who was apparently tired of being retired, at $40 a day to "counsel civilian employees concerning retirement plans and to prepare employees psychologically for retirement."

It would appear from Mr. Gross's data that the personnel of some of the military agencies have gone so far in shedding responsibility that, in simple humanity, the government should spend another few millions for seeing-eye dogs to escort them to and from their arduous labors.

Why Khrushchev Wrecked the Summit . .

Harold J. Berman

WE ARE apparently unable to understand the impact of our government's position regarding the U-2 flight upon Khrushchev's policies and upon his personal position of leadership. This is one of the gravest aspects of the present crisis.

We express bewilderment that Khrushchev should make such an issue of espionage. All countries practice espionage. Espionage is not considered to be a violation of international law, or even of international morality. But of course the issue is not espionage; that is only a small part of the charge which he has made against us. Nor is the issue our intrusion into Soviet airspace, although that is, clearly, a violation of international law, regardless of what may ultimately be decided concerning *outer* space. The issue is, rather, our government's continued defense of this violation of international law, its refusal formally to state that it regrets the U-2 flight and will take appropriate measures to see that it does not happen again.

So far as I know, not a single American commentator has pointed out that it is customary in international relations for a state which has committed a violation of international law formally to apologize and to declare that it will take appropriate measures to call to account the persons responsible. The United States has on occasion demanded, and has on occasion given, such apologies and declarations, and the International Court of Justice has on occasion required them. A leading treatise on international law states that where there is an international delinquency, "at least a formal apology on the part of the delinquent will in every case be necessary."

Khrushchev's initial statement that he assumed the President was unaware of the particular flight, and his request for an apology and appropriate punishment, were not designed to insult and humiliate; they were standard operating procedure, "according to the book," designed to make continued normal diplomatic relations possible while taking full advantage of our embarrassment at being caught.

By refusing to perform this ceremonial obeisance to international law, the President put Khrushchev in an extremely difficult position, both at home and abroad. Nor was the difficulty substantially alleviated when the President announced in Paris—too late—that he had ordered the flights to be "suspended." The Soviet leader is not perturbed about the flights; he has watched them for four years, and it is quite possible that he now has the means to stop them by rockets. He is perturbed because the President has defended the flights—defended them, in fact, as a necessary means of protection against "surprise attack" by a "closed society." Thus our government has not only publicly challenged Soviet sovereignty over its airspace but has added the public accusation that the Soviet Union is a totalitarian society and that its leaders are planning aggressive war.

TO Khrushchev this was "perfidy"—and he responded by attempting to destroy the President's reputation as a world leader in the struggle for peace. For the demand that the President apologize in person, face to face, was indeed a deliberate humiliation, reminiscent of the ancient Anglo-Saxon law that one who insulted another had to hold his nose and call himself a liar.

We were unable to predict this response in advance, and we are unable to understand it now. Why, we ask, did Khrushchev insist—why does he still insist—upon the ceremony of an apology, punishment

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(presumably a reprimand would suffice), and a solemn official declaration by the United States (and not merely an executive order by the President in his capacity as a military leader) that the U-2 flight was in violation of international law and that such flights will not occur again? Until we understand the answer to this question we shall not understand either Khrushchev or his policies.

OUR government plainly miscalculated the Soviet reaction to our policy (and I emphasize again, not the policy of espionage, not even the policy of aerial intrusion, but the policy of open justification of espionage and aerial intrusion). As Mr. Nixon explained in a television broadcast before the Summit meeting was to take place, he did not expect that our defense of such flights would cause the meeting to collapse because, as he put it, "Mr. Khrushchev is a realist."

And when the Summit meeting did collapse, our official explanation—echoed by the press—was that its collapse was not, *could* not have been, due to our refusal to apologize. It is considered absurd to suppose that a "realist" like Khrushchev would base his actions on our failure to perform a ceremonial act. It is assumed that "he wrecked the conference because he wanted to wreck it."

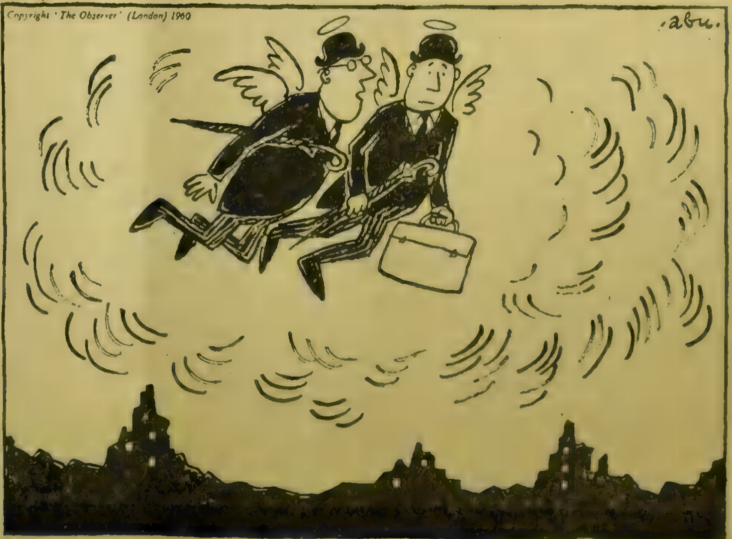
But why did he want to wreck it? After all, it was he, and not we, who had pressed for such a meeting. The soothsayers now tell us (as they told us after Hungary) that the "Stalinists" suddenly regained control of the Kremlin; or the military; or even that the Chinese are dictating Soviet foreign policy! More sober commentators argue that Khrushchev knew that the West would grant no concessions on Germany, so he was glad to have this pretext for calling the meeting off.

Any or all of these speculations may turn out to be true. All of them, however, are based so far on the merest shreds of evidence, and each of them must overcome serious counter-arguments. But there is a simpler explanation which deserves consideration. The President's refusal to pay even lip service to Soviet sovereignty over the airspace above the territory of the USSR, his insistence that we committed no wrong in sending an airplane over that territory, struck at the foundations of Khrushchev's policy, both foreign and domestic, and of his personal position of leadership of the Soviet Union and of the Communist world.

TWO principal techniques of Soviet foreign policy in recent years have been Khrushchev's personal diplomatic negotiations with the heads of state of the great powers (especially President Eisenhower) and the strengthening of the legal framework of Soviet international relations generally (especially through commercial and other treaties and participation in United Nations agencies). Through both techniques the Soviet leadership has sought to achieve legitimacy for the Soviet regime and recognition of its status as a great power, to remove the danger of a Western effort to liberate the Eastern European countries from its control, to reduce the possibility that revolutionary advances (in the Communist sense) in Asia will produce Western military intervention, to expand Soviet influence over the minds of people everywhere, to develop profitable trade relations with other countries, and to reduce military expenditures so that a great deal more energy may be devoted to domestic economic progress.

Particular violations of international law by the Soviet government—as, for example, in Hungary in 1956—should not mislead us into believing that Khrushchev attaches little value to international law in general. Soviet objectives, at least in the short run and possibly also in the long run, can be achieved far more easily if a single body of norms and procedures is applicable to all nations than if a double standard is applied to the "free world" and the "Soviet bloc." It is likely, for example, that the general application of international legal norms will result in our ultimate recognition of the government of East Germany and even that of Communist China. Similarly, the general application of international legal norms would lead to a relaxation of our controls on exports to Communist countries. It is partly for such reasons as these that Soviet jurists for several years have been stressing that there is one body of international law uniting countries of different social and economic systems, and that "difference of ideology does not exclude agreement and collaboration."

International law may, however, restrict, and not merely facilitate, the achievement of Soviet objectives. Partly to reduce this danger, Soviet theory has always stressed the concept of sovereignty as the cornerstone of international law. International law is considered to rest pri-



The Observer (London)

"On the other hand, this particular missile was very good for the money."

marily on treaties and agreements entered into by sovereign states. The cardinal sin of international law is considered to be the violation of a nation's territorial integrity. In this (as in many other matters) the Soviet Union has adopted an attitude which is ultra-conservative, even Victorian.

SEEN IN this light, President Eisenhower's assertion of our right to send reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union challenged not only Khrushchev's status as an equal in the Summit conference, but also the very basis of the entire Soviet effort to build an international order which would remain stable while the Soviet Union grew stronger. The President had betrayed his "friend" by espousing different standards of international law for "open" and "closed" societies. The distinction would permit us to send over Soviet territory not only reconnaissance planes but planes "armed with lethal weapons" (as Gromyko put it).

In his internal policy, also, Khrushchev has pressed for an increasing rationality in the Soviet social and economic order, an increasing legality, controlled by his effervescent, impatient, ingenious and sometimes ruthless personality. The substantial increase of the legal security of Soviet citizens during the past seven years, especially in the very broad realm of political speech, has always been understood to depend in part upon the security of Soviet international relations. If the United States asserts its right of espionage and of aerial intrusion, there is bound to be a tightening of controls at home. Stalin's myth that the Soviet Union is infested with capitalist spies must seem now to some Russians to take on an aura of reality. Thus our government's statements challenged not only Khrushchev's foreign policy, but also his domestic policy.

It also challenged his personal position of leadership in the Soviet Union and in the Communist world. Undoubtedly there are many Russians, as well as many Czechs, Chinese and others, who consider Khrushchev's policy to be based on wishful thinking—just as there are many Americans who consider any efforts to reduce the sources of Soviet-American conflict to be a product of our own wishful thinking. In both countries, negotiations seem to many to smack of softness. One has sensed a sigh of relief in many quarters in the United States at the thought that the illusions of "peaceful coexistence" are now shattered and we are back to the intellectually more comfortable posture of open hostilities. Thus the "Stalinists" in both camps play into each other's hands.

KHRUSHCHEV knows when to jump, and he may well avoid a personal political defeat — indeed, that may be the ultimate significance of his invective in Paris. But it is critical that we learn to understand that the impact of our intransigence is to stimulate his intransigence, the impact of our disregard of the forms of international law is to stimulate a similar disregard on his part, the impact of our assertion of the right to send airplanes over his territory is to stimulate an assertion by him of his right to violate our airspace, and the impact of our discrediting of him and his policies is to stimulate him to do everything possible to discredit us and our policies.

The President found it morally and politically impossible to say he did not authorize the flight when in fact he did, and to apologize when in fact he is not sorry. He could lie about the flight initially to "cover" for Intelligence purposes, but he could not lie to maintain the ceremonies of international law. Congress, and the electorate, would not have understood this. But these ceremonies—given the weaknesses of the sanctioning processes of international law—are necessary to avoid the humiliation of other nations and the discrediting of their leaders. By defending the U-2 flight, we have added insult to injury. Khrushchev is indeed a realist—he knew that this insult would undermine his position at home unless he returned blow for blow, and his position abroad unless he took his case to every available international forum. The same factors which made it seem impossible for us to apologize made it seem necessary to him to wreck the Paris conference.

Our task now is to begin to rehabilitate Khrushchev and international law.

OVERFLIGHT BY SATELLITE . . *by Donald W. Cox*

'BIG BROTHER'—who was everybody's watchman, if you remember, in George Orwell's *1984*—is watching all of us now. He has been looking us over ever since he was flung into orbit on April 1—and no April Fool joking about it, either. And now, since last week, Big Brother's still bigger brother—the Midas satellite —is watching us, too.

In the sinister shadows of these remarkable vehicles now orbiting the earth, the fuss raised about the espionage activities of the earth-bound U-2 seems a piddling exercise in futility.

Originally, the first American spy-in-the-sky satellite was to be called Sentry, but — to pacify the State Department — this harsh-sounding name was soon dropped and the less sensitive title of Discoverer was substituted. Several test satellites flying under this latter nomenclature have already been placed into polar orbits by our Air Force during the past year.

Our civilian space agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) is techni-

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cally not involved in the business of military space-reconnaissance, since its Congressional charter limits it to peaceful and scientific explorations. But NASA has found itself in a serious dilemma since the successful launching of its first meteorological earth satellite (Tiros I) on April 1. For this weather-spying satellite that was perfected mainly to scan large areas of the earth's cloud cover has also exhibited several overtones of the military Midas and Samos satellites.

When the reliable Thor-Able rocket left its pad at Cape Canaveral with the 270-pound, drum-shaped Tiros I nestling inside its protective nose shroud, few observers realized at the time that it would create so many revolutionary repercussions a few days later. The strange looking payload, built by the Astro-Electronics Division of R.C.A., was incrusted with 9,200 tiny solar cells which supply the power to transmit the magnetic taped photo images back to earth.

Whirling around in an orbit at an average altitude of 450 miles, Tiros is constantly photographing the sunny side of the earth with its two cameras. One is a wide-angle device utilizing half a Vidicon tube to take pictures with a resolution of about a mile and a half. It will take a strip of overlapping pictures which show an area approximately 135 miles long and about 800 miles wide.

The smaller, narrow-angle camera has a resolution of about 1,500 feet and will take pictures about eighty miles in width. This camera should be able to take "blip" pictures of runways and missile bases with ease, if the contrast is right. It is this camera which enables Tiros I to play a dual role — acting as a scientific boon to meteorology as well as a military spy.

ON APRIL 4, three days after the launching, the United States made a chivalrous gesture. Dr. Hugh Dryden, Deputy Administrator of NASA, told a Congressional committee that America would share the Tiros weather photos and those of future meteorological satellites with the rest of the world.

Yet the gesture did not cover up Tiros' ominous import for the world. For the satellite had brought into the open a latent problem that has been with us since the advent of the recently concluded International Geophysical Year: whether or not a nation has the right to fly satellites of *any type* over the territory of another nation without permission. The problem was not acute as long as satellites and sputniks were purely "scientific"; such "peaceful" flights are a sort of unwritten extension of an international gentleman's agreement reached in Rome in late 1955, before the IGY began.

Since neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has so far denied the right of other nations to fly space-spying satellites over their respective territorial boundaries, we can now anticipate that the issue will come up — and sooner rather than later — during forthcoming U.N. meetings. The Soviet Union cannot long ignore either Tiros I or the more recent Midas.

Rosenhouse

It is possible that the USSR has already taken a dim view of Tiros — and acted upon it. At present we do not know why the Soviet delegates called a halt to the negotiations on disarmament, but isn't it suggestive that Mr. Zorin's walkout at Geneva came immediately after Tiros was successfully launched?

All leading Soviet newspapers printed reports of the successful launching of Tiros I, noting that it would fly over Soviet territory and that it was capable of sending pictures back to earth. Although the Tass dispatches did not elaborate on the implications, it is fairly obvious that the Kremlin leaders, and most intelligent Soviet citizens, must be deeply concerned over the military significance of this feat.

We are not going to reach a "mutually beneficial understanding" with the Soviets on the peaceful uses of outer space — the goal set forth recently by Dr. T. Keith Glennan, the head of NASA — as long as Tiros continues to take photos of Mongolia, China and the Soviet Union, countries which up till now had been protected by their iron and bamboo curtains.

BECAUSE the quality of the Tiros photos transmitted back to earth surpassed the fondest expectations of NASA officials, some of them reluctantly admitted — on the fourth day after launching — that we had placed a "blurry-eyed spy in the sky." After many denials, agency officials conceded, on April 5, that Tiros "might" be obtaining rudimentary photos of objects on the earth's surface. It was reliably reported that considerable anxiety was being expressed within the NASA, the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency over this embarrassing situation.

No high government official wished to take the responsibility of admitting publicly that we had actually ushered in the era of "open skies" under the guise of a peaceful weather satellite. Once again, as with Hiroshima, we had created a monster with which we were not adequately prepared to cope.

All the statements that have been tumbled out of NASA headquarters minimizing the idea that Tiros might be an embryonic spy-in-the-sky have failed to convince the world — particularly after the first photos of the Mediterranean and Red Sea areas were released and published all over the globe. The first NASA statements denying the satellite's spying potential were made before the agency had had a chance to study the details of the Tiros pictures, especially those that were sent by air mail from the second tracking and receiving station at Kaena Point, Hawaii.

Even though the satellite had been put through extensive ground tests, prior to launching, to make sure that the cameras would *not* be able to detect specific features on the earth's surface from a 400-mile altitude, it was fairly obvious that no simulated test on earth could duplicate the real situation as it developed in space.

As a result of urgings from the State Department and the CIA, NASA suddenly became extremely secretive about the photos that were piling up in its offices. On April 5, NASA officials announced that it had classified all pictures taken by the narrow-angle camera and would not release any until they had been analyzed by Intelligence experts. But if Tiros is just a scientific venture taking *only* pictures of cloud formations, why the sudden secrecy? Were the so-called "blips" that showed up on pictures taken by the narrow-angle camera just radio static, or were they something else?

ON APRIL 8, a week after the launching, Dr. Glennan announced that the satellite had successfully taken wide-angle pictures of the Soviet Union and Communist China, but that they were being withheld from the public for "security reasons." Simultaneously, he announced that a small timer had failed to function properly within the drum-shaped satellite, preventing the small-angle lens from transmitting photos back to earth.

This announcement certainly helped the NASA out of a ticklish situation that had developed. It meant that no further close-up pictures of military installations and missile bases could be taken — and the justification for sharp Communist complaint was theoretically removed. The temporary mechanical failure inside Tiros made it possible for NASA to argue that it wasn't, it really wasn't, "in the spying business."

But the cold reality, that Tiros has inaugurated the "open sky" era earlier than the date planned by either the State Department or the Department of Defense, could not be erased by all the NASA denials and explanations. The clear resolution of the photos telemetered back to earth established beyond cavil the true identity of this double-purpose vehicle.

For some strange reason, NASA waited five days to announce the early functional breakdown of the narrow-angled camera. The official excuse was that the agency's public information office had not been informed of the event. This hardly seems plausible, considering that the offices of the agency officials are just down the corridor from their public information office.

Until the timer started to work again last month, Tiros could not take pictures over the Northern Hemisphere when it was out of the radio range of the two receiving stations at Fort Monmouth, N.J. and Kaena Point, Hawaii. *None of the pictures it has taken since has been released.*

After making some 1,300 orbits of the earth, Tiros I is expected to burn up in the upper atmosphere about July 1, 1960. Until then it will be able to continue taking close-up pictures of the earth and its cloud formations with its narrow-angled camera — and more close-up shots behind the iron curtain.

ON APRIL 8, the same day that Dr. Glennan was testifying before Congress about the Tiros satellite, Secretary of State Herter held a news conference that ranged from a discussion of nuclear-test bans to Castro and the South African race riots. Five of the thirty-nine questions aimed at the Secretary were concerned with the diplomatic impact of the launching of the Tiros satellite.

Although the Secretary said that no nation had objected, so far, to the launching of this or any previous satellite, he seemed to be unsure of himself as to what steps the State Department should now take, if any. In fact, he seemed to miss the main point of a ticklish question which assumed that we had a right to "launch satellites that could take any kind of picture that we are technically capable of taking over any country, and that, furthermore, any country has that right over our territory."

This was the crucial "open sky" question that implied our right to launch the Samos reconnaissance satellite and the Midas early-warning satellite over the Soviet Union without worrying about any vocal objections from the Kremlin. The Secretary admitted that he didn't think that the launching of military-reconnaissance satellites, which could take photos all over the world, had "been a matter of discussion in any form as yet."

But why not, Mr. Secretary?

WITH THE imminent launching of the first Samos reconnaissance satellite (the newest name for the earlier Sentry space-spy), and last week's successful launching of Midas, the State Department should be making plans to hold meetings with our Allies and with the Soviets on this sensitive and urgent issue. Mr. Herter's implied denial that there *was* any issue is a sad commentary on the apparent lack of top State Department policy thinking in this vital area.

The Secretary admitted to the press that his department had not made any request of NASA to withhold any Tiros pictures on diplomatic or security grounds. Yet on the previous day, the space agency had announced that it was not releasing certain pictures on security grounds. Who gave this order to NASA if not the State Department?

Secretary Herter also denied that Tiros I had photographed any portions of the Soviet Union or Communist China. Yet NASA spokesmen had repeatedly said that the opposite was true; and two days later Dr. Glennan, himself, displayed a clear photo of Lake Baikal, Siberia, taken by Tiros, over a *Meet the Press* television show — and it was shown all over the country.

Dr. Glennan announced on the *Meet the Press* program that the photos had been flown in from the Hawaii tracking station on Friday, April 8 — the very day that Secretary Herter was holding his news conference. Although audiences were given a quick flash of the Lake Baikal photo on their home screens, there was enough to indicate what the more sophisticated Samos reconnaissance satellite would be able to accomplish in photographing missile-launch sites and ground-support installations within the USSR and Communist China. Also indicated was the potential of the Midas satellite for the almost instantaneous detection, through infra-red rays, of missile launchings.

One newsman proposed that a book of Tiros photos be given to President Eisenhower for presentation to Khrushchev for the then forthcoming Summit meeting at Paris. The presentation, the newsman explained, would be a return gesture for the photos of the moon taken by Lunik III and given to the President by the Soviet chief on the occasion of the latter's visit to this country. The NASA chief said he would consider the suggestion. Presumably, it was never carried out.

DR. GLENNAN refused to comment on the question of our right to put a military satellite up over the Soviet Union; the question, he said, was not in his jurisdiction. He did point out, however, that the Soviets don't need to put up a similar military reconnaissance satellite to discover the whereabouts of our vital missile and SAC bases, since all one has to do to obtain such knowledge is to look over the files of *The New York Times*.

Before the next Tiros "weather" satellite is launched in October, 1960, and before we ever launch our first Samos satellite (either openly or secretly), we can expect that the Soviets will protest the orbiting of any more spies-in-the-sky over their heads unless some sort of international agreement is reached.

Last week's successful launching of Midas II dispelled any last doubts that advanced technology has rendered the manned U-2 spy plane obsolete. Interestingly, Communist radio stations termed the Midas launching a "provocation," yet they have not yet — at least as of this writing — complained about Tiros, which since May 10 has again been taking detailed cloud pictures over the Soviet Union.

Thus a "weather" satellite which plays a dual role as a military reconnaissance weapon orbits over the USSR without complaint from the Kremlin, while the overtly military Midas, which has not yet flown over Russian soil, draws shouts of "provocation." The inconsistency gives some indication of the complications to be expected when it comes to determining national "rights" in outer space.

The next Tiros, which will be a more sophisticated version of the current one, will be called Nimbus, and will have two advantages over its predecessor. It will be earth-oriented instead of space-oriented, which means that it can take pictures of the earth continuously and, secondly, it will be placed in a polar orbit which will cover all latitudes instead of being restricted, as is Tiros I, to the Equatorial and Northern Temperate Zones.

AS LONG as there was no Big Brother orbiting overhead to challenge its protective wall of secrecy, the USSR could turn a deaf ear to President Eisenhower's "open sky" plan which he first enunciated before the United Nations five years ago.

The Russians had nothing to gain by acquiescing in this plan. After all, they could shoot down any unfriendly reconnaissance aircraft that invaded their homeland. Shooting down a spy-in-the-sky satellite is not quite so simple, however.

The irony of the present space situation is that instead of our being able to trumpet our Tiros success to the rest of the world as a huge propaganda victory, we find it necessary to soft-pedal the real significance of our latest cosmic efforts.

AND there is another irony. This lies in the possible Russian ability to interrogate our satellites while they are in orbit over our homeland — and thus receive free the benefits of our own spy system. This possibility is in keeping with a remark made by Premier Khrushchev to Allen W. Dulles, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency: "I think we have the same agents in the same places. Maybe we should get together and not pay them twice."

Who knows, perhaps the cosmic Big Brothers of the early sixties will be working for more than one master? Then WHO can accuse WHOM of spying on WHAT?

Yes, Tiros, Midas and satellites still to come are mirrors in space, reflecting back not only fleecy clouds, typhoons and cyclones that nature has wrought, but also the material changes that man himself has wrought on the surface of the earth. What man does with the weapons of destruction poised on their launch pads around the world that future spies-in-the-sky will uncover and watch — this is the supreme challenge of our times.

WARD HEELERS on the CAMPUS . . *by Paul S. Weinberg*

University of Pennsylvania

NUMEROUS labels have been applied to the present crop of college youth: beat, unsilent, silent, beatnik and so on. Such generalizations are nonsense, of course; it can hardly be expected that students at one institution will necessarily adjust to the values prevalent at another. The University of Pennsylvania, for example, has its own peculiar set of values.

Forty-five per cent of Penn undergraduates belong to fraternities, and staff the campus' two remarkably powerful political parties—Campus and Franklin. A so-called Independent Party was formed this year by a group of disgusted non-fraternity students, but it has not yet had an opportunity to test its strength. If precedent means anything, it will fail.

The established parties expect the membership of each member-fraternity to "get out the vote" on elec-

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tion day in return for rewards from a highly intricate system of patronage which would distress the reformers of the early twentieth century. Patronage is distributed among the fraternities in the form of class offices, membership in senior honor societies, newspaper editorships, chairmanships for important social weekends, student government positions and managerships of athletic teams. Annual elections are the arena for campus politics, as twelve offices are distributed through sophomore, junior and senior years. Freshman class elections are usually free of politics, since they take place in the fall, before any of the freshmen have joined fraternities.

DECISIONS pertaining to patronage are usually determined by the party chairman. Fraternity representatives learn from him how the pie will be cut; the apportionments are rarely contested openly, for party and fraternity reach an entente in privacy. Regular party meetings feature long speeches commending the wisdom of the party leadership and formal ratification of the private deals which have already been decided. The attraction at gala party meetings is beer, distributed free *after* business.

Candidates for office are elected by popular appeal—and for "appeal," a distinguished career in athletics serves infinitely better than scholarship (which is seldom an issue as long as the candidate measures up to the required "C" average). The most recent contest for senior class presidency was between the captain of the football team and the captain of the soccer team. Neither had former experience in student government and it is quite accidental that the winner has proved to be an incorruptible, indefatigable worker.

Elections have been corrupt enough to alarm Machiavelli. The political representative of each fraternity is permitted to collect matriculation cards—the credential for voting—from his brothers and casts votes in behalf of an entire house himself (he might cast as many as one hundred ballots). Expired matriculation cards are saved from former years and used as though valid. Ballot-box stuffing is common practice; in the most recent

election, total votes cast outnumbered what might be predicted of a college election. The present senior class president was elected by less than a dozen votes—what he won was a ballot-stuffing contest. In the sophomore class election, the victorious candidate for president was expelled from school for "malicious academic cheating" shortly after his triumph at the ballot.

POSING A hypothetical case, we might find student Smith thoroughly disinterested in campus politics until his junior year. Most of his time has been spent playing football or some other sport; he has made many friends, maintained at least a "C" average, joined a fraternity, submitted to having the political representative in his fraternity vote in his behalf (or at least tell him which candidates to vote for), and he has been frequently mentioned and photographed in the school newspaper and on occasion by the commercial press. At the same time, his fraternity has faithfully supported the candidates designated by the party. One day the party chairman suggests that Smith might be a deserving candidate for an elective office. Our naive, honest football player is shortly nominated and elected. Once in office, he may become a tool for the party chairman who uses the elective office to further party patronage, an iconoclast who persists in trying to do his job or, more frequently, an apathetic officeholder who refuses to be manipulated but also refuses to work.

The campus elections are devoid of issues. Candidates do not run on a platform and party chairmen are amused when it is suggested that their organizations represent nothing constructive. In fact, the "purpose" of the Campus Party, according to its constitution, is to "foster the best interests of the fraternity system." Early in January, Penn's student governing council cross-examined the head of the Campus Party for two hours. At one point, council members suggested that, at least for the sake of euphemism, the party's constitutional purpose be the furthering "of the best interests of the University of Pennsylvania and *all* its students." The party chairman seemed incapable of grasping what this suggestion meant.

On the men's student government board sit sixteen "wheels" representing classes, a variety of "activity" groups, religious organizations and lesser representative bodies (i.e., the Inter-Fraternity and Dormitory Councils). For the most part, these representatives know pitifully little about current affairs. During a heated discussion of the controversial loyalty-oath provision of the National Defense Education Act, one student leader, a star football player, member of an honor society and a fraternity president, admitted that he had never heard of Leon Trotsky and was thus incapable of discussing an undergraduate organization with alleged Trotskyite affiliations.

Penn, in bold contrast with institutions such as Antioch, where students determine faculty promotions and salaries, has a long tradition of non-intervention in academic affairs. Philip Jacob, Professor of Political Science, apologized for employing a platitude when he once declared that at the University of Pennsylvania "a professor's classroom is truly his castle." Indeed, it is such a citadel of resolute privacy that departmental chairmen never sit in to assay a subordinate's teaching ability. Genuine faculty alarm greeted last year's effort of *The Daily Pennsylvanian,* the student newspaper, to evaluate instructors in its "Guide to Courses" last year. The guide irreverently reported, *inter alia:*

> Music 5 is rated by a Greek chorus

> **murmuring "GUT, GUT, GUT" in** an awesome crescendo. R.—is pictured as incredibly close-minded, disorganized and even, as one angry student contends, "a disgrace to the University." The course is without a text, without interest, without challenge and would be better without R.—as well. Reminiscent of a circus.

The publication of equally irreverent appraisals of faculty members is customary on many campuses. At Penn, however, the atmosphere generally discourages open student debate on such subjects as the quality of the education they are getting.

The university's dean of men has stated explicitly that student government is free to raise issues and to campaign for reform in all areas of undergraduate life, including the academic. However, it is unlikely that this freedom will mean anything as long as the "successful" Penn undergraduate continues to affect a sophisticated indifference to any issue worthy of the name. (In fairness, it should be noted that there is a vocal minority of "serious" students here who live with broader horizons, who interest themselves in national and international problems, and who cast a critical eye on what is going on in their own school. Unhappily, they are excluded from the university's political arena.)

The undergraduate schools here are dominated by the famed Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, a fact which may contribute to the materialistic spirit which pervades the campus. The idealists tend to retreat, leaving the aggressive politician free to manipulate undergraduate life in the direction of fostering "the best interests of the fraternity system."

Most observers believe that if there is any hope for betterment, it rests with Gaylord P. Harnwell, eminent atomic physicist who became president of the university upon the retirement, seven years ago, of Harold Stassen. Commanding sympathy, support and respect from students, faculty and administrators alike, President Harnwell has been forcing the university to investigate itself. Five years of introspection have so far cost the university $700,000 in academic improvements. Robert H. Pitt, dean of admissions, says, "We are getting a new kind of student." Another academic officer remarks happily, "Our students are becoming more interested and mature." Perhaps President Harnwell's introspective habits will filter down, one day, to the undergraduate level. On that day the corrupt politics of the university campus may become an anachronism.

FINANCING OUR SCHOOLS

FEDERAL AID or LOCAL TAXES? . .

by Harry W. Ernst

Washington, D.C.

CONGRESS is hurrying in this, its 172nd year, to catch up with Aristotle, who in 300 B.C. advised politicians that "the primary function of any legislative body is the education and training of its youth." But the reason for Congressional haste isn't a love of the classics. The rising cost of maintaining our public schools is pinching pocketbooks.

The House, with a nervous glance toward November, finally pressured its tail-wagging Rules Committee into permitting a vote on federal aid to education. Judge Howard Smith (D., Va.), the crafty chairman of that "traffic cop" committee which blows the whistle on most liberal legislation, was forced to make a tactical retreat.

Hanging over Judge Smith's head, moreover, was the threat of "Calendar Wednesday," a seldom-used but potentially effective parliamentary technique. On Calendar Wednesday, the roster of committees is called, and House action on bills which the Rules Committee refuses to let go may be requested. The area redevelopment bill, which President Eisenhower vetoed, was rescued from Smith's firm grip last month by this device—the first time it had been used in a decade.

It is probable that Judge Smith and his conservative committee majority gave the bill a rule for two compelling reasons:

¶House Liberals are hinting broadly that they may resort to Calendar Wednesday again and again at this session if the Rules Committee sits on upcoming labor legislation, including a minimum-wage bill. A series of Calendar Wednesday defeats could seriously cripple the Rules Committee's power.

¶That unpredictable worker of political miracles, public opinion, is breathing down the necks of Congressmen who must put theirs on the chopping block in November. Practically every poll on the subject reveals that people want federal aid for their schools. So election-year pressure is on Congress to produce.

In fact, one prominent pollster says his interviewers across the land agree that two domestic issues overshadow all others in the minds of potential voters: The problems of their aging parents [see "Health Insurance for the Aged: Which Bill is Best?" by Leo J. Linder, *The Nation,* May 28] and the relentlessly rising cost of public schools.

The local and state governments are now paying 96 per cent of the public school bill. Since 1949-50, local receipts (primarily from property taxes) for support of schools have risen 162 per cent; state receipts, 154 per cent. The costs of operating the nation's elementary and secondary schools alone have been rising about $1 billion a year in the last decade.

That resistance is growing to fur-

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ther increases in state and local taxes is indicated by a 20 per cent drop last year in the approval rate for school-construction bond issues.

> I realize that it is not considered quite nice to refer in America to anything like a class struggle [said Sen. Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) in a recent lecture at George Washington University]. That is too Marxian. In America, it is considered nicer to pretend that what's good for General Motors is good for the country. . . .
>
> Yet the tax issue is at heart a class issue. The brunt of federal taxation falls upon the corporations and the upper-income families. State and local taxes fall far more heavily upon the average-and-lower-income families. . . . This is what the great political issue between the "spenders" and the "savers" really amounts to.

And, what's even more frustrating to the embattled taxpayers, taxes are climbing just enough to enable the schools to stand still. The cost of education is expected to double in the next decade to prevent the blessings of a higher birth rate from stepping all over each other in the classrooms. High school enrollments alone will increase almost 50 per cent compared to a 40 per cent increase during the 1950s.

MEANWHILE, the shifting base of our national wealth has left our tax structure as hopelessly obsolete as the bow and arrow. Real property used to constitute 75 per cent of our wealth; today it is only 25 per cent. School districts, however, still depend on the property tax for more than half of their revenue. The tax is often applied with little relation to ability to pay. And as the local tax base shrinks, state legislatures are forced to assume an increasing share of the educational budget, largely through discriminatory sales taxes.

Senator Clark explained why the property tax is becoming the enemy of the people:

> . . . While the rich man pays local property taxes on what may be a tiny fraction of his accumulated wealth, the average-income man pays on what may be two to ten more times his accumulated wealth. As it affects individuals, a more inequitable tax system could hardly be devised. And because the property tax is thus inversely related to the ability to pay, its limit is reached early — when it strikes too hard at the resources of the lower-and-middle-income groups who bear the brunt of it.
>
> Corporations, of course, pay their share of property taxes. But with the growth of large concentrated industries, corporate real property is distributed most unevenly across the land. One of the largest industrial plants in the world, located in my Commonwealth, pays property taxes to only one small school district. It does not contribute to the support of the schools to which most of its employees send their children, because they live across the district line.

States and local communities vary widely in their ability to raise public funds for schools and for a host of other services which the people have demanded since World War II. Interstate competition for new plants tends to put a lid on the tax efforts that even the more prosperous states might make. But in trying to meet public needs, local and state debts jumped 211 per cent between 1948 and 1958 compared to an increase of less than 10 per cent in the federal debt.

Uncle Sam now provides only four cents of every educational dollar, although he collects seven of every ten tax dollars. And only he can fairly tap for all states — through corporate and personal income taxes — the national wealth that transcends state lines. Besides, it's cheaper and more efficient to let Washington do it: the National Education Association points out that Uncle Sam keeps only 44 cents per $100 to pay for the cost of tax collection; states take an average of $1 per $100, while local governments keep $5 to $10 per $100.

THESE are the pocketbook pressures pushing Congress toward enactment of a school-construction bill, at the minimum. Ideally, a federal aid-to-education program should be large and flexible enough to permit local school districts to spend the money according to their particular needs, with a minimum of bureaucratic interference. But the realities of Congressional life make such an approach almost impossible at this session. Even a moderate school-construction bill, however, would be a step forward compared to that

(*Continued on page 500*)

Throwing Money into Space – or Schools?

With but one dissenting vote, the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, on March 30, favorably reported out a bill (H.R. 10809) authorizing the appropriation of $915,000,000 for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for fiscal 1961. The lone dissenter was Rep. Ken Hechler (D., W. Va.); there follows an extract from his official minority report. — EDITORS

If we are to move forward in the space effort, of course we are going to need people trained in the natural sciences. In other fields we are also going to need social scientists who can point the way for mankind to reduce human poverty and suffering, to secure disarmament and better international understanding — and ultimately to maintain a lasting peace. And as automation produces more and more leisure time, we shall need more people trained in the humanities as well. Perhaps more training in the humanities would help raise the moral tone of society also, because it could certainly stand some improvement.

What does all this have to do with an important authorization for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration? Simply that I hope through my negative vote to dramatize the fact that aid to our educational system is more important today, and will prove to be more important in the 1970s and the years to come, than what we vote today for space or defense. Of course, we need both education and the urgent current expenditures, and my vote is simply intended to emphasize the relative importance of education.

Therefore, until an adequate federal aid to education bill is passed I will vote in committee and on the floor against space and defense authorization and appropriations.

BOOKS and the ARTS

What Is Wrong with Durrell?

CLEA. By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 287 pp. $3.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

SITTING DOWN to write this piece, I have little relish for the job. For a good many years now I have been a devoted, persistent fan of Lawrence Durrell. When *Justine* came out in England, I wrote a fairly long and very laudatory review for *The Nation*. It seemed the promise of a thoroughly adult job. The characters were a distasteful crew, but certainly they were grownups; the plot was as complex as any of Conrad's, and since the succeeding three novels were announced as treating the same cast through the eyes of three different characters, the whole project promised to be a fabulous network of motives, false motives and imaginary motives. The style was saturated with a whimsical, self-mocking irony, "fine writing" making fun of itself. Altogether, I felt on sure ground when I prophesied a big work by a mature man, one worthy to be set alongside Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens series, the promise of a novel which would be fit reading for a male over thirty-five. Certainly there aren't very many such. Now, at least this one male over thirty-five is a disappointed man.

What happened? In the first place, I think a purely mechanical mistake. Durrell sold *Justine* before the rest of the work was completed, and for the next three years had to produce a book a year against an inexorable deadline. Maybe Dickens or Dostoevsky could do this; they hated it and groused about it, but they produced masterpieces that way. It is obvious that Durrell could not. Times have changed. Writers are far more self-indulgent and temperamental nowadays — they are artists, and rigorous business arrangements upset them. Durrell felt frustrated and hemmed in. Each year he put off writing and then wrote carelessly, perhaps even defiantly. What had been complex and subtle and ironic turned into something flimsy, schematic and flashy.

Plotting, which at the start was careful and wise, became sensational. It not only became sensational, it became frivolous and irresponsible. Perhaps it makes a good hot item for the paperbacks to suggest that the Egyptian Copts and the Jews are in a plot with the Nazis to betray the Arabs and British in Egypt and Palestine — but this is the kind of yarn we associate with Talbot Mundy, not with a serious writer. It is all too easy to envisage a young Egyptian officer in charge of a border post, reading that book between hours of duty. This kind of childish meddling with the lives of the innocent should be left to Steve Canyon and Terry and the Pirates. The word for it is cheap — as well as dangerous. One step more and the word is malicious.

The writing has decayed in the same way. Pain and disaster emerged at first from the necessary relationships of the characters; in the later books it is applied from the outside. Clea's disaster with the fish is not tragedy, it is sensationalism, on a par with the highly sophisticated sadism of the pseudo highbrow French and Italian movies. Furthermore, its gratuitousness shows; they do this so much better in Japan where sentimental agonies have a long tradition of great skill. Gone too is the subtle mockery of fancy writing. The narrator of *Clea* has decided that now he can really "write," at last he is an artist. You won't get far in the book before the horrible suspicion sneaks over you that Durrell agrees with him. I'll take De Quincey.

WHAT is wrong with this writer? He has terrific talent, he is no longer a young man, he has learned all the lessons there are to learn. Is it an incorrigible bohemianism? Perhaps. I went back and reread *The Black Book*. All the Alexandria tetralogy is there, writ small. It is one of the first and best books of its kind — that long spate of tales of the life and loves of the Underground Man that have become the characteristic literary fad of the last twenty years. It is a tale of a wretched warren of loathsome characters, and like Dostoevsky's manifesto, *Letters from the Underworld*, like *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, like the life and letters of Baudelaire, its moral point is that all such people can do is debauch, in rotten frivolity, the ignorant and trusting innocent. This, in a sense, is the point of the first of the kind, the immensely fashionable parent of the whole genre, that other *Justine* by Sade. The trouble with *The Black Book* is that you can never be sure of Durrell's intention. Did he know what he was doing? How close is he, really, to his characters, the closeness of the artist who understands all, or the embroilment of the participant who understands nothing?

In his preface to the new edition of *The Black Book* Durrell speaks of it as an attack on Puritanism and identifies it with the genre of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But *Chatterley* is not an attack on Puritanism at all. It reeks of Puritanism and crippled, self-conscious sex — and of the personal spites and ill tempers of Lawrence as well. Only an adolescent, recently escaped from the Epworth League, could think of it as a pagan manifesto of sexual freedom. So too, *The Black Book* is a tour de force of ingrown Puritanism, and so too, I am afraid, is the Alexandrine tetralogy.

While the four parts of the novel were coming out, Durrell published *Bitter Lemons, Esprit de Corps, Stiff Upper Lip*. These are all concerned with his own life as a diplomatic representative of Great Britain. They all have the same fault, a blissfully unconscious, but none the less absolute ethnocentrism. In *Bitter Lemons* the Cypriots are happy childlike innocents, misled by "demagogues" and the "envenomed insinuations of the Athens Radio." It never occurs to Durrell that they might just want to be free. Only the most unworthy motives are ever ascribed to either the Turkish or Greek leaders, who are always portrayed as "outside

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Great-Grandsire (1804-84)

John 'Splatter' Byrne—immense of foot—
Farmer in County Down, one morning walked
To town to buy tobacco, tea, and sugar,
A five-gallon crock for skimming cream he'd ordered.

Into the crock he packed the morning's booty.
Crossing the bridge he stopped to light his clay:
Elbowed from parapet, the crock and goods
Smashed among the river's rocks and spray.
'Sweet Hell go with you!' And stalked away.

PADRAIG O BROIN

agitators," interested only in advancing themselves at the expense of naive and friendly school children. The English, on the other hand, are seen as silly, bumbling, out of date, but oh so sane and wholesome and always concerned only with the good of the charges that God has entrusted to them. We've heard all this before; in fact we can hear it almost any day when a Southern Congressman is sounding off, and what day is one not? *Stiff Upper Lip* and *Esprit de Corps* are unforgivable. They are written in the most dreadful imitation of P. G. Wodehouse, a favorite author of Durrell, by his own admission. (He reads him in *Bitter Lemons* during negotiations with the Cypriots over their freedom.) It is a bad imitation and so vulgar it makes your flesh crawl. These two books of purported humor explain much about what happened to the splendid plan announced in *Justine.* Possibly, carefully read, they explain everything. British diplomats are noble and silly, Indians, Negroes, Egyptians, are sly and rascally children, uniformly portrayed in terms of a Soho pickpocket — the only "native," you feel, reading these disgraceful books, Durrell has ever known personally. This, of course, is not true; he has lived most of his life in the Levant. What is wrong with him? What is wrong with Englishmen?

Meanwhile he has published something else. Grove Press has brought out his *Selected Poems* and there are rumors a *Complete Collected Poems* will be along eventually. These are great poems, lovely, temperate, with every subtle cadence so carefully controlled, so excruciatingly civilized. They reek of the Levant at its best, with all of its best reeks. There is little self-consciousness in them, and little Puritanism, but lots of the weary sensuality and fleshy joy of Greek and Turkish and Egyptian life and love and food and drink. These poems, not *Justine*, really transfuse into the pale British bloodstream the wistful lewdness and wisdom of that great bad Greek, the poet Cavafis, who was one of the most consummate evil livers in all literature. Durrell's poems avoid Cavafis' more lurid sin, but they perfectly transmit his smile and his impeccable taste. I think the poems answer the question, "What's wrong with this initially so ambitious work?" Closeness, or embroilment? Durrell is an old and loyal friend of Henry Miller. So loyal in fact that he recently edited an anthology presenting poor Henry as a Thinker; it would seem that Durrell really believes Miller thinks. This is a fine friendship, well tested through almost thirty years and it is not fortuitous. Like Henry Miller, Durrell is suspiciously like some character in his own fictions.

The Writing Teacher

COPEY OF HARVARD. A Biography of Charles Townsend Copeland. By J. Donald Adams. Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $5.

Benjamin DeMott

IN THE early thirties, when Charles Townsend Copeland retired from Harvard, the country had few men who could have been described as teachers of creative writing; now it seems to have thousands. Practicing poets and short-story writers who cannot tell a Comma Splice from a Modal Auxiliary have been herded into academic captivity to staff Fiction 1-2 and Sonnet 3-4. Scores of respectable institutions have set up hierarchies of writing courses, steps in passage toward the Ph.D. in Original Genius. And masses of undergraduates, inspired most recently by the example of Mr. W. D. Snodgrass (who climbed a few of the steps in question at Iowa State on his way toward a Pulitzer Prize), are at this very moment haranguing deans to waive some distribution requirement so that their own ascent can begin.

The responsibility for this curious turn of events can be variously assigned, but probably no one of his time, with the possible exception of George Pierce Baker, should bear a larger share of it than the subject of the fair and sympathetic biography at hand. It is possible, of course, to regard Copeland's influence on the Craze for Creation as largely accidental—a consequence of the chance appearance, on the Harvard scene during his career, of a considerable number of men of talent who in point of fact needed no teaching. (Among the writers Copeland taught were T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, John Dos Passos, Robert Sherwood, Walter Lippmann, S. N. Behrman, Stanley Kunitz and Oliver La Farge.) People who take this view would argue that men who are to become famous have to be educated somewhere, that they are bound therefore to have teachers, and that, inevitably, a measure of *réclame* falls upon the teacher who has the largest number of them in his classes in a given period. The point of view is reasonable in most instances, but a trifle irrelevant here. Before Copeland made his "record," there were no records; neither was there much belief in the possibility that writing could be taught. The Harvard professor was himself the origin of the myth of the great writing teacher, the figure who helps the artist Find Himself in youth, or who at the very least possesses certain Contacts with editors and publishers who trust his word. And if there had not been such a myth and men to further it—Bernard DeVoto to speak of Copeland's "black magic" as a coach of talent, Eugene O'Neill to acknowledge debts to Baker—the likelihood is strong that the boom in writing seminars would not have taken place, and that a second and third generation of notable writing teachers—Roethke, Strode, Stegner and others—would not have appeared.

SINCE this is the case, the chief interest of Copeland's life to bookish people who did not know the man lies in his teaching. What were the methods of this Pioneer? Could they be used again? Can writing teachers of this time duplicate his (apparent) feats? Happily, this biography contains much matter relevant to these questions.

One of Mr. Adams' chapters bears the title, "Copeland the Catalyst," a phrase expressing an aim that all those now functioning in this special field doubtless share with their Harvard original. And the likeness of aim is by no means the only obvious similarity between Copeland and his heirs. True, the sage of Hollis Hall knew misfortune and luck on a scale unfamiliar to any writing teacher of this generation: he languished seventeen years as an instructor, yet in his forties had a highly organized claque that met every year in New York—the Charles T. Copeland Alumni Association. True, his tastes were, like those of any literary man of his time, far different from those of instructors in 1960. (He liked good "reporting," cared little for Symbolism, and seems to have practiced the Intentional Fallacy with fine enthusiasm both in his readings and in his criticism.) But in other ways Copeland was very plainly one of the clan. Indeed it could be argued that he invented the writing teacher's Essential Style—in that he was ill provided with academic credentials (degrees, scholarly publications), was intimate with some students, at pains to keep up connections

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BENJAMIN DeMOTT is Professor of English at Amherst College. His The Body's Cage, *a novel, was published by Little, Brown.*

with the "outside world," and inclined to emphasize his familiarity with the great (his apartment walls bore signed photographs of John Barrymore, Madame Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson and Minnie Maddern Fiske, and one undergraduate claimed to have seen Mrs. Fiske descending Copeland's stairs "with that look about her of a woman who has just been made love to").

Where he loses contact with the present generation, as it seems, is in his determination to exercise in his teaching something that may as well be called the courage of hostility. The emperor of English 12 apparently did not tell any of his students, even his favorites, that they were likely to become writers. His position was that students were students, not great souls in embryo, and that he himself was a grown man and a teacher, hence a person entitled to judge their work with full candor and force. If he felt the need to abuse a piece of student writing, he acted on it without weighing the possibility that the author might someday, by accident or otherwise, achieve literary success, and without agonizing about the pain inflicted by his honesty.

He insisted that his students come to his rooms and read their work aloud, and as they read he writhed, grimaced and mocked their pretensions infuriatingly. Dean Briggs, who in the view of many was Copeland's superior as a teacher, predicted that Copeland's students would always remember:

> . . . those hours they spent alone with him—the silences on Copey's part, the sudden cries of anguish . . . the snorts of disgust, sometimes even, the feigned snoring—and rarely, oh how rarely, the sudden and delighted smile! And the interruptions while you read: "Write, 'What a swag-bellied sentence!' " or, "Write, 'March of the elephants!' ", "Write, 'What a jaw-breaker!' " or, perhaps, a single word —" 'Pish!' "

In sum, Copeland coddled no one, saw his task as that of discouraging rather than encouraging, showed his audience that the quality of a sentence mattered intensely to him, and tried not to confuse social relations with his judgment of literary accomplishment.

THE behavior and disposition of mind thus described may well intrigue present-day teachers of writing, who more and more often find themselves regarded as friendly advisers about Life or Women, rather than as sternly impersonal arbiters with a right to be enraged by messy sentences. But the temptation to see Copeland as a hero, a man who refused to pander to the masses, needs to be resisted. Santayana, who called him "a public reader by profession, an elocutionist," went on to say with an edge of scorn that:

> . . . he could move his audiences by declaiming, with disciplined voice and restrained emotion, all the most touching or thrilling popular selections from the Bible to Kipling. This was a spiritual debauch for the hungry souls of the many well-disposed waifs at Harvard living under difficult conditions; and these Copeland made his special friends.

And Copeland himself admitted that his choice of readings was not determined by reference to the rigorous standards he invoked in rejecting bad student writing. In 1909, after attacking part of the young T. S. Eliot's paper on "The Defects of Kipling" (the attack had some justification, perhaps, but to the eye of a man who has read twenty to thirty thousand student papers in the last nine years, Eliot's little essay, written when he was a junior, seems not less than unbelievably good), Copeland, who invariably read aloud great quantities of Kipling, declared that the poet "is no favorite of mine—I am a pianola that often resents the music it plays. . . ." The impression left by this eschewal, on the public platform, of the rigor of the private classroom, somehow works to make the rigor suspect.

To say this is not to deny for a moment that the dead-voiced teacher of literature, the subtle explicator who for some reason cannot get into the act of the poem before him, is the inferior of the gifted reader; one indication of literary "decline" is that the word "reading"—as in, say, A Reading of George Herbert—now is understood to mean some fifty thousand well or badly chosen words about the design of the poems, not a demonstration by a living voice of their qualities of delicacy and gentleness. Neither is it to deny that the writing teacher who encourages every "sensitive," half-talented snippeteer probably sets loose on the land more Cromwells than the occasional unmuted Milton is worth. The point is simply that the confusion of standards which a career like Copeland's appears to embody does raise for the writing teacher—and perhaps for others as well—matters a shade deeper than those questions about the useful-

An April Walk

The end of music is
stillness and the end
of love being alone.
Rest absent from me O
Creator Spirit awhile
so I may my long-held
illusions and ideas
reconsider as I
follow this quiet path

where weedy it winds brown
among the dogwood pink
and white, evident
trodden in former times
but now not many come
into the sacred wood.
Here I shall not meet
Adam, and I can listen
to the loud prophet-birds:

"Naa! naa!" they caw, "do not
doubt your lust and art!
Caaw! caaw! you can't anyway!
they have made you at last
not less than you are!
Aanh! aanh! go on! try
to fashion into facts
the useful thoughts you have
for the Americans."

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Edited and introduced by Patricia Blake, these translations by Max Hayward and George Reavey, of Mayakovsky's satirical play and numerous poems (with facing Russian text) have been awaited ever since Boris Pasternak renewed interest in Mayakovsky with his statement, "Here was that profound primordiality without which there is no originality, that infinity which opens out from any one point in life in any direction, without which poetry is only a misunderstanding."

МАЯКОВСКИЙ

ness of The Method that were mentioned before. Chief of these matters is that of the moral implications of teacherly rigor. Rigor can never be overpraised, people say; but perhaps this is true only in the case of the man who never allows himself to be placed in a situation where his decisions are as empty as those of a pianola. And it is doubtful whether there are many such men, and whether any teacher knows himself well enough to be sure that he is one of them, rather than a mere bully.

Reflections of this sort can hardly stand as an answer to the question about the possibility of today's writing teacher equaling Copeland's achievements; probably there is no answer except that the aspirants had better be characters who love to swat the swag-bellied sentence. But the act of stimulating such reflections, and of providing evidence of the difficulty of sustaining strong-minded and impersonal principles of judgment anywhere save in the classroom itself, is in every sense worth while. Its effect is to remind the teacher of the truth that to serve an Ideal is only to fight another of those wars between self-discipline and hypocrisy that no one but a fool ever wins. As a short history of this war the life of Charles Copeland is instructive and touching, and Mr. Adams earns good will (of a kind he has not hitherto appeared to value) for the clarity with which he sets it forth.

Evidence and Absolutes

POLITICAL MAN. By Seymour Lipset. Doubleday & Co. 432 pp. $4.95.

Arnold S. Kaufman

WHEN people talk of Democracy, their voices ring with conviction and self-assurance. They express perplexity only as to how those who disagree can possibly deny obvious facts. Sometimes, indeed, they may try to convert the benighted, but the argument always consists of appeal to a few well-chosen anecdotes, rather than to systematic evidence. It is this disposition — not for discussion, but for opinionated argument — that makes Seymour Lipset's book so valuable. His argument moves at the level of systematic evidence, not sporadic anecdote.

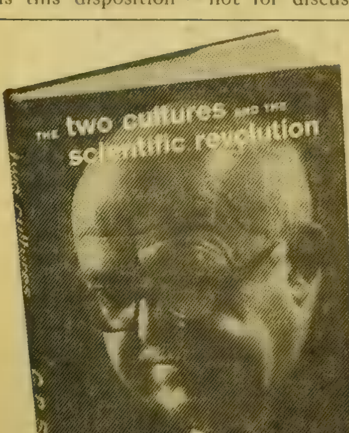
The book contains a hard knock for one or more of almost everyone's cherished convictions about democracy. For those free-enterprising "Marxists" who think that capitalism is ultimately the only really important condition of a functioning democracy, Lipset points out that *on the evidence* capitalism is only one cause, and not a very important cause, of democracy. For those who view the working man as by nature tolerant and freedom-loving, Lipset soberly emphasizes that *on the evidence* "authoritarian attitudes are 'normal' and expected" among lower economic groups. To the fast-diminishing group which views fascism as the death-throe of bourgeois domination, Lipset asserts that *on the evidence* there have been Fascist movements of the Left which cannot be explained on this basis. He questions whether a high degree of participation in political life is, *on the evidence,* a good thing. He suggests that it is not the American intellectual's superior knowledge or intelligence which makes leftists of so many of them, but rather their sense of social inferiority. To the business conservative who demands greater union democracy he points out that the fulfillment of this demand may be incompatible with their other basic demand for "union responsibility." And so it goes through the book. The shibboleths of one group after another are questioned *on the basis of evidence.* As a philosopher I do not feel competent to assess these many claims. All I can say is that they are backed by *some* evidence, and they provocatively force one to think again about things which are far too casually taken for granted.

BUT WHEN Lipset moves from the analysis of evidence to the expression of opinion broadly philosophical, his thinking does move off the rails. He tells us that democracy is not only or even primarily a means to some end; "It is the good society itself in operation." And the definition of democracy is one thing about which Lipset himself expresses little perplexity. Democracy in a complex society is two things: (1) a set of constitutionally established procedures for replacing one group of governing officials with another; and (2) a social mechanism which permits the largest part of the population to participate in this choice of governing officials.

Now this definition is neat, realistic and, above all, methodologically sound (than which there can be no greater virtue for most contemporary sociologists). Lipset's priorities are fine for some parts of sociology. But when they are imported into moral discussion they are enervating and misleading. To call the implementation of his conception of democracy "the good society in operation," is simply absurd. To offer his definition as *the* best definition of democracy is morally outrageous.

Procedures for selecting governing officials are certainly indispensable in a good society, but the identification of the two ideas is grotesque. The good society has ultimately to do with the aesthetic and fraternal dimensions of human experience, and with the extent to which respect for the human being and his natural potentialities are reflected and advanced by *all* our social institutions (not just the political, but, for example, the medical, the housing and the penal institutions).

And the best definition of "democracy" is surely to be determined not by our beliefs about what happens, presently, to be the case, but by our aspirations for something which is not and may never be the case. "Democracy" is not just another word, to be subjected to the sterilizing prescriptions of methodologically passionate social scientists. It is the focal concept around which revolves a constellation of opinions ranging from highest aspiration to most practical policies. If we see democracy as a means of developing human potentialities, then one definition and one set of implementing institutions are indicated. If we see democracy as primarily a means of maintaining social order (as do Schumpeter and Lipp-



"There is no excuse," writes Snow, *"not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces which stand in our way—H-bomb war, overpopulation, the gap between rich and poor....The worst crime is innocence...we have very little time."* *$1.75*

Cambridge University Press

mann, for example), then another definition and an alternative institutional emphasis is dictated.

It is Lipset's failure to tear himself loose from the parochial moorings of so much of contemporary sociology that seriously impairs an otherwise provocatively brilliant assessment of the conventional wisdom about democracy.

ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN, who teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, is now completing a book on the problems of responsibility.

Sad Young Men

THE NEW PROFESSORS. Robert O. Bowen, editor. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 218 pp. $3.50.

George Williams

WHEN the private diaries of Stendhal were published a few years ago, Morris Bishop, reviewing the work for the *Saturday Review*, remarked sadly, "I must confess that I did not know that Stendhal was such a fool." Stendhal, however, had the saving grace of genius — a grace denied the nine young professors whose essays of self-analysis and profession-evaluation make up this book. To be sure, all these professors are not tarred with the same brush; they range in rank from full professor down to instructor, in religion from Mormon to Roman Catholic, in politics from conservative to extreme left-wing. But when you come right down to it, they are all brothers under the mortarboard.

For one thing, they are not new professors at all; they are only young. Essays not very different from theirs were appearing in the *Bulletin* of the AAUP thirty years ago, when these young men were still pupils in the public schools. Apparently, the American professor, as a type, has not changed much in a generation. He is still complaining about low salary and overwork; he is still troubled by the conflict between demands that he do research and requirements that he teach; he is still troubled by problems of academic freedom and the dictatorship of trustees and administration; he is still disturbed by the competition, the log-rolling, and the toadying that are normal among college faculties; he is still made unhappy by the wheel-spinning of committee

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GEORGE WILLIAMS, author of Some of My Best Friends Are Professors *(Abelard-Schuman), is Professor of English at The Rice Institute, Houston.*

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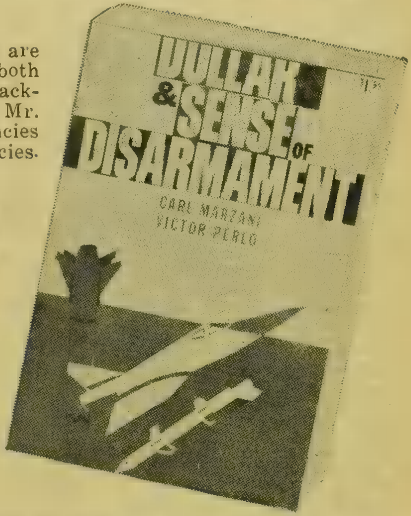

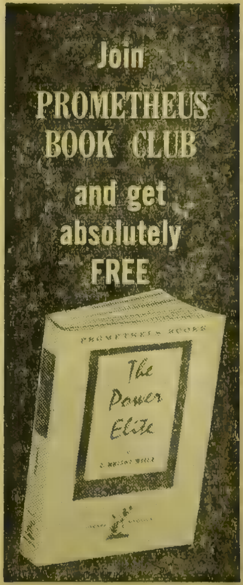

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work; and withal, he is still well-meaning, idealistic, and glad that he is a professor.

Like their professors before them, these young professors have no unified conception of their function. One of them does suggest (p. 68) that what is "required is nothing less than a fundamental re-relating of the role of academia to society's life as a whole and particularly to its need for leadership." But this suggestion, backed up by no specific recommendations, is less than helpful. Another of these young men hopes (p. 97) "to be only a good teacher, to do what is morally right (insofar as this is possible), to only cast my vote intelligently at every election and to fulfill my other local civic and social duties." Unfortunately, however, he neglects to tell just what constitutes a "good teacher," the "morally right," an "intelligent vote," or a "civic and social duty." Pretty obviously, these men, who would like to see academia establish a leadership in America, are vague and confused as to where they want to lead us. Perhaps that is one reason why canny politicians, burly labor leaders, and ordinary American status-seekers care so little for academic eggheads. A final uniformity about these young professors is their intense concern for themselves, their profession and the problems of their profession — balanced by almost no concern for the students they are supposed to teach. Generally speaking, mere students don't figure either as human beings or even as abstract problems in these essays. An English teacher (Glenn Leggett, of the University of Washington) and a chemistry teacher (Jay A. Young, of King's College) do devote, between them, three pages of their combined fifty-three to methods of teaching. But only Shepard A. Insel (a psychologist of San Francisco State College) seems to understand clearly the principal function of the college professor. "My task," says Professor Insel, "is to indicate my trust and support [of the student], and encouragement of him and his capacity as an ethical, thinking person in his own right, to reach whatever conclusions are meaningful to him in the light of his data and experience, and my satisfactions lie in the opportunity to accompany him and his venture." Bless the man! It is heartening to find that at least one out of nine young professors realizes that professors owe their first obligation to their students just because students are young human beings who deserve infinite care and consideration for no other reason than that they are young human beings. This book is worth twice its price to any professor who will read Professor Insel's essay, and take it to heart.

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ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

WASHINGTON, D.C., is a large horizontal city with very white buildings and a massive coffee break. Most of the white buildings are official ones — Grecian granaries for government cats and mice — built in a placidly historical architectural style. They have a certain quietude; they might have been designed by the same conservative craftsmen who do the steel engravings for currency and bond certificates.

But if Washington is dull visually, it is also gracious. It has an expansive atmosphere, unique for such a populous American city. Despite its starched buildings it is informal; when you reach a vista to the White House, you also see boys playing ball on the lawn before you.

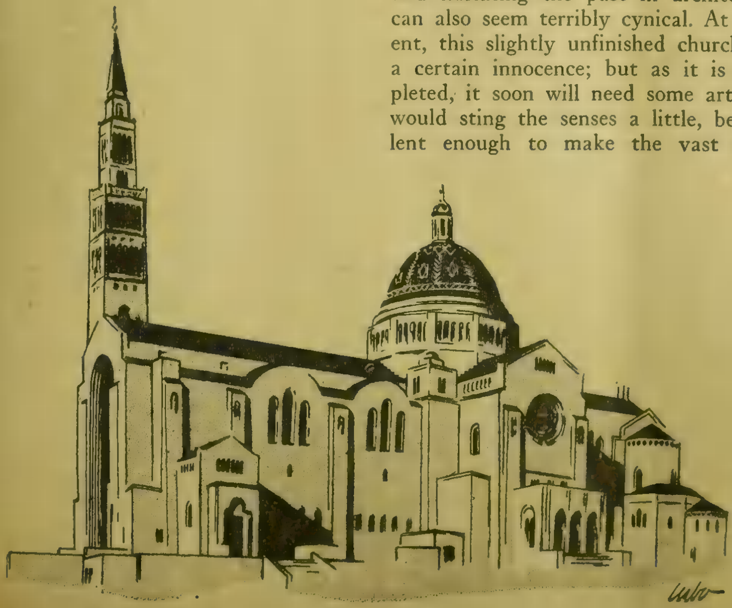
Metropolitan Washington has changed little in architectural character since the thirties, which is astonishing, for it has been growing fast; it increased from 968,000 in 1940 to 1,464,000 just ten years later, and the new census will show another considerable jump. Probably a great deal of credit for the stability in atmosphere should go to the boa of beautiful trees which is flung over the District, and this traces back to the even more important fact that the city was planned. Wide streets were laid out centuries before they were needed, and this pattern has regulated the growth. Actually, the scar tissue lies outside the District, in Virginia and Maryland, where the developers' houses cluster around their lay cathedrals, the shopping centers. Within Washington itself, it is easy to become annoyed with Pierre L'Enfant's plan of 1791 because of its grandiosity. For a tourist city, Washington is a difficult place to find your way about in. But the annoyance simply cannot last in the general, soothing spaciousness of pattern which Washington does have. A fancy plan is better than none. I am told that there is a genuine move from the suburbs back into this city, back in under the protective umbrella of L'Enfant.

As in most American cities, immense road-building plans are rolling in Washington, and many Washingtonians are apprehensive as to the environmental damage implied. Look at old Boston, they say, and they're right to be worried. Some very bitter paragraphs could be written about the thoughtlessly destructive highway programs in almost every American city. I was in Washington, however, not to look at roads, but at buildings; this column will be the first of several which should result from my trip to the peaceful, pompous city.

THE first building is one opened last fall, the gigantic National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, which surmounts the campus of Catholic University. In contrast to the whiteness of the rest of Washington's large buildings, the immense blue and gold emblazoned Byzantine dome of this mammouth sits up against the sky with a carnival effect, very lively. Its companion in silhouette is a Romanesque bell tower, spindly and delicate. The very unlike-lines of the pair of classic clowns make them engaging as you approach from below.

Then you drive up the hill, behold the whole mass of this mild monster, and are made to consider the love, labor and expense with which it has been put together. Like cathedrals of the European past it was begun long ago, in the misty reaches of the twenties; its architects, Magginnis and Walsh, are both dead now, and this great work is by no means complete even today. This is the second largest church in the United States, (surpassed only by the also incomplete Cathedral of St. John the Divine, buried in Manhattan's upper West Side). Its walls are clifflike; it doesn't even have a steel frame. Sitting there on its stone platform the church is a mixture of styles, but the very bulk of it, and its simplicity—to say nothing of the mighty dome — twice the size of St. Marks in Venice—makes the Byzantine win easily.

The great room inside is quite beautiful. As sheer space, the nave (100 feet high at the crowns of its arches) would be stirring; but the structural walling material, exposed for the present, also comes off very well. It is a simple brown brick, repeated hundreds of thousands of times, and it gives the tall round arches which march down the length of the church a feeling both of scale and of unpretentious roughness. Because the large stained-glass windows have not yet been inserted (clear glass is temporarily installed), plain daylight falls on the enormous brick walls, and this too gives a feeling of sad simplicity, of noble humility, to the great room.



Roughness is a quality to be cherished in a church, perhaps because it is easy to relate humility to religious feeling. Too many churches today, especially ones which imitate the past, end up having the same perfectly polished, unresponsive finish as the lobby of a new office building. Polish might have represented something in centuries past, devotion to God, but it is more mechanical today, devotion to Detroit.

The Shrine in Washington is now completely shaped, as I understand it, but its weathering outdoors and final finishing indoors will make it or break it, retain its spirit or lose it in sentimentality or pretentiousness. (Unfortunately, those majestic brick walls are going to be sheathed in marble.)

Downstairs, underground, below the transept, are a number of relatively small rooms beneath the ceiling of the exotically arched and groined crypt, low, like a catacomb. These spaces include several chapels and altars, one opening off the next. When I was there, several of these rooms still had structural brick walls and ceilings exposed in this low space, and I found it a rather stirring reminder of the covert past of this triumphant religion. But most of the spaces already had been finished, or over-finished. One chapel even had an over-all, continuous egg-crate ceiling with fluorescent fixtures above it—fine for bus terminals and elevator cabs, but a terribly bland business for a church.

ANY imitative design, like the Shrine, is in great danger of smug mildness, no matter how academically exquisite it is, and imitating the past in architecture can also seem terribly cynical. At present, this slightly unfinished church has a certain innocence; but as it is completed, it soon will need some art that would sting the senses a little, be violent enough to make the vast place

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genuinely dignified, passionate, religious. The Metropolitan Museum has plenty of things in its Renaissance lockers that could help do the job, but modern imitations out of today's religious art catalogues cannot. You can fake an old church with some success, sometimes, but not old art. The risk of new art is necessary.

As an example of what the building is too likely to receive, there is a set of mosaics standing before one curved wall in the crypt, mostly representing saints and the Virgin. These are quite pretty, but they have about as much conviction—of any sort, religious or artistic—as illustrations from the *Ladies Home Journal*. The building upstairs, however impressive in its way, will not be able to resist an over-all application of such cosmetics. The Shrine, unless it keeps its guard up, may not be a shrine, really, but a great big tourist attraction.

The ancient liturgy of the church, that magnificently comforting ritual of the Mass, properly has resisted change through the ages. It has prevailed and accrued. Architecture is more outward, however. To preserve the same vitality it has to change and grow. At Ronchamps in France, several years ago, Le Corbusier built the most advanced modern building in the world, a visceral piece of architecture — and the most nearly genuine church since the original cathedrals.

Financing Our Schools

(*Continued from page 492*)

1958 hodgepodge of Congressional hysteria, the National Defense Education Act, which did little more than provide for the public schools small additional sums for test tubes and for the mastering of foreign tongues in a desperate effort to keep up with the Khrushchevs.

The educational bill most likely to succeed in Congress this year is one bearing the name of Rep. Frank Thompson, Jr. (D., N.J.), which would provide $1.3 billion for four years and require dollar-for-dollar matching with state and local funds. It would build 40,000 classrooms. The classroom shortage is now estimated at 140,000.

On May 26 the House narrowly passed the Thompson bill after accepting the amendment traditionally offered by Rep. Powell (D., N.Y.) which would withhold funds from school districts resisting desegregation. The fact that the bill passed despite the Powell rider indicates how anxious Congress is to vote some education aid. Perhaps the rider will ultimately kill the bill, since Southerners control the committees through which it must pass on its second trip through the House. But Speaker Rayburn and Senator Johnson, who want the Presidency for Texas, may be able to salvage some education legislation—with or without the rider.

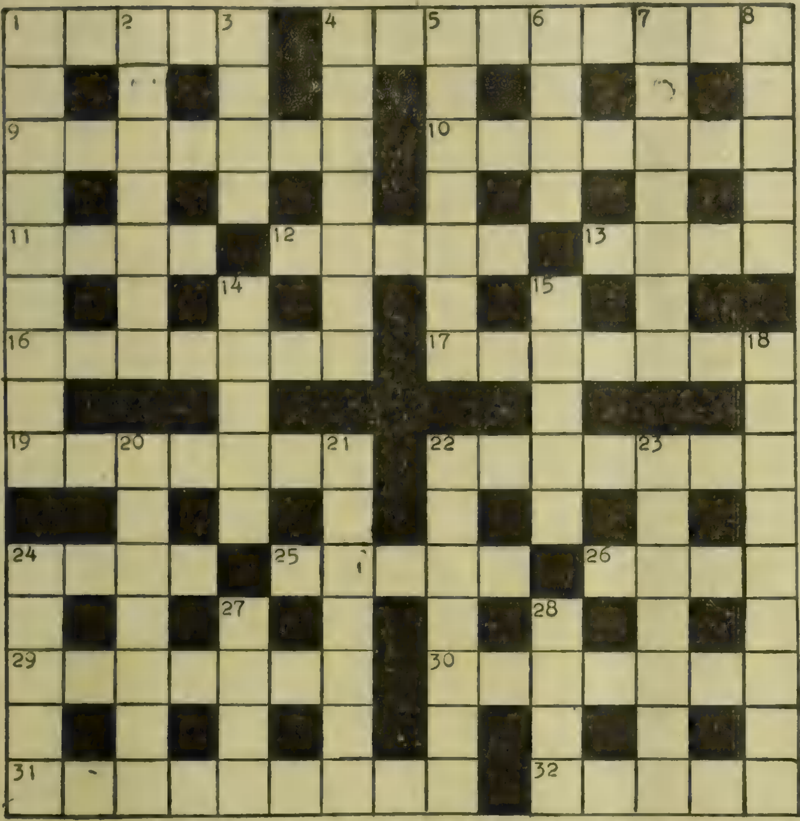
A far more liberal bill, providing $917 million a year for two years to be used for both construction and teachers' salaries, was passed by the Senate early in the session. It probably will be scuttled in favor of the Thompson compromise bill in an effort to win House approval and avoid a Presidential veto. Vice President Nixon, with an eye to November, reportedly is bringing pressure to bear to assure its enactment.

Another quarrel between the Senate and House will concern the formula for distributing federal aid to the states. Sen. Lister Hill (D., Ala.), respected chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, and President Eisenhower reportedly favor an equalization formula based on the ability of states to finance their schools. This approach, of course, would favor the poorer states. But House education leaders, backed by the National Education Association, want a distribution formula based solely on the number of school-age children in each state. A compromise probably will be reached with the Senate sacrificing teachers' salaries and the House accepting a modified equalization formula.

Such is the labyrinth of legislative confusion from which a very modest program of federal aid to education may emerge in this election year. Once education gets its foot more firmly planted in the federal door, however, no telling what will happen in the years ahead.

Crossword Puzzle No. 870

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Six and 22 across have lost their extremely confused client, and left the range. (5)
4 The town type were of Bremen. (9)
9 Do they show the Roman slant? (7)
10 Special delivery (on holiday, perhaps). (7)
11, 12, 13, 14 and 24 across Evidently it takes a lot of factory workers to create a satisfactory glow. (4, 5, 4, 5, 4)
16 Making a profit out of screen material? (7)
17 The person they're mainly concerned with should appear first. (7)
19 Concerning the troubles of the outermost regions? (7)
25 Making no mention of it shows one to be of little stature. (5)
29 Only part of the story of pied pie does. (7)
30 and 27 Perhaps the practical one in the bonnet doesn't make a good purchase. (1, 3, 2, 1, 4)
31 Stretch the cure of it, or the making? (9)
32 Red hot that is put in to cook. (5)

DOWN:

1 It looks like the first person is not out, alternatively, but is in the area. (4, 5)
2 A good catcher, it might be granted. (7)
3 and 26 Forget the money, even though it cost so much to build! (8)
4 Might be wild, and yet add up to distinctive flavor. (7)
5 By foot, this is the way to look around the water. (7)
6 and 22 across Secret society to set apart for particular use. (11)
7 The components of 4 as specified by the clue thereto. (7)
8 Because it is a subject of much discussion to the Church of England? (5)
15 Cow, in a rather domineering manner. (5)
18 Where Joe sent a lot of people, evidently, but what ships do to each other is not hard. (9)
20 To call in question the suggestion of royal power? (7)
21 Genuine 8 concerning the end. (7)
22 Lowers a sort of 1 across around me. (7)
23 One might find the position of Gemini a picture, if the subject is not present. (7)
24 Pull away what's left, by the sound of it. (5)
28 African jazz groups might give one to each soloist. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 869

ACROSS: 1 Abeam; 4 Obtuse; 11 Hormone; 12 Station; 13 Underwood; 14 Hoops; 15 Complications; 17 Sugar and spice; 22 Ditto; 24 Inanimate; 25 Stilton; 26 Elastic; 27 Addled. DOWN: 2 and 28 Bored to tears; 3 Apocrypha; 6 Unicorn; 7 Ernest; 8 Shrub; 9 Denominations; 10 Used car dealer; 16 Implicate; 18 Untried; 19 Charter; 20 Odessa; 21 Peach; 23 and 5 On the Beach.

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THE NATION

June 11, 1960 . . 25c

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THE FUTURE OF SUMMITRY

Geoffrey Barraclough

* * *

Notes for the Overweight

REDUCING AD ABSURDUM

David Cort

* * *

CHARADE OF CIVIL DEFENSE

Stanley Meisler

LETTERS

Sen. Symington on Missiles

Dear Sirs: Thank you for bringing to my attention the article, "Cities Into Targets," by James E. McDonald, in your May 21 issue.

No single one of the various factors taken into consideration in choosing a missile site is necessarily controlling. The factors of logistics, nearness to command centers, nature of topography and geology, and prevailing winds are among those which carry some weight.

If the prevailing winds should be the controlling factor, as Mr. McDonald believes, he makes a significant case. In his interest in presenting his thesis, however, he seems to discount the significance of the weapons themselves. If, in fact, the weapons in operational quantities are sufficient and our warning system is developed adequately and in time, the likelihood of any fallout is sharply diminished, regardless of which way the wind blows. The deterrent to any attack is increased by the number of hardened, dispersed, large megatonnage weapons known to be on the alert.

It is a little difficult to follow the prevailing-wind thesis as regards movable targets, which would be more likely to encourage saturation-type attacks.

In conclusion, I would favor both stationary-hardened-dispersed missiles and mobile missiles—in such quantities and state of readiness as to constitute an effective deterrent.

STUART SYMINGTON
U.S. Senator (Mo.)

Washington, D.C.

Catawba's Theatre

Dear Sirs: Warren Smith's piece, "New Man on the Campus: Artist in Residence," in your issue of May 21, was particularly interesting to us because of its inclusion of theatre programs. . . .

Foundations to the contrary, the impact today and the estimation in the future of American arts and letters is hardly improved by subsidizing men who have already made their mark, however small it may be (and to be pitiless about it, most of the artists-in-residence programs seem to favor small-mark men). If the "breed is to be improved," to borrow the horseman's phrase, it will be through the development of new talents — "Those who need it most," as Smith observes.

Our theatre has just closed the tenth production in its Contemporary Series of new American plays, most of which have been premières. During at least an important segment of production preparation time, the playwrights have been "in residence" here, and participated in extensive pre-rehearsal conferences. . . . The series has been a success in all respects, including the box office. The wide-ranging search for plays and the playwrights' expenses are underwritten by a grant made to the department of Drama and Speech by the Office of Communications for the United Church of Christ. We are currently looking for another new play for production in April, 1961.

BURNET M. HOBGOOD, Chairman
Drama and Speech Department
Catawba College

Salisbury, N.C.

Picketing Sing Sing

Dear Sirs: On Thursday, May 12, Pablo Vargas was carried to his death in the electric chair, struggling, screaming, and protesting his innocence to the last.

Outside the gates of Sing Sing, six persons, including myself, picketed in silence, against the death penalty in general, and this execution, in particular. . . . To my knowledge, this is the first time within recent years that Sing Sing has been picketed to protest an execution. I feel that this kind of protest, if done with dignity and humility, is extremely valuable; and I personally propose to make it my business to take my place outside Sing Sing on each and every Thursday that the State of New York plans to carry out its heathen sacrifice. If any of your readers from the metropolitan area or Westchester County would care to join me, I can be reached at: 195 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn 5, New York.

JAMES B. OSGOOD,
The Prison Committee, N. Y.
Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends
(Quakers)

New York City

Massive Nonsense

Dear Sirs: Our whole policy of massive retaliation depends completely on immediate nuclear-weapons control. Theoretically, we prevent the explosion of a bomb in New York City tomorrow by advertising the fact that this will mean immediate and complete retaliation. Against whom? Against the Russians, of course, and we continue hopefully with the conviction that the Russians fear their own death, and therefore will respect our life. However, the feasibility of this continues only as long as there is *only one possible aggressor*; for if ten nations possess even the simplest atomic weapons, and a bomb *is* exploded in New York City — then *whom* do we strike? Now we have lost the power of threat — unless we retaliate against the *whole world*, which might anger God, even if He *is* on our side.

Unless the nuclear-arms race is frozen now, massive retaliation becomes massive nonsense.

RONALD ZACHARY GELLER

Newark, N.J.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 24

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?

Under this caption, Frederic W. Collins pointed out in the September 12, 1959, *Nation* that Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States could have domestic political results as weighty as they are incalculable. "The Democrats have not yet gained an issue," wrote Mr. Collins, "but the Republicans have lost one which they had cherished for nearly two decades — the issue summed up in the word Yalta." At Paris, Mr. Khrushchev gave that issue back to the Republican candidate, but he also imposed the burden of disappointed hopes, for peace is what the more sensible section of the electorate wanted and still wants, and peace they certainly haven't got. Moreover, this group of voters, by the fact of their intelligence, are aware that the debacle at Paris was not entirely of Mr. Khrushchev's making, although he certainly made a generous contribution. On this basis, has the Republican candidate — presumably Mr. Nixon — gained on balance, or lost? Unfortunately, the question is not likely to be resolved on rational grounds. The argument that seems to be gaining momentum is that because Khrushchev hates Nixon, it is the duty of the embattled American voter to spit in Mr. Khrushchev's eye and vote for Mr. Nixon. "The people of America," declared Jack Porter, a Texas Republican, "are not ready to let a Bolshevist dictator tell them whom to elect President of the United States." According to Mr. Porter, Mr. Khrushchev wants a Democrat in the office, therefore all good men must repair to the standard of Mr. Nixon.

Of all the idiot notions in politics, the most idiotic is that one should elect a President, or for that matter a dog catcher, in terms of what a foreign power, regarded as the "enemy," thinks — or says it thinks — about him. *The Nation* does not advise its readers on whom to vote for; they are perfectly capable of making up their own minds. But if it could reach its nonreaders, like those who wildly cheered Mr. Porter's proclamation, it would exhort them to leave Mr. Khrushchev out of it. A good many Americans don't love Mr. Nixon, and it has nothing to do with Mr. Khrushchev's not loving him. Suppose Mr. Khrushchev should swing around, as he does not infrequently, and recall the animated debate he had with the Vice President in Moscow, and the fact that it was conducted in rather friendly fashion? Would that be an argument for voting against Mr. Nixon? If the election is to be conducted on this basis, the Soviet Premier could elect either candidate by bestowing the kiss of death on his opponent. Let's not be suckers.

Nemesis

It is said that every man is to some extent the author of his misfortunes, that he is stricken not only by the blows of fate but by his own failings. President Eisenhower is a melancholy example in our time, and to our cost as well as his own. All his life he has been a favorite of the gods, the beneficiary of the famous Eisenhower luck, enhanced by his personal qualities — for if we are part of the causation of our woes, we must also be responsible in some measure for our successes. His was a fabulous career, and in some ways inspiring. When the ills of old age overtook him, he gave an example of fortitude to his countrymen, and indeed to the world. People everywhere sensed that he was a man of good will as well as a man of good fortune, and in the adulation they showered on him in his long journey to India they showed their gratitude and the hopes they reposed in his beneficence.

Then his luck ran out. It might have held — he was so near the end of his second and last term. The final act was about to be performed — *finis coronat opus*. The way had been prepared at Camp David. The world did not look for a resplendent achievement in Paris, merely some progress toward what undoubtedly was, by inclination and temperament, the President's goal: world peace. Little was required, actually, and he could have departed in a blaze of glory. That little was not bestowed by fortune or, on the President's part, diligently prepared for; yet, for all the negligence and blunders, an outcome so disastrous could hardly have been predicted. It was as if the gods finally had enough of the President's faults; at the end they punished him for all he had done, all he had left undone, and for all their gifts of the past. And if he looks within, not in those moments of public exculpation when he is more the actor than the man, but in lonely self-examination, he must see much that he brought on himself.

The press and the radio would have it that Khrushchev "humiliated" Eisenhower. That castigation Eisenhower could well bear, but worse is to come. The trip to the Orient, a drummer's journey among shaky and restive Allies, is a greater humiliation than any an enemy could inflict. The subsequent outlook is for a Presidential campaign in which Ike will dutifully go through the motions in a vacuum of productive ideas, beset on the one hand by unloosed chauvinists and flag-wavers and on the other by the disappointed partisans of peace. There will be little solace for him in Gettysburg, as things look now.

The Key Question

To date the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has successfully ducked what Under Secretary of State Dillon has correctly stated to be the key question in the U-2 fiasco: the question of Intelligence. The investigation has proceeded on the unchallenged assumption that the work of CIA is not subject to any kind of Congressional control nor, as Senator Fulbright puts it, "to the check of public opinion." Mr. Dulles is the one man in government who can testify before a Congressional committee and then decide what part, if any, of his testimony should be made public. With the approval of the Executive and Legislative branches and the virtually unanimous approval of the American press, he is his own censor. Sixteen Senators know the role that CIA played in this unhappy affair; but their colleagues do not, and neither does the public. If this degree of secrecy is the price tag for espionage of the U-2 variety, the price is too high. As Rep. William H. Meyer pointed out in *The Nation* of May 21: "The immediate issue is the survival of free democratic government operating under civilian leadership in a manner that openly informs our people and is at least reasonably responsible to the voters and somewhat responsive to their wishes."

But the price is much higher. "There is no point in our pretending," Senator Fulbright states, "that the black arts of Intelligence operators do not now, and have not throughout recorded history, involved violations of every Commandment. They do. Lying, cheating, murder, stealing, seduction and suicide are part of the business in which all great nations participate — not because they want to, not because they believe these acts are moral, but because they believe such activities are essential to their own self-preservation."

This is the way it may once have been, Senator, but it is so no longer. In today's world, espionage of the U-2 variety is not merely illegal, in the sense that all espionage is an invasion of sovereignty, but it can constitute an act of war. As Senator Humphrey pointed out, if the Strategic Air Command spotted by radar an enemy plane flying at high altitude, the results in view of our fear of surprise attack, might be very serious indeed. And not only is the danger involved inordinately great, but this type of espionage is, as the record shows, essentially self-defeating. Mr. Herter and other witnesses concede that it was never anticipated that a U-2 mission might fail "under quite these circumstances." But espionage missions will always fail under circumstances that are not anticipated. That is the predictable risk attendant upon such activities. And the price, in most instances, is out of all relation to the value of the information obtained or its lasting utility. In this instance, the failure of a mission that might have triggered a war — in fact, it triggered the wrecking of an important conference — gravely damaged American prestige, committed the President to a public defense of the dirty business of espionage — and the Russians will now shift their missile bases.

Intelligence is not necessarily synonymous with espionage. In the light of events, our political Intelligence is woefully defective; we cannot have too much Intelligence in the sense of relevant information collected and analyzed by experts. But cloak-and-dagger espionage is a constant threat to national security and world peace; it is a form of warfare. Whether espionage of this type should be continued is a question that should be reviewed by the entire Congress, not by sixteen Senators, and not behind closed doors. There has been no phonier setting for a Congressional hearing since the McCarthy high jinks than the session at which CIA sleuths "cased the joint" before the appearance of Mr. Dulles. Pictures were removed from walls which were then tapped to detect hidden microphones. Heavy drapes were placed before the doors; then screens were placed in front of the drapes. Assured that the room was sound-proof if not leak-proof, the "master spy" appeared, testified, and then decided to suppress the transcript.

The key question of Intelligence — its proper role and function — can be investigated and debated without these trappings and stage props which went out with the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Still, Small Voice of Hawaii

Daniel K. Inouye, who represents Hawaii in Congress, is a Democrat, a lawyer, a Methodist and a war hero; he served with the famous 442nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team in World War II and holds the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star, Purple Heart with two oak leaf clusters, and other decorations. Born in Hawaii, he is the son of Japanese immigrants. He is vividly aware, as well he might be, of the existence — as he puts it — of a country which "lies on the western basin of the Pacific Ocean," namely, China. In support of his contention that we need a new China policy, he recently placed in the *Congressional Record* a remarkable speech by George Chaplin, editor of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, before the Honolulu Chinese Chamber of Commerce.

Since the Chinese have the world's fourth largest air force, a regular army of 2,500,000 men (with millions more in reserve), and a navy which, while relatively small, is still the largest of any Asian nation, Mr. Chaplin thinks it might be a good idea to include them in future disarmament negotiations. To the tiresome contention that we dare not recognize China even indirectly for fear of the awful effect it might have on the overseas Chinese, Mr. Chaplin replies that these overseas Chinese are talented and skilled people, many with large commercial holdings. He finds it hard to imagine that they might suddenly divest themselves of their holdings, abandon the commercial practices in which they have demonstrated such skill, and embrace communism.

Both Mr. Inouye and Mr. Chaplin concede that there are no easy answers to the question of recognition, but insist that the time has come to start evolving a new policy toward China. Is it too much to hope that some of the self-acknowledged experts on China in Congress who represent constituencies in Kansas, Texas and Kings County, New York, will pay some attention to the voice of Hawaii?

Boris Pasternak

Man Is Born to Live not to Prepare for Life.—*Pasternak*

Pasternak has had his last wish—he died in his native land which was his great love, the center of his being, the inspiration of his art. "Leaving my motherland," he pleaded in a letter to Khrushchev, when he was under threat of exile, "will equal death for me, and that's why I ask, do not take this final measure." The Soviet press vigorously denounced his winning of the Nobel Prize and attacked him as "a malevolent Philistine," "a libeler" and "a pig" who, by "dirtying" the place in which he eats and lives, has done what "even pigs do not do."

Now the slander and denunciation have ended. The poet is no more, and report has it that the Soviet press, so vociferous in its vilification of him when he was alive, has been almost silent on the occasion of his death. Perhaps it is better thus—one should not speak unkindly of the dead. In truth, if it had not been for the cold war and the part *Doctor Zhivago* played in it, the American press would be almost as silent as the Soviet press over his passing. Before the novel appeared, Pasternak was hardly known in this country, although he was unquestionably one of the great poets of our time. Hence it was particularly distressing that in so many of the reviews of *Doctor Zhivago* in the free world, political considerations appear to have been the primary criteria in artistic judgment of his novel—the very criteria which we so righteously and properly condemn when they are used by Soviet critics in appraising the artistic merits of belles-lettres.

However, despite artistic lapses, *Doctor Zhivago* did revive the noble tradition of the Russian past that literature is the conscience of the nation. And the central figure personifies this tradition in his proud conviction that no ruler, no political party, should have power over the conscience of man in his struggle to work out his own destiny.

But Pasternak's claim on the admiration of posterity will probably not rest on *Doctor Zhivago*. The time will come when the Soviets will proudly list Boris Pasternak as perhaps the greatest poet of the first incredible forty years of the existence of their country.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Massey for President

The "Midwest Volunteers for Nixon" sprang to their stations recently amid a certain understandable confusion as to whether they were supposed to bring out the vote for Mr. Nixon, Abe Lincoln or Raymond Massey. The organizing session at Chicago's Sherman Hotel was advertised as a meeting of the Rail Splitters; there was talk of trail-blazing, sod-busters, hoe-downs and — for the fall — an "overland trek" into the Lincoln country around Springfield. The allusion to a "trek" scared some among the audience; were they supposed to walk to Springfield from Chicago, or maybe go by horseback, clattering down the turnpikes and removing their tall hats as they came to the overpasses? Not at all, the speakers assured them; they would "trek" by car (Lincolns, no doubt). Presumably what made this an "overland trek" was that jet travel would be foresworn for the day, and there would be a couple of Conostoga wagons in the caravan.

The Rail Splitters were further entertained by a dozen Northwestern University students, including six pretty girls, wearing black, oilcloth capes, Union Army-style hats and carrying placards attesting to the fact that Mr. Nixon was at least a reasonable facsimile of Mr. Lincoln. These students, explained James Broe, one of the speakers, were the "Wide Awakes," reminiscent of the volunteer citizens of a century ago who are said to have played a big part in the election of Mr. Lincoln. But Vol. 5 of James Truslow Adams' *Dictionary of American History* (Scribners, 1940), notes: " 'Wide Awakes' was a name first used by an anti-foreign, anti-Catholic organization which flourished around 1850. In the campaign of 1860, Republican marching clubs under this name arose everywhere."

A little history is a dangerous thing, especially in the hands of a public relations man.

THE FUTURE OF SUMMITRY . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

NOW THAT the dust of Paris has had time to settle, it becomes possible to see the Summit-that-wasn't in some sort of perspective. By all standards it was a sorry affair; but we are concerned here with the situation after the event and with events still to come, not with what happened to wreck the conference. That exonerates us from reviewing once again the thorny story of the U-2 incident and of Mr. K.'s behavior. What matters is to add up the debit and the credit, and see — if we can — where we go from here.

Oddly enough, there *is* a credit side, or at least there are mitigating factors which allow us to say that things are not so bad — or need not be so bad — as they seemed when the journalists in Paris were packing their valises and Mr. Khrushchev was flying off to meet Comrade Grotewohl. It was, it seems, a saddened, perhaps even a chastened, Mr. K. who touched down in Berlin, and the world breathed again when he made it known that there would be no unilateral peace treaty with East Germany and no forcing of the Berlin question, at least until a future Summit had had another try. At any rate the bridges, though perilously weak, were not entirely down. Nor was it nothing that, even at the height of his anti-Eisenhower tirade, Khrushchev affirmed that the Soviet Union was willing to continue the Geneva talks on disarmament and the suspension of nuclear tests, and was hopeful of agreement on the latter.

Since then, there has been still one other plus factor which may count in the balance, and that is the positive reception given in the United Nations to the compromise resolution put forward by the four "non-committed" members of the Council — Ceylon, Tunisia, Ecuador and Argentina — calling for a resumption "as soon as possible" of discussions at the Summit. This resolution is important, first because it is a plain indication that uncommitted opinion is already weary of the sterile debate as to rights and wrongs, but more important still because it gives plain notice that, if either side is slow-footed about a resumption of talks, it will stand to forfeit the sympathy of the uncommitted nations. And that is a risk neither the Kremlin nor the State Department can afford to take.

But it would be totally unrealistic to think that these credit items in any way balance the formidable debit ledger. Even before the conference members had arrived in Paris, there was little genuine expectation that the meeting was going to produce results of substance; but on both sides it was believed — such, at any rate, was my impression when I returned the previous week from Warsaw, with one-night stops in some of the Western capitals — that it would prove to be the first of a series of fairly frequent top-level meetings which at least would maintain contacts and gradually reduce tensions. Today even that prospect is dim. Mr. Khrushchev might speak — whatever his motives and calculations — of a new meeting in six or eight months "in a new more favorable atmosphere"; but nothing that has happened since the conference broke up on May 19 gives reason to hope that the atmosphere will be more favorable. Whatever else, the Russian attitude at Paris was a psychological setback; and with mutual suspicion multiplied a hundredfold, it is not easy to see under what conditions the powers concerned will be ready to get together again. We forget too easily the months of preparation that were necessary, the obstacles that had to be overcome, before the Paris conference could be convened. Who, in present conditions, is going to undertake that work again?

The measure of the harm that has ensued is the degree to which the pressures against any form of agreement and any step to reduce the armaments race have been reinforced. In England the immediate result was to strengthen Mr. Gaitskell's hand in the tussle over defense policy within the Labour Party; and though we do not need to lose much sleep over that, because unilateral disarmament was never a feasible policy anyhow, as a sign of the times it is symptomatic. To the outside observer, however, the repercussions in the United States seem far more ominous. That American opinion would rally to the President, irrespective of party, was one thing, and no one would have wished or expected otherwise. But the way it has hardened against further negotiations with Russia is another. When statesmen start bandying about accusations of "appeasement" (a nonsensical word, in present-day contexts) reason flies out the window.

WHETHER or not Mr. Stevenson made the statements to a Paris newspaper of which he has been accused, is a matter of small importance. What is important is that the suggestion — if he made it — that the United States might make concessions on Berlin in return for an atomic test ban and that disarmament should be sought on the basis of the Rapacki plan for mutual reduction of forces in Central Europe, was not a proposal of which anyone should need to feel ashamed. We all know, in our sober moments, that compromise of this sort will be unavoidable, if there is to be any advance out of the jungle. We know also that if they had been made a month ago they would have been treated on their merits. Indeed there were many inspired rumors that this sort of compromise — including probably a reduction of the size of the Western garrisons in Berlin — was docketed away among the proposals which some at least of the statesmen took with them in their briefcases to Paris. The plain fact that has emerged is that there are powerful interests which have no intention of advancing out of the jungle; and for them the debacle at Paris has come as a godsend. They still believe that the United States can win the cold war, though every

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shred of reason tells us that this is a contest in which both sides can only lose; and they still believe that a harsh and inflexible policy toward Russia will pay dividends.

Still more unfortunate is the suspicion that the diehards in the United States are matched, on the other flank, by the diehards in the Soviet Union. Unlike the secrets of the White House and the Pentagon, the secrets of the Kremlin are not an open book, and few of the stories put about by our Kremlinologists, who have been enjoying a field day, are altogether credible. But that there are pressures on Khrushchev no less powerful than the pressures on Eisenhower is a well-accredited fact, which was widely discussed before the Paris meeting. That is why the U-2 incident, which played into the hands of the Soviet intransigents, was an act of injudicious folly, if not worse, in exactly the same way as Khrushchev's tirade, which played into the hands of the American intransigents, was a blunder of the first order. The sad fact is that Eisenhower *was* Khrushchev's "friend" in the very literal sense that he personally, among the leading figures in Washington, was the one — perhaps the only one — who was seriously prepared to think in terms of practical measures to reduce tension. And it is probable, if we knew the facts, that we should realize that much the same is true of Khrushchev in Moscow. If the outcome is a permanent shift of power and influence and initiative from Khrushchev on the one hand, and from Eisenhower on the other, to the men with iron faces and wooden heads, then we are in for a new ice age to be followed by a new inferno.

AND YET the hard facts of the international situation — the circumstances and calculations which eventually got both sides to Paris almost in spite of themselves — have not in the meantime changed one jot. The operative impersonal reasons for reducing tension are as valid today as they were one month ago; it would be an error of first magnitude to leave these reasons out of account, because not all the propaganda in the world — in Russia or in the United States or in both together — can wish them out of existence. The first and most obvious is the universal dread of nuclear war — a dread too widespread and too powerful for statesmen to ignore. The second is the realization that neither side is going to crack. The third is the nuclear stalemate which exists and will exist, no matter how hard the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission argues that a resumption of tests may enable the United States to snatch a precarious and momentary lead. The fourth is the ever greater drain on national resources by the cost of nuclear weapons, and the desire to check this drain in order that a greater proportion of the national wealth can be used for necessary development at home. And finally there is the fact that "competitive coexistence" is already a reality — that East and West are both committed, in prestige as well as money, to the competitive struggle for the uncommitted nations in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. It was these facts that drove the four Great Powers to the Summit; and they have not vanished overnight, though on both sides the wreckers — those who fear the hazards of East-West negotiations far more than they fear the bloodier risks of hotting up the cold war — have won the first round.

Sooner or later these facts, and others like them, will begin to tell. The signs today, unhappily, are that it will be later. For the immediate future the pressure for harsh inflexibility will be the stronger. But it will not be long before the cost begins to count. Wall Street may rejoice at the prospect of increased defense expenditure; but those who foot the bill will soon think twice — particularly if the billions of dollars and rubles and pounds and francs poured down the drain bring nothing more tangible than frozen immobility. For England, poised on the edge of still another balance of payments crisis, the return to cold war and bigger military budgets could be the last financial straw. And in Russia, whatever Mr. Khrushchev's military opponents may think, an attempt to throttle down on consumer demand could soon prove that Khrushchev's policy, not theirs, was right. And what of the United States? Will its citizens go on forever believing the horror stories cooked up to get them to foot the nuclear bill? Harsh economic facts alone, the common sense of dollars and cents, mean that sooner or later East and West must get together.

NEXT time, however, it had better be in earnest. Today we are all so busy being self-righteous about Mr. Khrushchev's bull-necked discourtesy, that it is easy to forget that the Russians, though they may bear the blame for the ultimate fiasco, are certainly not alone in bearing the responsibility. If we look back over the checkered events which, almost contrary to expectation, finally ended in the agreement to meet in Paris — the prevarications, the totally unnecessary delays, the maneuvers to avoid discussing Berlin, the anxious pre-conference conferences — we shall find little to be proud of in the Western record. The Khrushchev period has offered opportunities enough for serious negotiation. Now, when it is perhaps too late, and Khrushchev's opponents appear to be in the saddle, we are beginning to see the opportunities we missed. If in his struggle to break with the Stalin era and to transform cold war into coexistence, Khrushchev has been defeated by his opponents at home, the responsibility is partly ours; for it was our niggling response that caused them in the end to conclude that this policy was not bringing the results he promised. Next time, if there is a next time, we had better go to the Summit with clean hands, and not worry so much about the color of the other fellow's. And the other inescapable conclusion is that we had better not go at all, unless we are in earnest about what we want and the price we are prepared to pay. There were, and still are, possibilities of compromise which would pay both sides handsome dividends; but there never was, and never will be, a possibility — as our statesmen appear too readily to have believed — that the Russians will accept an uneven bargain.

U. N. — Stage for Disarmament . .

by Frederick Kuh

Washington, D.C.

A STRUGGLE over the United Nations' role in any future disarmament arrangements has split the Eisenhower Administration and opened a rift between the Allies and the U.N. The stakes in this unpublicized contest are high, including the future of the U.N. itself. The world organization will be crippled if, in the years ahead, it is denied a hand in supervision of any disarmament plan.

Further, the United States and its Allies are courting a new major moral, psychological and political defeat if they either straddle the issue or oppose outright a U.N. share in managing disarmament, thus letting the Kremlin appear as the champion of the U.N. and of the smaller powers whose interests are involved.

There will be those who object that the debacle of the Summit conference-that-never-was has paralyzed East-West negotiations on disarmament to the point at which it is fatuous to quarrel over the U.N. role.

To be sure, even before the rupture in Paris, the ten-nation disarmament talks in Geneva were completely stalemated after the first ten weeks. It is also true that the Paris fiasco thwarted the expectation that the Big Four would agree on fresh instructions to the ten. The West had intended to invite Nikita Khrushchev to join in directing the Geneva conferees to single out a few specific areas of disarmament for immediate agreement. Among these areas were a ban on outer-space vehicles carrying nuclear explosives, reciprocal advance notification of the launching of long-range missiles (to avoid war by accident), and resumption of the abortive 1958 negotiation of measures to prevent surprise attack.

Granted, then, that one of the tragic results of the Big Four meeting is that the ten-nation gathering seems condemned to sluggish polemics and impotence for the foreseeable future. After its reopening this month, the conference will probably continue into July or August, when the delegates will throw the whole issue back to the eighty-two-nation U.N. Disarmament Commission.

But neither this procedural delay nor the more serious political setback of the Summit's collapse justifies the cynics in writing off the prospect for limited disarmament agreements. People everywhere will continue to press their leaders to put brakes on the arms race. Aside from the risk of war, millions realize the idiocy of pouring hundreds of billions of dollars into military preparedness instead of diverting a slice of those huge funds into the underdeveloped countries and into medical care, education, housing, roads, irrigation and public power at home.

SEEN historically, significant forces are bound to reassert themselves for getting on with serious disarmament negotiations after the present chilly intermezzo. In the medium run, whether those negotiations shall be put under the U.N. umbrella, or outside, is by no means academic.

Secretary General Hammarskjold has twice publicly indicated his anxiety over the outcome of this issue. On April 28, he appeared in Geneva to remind the ten-nation conference that the U.N. carries the primary responsibility for disarmament. Three weeks later, on May 19, at a press conference in New York, he renewed his challenge to those who want to keep the U.N. out of the disarmament business. That was two days after disruption of the Summit conference, at which disarmament was to have been the first topic. He appealed to all U.N. member states to use their organization to overcome the Paris setback.

Mr. Hammarskjold is even more worried than these generalities suggest. On March 8, he flew to Washington to confer about the problem with Secretary Herter. That was six days before the Western Powers presented their disarmament plan to the Soviet bloc in Geneva.

Mr. Hammarskjold had been tipped in advance that the West would propose the establishment of an International Disarmament Organization (IDO) outside the U.N. IDO would supervise all conventional armaments which each signatory power would place in storage depots within its own territories. Parties to an eventual disarmament agreement would submit to IDO details of all their military expenditures. It is to IDO that each of the powers would give prior notification of launching of space vehicles.

WHEN Mr. Hammarskjold sat in Mr. Herter's office in Washington three months ago, he argued strongly for making IDO accountable to the U.N. The two men have since been conducting an intensive secret correspondence on the subject, according to State Department sources. The Secretary of State is now known to share the conviction that the U.N. should supervise the IDO.

But Mr. Herter has met powerful resistance at the Pentagon, which violently rejects the idea that the U.N. should "poke its nose" into issues affecting our national security and strategy. The military are all the more opposed because of the increasingly uncertain balance of power in the U.N. General Assembly due to the influx of new nations, the establishment of the Afro-Asian bloc and the increasing independence shown by the Latin Americans [see "U.N. — Africa Shifts the Balance," May 21].

The Pentagon—with clandestine support from a few members of Secretary Herter's staff—is also opposed because of its fears concerning Communist China and East Germany. Political advisers of the Defense Department surmise that if Red China and the German Democratic Republic ultimately belong to IDO, it will prove impossible to keep them out of the U.N. Officials of U.N. say it is unrealistic to imagine that Communist China would associate itself with a general or partial disarmament treaty in coming years without becoming a member of the world body.

Mr. Hammarskjold's anxiety concerning the U.N.'s exclusion from IDO does not extend to its exclu-

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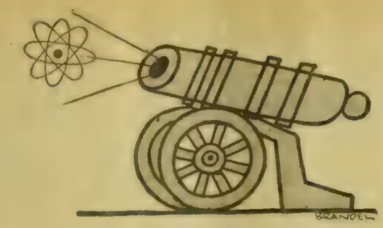

sion from a nuclear test-ban treaty (if and when signed). This is because such a treaty would not deal with the central issue of disarmament, and would involve directly only a handful of states rather than the world community.

Neither side has so far won in the conflict between Mr. Herter and the Pentagon. President Eisenhower, the supreme judge in the Herter vs. Pentagon fight, rendered a verdict in favor of golf. He seems certain to turn the issue over to his successor as unfinished business.

IN THE light of these developments, it seems inconsistent of Mr. Eisenhower now to ask the U.N. to establish a new "open skies" system as a precaution against surprise attack. For under the U.N. Charter, the International Disarmament Organization is much more a U.N. responsibility than is aerial reconnaissance. The U.N., after a confidential study, estimated that the President's scheme would cost $1 billion a year to operate. It is highly doubtful that enough U.N. members are ready to supply this kind of money.

The U.S. Department of Defense is not the only adversary of a U.N. roof for disarmament. The French are also against it. De Gaulle is still smarting under three rebuffs from the U.N.—its telling stand against the 1956 Franco-British invasion of Egypt, its refusal to support the French war against the Algerian independence movement, and its rebuke to the French for exploding nuclear bombs over the Sahara. Furthermore, de Gaulle is deeply opposed to subordinating France's sovereignty to any supranational organization.

Italy is supporting France; however, lacking the French grievances against the U.N., the Italians are emotionally less involved.

The arguments in favor of assigning the U.N. a supervisory role over any future disarmament arrangements, even if limited to specific points, are impressive:

1. To deprive the U.N. of this responsibility would maim the world organization. It would be robbing it of an issue which belongs to it under the Charter and under dozens of resolutions passed by its members.

2. The deprivation would be all the more damaging because the course of history is already—and rightly—removing another major function from the United Nations—the U.N. Trusteeship system, which is dying of inanition.

3. To have the U.N. and IDO active in disarmament, operating independently, would be inefficient and confusing, and would be a standing invitation for troublemakers to play off one body against another.

4. If the five Western Powers' plan to create a peace force under IDO were to become reality, it would further minimize the importance of the U.N. in world affairs, especially since armed power—once reposed in IDO—would accumulate there.

The Russians are already extracting political and propaganda mileage from the West's inclination to keep disarmament and IDO outside the U.N. The Soviets are far from purely idealistic here. They have a sharp eye on their veto power in the Security Council, which would enable them to block any unwanted changes in disarmament policy or in the control structure.

However, by insisting on the U.N. umbrella for disarmament, the Russians are in clover. The underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America — and smaller nations everywhere — resent being left on the bank of the stream while the major powers negotiate disarmament arrangements profoundly affecting all others, too.

At his farewell news conference in New York on May 28, after the special "U-2" Security Council session, Andrei Gromyko told reporters: "The United Nations can play an important part in the solution of the disarmament problem. The Soviet government continues to stand for such a role for the U.N. in international affairs, especially in disarmament."

Thus the West, and particularly the United States, by their indecisive or negative attitude on this issue, are assisting Moscow's position among the Asians, Africans, neutrals and smaller countries generally.

CHARADE of CIVIL DEFENSE . . *by Stanley Meisler*

ONCE A YEAR America dances in a comic ballet against the backdrop of a world of terror. The dance masters call their creation, *Operation Alert,* fitting it snugly into a continuous show entitled, *Civil Defense.* This year's show took place May 3.

In New York, Civil Defense authorities qualified the Men's Bar at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel as a shelter area, and 100 men continued to sip their highballs as three mythical nuclear bombs hurtled toward the city. At Yankee Stadium, bleacherites cowered under the stands while more affluent customers remained in their comfortable grandstand seats.

Several Manhattan firms stopped work, but one company declared its 400 employees "automatically dead" and kept them on the job.

In Washington, Congress ignored the drill, and President Eisenhower spent the day elsewhere. Only one top government official scurried from the city to his secret command

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post in Virginia—Leo A. Hoegh, Director of the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization. The State Department set a new record as 4,000 employees tucked their secret papers into safes and rushed from the building in eight minutes (previous record: twelve minutes). Fifty-five schools stayed out of the drill, serving as polling places for the District of Columbia's Presidential primary.

At 2 P.M., the sirens in Camden, N. J., alerted citizens to prepare for a possible second signal to take cover. Across the river, in Philadelphia, where the Civil Defense system does not include such an alert, residents heard Camden's sirens and hurried off the streets. At 2:15 P.M., Philadelphia's sirens blared away for the first time—the signal to take cover. But Philadelphians assumed it was the all clear and rushed back into the streets.

In Los Angeles, the drill included the evacuation, on paper, of 150,000 residents of western San Fernando Valley. If the drill had been real, Police Inspector Lee German announced, the result would have been "the greatest traffic jam ever created on the face of the earth." But Pinckneyville, Illinois, simulated the real thing and had no such problem. As a gesture of patriotism, the town evacuated its entire population of 3,299. During an actual nuclear attack, of course, Pinckneyvillites would be expected to stay put.

BUT NOT everyone danced on May 3. Little bands of protesters refused to perform in several places, most conspicuously in New York, where it is a criminal offense to ignore a Civil Defense drill. Five hundred persons demonstrated in City Hall Park; when 150 defied police orders to take cover, patrolmen moved in and arrested twenty-six at random [see editorial, *The Nation,* May 14, page 415]. City College, Brooklyn College, Queens College, Hunter College and several New York high schools also were the sites of protest demonstrations. College officials reacted with hints of possible disciplinary action.

Student protests were not confined to New York City. Eight students from Wesleyan University and three from Hartford College paraded before the state capitol in Hartford, Connecticut, bearing signs that cried: "Civil Defense Breeds Militarism" and "There is Still Time, Brother." Thirteen students from Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges joined marchers in front of Philadelphia's City Hall. In Schenectady, New York, twenty Union College students refused to take shelter.

Operation Alert 1960 probably had more protest and comedy than the six previous national Civil Defense drills, but, for the most part, Americans once again acquiesced and performed the few steps assigned them. Yet the increase in protest and comedy reflected a swelling, inner grumbling within the nation, a growing feeling that whether or not Civil Defense makes sense in theory, the Civil Defense we have in practice makes none. To even the most stalwart defender of the principle, American Civil Defense must seem sometimes ludicrous, sometimes maddening, and most times non-existent.

IN THE first place, the goals of our Civil Defense planners are hidden by confusion. The average American is not quite sure whether he is expected to hide in his basement or run from his house, and neither is the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization. For years, the government emphasized evacuation from target areas: maps with escape routes were distributed, highway markers were nailed up, evacuation centers were designated. But, in the past two years, it dawned on planners that the thirty-minute flight of a missile from Russia to the United States would not give eight million New Yorkers, for example, enough time to drive calmly into Connecticut and New Jersey. Planners hit on a new device of defense —the fallout shelter.

In theory, the shelter would save all those who had not been directly hit by a bomb. The theory supposes that the living, after two weeks, could creep out of their shelters and survive in an area without edible food or potable water. "What kind of world would they come up to?" Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey has asked. "What would they use for air? What would they use for food? What would they use for hospitals? What would they use for streets? What would they use for people?" The government acknowledges the difficulty, but hopes that after several weeks state and federal forces could move in with supplies.

But, even assuming that shelters will perform a limited function, the plain fact remains that almost no one is building them. Rogers S. Cannell and Richard B. Foster of the Stanford Research Institute recently estimated that it would cost $50 to $100 billion a year for the next ten years to build enough shelters for survival. The Eisenhower Administration has been in no mood to spend that kind of money on Civil Defense, and it is doubtful that its successor would contemplate spending it either. "There will be no massive federally financed shelter construction program," OCDM Director Leo A. Hoegh announced two years ago. Instead, he proposed that the government build a few prototype shelters and convince Americans to use private funds to build their own. But few, if any Americans, are spending weekends bricking together dark, wet shelters (although, in the wake of the Summit debacle, a few construction firms have launched a sales campaign for their services as expert shelter builders; see reproduction of advertisement on next page). Hoegh has received from Congress only a little more than a third of the $29 million he has asked for this program during the past two years. Rep. Albert Thomas (D., Tex.), chairman of a House Appropriations subcommittee, told Hoegh quite bluntly: "The great trouble with Civil Defense is . . . the people back home are not too interested in the proposition."

As a result, Civil Defense officials have found themselves with an acclaimed shelter theory, but no shelters, and a discredited evacuation theory, but lots of evacuation facilities. So, to take advantage of what it has, the OCDM, in essence, now advocates both theories. It urges the public to evacuate if there is time and to seek shelter if there isn't.

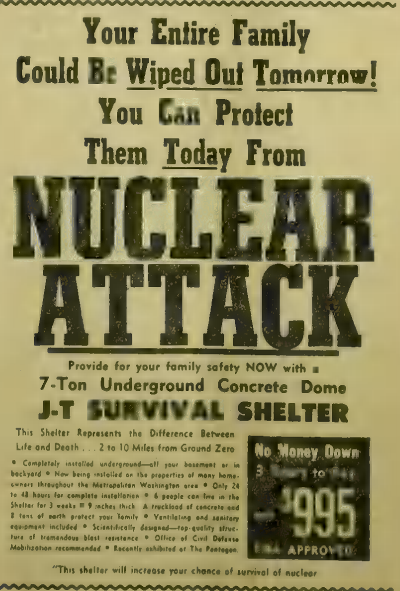
The resultant confusion can be

detected by glancing at the Civil Defense guide issued last year for the Washington, D.C., area. The guide first offers a huge map detailing the various evacuation routes into Virginia and Maryland. Then it offers directions on how to obtain designs for a home shelter. Some attempt is made to comfort confused readers by promising that, during an attack, the government would sound a steady, five-minute alert siren only if it felt residents had enough time to evacuate. If it felt there was no time, the government would immediately sound a warbling, three-minute take-cover siren. But a disquieting note is added in the course of a discussion of driving on the evacuation route. "When the take-cover signal sounds," the guide says, "pull your car off the road quickly. Leave keys in the vehicle. Take such essential survival items as you can carry. Go to shelter immediately in the nearest building. Carry your portable radio with you." The note implies that Civil Defense officials envision many persons ending up halfway between their home shelters and their evacuation centers.

In the view of Sen. Stephen M. Young (D., Ohio), you could expect little else. "Anyone who has seen or been in the everyday rush-hour traffic jam in Washington can easily imagine what would happen if every car in the District of Columbia were simultaneously to begin the trek out of town," Sen. Young said after reading the guide. "The idea is too ridiculous to contemplate. It is doubtful there would be time enough to reach one's car, much less to drive it out of the city." Faced with OCDM's own doubts and Sen. Young's logic, the Washingtonian would have an awesome decision to make if the sirens or CONELRAD advised him he had enough time to run away. Should he leave the possible safety of his fallout shelter to seek the certain safety of the evacuation center? Should he rush toward certain safety knowing there was a chance he would end up in the middle of the street with no safety at all? Did it really matter what he did?

Wastefulness and inefficiency have bogged down Civil Defense workers almost as much as the lack of a clear program. Their most vocal critic by far has been Sen. Young. Last year, the Senator noted, John Pokorny received $12,834 a year as Cleveland Civil Defense Director and "his main achievement, if not the only one, is to have the sirens sounded every Monday at 12:15 P.M. to the annoyance of people living in my community." On March 15, a subcommittee of the Newark, New Jersey, City Council, after a year-long study, concluded that "the record of our Civil Defense agency is a sad one of inefficiency and waste. . . . It is our considered opinion that to continue the present Civil Defense operation in Newark is indefensible from any reasonable viewpoint."

But the most amazing record of bumbling has come from Washington, D.C., where the local Civil Defense people work under the noses of the President, the OCDM and Congress. The situation finally prompted the Senate Investigating subcommittee last year to step in and hold hearings. "To sum up what appears to me from what I have heard this morning," Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.), the acting chairman, concluded, "we really don't have Civil Defense here in the District of Columbia." And he quickly added: "Maybe we don't have it in other communities throughout the country."



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Advt. in Washington (D.C.) Star

Robert Emmet Dunne, assistant counsel of the subcommittee, testified that during a December, 1958, inspection he discovered that of 524,800 pamphlets, leaflets and comic books on civil defense the local Civil Defense agency had acquired a year to two years earlier, 442,000 had not been distributed. In addition, the local agency had bought 100,000 air-raid warden armbands several years before, and still had 81,000 lying around. Dunne also found that the agency had spent $42,750 for walkie-talkies in 1951 and 1952 and most of them were now beyond repair.

STRANGE tales of ineffectiveness also crammed the day's testimony. In one example, John E. Fondahl, the Washington Civil Defense director, revealed what an unexpected twist in practice drill can do:

> Back around 1955 or 1956 [the subcommittee counsel asked], you had an alert insofar as Civil Defense, a practice, in which the President of the United States took part. Am I right in that? . . .
>
> *Fondahl*: Yes. The President did take part in one national exercise; yes, sir.
>
> *Q*: During a portion of the exercise, the President all of a sudden declared martial law; am I right?
>
> *Fondahl*: There was a declaration of martial law involved in that exercise; yes, sir.
>
> *Q*: Did your office know that martial law had been declared by the President?
>
> *Fondahl*: We, as I recall, in that exercise, we got the message on that towards the close of the exercise.
>
> *Q*: Do you know why the President declared martial law?
>
> *Fondahl*: I presume for the purpose of testing out what would actually happen in the event that such a thing were to come about.
>
> *Q*: I am not asking for any presumption. Do you know why he declared martial law?
>
> *Fondahl*: No, sir.
>
> *Q*: Do you know why your communications broke down and you didn't find out about it?
>
> *Fondahl*: Well, our facilities didn't break down. I don't know why we didn't find out about it earlier.
>
> *Q*: Well, do you know? Can you tell me now. . . ?
>
> *Fondahl*: I can't recall at this

date . . . just what did happen.

Q: In other words, you can't tell me today why your agency wasn't notified that martial law had been declared, can you?

Fondhal: . . . No, sir.

The comedy, the waste, the bungling have their root, of course, in public refusal to accept Civil Defense wholeheartedly. It may be, as New York's Governor Rockefeller has implied, that this refusal comes from an unwillingness to face the tensions of the world realistically. If so, a vital question must be answered. Would Civil Defense make sense if people pitched in, Congress appropriated billions, the President set intelligible goals, and all the comedy, waste and bungling withered away? The answer lies in logic, not in laughter, in examining theory rather than practice.

Rockefeller, the most intellectual advocate of strong Civil Defense, detailed his argument in the April, 1960, issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Since Russia can attack any place in the United States within minutes, Rockefeller wrote, American offensive power is not enough to deter aggression. Instead, he continued, deterrence must depend on four factors: "a. capacity to retaliate; b. ability to protect our allies; c. willingness to use these capabilities; and d. knowledge on the part of the potential aggressor that both our retaliatory force and our civilian population have the protection to survive an attack." The fourth factor involves Civil Defense, and Rockefeller maintained it is based on a moral and a strategic position.

"We properly recoil before the horrors of nuclear war," he said in his discussion of the moral issue. "But we cannot afford to assume that it could not happen—all the less so as our whole strategy is based on the threat of it. . . . It is our heavy responsibility as public officials and as citizens to save the lives and to protect the health of our people. A lagging effort cannot be excused by our conviction that nuclear war is a tragedy and that we must strive by all honorable means to assure peace." Strategically, he continued, we must remove temptation from an aggressor who might risk an all-out war if he thought he could destroy our most valuable asset—the people. Since, in Rockefeller's view, advance preparation, particularly shelters, would reduce casualties from fallout, the nation must take these preparations to eliminate the temptation.

But Rockefeller's argument concerns itself so thoroughly with the psychology of an aggressor that it ignores the psychology of the United States. How would all-out Civil Defense affect the American people? Americans obviously would develop a false sense of security; they would create what Sen. Young, Gov. Meyner and Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, on three separate occasions, have called a Maginot Line concept. Shelters, as we have seen, would protect an individual only from fallout. Using Civil Defense estimates, the three mythical bombs that struck New York City during *Operation Alert* would have killed 3,935,490 persons and injured 1,098,410 persons instantly. Theoretically, not one of these persons could have been saved by a shelter; they would have been killed by the initial blast and heat. Later radiation, according to the estimates, would have killed 1,405,000 more people and injured 1,345,000 others. Even in theory, these are the only victims who might have been saved by shelters. When Rockefeller suggests a shelter may save your life, he actually means, as these figures demonstrate, that it may insure the survival of some part of the species Man, a very different and much less comforting concept.

A terrifying assumption underlies Rockefeller's argument. While focusing on deterrence, the Governor's theory assumes that, if war came, victory through survival might be possible. Rockefeller's words harmonize with the ponderous theorizing of other *Foreign Affairs* contributors who talk in terms of numbers and percentages instead of horror and anguish, as if war were a chess game. At the moment, these attitudes control only political leaders and military strategists, but a gigantic Civil Defense would implant them into the civilian population. When we concentrate on numbers, survival and victory, as Rockefeller does, and drive from our minds visions of writhing bodies and screaming flesh, then war becomes thinkable. In the nuclear age, war must be unthinkable. "There is one and only one defense against nuclear war," Gov. Meyner has said, "and that is peace."

We have a farcical and harmless—if expensive—Civil Defense these days. But should our government listen to the cry of Rockefeller and create a lavish, efficient Civil Defense, an acceptance of war and a faith in survival would storm the consciousness of America. The annual dance called *Operation Alert* would be less comic then.

NOT RUNNING . . *by Milton Viorst*

Washington, D.C.

A GRAND tradition in American political life came to an end here recently. The Socialist Party, at its national convention, voted not to run candidates in this year's elections.

There had once been glorious days for the Socialist movement, when the devoted were convinced that an American plebiscite for a new, collective society was just around the corner. It started with Eugene V. Debs's first candidacy in 1900 and reached its peak in 1920, when Debs collected almost a million votes. But the euphoria did not last. In 1956, the slate of Darlington Hoopes and Sam Friedman, on the ballot in only four states, received a total of 2,126 votes.

At this year's convention, a hard core of delegates wanted to continue running a ticket, but not because the chances of success seemed greater than in 1956. They argued, quite simply, that a party without candidates was not a party. But a two-thirds majority, with the 1956 disaster in mind, was convinced that to put up a slate would be foolish.

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It would appear that the erosion of the Socialist Party over the years constitutes less a condemnation of socialism than a tribute to the success of American capitalism. The party had to admit, in its own platform, that "American capitalism has proved resourceful beyond the expectation of Socialists in the past." Affluence, it appears, has made American labor capitalistic; the American working man has rebuffed the Socialist movement.

Again and again, speeches from the convention floor lamented that a "hoodwinked" labor had betrayed its own cause; and again and again, speakers proclaimed that labor, now in league with the two capitalist parties, must be brought back into the fold.

And the Socialists have not given up hope for the future. Indeed, urged the majority, it was precisely because of the future that the party, limited in money and manpower, could not afford to waste money on a ludicrous election campaign. Leading the majority was Norman Thomas, the ageless incarnation of democratic socialism in the United States. He had opposed running a slate in 1952 and again in 1956. Now, in an impassioned speech from the convention floor, he proclaimed that "The same energy can yield better results for socialism elsewhere. . . . The only way is to create a mass movement — through working in labor and civic organizations. There is no hope for socialism otherwise."

Thomas, theologian as well as politician, is at least as deeply committed to peace as he is to socialism. Each time he speaks, he hammers away at the futility of the struggle for a Socialist society as long as it is uncertain that *any* society may long endure. The party, he said, can campaign this year for peace, and support candidates who favor peace. (When one young delegate offered a resolution stating that "Peace cannot be assured until the profit system is abolished," he did not even receive the dignity of defeat; his resolution was ignored.) Socialists must not waste their votes, even if they must choose between the lesser of two capitalist evils. It was time, Thomas said, for "political realignment."

To most of the delegates, "political realignment" meant, ideally, a reorganization of political forces in this country, with labor, the farmers, Negroes, other minorities and the "liberal and peace forces" forging a union to combat "conservatism and big business, the militarists and nationalists and stand-patters." The more realistic acknowledged, however, that the realignment more likely would mean that the Socialist Party will make a bid to become the left wing of the Democratic Party. The platform — adopted as an "educational" document, since there will be no candidates to proclaim it — paid due obeisance, in its preamble, to the vision of a Socialist society. But the program it outlined in detail would certainly gain the assent of Senators Humphrey and Morse, and perhaps even of Senator Kennedy.

Thomas insisted that the party would retain its traditional role as a dais for dissent. It will, he said, expose falsehood, bring honest argument to key issues and, with great selectivity, support candidates. But Sam Friedman and a small band of old Socialist war horses went down fighting. For a party, Friedman insisted, all issues but socialism are side issues. Supporting liberal reform was fine, he declared; but was it socialism? Or, as a California delegate lamented: "I don't want to be a Humphrey or a Kennedy Socialist. I just want to be a Socialist."

REDUCING AD ABSURDUM . . *by David Cort*

THE PLEASURE of eating to repletion, once reserved to the very few, is so available in America today that millions now are as bloated as a senior wife in a Sultan's harem — and hating it. The statistics say that half of American men, and three-quarters of American women, are overweight; this would seem an exaggeration, as one looks about. Still, a lot of people have no more figure between chest and hips than a market hog; and a lot more insist that they are too fat. This condition has led to the result that about half the population will read anything on how to reduce.

In this context, what everybody knows is never mentioned, and should be. First, one of the major anticipations that keeps many people going is the next meal; it is a large part of what they mean by happiness and they should not lightly be deprived of it. Second, an adult's ingestion and enjoyment of food is not especially attractive to other adults. Some "backward" peoples, such as the Balinese, recognize this by politely turning their backs on the other diners when they eat. In short, human beings tend to be enthusiastic about their own eating, and quite unenthusiastic about other people's eating, unless they are magnanimous chefs or great-hearted mothers of families, for whom the consumption seems a compliment to their product.

The Puritanical disapproval of fatness in others is especially forthcoming from people who are themselves fat. This performance, both funny and saddening to thin people, says something about man's helpless inhumanity. But I also suspect an element of the same thing in the specialists' advice to the overweight on how to reduce. The most superficial review of publicized reducing diets will confirm such suspicion.

This matter has gone so far and

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wild that should I now cruelly invent a farce diet (say, caviar for protein, peanut butter for fat, buttered popcorn for carbohydrates, vitamin pills and plenty of bourbon sour mash whisky), any publisher could easily sell 50,000 copies of the book. If there is any deficiency in this diet (journalistic, not dietetic), it would be only that it is not funny enough.

THE CRUELTY and irresponsibility of offering one single, standard dietary solution for everybody is obvious. What a person eats is, in many important respects, his life. But every individual is different from every other individual. No doctrinaire solution will work for them all. Each individual has conditioned habits of eating, of taste, of appetite, of expenditure of energy, of nervous rhythms and, most important of all, of metabolism. Few modern doctors have the interest, time or genius to find out all about any one individual; and many are themselves overweight. But the individual has the time and interest and, at least about himself, perhaps the genius. After all, it's his life.

If he still prefers professional advice, here is what he will find:

Avoid fats, says Dr. Stanley M. Garn in *The Nation's Children* (Vol. II). "I am struck by [children's diets'] resemblance to the diet . . . used to create obesity in rats. Frappés, fat-meat hamburgers, bacon and mayonnaise sandwiches, followed by ice cream."

Eat fats, says Dr. Richard Mackarness in *Eat Fat and Grow Slim.* "Fat is the least fattening of all foods because it turns the bellows on the body-fires in a fat person and enables him to mobilize his stored fat . . . helping him to burn up more efficiently the food he eats."

Avoid potatoes, says practically everybody since the pioneer William Banting in the nineteenth century.

Eat potatoes, says Dr. H. L. Marriott in the *British Medical Journal*, so long as they are boiled, steamed or baked in the jackets.

Don't mix foods, says Dr. William Howard Hay, in such "appalling mixtures" as bacon and eggs, meat and potatoes, bread and cheese or toast and marmalade. This monotrophic diet has its most devoted followers in Hollywood.

"Nonsense," says Prof. John Yudkin in *This Slimming Business*, to the foregoing. Foods, he says, are not exclusively protein or carbohydrate. Bread has some protein; and the amino acids from both bread and meat simultaneously are required to convert the protein into good tissue.

Avoid plain water, say Gayelord Hauser and some doctors. Says Hauser: "Plain water is responsible for many overweight, puffed-up bodies." Instead, he advises lemon juice, cider vinegar, etc., "to dissolve the fat."

Drink lots of water, says Dr. Mackarness. Dr. Yudkin adds: "All healthy people, even fat people, have a pretty perfect mechanism which regulates very exactly the amount of water and of salt which the body retains." Apparently the body is extremely insistent on maintaining a certain proportion of fluidity and salinity.

Avoid alcohol, says nearly everybody.

Drink alcohol, says Dr. Mackarness. "There is the intriguing possibility that alcoholic drinks . . . may step up metabolism to an extent which more than compensates for the calories taken in as alcohol. . . . Probably all alcoholic drinks except those like beer, which contain large amounts of carbohydrates, are slimming."

THERE is no need to take sides in any of these religious wars. The layman, however, would be justified in thinking that somebody didn't know what he was talking about.

The most suspect are those who treat the human body as if it were a standard blast furnace, where certain elements in fixed proportion are poured in, subjected to a uniform process and culminate in a uniform product, absolutely and precisely predictable.

If this were true, reducing diets would long since have become a dead subject. But it is said that they are instead the one subject guaranteed to bring any social group alive and quivering. Actually, this must apply only to groups conversationally dominated by women. I hear very few men seriously discussing reducing; I have never done so. But it is true that one must be ready to discuss the weight of any lady one knows well; in America one must never say, "But I like you fat." To an American woman, flesh means only carbohydrates.

The subject is so entrancing that it is likely to appear in any issue of *Woman's Day, McCall's, Reader's Digest* and most recently, of all places, in *U.S. News and World Report*, whose April 11 issue gave eight fairly unprofitable pages to an interview on reducing, with a specialist who looked overweight, if not quite obese, to me.

His comments can be divided between the debatable and the undebatable. Of the latter: "Overweight people are more likely to die of heart disease. . . . A young man doing light work . . . probably should get around 2,400 calories a day. . . . It's a mistake to go on a stringent reducing diet. . . ." Of the debatable: "It is very desirable to divide your food supply approximately equally in the three meals. . . . Any amount of alcohol is bad. . . . There are only one or two explanations of the man who stays thin. One is, he isn't absorbing the energy, which is unlikely; or two, he is expending more than it looks as though he's expending. . . . To use up one pound of body fat, you have to walk about thirty-five miles. . . ." He is absolutely opposed to eating meat fat.

Meat fat is to me a prized delicacy; I also love quantities of beer; peanut butter and mayonnaise are the blessings of civilization; and I have weighed about the same for thirty years. Furthermore, any urbanite who suddenly walks thirty-five miles is going to lose a lot more than a pound; he may lose consciousness, too. The doctor and myself are evidently not members of the same animal species. Anyway, he certainly doesn't know anything about my species.

But an experiment was conducted in England by Sir Charles Dodds of Middlesex Hospital which moves this subject up to a height where we begin to get a view. He rounded up two groups of people, one whose weights had been increasing, the other whose weights had remained fairly level for some years. Both groups were asked to double or triple their intake of food for a period.

If you believed *U.S. News and World Report*, you would expect both groups to gain some weight. The first group, indeed, did. The second gained not at all.

There are better lessons here than the mere destruction of dieting theories. The first group, one must conclude, could deal with a surplus of calories only by storing them as surplus fat. For some this may have been aggravated by a suspected abnormality of being unable to convert any carbohydrates at all into energy, so that all bread, potatoes and sweets turn into fat and never do the body any good. For these people, the result of eating is still an unsatisfied feeling, more eating and more fat.

Of the second group, it must be assumed that the challenge of surplus calories put their metabolism into high gear. The juices were present, ready and willing to tear the stuff apart. They rushed to the attack with a cheer and the self-confidence of Caesar's legions on a good day. The first group's legions were nonexistent (unlikely) or disorganized or asleep. (I will add my suspicion that the second group, feeling an uncomfortable loginess, also increased their overt exercise, while the first group succumbed to the lethargy, to which they were already partly habituated.)

The useful point of this experiment is that it demonstrates that different people are different, and shifts the emphasis to metabolism, the subject doctors do not like to talk about because they scarcely understand it.

METABOLISM is a very interesting subject. A shrew, for example, must eat every few hours or die of starvation; it has a maniacal metabolism. Some passerine birds eat several times their weight every day, but an obese wild bird is unthinkable; it would not be able to get airborne. Strains of wild birds and animals with inefficient metabolisms have long since been eliminated. In domesticated animals, metabolism controls production of milk, eggs and *pâté de foie gras*.

It is, however, possible for a human being with an imperfect metabolism to survive handily, since human brains have almost eliminated the challenges to physical efficiency. Two sets of cells in the brain of all mammals are concerned with appetite. If these are destroyed in rats, the rats do not know how to stop eating. In other words, these nerve centers transmit the news from the stomach that it has had enough, and turn off the appetite. It is possible that an excess of alcohol and cigarette-smoking deaden the message from the body that it would like some food now, please.

A decent respect for the mysterious orchestrations of the body was a remarkable quality of a recent three-part serial on alcoholism in *The New Yorker* by Berton Roueché. This quoted a Chicago doctor on some individuals' peculiar sensitization to particular foods, especially the grains, wheat, corn and rye, that incidentally provide most alcohol. These become "addictive" foods, like alcohol. It also relates alcoholism and other food addictions to defects in the endocrine gland system — thyroid, parathyroid, pituitary, adrenal, gonad, pancreatic islets of Langerhans. The adrenals, for example, are essential to carbohydrate metabolism; their failure creates a body need for blood sugar. The failure of other ductless glands seems to produce other compulsive food needs. This kind of talk gets us somewhere.

But the individual need not become the guinea pig of science; what he most needs is to find out about himself, empirically. In ordinary common sense, the individual ought to increase or decrease his allotment of only one food for perhaps a week at a time (potatoes, bread, sweets, fats, meat, etc.), leaving the rest of his accustomed diet exactly the same. During this period he should weigh himself every day at the same time, preferably just before breakfast. If he does not soon know what his particular metabolism can handle and what it cannot, he must be very peculiar. The lessons he learns will apply only to himself; he should not be encouraged to write a book advising anybody else how to get fat or thin. Especially if he has an M.D.

BUT THE individual weighing himself in the morning and trying to remember what he ate yesterday ought also to weigh two other factors. The first is whether he feels well. If he does, the reason may be that what he ate yesterday was good for him. (Or it may simply be that it's a beautiful morning or he's in love or he's due for a raise.)

He should also try to remember how he enjoyed what he ate. An animal makes the best use of what it likes, i.e., what seems to taste good, what is all-around welcome news to the mouth, nose, stomach, brain, glands and nerves; but of course if this also adds weight, he had better do without it, if he really doesn't want to add weight. Otherwise, excluding what he knows very well he ought to avoid, the individual ought to eat precisely what he likes best, if in reasonable quantities. All his life he is going to think about the next meal. Very well, let him think about it pleasurably and selectively and intelligently, and then eat it.

Too many of the diets I have looked at seem to me to reflect the prescriber's antisocial disapproval of other people's having any fun. This pompous sadism, of which we are all a little guilty, is a philosophical, sociological and dietary disaster. To tell anybody to drink only skimmed milk is a dirty, rotten trick.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Anger on Two Fronts

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH: A Non-Communist Manifesto. By W. W. Rostow. Cambridge University Press. 179 pp. $3.75 cloth; $1.45 paper.

Edward W. Ziegler

"ENTREPRENEUR" never needed a qualifying adjective until now. There was only one kind. He was the crafty chap who performed the catalytic function in the growth of industrialization. He was always thought of as a private citizen with an eye for a fast buck. He was the man who — by wile, stealth and perspicacity — changed the economic metabolism of entire nations for his own enrichment.

Sooner or later the question was bound to arise: "Can the entrepreneur be that simply described? Is he really just a man after personal profit?" W. W. Rostow has recently phrased new answers to those questions, and a burst of outrage has greeted his answers. For Rostow suggests that, outside of America and Western Europe, the catalytic function has been performed less for personal profit than for national dignity.

Therefore, Rostow reasons, there are at least two distinct types of entrepreneurs—the private and the public. There has been Andrew Carnegie; there has also been Nikolai Lenin.

This simple notion has caused a flurry of angry criticism among both private enterprisers and Communists for the reason that this analysis suggests what common sense itself suggests—both systems are partly correct, partly poppycock. Even the partisans of each system who now voice their disgust at the signs of a possible ideological truce must have been aware of the busy eclecticism that has been in progress for many years. Their doctrinaire obliviousness does not now diminish the clarity of Rostow's theory of growth — a theory that is drawing the close attention of underdeveloped nations in search of the quickest way up. For what Rostow has developed is an explanation of growth that transcends the flukes of national character or geography that have until now been considered the determinants of the pace of economic growth and the type of growth (free, forced, or something in between).

Rostow has made impressive enemies since he stated his theory of the stages of economic growth before Cambridge undergraduates last year. Both Russians and Americans have had at him.

Pravda has invoked its animal vocabulary to describe his work, and that is a sure sign that he is getting warm. In *Pravda's* view he is a "snipe" cheeping in fright on the capitalist dung heap.

Fortune, meanwhile, has found itself a man to hurl more polite anathemas at Rostow. Professor David McCord Wright, a McGill University political scientist-economist, charges that Rostow's work is mechanistic and "centralist-despotic" in outlook, and that it is utterly devoid of predictive value.

On the one hand Rostow takes away the supposed uniqueness of the revolutionary radical, and on the other he removes the heroic mantle from the private tycoon. Neither *Pravda* nor *Fortune* is happy to have its respective heroes cut down to size. Yet the two types are similar—and this is where the heat begins—because they hold a common belief that economic growth is a positive good and an attainable end. Therefore Rostow's main rascality seems to be that he has removed some of the rhetorical illusions in which both public and private entrepreneurs have reposed.

Rostow goes on to say that nations, like their entrepreneurs, follow no single pattern of evolution to reach the ultimate stage of development. And, he says, the underlying theme of all economic development in the world today is a diffusion of power among many nations. This leveling out will progress inexorably, he says, unless those of us who have already reached the highest stages of development allow a spasm of nuclear destruction to tear down everything that has been built up.

Economic growth, in Rostow's view, falls into five major stages: (1) "The Traditional Society," predominantly agricultural and inert; (2) "The Preconditions for Take-Off," in which scientific speculations translate themselves into improved agricultural productivity and nascent industrialism; (3) "The Take-Off," in which a "surge of technological development" results in growth and the accumulation of "social overhead capital" such as railroads and highways; (4) "The Drive to Maturity," in which the focus of development turns from the old industries (textiles, coal, iron) to new industries (chemicals, electric equipment, machine-tools); and (5) "The Age of High Mass Consumption," in which "resources tend increasingly to be directed to the production of consumers' durables and to the diffusion of services on a mass basis."

ROSTOW argues that at any given time growth tends to be "sectorial" in an economy, which is to say that one or perhaps two industries lead the way with rapid growth, and set the tone for the entire economy. While such growth in America has been largely inspired by the hope of private profit, "the most powerful motive for modernization in the underdeveloped areas is not . . . profit . . . but the widespread desire to increase human and national dignity."

Rostow does not essay past the fifth state — because "beyond, it is impossible to predict." Perhaps, he suggests, the "Buddenbrooks dynamic" will set in: The first generation seeks money; the second (born to wealth) seeks status; the third (born to status) seeks sensory pleasure. A very rough translation of this phenomenon might be, "Rich thinking men like their pleasure big."

The progress of growth, at any rate, begins when the smart young entrepreneurs, private or public, throw the old rascals out—at least psychologically. The first conditions of take-off, for example, are made possible by the new elite,

In the Harbor

Far
in haze on lumpish water
ships (fat bushes) stand. Some
arriving. Some going away.
Get short,
rounder going farther. Come square,
taller
when closer. Slow steamers, tankers
cross on dazzled
loam lumps. Bulging shovels (near
waves) shine. Far sharp
pebbles strung out spin between flat
narrows.
Blue-
gray (smooth or brushy) bushes
grow, arriving. Fade
slow, going
away.

MAY SWENSON

EDWARD W. ZIEGLER, a former newspaper man, is now an editor at McGraw-Hill.

which "supersedes in social and political authority the old land-based elite, whose grasp on income above minimum levels of consumption must be broken." . . ."

One cannot avoid the suspicion that Rostow's vision points the way to a continuous reshuffling of elites. Thus, when our new elite of finance and speculation led the legions to the pit in 1929, it was overthrown, and in its place we have today an elite of marketing and production. This is the elite that talks with such fervor of "selling free enterprise to the world."

Rostow suggests that we who have arrived at the apex of development will do well to forget the ideological salesmanship. Our mission, as he sees it, is to smooth the way for the emerging nations to develop with all possible speed. He suggests that America and Russia could well team up, once each has put its salesman into cold storage, and allow history to take its course. Else, he argues, the likelihood of mutual atomic destruction—or destruction at the hands of a third, fourth, or nth party—is measurably heightened.

Deep in the Unfriendly City

SUMMER KNOWLEDGE: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS 1938-1958. By Delmore Schwartz. Doubleday & Co. 240 pp. $4.95.

M. L. Rosenthal

IT IS EASY to say what has always been wrong with Delmore Schwartz's poetry. Briefly, he has rarely been able to sustain a whole poem at the level of its beginning. No one else but Auden in this century has so many wonderful first lines: "In the naked bed, in Plato's cave," "The beautiful American word, Sure," "A dog named Ego, the snowflakes as kisses," "The horns in the harbor booming, vaguely" — such beginnings, and with them a certain tone, a wrily humorous sense of tangled, painful complexities, are most memorable in Schwartz's writing. Unfortunately, it is hard to remember any larger movement into resolution in his pieces. A truly beautiful lyric poem will seem, in Hart Crane's phrase, an "inviolate curve," or else it will be an unfolding series of realizations that echo back and forth until what feels an ultimate resolution is reached.

And yet Schwartz has many moments of pure music to offer, and some moments in which he speaks in the accents of greatness, and he holds us even in his failures with the honesty and contemporaneity of his voice. The comparison may seem absurd, but I feel about many of his poems as I do about some of Shakespeare's sonnets that begin so grandly and then fall away by the roadside somewhere — they ride in triumph over their own incompleteness. Look at the first stanza of "Starlight Like Intuition Pierced the Twelve":

> The starlight's intuitions pierced the
>   twelve,
> The brittle night sky sparkled like
>   a tune
> Tinkled and tapped out on the
>   xylophone.
> Empty and vain, a glittering dune,
>   the moon
> Arose too big, and, in the mood
>   which ruled,
> Seemed like a useless beauty in a pit;
> And then one said, after he carefully
>   spat:
> "No matter what we do, he looks at
>   it."

This picture of the Apostles' dismay at what the life of Jesus has meant is altogether modern in its expression of what the poet calls elsewhere "the wound of consciousness." It hardly matters that the rest of the poem is a somewhat talkative expansion buoyed poetically only by its echoes of what has already been established in this stanza, just as it hardly matters what follows after Shakespeare's

> Not marble, nor the gilded monu-
>   ments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
>   rhyme. . . .

Well, it does matter, but really less in Schwartz's case, I think. The rest of "Starlight Like Intuition Pierced the Twelve" is *interesting* talk at least. Here, too, Schwartz resembles Auden, who influenced a whole generation of poets toward an artistically self-defeating but intellectually stimulating method of poetic structure. The method is to start with a single image or description or insight that is striking in itself and then to think about it and try to develop an attitude toward it. In the ideology-centered milieu of the thirties and early forties in which Schwartz grew up, a knowledgeable involvement with ideas until one felt tugged this way by Marx, that way by Freud, and hither-and-thither by the concitation of still other devils from Aristotle to Augustine to John Crowe Ransom seemed worth any five simple emotions. (See Auden's *The Orators* or, in this book, Schwartz's "Coriolanus and His Mother.") This was not mere affectation, but the spiritual life of a generation drunk with the excitement of worlds of thought in conflict. And what Schwartz has to say involves us insinuatingly because we are still bound to that era. Greater poetry thrusts its premises on us without this kind of bond. Shakespeare's "They that have power to hurt, and will do none" *makes* us see life in terms of an alien aristocratic ideal. Schwartz's appeal is of a different order. It is something deeply familiar that he brings to the fore, something that weeps and snickers unworthily in the back alleys of modern hyper-consciousness. Thus, the buffoonery of his description of a newsreel in "Cartoons of Coming Shows Unseen Before"* —

> Churchill nudged Roosevelt. With
>   handsome glee
> Roosevelt winked! Upon life's peak
>   they played
> (Power is pleasure, thought anxious.
>   Power is free!)

Or — a subtler buffoonery — the Chaplinesque manner in which, in "Prothalamion," the author reinterprets a famous figure of Dante's. So translated, the soul becomes an undignified, colloquially blurting ego:

> "little soul, little flirting,
>   little perverse one
>   where are you off to now?
> little wan one, firm one
>   little exposed one . . .
>   and never make fun of me again."

It is perhaps inevitable that such a poet, whose very weaknesses betray the life-awareness of an age, should bring confession, aimless rhetoric and private gropings for mistily perceived meanings directly into his poetry. A poem like "Prothalamion," lacking the redeeming passionate art of a Robert Lowell, degenerates into autobiographical document:

> I will forget the speech my mother
>   made
> In a restaurant, trapping my father
>   there
> At dinner with his whore. Her spoken
>   rage
> Struck down the child of seven years
> With shame. . . .

Indeed, Schwartz constantly exploits his personal shames and guilts and the reader's natural sympathy with heartbroken children —

> . . . I skated, afraid of policemen,
>   five years old,

---

*Unfortunately omitted from this volume.

In the winter sunset, sorrowful and cold. . . .

Still, as I have tried to suggest, there is much more in his poems than unrelieved confessional or cosmic blarneying. It comes out best in the simplicity and concreteness with which he presents physical and psychological self-delineation, in a poem like "The Heavy Bear That Walks with Me" or "In the Naked Bed, in Plato's Cave." But it is present also in the confessionals and blarneyings, for if the poet is in love with his involvement in them he is at the same time forever trying to get at some hidden motive toward which they point. John Berryman has caught this facet of Schwartz's poetic personality brilliantly in "At Chinese Checkers":

Deep in the unfriendly city Delmore lies
And cannot sleep, and cannot bring his mind
And cannot bring those marvellous faculties
To bear upon the day sunk down behind,
The unsteady night, or the time to come. . . .

Most of what I have had to say about *Summer Knowledge* concerns the first half of the book, taken from the long out-of-print *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* (1938). The second half, containing later work, lacks the general vibrancy and relevancy of that book, yet a sufficient number of the more recent poems show a suggestive turn toward a new directness and naturalness. The old sophistication is often sloughed off completely, and the poet attempts a translucent lyricism that occasionally soars in Shelleyan flight. Sometimes these poems accumulate a mounting charge of joy that erupts in a surging imagery of sky, sea and light; sometimes their mood is darker, or has a desolate "strangeness" — for instance, in "All of the Fruits Had Fallen." I do not make excuses for this section, but I have the impression from it that the poet has passed through a great spiritual change and is slowly finding his way in a new world. He has not yet discovered the right poetic idiom of that world, but it seems to have some continuity with such earlier work as "Far Rockaway," in which the vision is for a moment a similar one:

The radiant soda of the seashore fashions
Fun, foam, and freedom. The sea laves
The shaven sand. And the light sways forward
On the self-destroying waves. . . .

In the Head of One Man

MAX WEBER: AN INTELLECTUAL PORTRAIT. By Reinhard Bendix. Doubleday & Co. 480 pp. $5.75.

Robert Paul Wolff

TAKE a sentence, divide it up into separate words, teach each word to a different person, and then line up all the people in a row. There will then be awareness of every part of the sentence, but nowhere an awareness of the sentence as a whole. This simple fact of logic occurs to me every time I read of a committee or "study group" which has been formed to provide an "inter-disciplinary" look at some problem. A historian, a psychologist, a sociologist, an economist, a political scientist and a jurisprude will spend a week around a circular table, and at the end, we are told, they will emerge with a historico-psycho-socio-economico-juridico-political study of, say, juvenile delinquency or the rise of Western society. They won't. An economist and a historian don't make an economic historian or a historial economist, even if you bunch them together real close in a seminar room.

What is wanted is to get the history and sociology and psychology and economics into the head of one man. Even that is not quite enough. A man may do economics and history the way some men juggle knives while playing the harmonica—no connection between them, just a two-in-one tour de force. The ideal student of human affairs not only would be conversant with all the fields mentioned above, but would also bring material from each to bear on all the others.

Which brings me to the subject of this review, for if there is any man who has approached that impossible ideal, it is the great German sociologist, historian, economist, *et al.*, Max Weber. Reinhard Bendix, Professor of Sociology at Berkeley, has written what he calls "An Intellectual Portrait" of Weber. In intent and execution it is a curious book.

Bendix explains that by a historical accident Weber's writings have been introduced to the American public in a distorted and misleading manner. The first work to appear in English was Talcott Parsons' translation, in 1930, of *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*. Despite Parsons' warning that the essay was part of a much larger study in the comparative sociology of religions, readers insisted on seeing it as a self-contained "answer to Marx" on the question of the causes of capitalism. This fact, and the subsequent interest in Weber's theoretical essays, led Bendix to believe that Weber's empirical studies have been ignored. His book, therefore, is almost entirely a straightforward summary of large segments of Weber's writings. As he himself says, "Since I believe that Weber's work has enduring value, my purpose has been to make it more accessible than it is, and to do so without burdening the reader by criticisms and digressions of my own." Ten years ago, such an effort might have filled a need. Today, however, it is hard to see the point. Why read a rather dull 150 page restatement of Weber's sociology of religion when you can get the original three volumes, attractively boxed, in English? Nevertheless, the reader who works through Bendix's laborious summaries will encounter innumerable examples of Weber's insights into the workings of society. If an "introduction" is needed, this one serves very well.

THERE is not room even to list the many problems with which Weber dealt in his published works, but perhaps I can convey a sense of the suggestiveness of his insights by citing his brief comments on education in a rationalized bureaucracy. The passage, which is only five pages long, has been translated by H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills in *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology*, pp. 240-244, and should be reprinted at the beginning of every contemporary discussion of American education. Weber contrasts the ideal of the "cultivated man," found in Hellenic, Chinese and earlier Anglo-Saxon society, with the newer ideal of the "specialist." Specialist education is demanded by the technical complexity of the developing administration and economy. Privilege is replaced by a system of competitive examinations, which in turn creates a diploma elite. Weber writes, "Behind all the present discussions of the foundations of the educational system, the struggle of the 'specialist type of man' against the older type of 'cultivated man' is hidden at some decisive point. The fight is determined by the irresistibly expanding bureaucratization of all public and private realms of authority and by the ever-increasing importance of expert and specialized knowledge."

It is this deeper understanding of the causes and direction of social change that makes Weber so exciting to read, and so difficult to emulate.

ROBERT PAUL WOLFF teaches philosophy at Harvard. He is at work on a book dealing with the problem of loyalty.

ART

Maurice Grosser

Maurice Grosser has recently returned from a trip through the Middle West. The present article on the museums of Cleveland and Toledo will be followed by reports from Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago.

Cleveland

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM sits back in a splendid park to the east of town. It has a large and open dignity, not at all municipal, but rather like some princely residence temporarily vacated, and in its sober opulence bears a family resemblance to the Frick in New York. The original building, erected in 1916, has just recently been remodeled—doubled in size by the skillful addition of a wing in the shape of a hollow square—and provided with all the latest in museum equipment from overhead daylight lighting and exhibition halls with movable partitions, to batteries of television cameras which act as electronic museum guards. The building is luxurious but in no way forbidding or oppressive, and the collection it houses is rich in masterpieces.

The institution had its origins in the eighties when three donors, each independent of the others, left funds to found a museum. Nothing was done until 1913 when the three funds were combined and the museum was incorporated with a princely endowment. Cleveland, like Chicago, has a long history of picture collecting. Such collections have a way of ending in the local museum, and as soon as a Cleveland museum was established, collections began to pour in. The first of these was donated by Mrs. Liberty Holden in 1914, two years before there was a building to house it. It consisted of a group of Italian primitives assembled in the seventies and eighties, long in advance of contemporary taste, by James Jackson Jarves, who also formed the celebrated Jarves collection now at Yale. This bequest was quickly followed by others, both collections and funds. Since the directors knew in advance what the private collections contained and what pictures they would eventually inherit, they were able to use the funds to buy what would not be given. As a result, Cleveland's coverage is astonishingly thorough, with good examples of almost everything esteemed today, especially in European painting.

The European collection is, indeed, too rich even to begin enumerating. The *Adoration* by Filippino Lippi is probably the finest Lippi in the country, and Tintoretto's *Baptism of Christ* is one of the most lyrical of the painter's mature works outside of Venice. There is a glowing *Adoration of the Magi* by Titian, complex in composition, unusual in scale, and apparently unfinished; one of the best Bassanos of Lazarus, dog and rich man's supper table; two celebrated Grecos; fine Tiepolos, Rubens and Van Dycks; good English portraits; one of the most dramatic Turners—*The Burning of the Houses of Parliament*—with flames reflected in the Thames and dark foreground boats crowded with spectators; and a living, speaking portrait by Goya of an architect friend, done on a black priming instead of Goya's more usual brick red.

FRENCH painting is particularly well presented. Along with top examples of all the predictable eighteenth- and nineteenth-century names there are also surprisingly good pictures by nineteenth-century painters now rarely exhibited; such as a sea fight between a Greek and Turkish vessel by Eugène Isabey, as beautiful in the Romantic style as a Delacroix; or the recently cleaned *Coast near Villerville* by Daubigny which now appears with almost Monet bright color; or the *Reclining Nude* by Couture, with such a temptingly painted bottom as to require here the protection of a pane of glass. As for the more modern masters, there are charming Renoirs and Van Goghs; the *Frieze of Dancers* by Degas, one of his very best; the most beautiful Berthe Morisot—of a young lady in white seated on the grass of a spring pasture; a celebrated Cézanne, a celebrated Lautrec and Gauguins, Matisses and Douanier Rousseaus, along with some well-known early Picassos.

American painting goes from colonial work down to the present. There is one of the best Eakins—a portrait-landscape of two oarsmen in a racing shell; good Innesses and Chases and exceptional examples of painting of this century from Sloan and Kroll to Graves and Marin. In comparison, the more abstract of the American contemporaries seem relatively neglected, although the museum is beginning to acquire some representative examples. When I was there, a monster retrospective of Feininger was being held, and the museum's well-known May show is devoted entirely to contemporary Cleveland artists.

One of Cleveland's great specialties is its collection of medieval bronzes, carvings, textiles and jewelry, whose most costly and barbaric items are the portable gold altar and jeweled crosses acquired at a fantastic price from the Guelph Treasure of the Royal House of Brunswick. The museum is particularly rich in such *bibelots* and smaller sculptures—pre-Columbian, East Indian and Chinese—and Roman portrait heads; the period rooms contain some of the best and rarest of eighteenth-century furniture. In one of these hangs, as a luxurious joke, two eighteenth-century tapestries. One is a French *Chinoiserie* depicting, in the Boucher

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style, a Chinese fair. The other is authentic Chinese, showing a children's party in honor of the birthday of a small prince—so urbane, civilized and well behaved that the French tapestry by comparison seems *nouveau riche.*

What most distinguishes the Cleveland Museum is the absence of the second rate from its collections. This general high level of quality is partially due to the fortunate circumstance of its founding and growth. But there is also the equally fortunate circumstance that Cleveland has never been forced, as have so many museums, to exhibit inherited collections as unit memorials to the donors. This freedom was established by its second president, Mr. J. H. Wade, who with modesty and foresight refused to allow his own donations of works of art to appear on permanent exhibit in galleries labeled with his name. Since then the directors have consistently reserved the right to edit the collections the museum accepts and divide them as they see fit. This, added to Cleveland's extraordinary endowment—second in funds only to the Metropolitan—makes it today, despite its relative youth, one of the great museums of America.

Toledo

THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART is built in the Greek Classical style much employed for public buildings of the first quarter of our century. Opened in 1912 and enlarged in 1926, it was further extended in 1933 by the addition of two lateral wings. One of these houses the Peristyle, Toledo's municipal concert hall—a semi-circular Greco-Roman theatre.

Handsome as the building is, it enjoys little of its neighbor Cleveland's palatial grandeur. It has rather the solid but slightly shopworn air of a university building. And that, in a way, is what it is—a municipal institution engaged in art education for all ages, with courses ranging from drawing and painting, ceramics and art teaching (with college credit), to classes in home decoration and in appreciation of modern art and music. When I was there, a special educational exhibit of excellent modern pictures, taken from the museum's own collection and borrowed from elsewhere, was being hung to illustrate the theme, *What is Modern Art?* More than Cleveland, Toledo is actively interested in contemporary abstract art, and the American non-objectives receive more emphasis here than elsewhere in the Middle West.

Unlike Cleveland, Toledo is primarily a single donor's museum, with one principal benefactor and three or four inherited collections—a monument to the taste and generosity of very few persons. Founded in 1901 and principally endowed by Edward Drummond Libbey, a manufacturer of glass, its nucleus was Mr. Libbey's own collection of old masters, and of ancient and modern glass. The other principal inheritance was the collection of paintings donated by the museum's second president, Mr. Arthur J. Secor.

MR. LIBBEY'S personal acquisitions, as inherited by the museum, included some fine pictures, such as—to mention only a few—a head of an old man by Tiepolo; a Velasquez masterful in color of a smiling cavalier with gloved hand and wine glass; an unexpected Cranach of *Martin Luther and his Friends;* a self-portrait by Rembrandt as a young man in a plumed hat; an excellent Holbein of *Catherine Howard;* a Turner of a Venice lagoon in clean, clear blues; and a convincing and unflattering self-portrait by Reynolds. Along with the better paintings there were formerly also a number of French and Dutch nineteenth-century landscapes, today out of fashion, only the best of which are kept on view. Since Mr. Libbey's death in 1925, this original collection has been extensively increased with purchases made with funds he left for that purpose.

The Secor collection, shown together in a memorial gallery, is much less good. It consists chiefly of English eighteenth-century portraits and salon landscapes in fashion in the eighties by painters like Diaz, Daubigny, Israels, Mauve, Millet and the later Corot—a plethora of peasants, oak trees, cows and sheep. It nevertheless contains the one first-class Theodore Rousseau I have seen, of a line of birches in an evening light.

The American collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting is incomparably more varied and important. It is based on a few pictures donated by Mrs. Florence Scott Libbey, but consists in the main of works bought with money she bequeathed. One remembers particularly a masterpiece by Thomas Cole—*The Architect's Dream*—in which a miniature figure of the architect reposes on a divan made up of huge folios atop an enormous architectural capital of a pseudo-classical order, while the landscape behind him displays a river, with a fleet of galleys, with gardens and fountains, and monstrous buildings in all the styles from Egyptian to American Protestant Gothic. Mrs. Libbey's bequest, along with a smaller collection of twentieth-century pictures (including a fine Wyeth) bought with the bequest of Miss Elizabeth Mau, a Toledo school teacher, and the museum's more recent contemporary acquisitions, provide a display of American painting from colonial primitives to William Baziotes.

WHAT with the original inheritance and the pictures subsequently acquired, the museum is now in possession not only of some very valuable and beautiful pictures, but some very unusual ones as well. I think of a wonderful Courbet of a plump girl in profile before a trellis of flowers; an imaginary landscape by Patinir with blue rocky peaks and towns and castles and in the foreground, as an afterthought, a tiny Paris, the shepherd, with his goddesses; a very neo-Classical David—*The Oath of the Horatii*—as formalized as a ballet and as gaudily theatrical as *Ben Hur;* Clouet's *Elizabeth of Valois;* a Ter Borgh *Music Lesson;* two Grecos, one a fine *Annunciation* and the other a *Gethsemane* in the painter's most flamelike Baroque manner and exceptionally acid color. Among the odd and more unusual, there is a melodramatic *Destruction of Tyre* with black tidal waves of glassy water in a livid light by the English Romantic John Martin; and a full-length portrait by William Rothenstein of the English painter of fans, Charles Condor, dressed in a tubular overcoat and posed in the act of closing a door—the height of *fin de siècle* languor.

Among the moderns there is a small, pink period Picasso *Head of a Woman,* as well as his famous and sentimental picture from 1904, of a woman caressing a crow. There are good examples of all the standard Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters—Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir and Matisse, and a very beautiful Bonnard landscape called *Europa and the Bull.* In all, Toledo's coverage of American and European art is fully representative and contains some remarkable pictures. If the museum seems on the whole less impressive than some of the others in the region, it is not on account of the absence of fine examples from its collection, but on account of the presence of some second-rate ones. Such a situation is generally remedied in the long run by the directors, simply by eliminating the duller pictures and stocking up with interesting ones. That is what is being done here, and rapidly. But the situation itself is an all too common one and inevitably arises when the inheritances a museum receives are in the form of indivisible collections.

As a postscript, and as a curious proof of how the eye changes with time, let me quote from the museum's out-of-print catalogue of 1939. Its description of a Soutine, entitled *Color Arrangement*—which Toledo no longer owns—sounds very contemporary:

> Dynamic swirls, broad strokes of closely related colors . . . attain fine balance in a composition surcharged with motion. Semblance of form is subjected to rhythmic pattern of color and texture.

The identical Soutine—judging from the dimensions and photograph in the Toledo catalogue—is now on display in the Museum of Modern Art, and bears as title what now it quite unmistakably represents—*Dead Fowl.*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THIS DEPARTMENT gives such disproportionate attention to pictures that open on the side streets, and as often as not in a foreign tongue, that I thought I should prowl Broadway a bit. The product is arresting—no one can belt out a story with the brassy vitality of a major studio aiming at the world market. Everything the pictures have to give is right on the surface, bright and clear as a Kodachrome, and the music booms and wheedles in your stomach to compensate for any thinness there might possibly be of content or performance. You come out of one of these big houses knowing that you've had the full treatment — trim, shave, mudpack, a little vibrator on the scalp and a touch of lavender water at the temples. A guy feels like a million dollars and a little weak in the knees, from all the sweet steam.

JOHN FORD'S *Sergeant Rutledge* combines the field maneuvers of the U.S. Cavalry with court-room trial drama, Indian hunting with justice for the Negro. I doubt that I have ever seen the race question discussed in a more exciting, more consciously virtuous, or in any way more thoroughly bully, fashion.

At the end of the Civil War, so we learn, there was a crack cavalry troop on the Western plains made up entirely of Negroes (white officers, natch) and assigned to keep the Indians on the reservation. The boys are mighty proud of their unit and prouder still of Sergeant Rutledge, whom even the white men generously acknowledge to be pure of heart, stern of duty and a crack shot at a running Indian.

Unfortunately, when we first meet him, Sergeant Rutledge is running himself, and urgently wanted for raping the teen-age daughter of his commanding officer. The structure of the picture is built on the court-martial of the sergeant and the action — Indian ambush, group-singing in the moonlight, a hectic burgeoning of love between a rancher's compassionate daughter and the lieutenant who must bring Rutledge back to judgment — takes place in flashbacks as various witnesses tell their tales.

The prosecuting lawyer has a mean attitude toward Negroes and this provides opportunity to drive home the lesson that a man should not be hung because of the color of his skin. The decent folk get real stubborn on this point and, by jingo, it turns out in the end that Rutledge is not a murdering rapist after all. But it doesn't turn out that way until every Negro in the story has been patronized to the point where he has a choice of joining the Indians or playing

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Mr. Bones for the rest of his life. The boys vote to stick with the good old U.S. Cavalry and ride off grinning and singing the troop song. I hope no one shows this picture to Martin Luther King.

THEN, there's *The Rat Race*, which Garson Kanin wrote as a play ten years ago and which O. Henry wrote I don't know how many times back around 1900. Debbie Reynolds, playing a girl who will do anything except you know what in order to stay the course in New York, is sharing — in purest chastity — a room in a run-down boarding house with Tony Curtis, who plays a young musician, a recent arrival from Milwaukee so naive that his handsome collection of saxophones and related wind instruments is stolen from him by a gang of thieves masquerading as members of one of New York's most famous bands. To get him a new set of instruments, the girl agrees to do that final thing and he trots off happily to play with Gerry Mulligan in a cruise ship combo. By devices unspecified, Miss Reynolds manages to stave off her obligations until the very day of Mr. Curtis' return. And that indeed is the nick of time, for she is about to have her face altered by a man who combines running a taxi dance hall with rough and ready surgery on girls who borrow his money and then do not show up for appointments. However, this wicked chap is mollified on being presented with Mr. Curtis' second set of instruments, and the picture closes on a clinch and the unresolved question of where the third batch of horns is to come from.

AND there's *Wild River*, made, not from one, but from two novels that 20th Century Fox had stored in its bins. This stratagem has an eerie appeal — I'd go some distance to see certain combinations, say a picture combining the best features of *Sanctuary* and *Northanger Abbey*.

I haven't read the novels here adapted and cannot assign episodes to their sources. However, the picture has two distinct themes. One of these is a defense of TVA. Valid drama can be written around old crises if the issue is seized with some resolution, but that is just what *Wild River* fails to do. The problem is that an old woman, bristling with traditional American self-reliance, will not surrender her land to the impounded water. The TVA man (Montgomery Clift) is sent from Washington to reason her into compliance, it being thought bad policy for an already controversial agency to use force in these cases. Also, Mr. Clift is himself opposed to pushing people around. However, the old lady won't budge, the lake is creeping up, and finally a U.S. marshal is brought in to do the necessary puhing. The conflict between private independence and government welfare is certainly vexing, but there seems little point in raising the issue if all you care to say is that a stubborn old lady is a splendid spectacle and so is the TVA, and isn't it too bad we can't have both.

Director Elia Kazan and his associate apparently felt this, too, for they added to Mr. Clift's official duties an impetuous and rather odd love affair. When he shows up on the disputed farm he finds at the old lady's elbow a niece of twenty-one who is a widow with two children. The girl (Lee Remick) is entranced and disheveled by sorrow, and in the first days of their acquaintance, the hero is admirably masterful. He encourages the widow to return to her own house, deserted since the hour of her husband's death; endears himself to her children; bustles in with groceries, and administers caresses that soon have the blood coursing sweetly through her veins.

But then suddenly he runs out of gas, assumes the mien of a man suffering a generalized toothache and squats soddenly on a sofa while the lady courts him with passion and desperation. He doesn't advance, he doesn't retreat, he suggests no reason for his collapsed ardor and altogether it is a baffling passage. Shortly thereafter Mr. Clift is stomped upon, partly for paying Negro hands more than the going rate and partly because Miss Remick is promised to one of the local worthies. She also gets knocked about in the fracas and on the basis of that shared experience he agrees to undertake the proffered marriage. It occurs to me that if Mr. Kazan had added a Rex Stout novel to the other two we could have had Nero Wolfe to liven the brew.

Next week, Bergman's *Dreams*.

You Can't Afford to Miss—

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THE SUMMIT, PEACE AND THE ELECTIONS: Hyman Lumer
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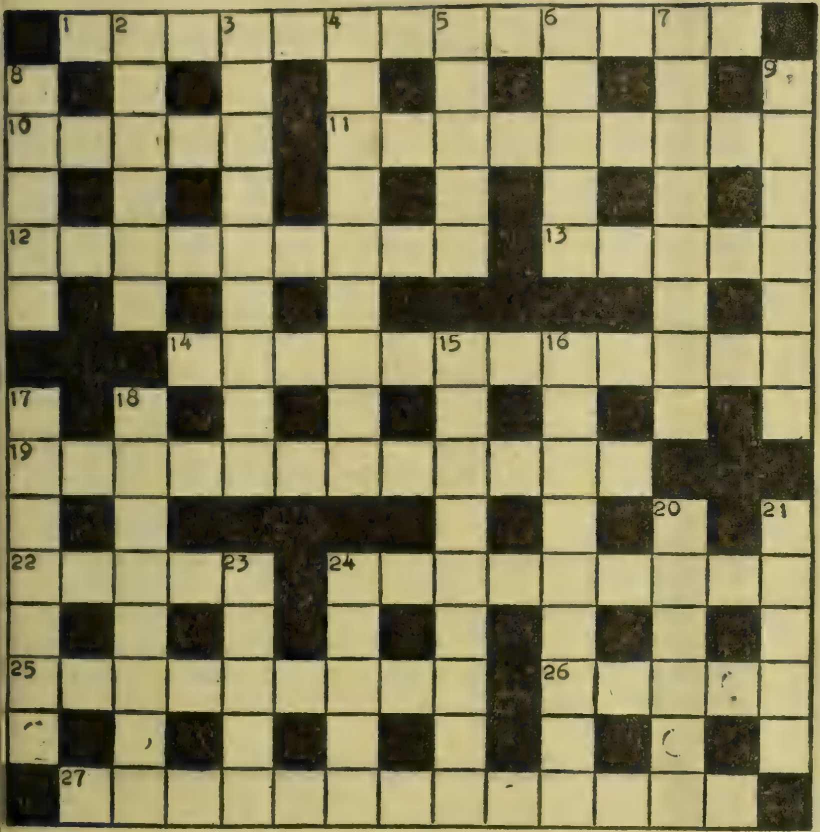
Crossword Puzzle No. 871

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The caddie might be so innocently implicated. (7, 3, 3)

10 The opening in which a smart aleck fits. (5)

11 Could one be so worn in a dew, if foggy, around there? (9)

12 One tongue is insufficient, if you want to be. (9)

13 Made a dissertation in connection with a turning point. (5)

14 Perhaps true, referring to the liquid type, though they go to extremes to be helpful. (4, 8)

19 What people like Mrs. Wiggs might have to do to get home? Hardly pleasant! (12)

22 Fat, perhaps, suggesting the wife of a Persian king. (5)

24 Plutarch said an elephant also is become man's. (9)

25 Like Yul Brynner, I find myself on either side, with a fish head and a patriot. (9)

26 Sound artillery within the law. (5)

27 Does this surrey in Oklahoma, with extra insurance, for example? (6, 7)

DOWN:

2 A circle meeting without written notice? (6)

3 Some territories get along with willing followers, it seems. (9)

4 Recently minted coin in West Africa? (3, 6)

5 A Grofe movement was on the answer to this. (5)

6 People's character might be developed from those unstable qualities! (5)

7 Give some publicity to the authority of de Seversky's subject. (3, 5)

8 The mange that is missing with sore results. (5)

9 But Anthony wasn't responsible for the commercial jingles! (7)

15 Cavil? True, but rewarding. (9)

16 Does one look at or through it? (9)

17 Siege time in the field? (7)

18 One might lead you to rack and ruin. (8)

20 Common subject of Wagner and Bulwer-Lytton. (6)

21 Port improvement might be noted with it. (5)

23 One might associate him with a red front. (5)

24 A bean might be beat! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 870

ACROSS: 1 Andes; 4 Musicians; 9 Italics; 10 Oration; 11, 12, 13, 14 and 24 across Many hands make light work; 16 Netting; 17 Egoists; 19 Reaches; 25 Gnome; 29 Episode; 30 and 27 A pig in a poke; 31 Tenseness; 32 Fiery. DOWN: 1 Asia Minor; 2 Dragnet; 3 and 26 Skipjack; 4 Mustang; 5 Spondee; 6 and 22 across Clandestine; 7 Animals; 8 Since; 15 Bossy; 18 Speakeasy; 20 Arraign; 21 Sincere; 22 Demeans; 23 Imagine; 24 Wrest; 28 Riff.

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We Get Around

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Durham, N. H.

Dear Sirs: We never cease to be impressed by the quality and timeliness of *Nation* articles.

(Signed) DICK SHEA, Editor-in-Chief
The New Hampshire

Teacher . . .

Raton Instruction Center
Raton, New Mexico

Dear Sirs: I can think of no periodical which is more apt than is *The Nation* at presenting thoroughly documented controversial issues. . . .

(Signed) RONALD LEVY, Director

. . . and Publisher (Japanese)

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Sirs: Our monthly magazine, *Sekai,* wishes to reprint from *The Nation* (1) "Remilitarization of Japan," issue of Dec. 19, 1959, and (2) "Surprise Attack," issue of January 30, 1960. . . . The editors of *Sekai* have been wandering over some other foreign magazines for material, but now they seem very happy to come back to *The Nation.*

(Signed) SUMIE MISHIMA, Foreign Rights Dept.
Iwanami Shoten, Publishers

The Nation does get around, doesn't it? To help you to get it around even farther—to neighbor, son, daughter, grandson, granddaughter or second cousin—we append the coupon below.

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THE BALANCE OF BLAME

Further Notes on the Strategic Causes of World War III

C. Wright Mills

HOW 'MODERN' IS REPUBLICANISM?

Robert G. Spivack

LETTERS

New York's Primary

Dear Sirs: I think it only fair to tell you that many of us in the reform movement in New York Democratic politics feel strongly that "The Shame of New York," which you published on October 31, 1959, must get some of the credit for the important victories we scored in last week's primaries. Your admirable exposé of corruption in Tammany-ruled New York City shocked voters into realization of the need for reform.

I hope that more voters will read "The Shame of New York." The primary victories were gratifying — but there's an election still to come.

Irving Wolfson
Democratic District Leader
5th A.D. North
New York City

[*Copies of the 64-page special issue are still available at bulk rates: 10 for $4, 50 for $17.50, 100 for $30. Single copies, 50c. Order from* The Nation, *333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 14, enclosing payment.*]

Encounter With Castro

Dear Sirs: I was, of course, quite interested in Barbara Deming's article on Cuba in *The Nation* of May 28.

Mrs. Matthews and I wondered whether the author realized that her accidental encounter with Fidel Castro was indirectly due to us. Fidel had come to our hotel, the Sevilla-Biltmore, to take us to lunch and then had driven us around, showing us some public works, and had just deposited us back at the hotel when Miss Deming and some equally lucky N.B.C. correspondents came up. We are happy that in the case of Miss Deming the results were so fruitful.

Herbert L. Matthews
Editorial Board, *The New York Times*

Contributions to Law

Dear Sirs: It has not, I think, been sufficiently noted that the Administration, and particularly Mr. Eisenhower, has made a number of signal contributions to jurisprudence. Three of the most important are: *the theory of presumptive immunity, the doctrine of projective gratuities* and *the principle of offensive secrecy.*

1. The theory of presumptive immunity was stated with brilliant succinctness by President Eisenhower. When confronted by charges that Sherman Adams had not lived up to the highest standards of his office, the President answered in just three words: "I need him." The relation of master and servant, employer and employee, offers knotty points of law. One of the most crucial is now clarified. A man is presumptively immune to dismissal and perhaps indictment if a superior claims that he is indispensable. This defense, it is to be noted, has a limited time span. With the discovery that a man is no longer indispensable, the immunity lapses and the original charges become relevant again.

2. The Administration has made it absolutely clear that it does not intend to tolerate the acceptance of gratuities by public servants, particularly from those who might expect favors in return. It was not explicitly stated whether or not the gratuities received are for present or later use. But Mr. Eisenhower has made the point clear by his practices. The ruling evidently applies only to gifts received for exclusive use in the present. Mr. Eisenhower's farm in Gettysburg, to which he is expected to retire, is stocked with gifts which will be used later. It is unfortunate that the doctrine of projective gratuities was not explicitly formulated. It would have helped those accused of payola and royola to have been able to plead that some of their gifts were intended to be used when they retired. . . . Still, if the reports are to be believed, they could retire now.

3. The principle of offensive secrecy has been invoked as a defense of Francis Powers' flight over Russia. Under this principle, the government is free to determine at what point secrecy becomes an offense against the public weal, and may then take steps to overcome it. Wire tapping, the reading of another's mail, forced entry into homes and business establishments (particularly if clearly locked) are now seen to be justified. This, the latest of Mr. Eisenhower's creations, is also the most revolutionary, overthrowing a purely traditional concept going back to the Magna Charta.

Paul Weiss
Dept. of Philosophy, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Bill of Rights Fund

Dear Sirs: The Bill of Rights Fund is making its annual appeal for contributions to render financial aid to many brave Americans defending themselves in the courts today because they have stood up uncompromisingly for the First Amendment or for some other important aspect of civil liberties.

A number of different organizations in this country are doing splendid work for civil liberties. But the Bill of Rights Fund is the only one whose sole function is to raise money and make financial grants to individuals and organizations fighting for the basic freedoms guaranteed under our Constitution. That fight goes on unceasingly, as is shown by the continuing assaults of the House Un-American Activities Committee on the liberties of the American people.

The Bill of Rights Fund assists at the vital point of financial need those whom the government prosecutes in violation of fundamental Constitutional guarantees. We appeal to all civil libertarians to give generously at this critical juncture in the struggle for freedom. Contributions can be sent to me at 450 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y. All contributors will receive a Five-Year Summary of Grants which the Fund has made through 1959.

Corliss Lamont
Chairman, Bill of Rights Fund

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The Nation, June 18, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 25

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VOLUME 190, No. 25

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Rockefeller Emblem

In the last month, Governor Nelson Rockefeller has emerged as the country's ablest political pinch hitter; twice now he has come to bat in the ninth inning, score tied, two out, none on — and has belted the first pitch right out of the park. He has great power, he keeps his eye on the ball, his timing is perfect. In his forceful, well-timed statement of May 24, in which he called for "an open and honest exercise of reason" — that is, for full-scale debate on the key issues — he effectively discouraged the Republican hatchetmen in Washington who were dusting off McCarthy's old weapons. Now, in a skillfully prepared and artfully executed maneuver, he has again demanded an open, honest, no-holds-barred debate; but this time, his challenge is pointedly addressed to Vice President Nixon. The best Democratic sloganeers could not improve on the Governor's trenchant statements, which will echo from now until November: "We cannot . . . march to meet the future with a banner aloft whose only emblem is a question mark"; "The path of great leadership does not lie along the top of a fence." The words may well be those of the Governor's talented "ghost" — J. Emmett Hughes — but the directness behind them is the Governor's special quality, a quality that is a prime ingredient of his charm as a politician. Not only has he succeeded in focusing public attention on the weakness of the Republican Party and its current leadership (see Robert Spivack's article, p. 531), but he has revealed, in utter starkness, his own position.

If this late in the political season Vice President Nixon's banner still carries the emblem of the question mark, the banner which the Governor has now unfurled is emblazoned with crossed missiles, oil derricks in the middle distance, and grim underground shelters in the background. Points 1, 2 and 3 of his ten-point program are strong big-arms planks calculated to delight missile-makers, cool warriors and the top brass. If he had his way, the Governor would up defense spending by $3 billion, immediately; and it is quite clear that this would represent only a small beginning for what he has in mind. To be sure, he has wrapped his grisly program in some attractive domestic issues — civil rights, federal aid to education, medical care for the aged, etc., — but big arms spending is the conspicuous core of this "modern" Republican's political thinking.

To *Nation* Readers

After July 9, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 23, August 6 and August 20. The weekly schedule will be resumed with the issue of September 3.

We have reason to be grateful to the Governor for his insistence — which he himself honors — that politicians must exhibit candor and courage in these times which, as he correctly states, are not "conventional." Not only has he exposed the bankruptcy of the Republican Administration, of which the Vice President is the sole residual legatee, but he has made his own basic attitudes and positions crystal clear. Governor Rockefeller has placed himself both now and for 1964 (if need be) at the head of the pack of big-arms spenders and cold-war "muscle" men.

It's Much Later Than You Think

With the Democratic convention only a matter of days ahead, a large and influential section of the "egghead" community is still bemused by the pernicious dogma that a large built-in "against Nixon" vote exists throughout the fifty states of a magnitude which automatically insures his defeat by any nominee the Democrats name. We have read the surveys and reports — the doorstep interviews with housewives in Detroit, over-the-fence chats with farmers in Iowa, and man-in-the-street parleys in the big cities — which are tiresomely cited in support of the dogma. We, too, know any number of voters who say "there is something about that man I don't like"; we don't like him, either. But solid evidence has convinced us that Richard M. Nixon is a strong Republican nominee; witness his showing in the states of New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Indiana and California, in none of which did he personally conduct an active campaign. In the wake of the Summit debacle, we suspect that he is the strongest nominee the Republicans could name.

But we are impressed by the fact that each of the leading Democratic contenders is subject to a large, built-in "veto" vote. A decisive "against Johnson" vote can be found in the states north of the Mason-Dixon line, including, we suspect, the border states. A large, if not equally decisive, "against Symington" vote has been noted by many commentators. That there is a large "against Kennedy" vote was clearly demonstrated in Indiana, where two preposterous rivals, both unknown, polled nearly a third of the Democratic ballots. Our liking and admiration for Senator Kennedy does not blind us to the fact that he is Vice President Nixon's favorite for the Democratic nomination. Let the Democrats be forewarned: only their strongest possible ticket is likely to defeat Nixon. That, as we have said before, is a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket.

Coming Apart at the Seams

What is happening in Turkey, Korea, Japan and all around the fringes? Why are regimes friendly to the United States overthrown or threatened with insurrection? Why do the mobs never bring down a neutralist regime and supplant it with a pro-U.S. one?

The easy answer — that it is all due to the machinations of the Russians — is also the most ineffectual and dangerous. C. Wright Mills (see page 523) is much nearer the truth when he makes the point that we base political policy on the dictates of military strategy, while the Russians base military strategy on political policy. The containment policy of John Foster Dulles and Dean Acheson was to build "situations of strength" in the peripheral areas where the Soviet spearheads encountered ours. This meant military and sometimes other kinds of aid — but military aid and collaboration came first. Its magnitude varied, but in places like Korea and Formosa it was enormous; these small countries became, in effect, military outposts of the United States. Then we had to safeguard our investment: although our intentions were not imperialist, the technique was the classical one of maintaining "reliable" regimes in power. But since we were fighting communism, the reliable elements were right wing by definition. We not only had to prevent the Soviets from marching in if they had that intention, but we (or rather our policy-makers) had to acquire allies who would be actively hostile to communism. In fact, in many cases there was not the least danger of military assault and what we, and the elements we hooked up with, really feared was "infiltration," "subversion" and — although this last was never admitted — radical social change of any kind, even when proposed by non-Communists. All this took place in an era and atmosphere which even our most conservative publicists call "revolutionary" (though without drawing the necessary inferences).

But, as might have been expected, the reliable elements had objectives of their own. With the exception of Chiang Kai-shek, who really would like to return to the mainland but can't, most of our allies never had the slightest intention of fighting Communists. They used our arms to clobber the domestic opposition, whose grievances increased as the regimes became increasingly corrupt, dictatorial and reckless. Our policy-makers, in accordance with Santayana's definition of fanaticism, then redoubled their efforts, having forgotten their aims. Gradually all the forces of nationalism were mobilized against us.

In the meantime, the local Reds were not asleep. The situation was made to order for them: newspapers were being suppressed, elections rigged, dissenters tortured and murdered. Tear gas and guns were the regimes' only remedies for popular discontent. Thus, no matter how much the local democratic opposition and the local Reds detested each other, they perforce became allies against the rightist rulers. Finally enough resolute souls, i.e., men (and boys) willing to die for a cause, were mobilized to knock over one regime after another — and the end is not yet. What the outcome will be no one knows, but the policy of military containment, using such containers as Rhee, Menderes, Batista, Nuri, Franco, Chamoun, Chiang and other strong-arm operators — that policy has failed. What remains of American prestige and reputation can be saved only if the failure is recognized and the policy is changed, and soon.

The Last P. R. Problem

The public relations men of the Air Force, who fight with their typewriters as the French are said in a well-known ditty to fight with their feet, cope with problems as terrible as any encountered by pilots or bombardiers. When a fire destroyed a nuclear-tipped Bomarc missile at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey, they hastened to assure the public that there was no radiation danger. We have now had at least nine accidents involving nuclear bombs or warheads, not counting accidents in laboratories which, whenever possible, are not publicized. In each case the P. R. boys repeated the same assurances — the bombs are not armed until they are to be fired in anger, the safeguards are foolproof, a complex of electrical switches and mechanical interlocks must be activated, and so on. Nobody really believes them, for everyone knows that no system is infallible against human error or insanity. If an American uranium bomb, or worse, an American hydrogen bomb, should explode on American soil, we cannot say that providence gave us no warning. But that will be the grand opportunity for the infinitely resourceful publicists of the Air Force. They have been through so many dry runs, we may be sure they will acquit themselves creditably.

First, they will deny there was an explosion. Then they will say there was an explosion, but there is absolutely no radiation danger. The next bulletin will admit a few hundred thousand casualties, but assure the public that the danger is past and point out that, after all, the survival of the nation requires some sacrifices. Finally, they may reluctantly confess that while New Jersey (or Nebraska or California) still exists as a spot on the map, there are no longer any people there — those that were left after the blast were evacuated by the Air Force, Civil Defense having been wiped out by the explosion.

In this sequence of messages the Air Force will be able to follow a distinguished model, established early in May, 1960, by NASA, the State Department, the White House, CIA and other federal experts in the art of sowing confusion.

Sex and Cereals

A year and a half ago an important television personage told us that Westerns were proving a great disappointment to their sponsors. The audience was the largest in human history, but the goods did not seem to be moving off the shelves. It appeared, our informant said, that the viewers were so stultified by all that blood and sentimentality that they were unable to grasp the commercial message.

This sounded great, but the fellow was producer of a high-brow show that had just lost its network spot, and it occurred to us that his views might be tainted. But now comes a man from the very heart of the business, an executive of a large advertising firm, with the same story to tell.

Ernest J. Hodges, Vice President of Guild, Bascom and Bonfigli in San Francisco, put the case as follows to a gathering of the Hollywood Advertising Club:

> The bulk of prime time network TV programing is like Oscar Wilde's dead mackerel in the moonlight—it glitters, but it stinks. It stinks two ways—on the upwind of quality and public service and on the downwind as a vehicle for commercials that can persuade people to buy our client's product.

It is hard, said Mr. Hodges, to convince people that the program delivering the largest audience is not necessarily doing the best sales job, hard to prove that "an audience viewing a violent, bloody, or sexy suspense show is simply not attuned to listening carefully and happily to a commercial intrusion."

But given a client willing to experiment, the proof can be forthcoming. Mr. Hodges' firm handles the advertising for a line of dry cereals manufactured by the Ralston company. Almost the entire advertising budget for these products has been spent in recent years on television travel shows, first *Bold Journey*, then John Gunther's *High Road*. The programs are not sensational and have never had sensational ratings; in fact, the agency has fought a running battle with the network to get even half-way decent time for the shows. In the first year of this advertising, the Ralston foods registered a 34 per cent increase in sales against an industry gain of 5 per cent. In five years the Ralston cereals have tripled their share of the market.

At present, 150,000 classroom teachers are calling *High Road* to the notice of 7 million students. Ralston operates on the premise that it cannot terrify, disgust or erotically stimulate an audience into buying a particular dry cereal, but that it may be able to engage that audience's confidence by offering a pleasantly instructive show. The only thing startling about that reasoning is that it proves to be right.

Of course, as Mr. Hodges said in closing, "It's nice to know that you are a citizen as well as a businessman."

THE BALANCE OF BLAME . . *by C. Wright Mills*

THE DEBACLE at the Summit last month once again illustrates the immediate causes of World War III. These lie in the fearful symmetry of the cold warriors on either side: An act of one aggravates the other, the other reacts, and this in turn aggravates the one. Behind this symmetry, there are intermediate causes: the frigid context and the lethal establishments formed by previous policies and lack of policies of either side. The ultimate causes, of course, seem part of the very shaping of world history in the twentieth century.

Each of the embattled camps contains men and forces that are working for peace and also men and forces that mean war. But in the interaction of the two camps there is one terrible difference between the politics of warmakers and the politics of peacemakers: while the gains made by the warmakers within each bloc tend to accumulate, this is not so much the case with the peacemakers in each bloc. The scheduling of material measures of defense and attack—the immediate source of the peril — is speeded up and increased in volume by the successes of the war parties and by their interplay; and these measures are often difficult to cancel. The wreckers on either side readily strengthen the wreckers on the other — and the fearful dialectic between the two is heightened. The mutual fright on which this dialectic feeds and which it increases, accumulates more rapidly and with deeper results than does any mutual trust slowly, tortuously, built by the peacemakers.

This symmetry in elite action, and the advantages of the warmakers on either side, are readily illustrated by the blowup of the Summit.

I

WHEN THE statesmen came to Paris for their meeting, they did not come alone and they did not enter a vacuum; each brought with him a legacy of policies and each was a focal point of pressure from within his own nation and his own bloc of states.

In the United States camp the war forces, I think, were generally ascendant during the two-year period preceding the scheduled meeting. The most immediate and obvious token of this fact was the flight of the U-2, which occurred, we must remember, on the eve of the scheduled Paris meeting while negotiations to stop atomic testing were under way, and at a stage in military technology when it is obvious that a mistaken interpretation of any such flight as an attack could cause a genuine counterattack and thus precipitate World War III.

On the basis of any reasonable meaning of the words, the U-2 flights were provocative; they were a clear violation of international law; more than that, they were acts of aggression. We know of course that "sovereignty" and "aggression" are words subject to endless legalistic definition, and that each side is often, if not continually, "committing acts of aggression" against the other. But we have merely to ask ourselves what the Americans would do were a Soviet jet shot down 1,200 miles inside "the sovereign territory of the United States." True, satellites launched by Russians and Americans are flying around the globe over all nations, but so far we have not been informed that these are capable of delivering an atomic attack: jet planes *are* capable of doing just that. The possibility of "accidental" misinterpretation of their intent, if nothing else, places planes and satellites in different categories, at least for the time being. It is also true that all states of world significance employ espionage, but a jet espionage plane, flying over another country's territory, is surely a different matter than a man in a cloak or attached to an embassy with a box full of microphones.

About the Author

C. Wright Mills, Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, is the author of many books which have been widely translated in both Eastern and Western Europe, as well as in Latin America. His latest book is *Images of Man* (George Braziller, 1960).

This essay is composed of materials used in a 1960 revision of *The Causes of World War III,* which Ballantine Books is bringing out shortly as a paperback. Many reviewers considered *The Causes of World War III,* originally published in 1958, to be one of the outstanding American contributions to current thought on international issues.

But still, a way out was left open by the Russians, for the President at least. He did not take it; he did not disclaim knowledge of the adventure in the normal diplomatic manner expected. For the first time in modern history, the head of a state declared his personal responsibility for an act of espionage.

Moreover, high officials of the United States lied—and were caught flatfooted in their lies. First it was said that the plane was on a weather mission and had accidentally lost its way along the border — and that the United States has never deliberately violated Soviet air space; then it was said that United States planes had flown over Russia, but that this U-2 flight was not authorized by Washington; then it was announced that such flights *were* authorized, that the President was quite aware of them, and that if judged necessary for defense, they would go on. It was also admitted that such flights had been going on for several years. To invade the air space of other sovereign states at jet-flight levels — that represents a long-range and now avowed policy of the United States.

A short while before the Summit, the President asserted that he might leave the meetings early, delegating his part in the negotiations to a subordinate. Later, during the interchange of invective, this subordinate, who has a good chance of being the next President of the United States, defended the U-2 flights "under present conditions." While negotiations at Geneva on atomic tests were going on, the United States announced the resumption of nuclear underground test explosions, thus unilaterally breaking the uneasy moratorium on such tests in effect since 1958. A few days later, the announcement was modified; now the news was that nuclear explosions were not to be included in the series. During the attempted Summit, the United States defense chief ordered a world-wide military alert, a "pre-combat readiness test."

These later developments — following the shooting down of the U-2 — were, of course, responses to Soviet behavior, part of the interaction between the two. What were the actions of the other side, of the Soviet Union?

THE SOVIET UNION, and certainly the Soviet bloc, is not altogether monolithic. It, too, contains peace forces and forces that mean war. Mr. Khrushchev, it seems clear, is not a dictator in the manner of Stalin; he is the lead man of a small collegial body that is at the center of the Soviet power elite. Within this elite, different lines of policy are argued, and these arguments are responsive to alternative policies advanced by outsiders—the Chinese elite, for example, or the demands of the Russian people for higher material standards of life. In the period before the Summit meeting, Mr. Khrushchev had managed to hold back the cold-war forces in his camp. In fact, inside this camp his own career, so far as it involves decisions about foreign affairs, rests upon the policy of coexistence and negotiation. In his attempts to put through such a set of policies, he has accumulated opponents in his own higher circles and in those of his most important ally. For these opponents of his policies, the U-2 flight and the way its discovery was handled by United States officials were the last straw, providing the excuse needed. Here indeed, as Governor Stevenson said of the flight itself, was the "crowbar and the sledge hammer" for the cold warriors of the Soviet bloc.

Whether or not Mr. Khrushchev changed his own mind is less important than the fact that as lead man of his own elite, he behaved in Paris with ferocious rudeness: he asserted that Mr. Eisenhower—scheduled to visit the Soviet Union—would not now be welcome there; and he demanded that the President condemn such flights, that those "directly guilty" for them be punished, and that promises be made that such flights be discontinued. Only then did Mr. Eisenhower state that the U-2 flights had been "suspended" since the incident of May 1, and "are not to be resumed." This, it was reported, "surprises Washington." He refused to meet the other two demands in part or in whole. He did not seek out Mr. Khrushchev and apologize for the flight; he did not publicly recognize that such flights were a violation of international law. He insisted that the United States had done no wrong.

Soviet spokesmen blamed the United States invasion of their sovereignty and Washington's handling of the incident for the blowup of the Summit. Then in Berlin, Mr. Khrushchev—unexpectedly—took a conciliatory line on the German question. United States and NATO spokesmen generally blamed Mr. Khrushchev's behavior in Paris for the failure of the Summit to get under way; they accused him of attempting to destroy the President's reputation as a world leader. Never for a moment did they acknowledge that the United States' handling of the U-2 incident might have been the major reason for Mr. Khrushchev's behavior in Paris.

LET US for a moment back away from this particular series of events. Can any objective analysis of recent international affairs lead us to the view that the Soviet Union is continually and unilaterally responsible for the peril of war? Is it not clear that there is a balance of blame for the cold-war mechanics that are taking mankind towards World War III? In the event of war, I know the following question might become irrelevant, but it is not yet so. Suppose that war did occur, for example by accidental misinterpretation of espionage planes as atomic attackers: who, then, would be more responsible—the United States or the Soviet Union?

The answer to any such question, I think, varies with different periods of the postwar era. As of this writing, I think the answer is that the balance of blame would lie more with the United States. But such balances, on the one side or on the other, are of little comfort to sane men on either side. The vital fact is that there *is* a balance of blame, not where the blame lies at any given moment. This lethal symmetry of action is what is vital, for in it lies the stategic causes of World War III.

II

WHEN THE news of the U-2 flight was announced, I was in Moscow completing a series of interviews with Soviet intellectuals. I had gone there to gather material needed for several research projects. One aspect of my experience impressed me so forcibly that I feel the need to express it here.

The intellectual and moral differences between the Soviet and the NATO peoples are much deeper than differences of opinion, of political rhetoric, of ideals, of sincerity of conviction, of levels of reasonableness. So far as their discourse and beliefs are concerned, what separates the two worlds is nothing less than the very definitions of reality in terms of which each observes, thinks, feels and judges. Behind this difference, of course, there are enormous differences of experience, in fact differences of history itself. When one is there, one is constantly aware of the fact that opinion and information, even of the simplest sort, is distorted (on both sides) by the screen of wholesale condemnation. I am quite certain that for differing reasons this censorship of understanding (even of the effort to understand what the other is all about) is as great on the Western side as on the Eastern. There is a curtain of iron; there is also on this side of it a curtain of stainless steel. And both are in the mind as well as on the frontiers.

Any understanding is made impossible if one's mind is always tightened up by one's own nationalist definitions of reality, or by the terms derived from one's experience of, or with, Stalinism. One cannot merely react to a word, a slogan, a proposition which Soviet intellectuals or decision-makers use, thus assuming that one has understood the intended meaning. One must patiently seek out the meaning; one must slowly build a vocabulary adequate to the meanings intended by the other.

Only a few people on either side are engaged in this sort of work.* And, of course, Westerners who try are liable to be taken to task for "not really understanding the Communist menace," of "being soft on communism." Translated, I think this charge usually means:

1. That one is not satisfied to accept the official and quasi-official definitions of world reality, and in particular of Soviet reality, that now form a common denominator of belief in the NATO countries. On many specific points about the Soviet Union's domestic affairs and international relations—points merely assumed in my own country—I am in no position to make judgments. Either I am ambivalent or I admit to plain ignorance. Moreover, I do not think anyone else really knows the facts on which to make judgments; the kind of work required has not been done by very many, and often political conditions are such that even the effort cannot be made. As for the higher circles of decision-makers and semi-official spokesmen in either country, I cannot persuade myself that a fruitful number of them are up to the effort required to understand the other's views.

2. The easy charge of being "naive about the Russians" means, I believe, that many of those who do assume that they "know all about this evil" have made up their minds about the

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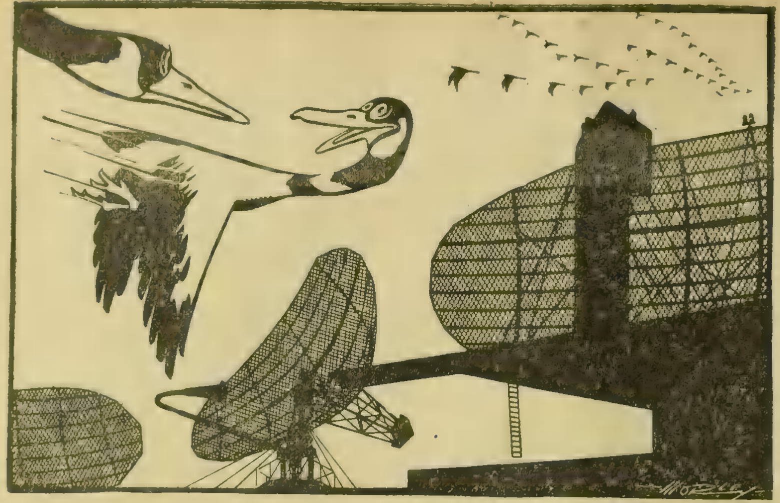
* The works of two men writing in English, E. H. Carr and Isaac Deutscher, are indispensable to an understanding of the history and the present policies of the Soviet Union.



Peace News (London)

"Tired of people? We could start a world war. . . ."

Soviet Union from a great distance and some time ago. Many Western intellectuals have been hurt deeply by their own participation in Communist and other radical movements. They think about the Soviet Union in terms that are heavily freighted with their own experience with Western Communist parties, most usually during the Stalinist era. Many such people are now members of the old futilitarians of the dead Left. In this respect, I suppose I have been fortunate: Due largely to accidents of my biography, I have never belonged and—as the phrase goes—do not now belong to any political organization, Communist or otherwise. Nor, so far as I am aware, have I been a "fellow traveler" of any such organization.

3. Perhaps that is why, in discussing war and peace, I have not felt it necessary or very useful endlessly to repeat what every American newspaper is full of: the unchanging evils of the Soviet rulers. The enormous mass of this sort of writing (which assumes the unilateral guilt of the Soviets for the menace of war) serves to freeze the deadlock at which we find ourselves. It is that deadlock which must be broken, and the only possible way to try to break it is to begin at home. To do that one must, as an American writer, try to bring into severe question the monolithic cold-war posture of his own countrymen and intellectual colleagues. Perhaps were I writing, for example, as a Britisher and mainly for Britain, I would not need to place such stress on this. In that country there has been going on a wide-ranging and quite real debate. In the United States, there has been less a public debate than the noisy interchange of bipartisan banalities and the weary complaining of the old futilitarians.

DURING the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, we ought to remember, many generations of social scientists focused their work upon the origins and development of liberal capitalism as a world historical phenomenon. Surely Hans Gerth is correct when he remarks that, in a similar way, we must now turn our attention to the rise and development of communism in its several varieties. Confronted with such a task, anyone who does not experience a great intellectual humility is surely a fool. This is not, of course, a "know-nothing" attitude—although I am aware that dogmatists on either side of the world encounter will undoubtedly assert that it is. But no matter. Such exploratory essays as this one cannot be for them. They will not give up their own images, if only because they are so clear and simple.

If we would have half a chance to think clearly, to understand something so many-sided as the cold war, we must bear in mind what is required of us before we can know. It involves no less than the attempts to understand the whole world scene. I think it is time, just now, for a full-scale reappraisal of "the Soviet phenomena" by the Western intellectual community—not from the standpoints of Western Communist parties, of the cold war, of the Soviet's own ideology, of the collapse of various Marxian, non-Communist interpretations about its realities. What is needed is a reappraisal from the standpoint of the Soviet Union's place today in world history and of its meanings for the whole idea of a new Left, in the Western countries and in the underdeveloped regions. In the end, it is the image of the Soviet bloc and the quality of the disillusionment with communism that is the point of origin for the weary sophistication about political new beginnings in the United States, all the withdrawal from political concerns, all the fashionable quietism, all the denial of hope itself—in brief, for the wholesale cultural and political default of NATO intellectuals during the past decade and a half.

If we reject this posture, then we must carry on from there by making clear our answer to the question: just what do we think of the Soviet bloc and of its prospects?

IT IS NOT possible to give here my own full answer to that question; nor is it necessary. So far as Russia is concerned, what is relevant to the issue of war and to the politics of peace is our view of her foreign policy, and of her domestic and bloc affairs insofar as they are likely to affect that policy.

To do even this much requires that we make a serious attempt to draw back from the immediate scene and consider the world encounter in something of a historical context. It requires also that we continually keep in mind certain comparisons of the Soviet Union and the United States. For example, it is clear that different images of the Soviet Union turn not only on how seriously we take the new beginnings there since the death of Stalin, but also how seriously we take the lack of new beginnings and the disuse of formal freedom in the United States since World War II. Weary old stereotypes and fanatical abstractions obstruct our judgment of both.

The black-and-white view is not adequate. It is not true that the one side is dogmatic, the other side open-minded. Whether one agrees with them or not, the views of many Soviet spokesmen and intellectuals are every bit as "reasonable" as those of many Americans. Soviet men and women, moreover, are every bit as "sincere" as are Americans—and often, I think, more so, if only because they have experienced war in a manner quite beyond the actual experience of Americans.

I do not believe the Soviet bloc is a total lie, and the American alliance a half-truth. Both are full of lies; both are full of truths; the ideological war that they wage is, more often than not, a conflict of hypocrisies. And in both of these systems, the one big lie that ought to concern us most is the military: the lie that war is still a basis for any conceivably human policy. On this point, the balance of blame is very difficult indeed to draw up, but of course behind this common military metaphysic there are two quite different systems of life, at different stages of historical development, and also different kinds of development and aims.

1. FIRST OF ALL, we must continually recognize the enormity of the Soviet's experience in World War II. No one can talk with anyone in the Soviet Union without realizing what twenty million dead has meant to them: it is beyond the imaginative power of most Americans, for whom the war meant a very small proportion of dead, and no devastation at all. On the contrary, the war meant a great boom.

2. For the Soviets, "the West" includes West Germany, which yesterday was Nazi Germany and which today, rebuilt by United States aid, is NATO's spearhead, and tomorrow will be fully nuclear. They remember the long wait for a Second Front; the sudden ending of lend-lease aid when the shooting stopped; the threat "to roll back" what they see as the Soviet buffer power, when the United States felt it had a monopoly on atomic weaponry. And they see the U.S. bases for missilry and for SAC—both armed with H-bombs—encircling them, and used as the take-off points for invasions by jet planes of their air space.

3. In view of all this, and much more—some true, some imaginary—they see Soviet diplomacy, and especially Mr. Khrushchev's efforts, as most conciliatory: they reduced their armed forces twice, which even if militarily unimportant, is important to them; they stopped nuclear testing unilaterally; they terminated some bases abroad; they took the initiative in the evacuation and neutralizing of Austria; they exerted themselves in trying to stop the civil war in Indochina; they have tried continually to talk with Western leaders in an effort to reduce tensions; and they have proposed what they think of as the major plan for total disarmament; and—after the Summit debacle—they have refrained from the expected action on Berlin, and reformulated their disarmament proposals in an effort to meet various Western objections.* Forget, for the moment, their motives, cynical or not; the point is, they have constantly taken the initiative.

4. The Soviet people also remember well—although ambivalently as yet—what Stalinism meant. They remember the forced labor, the terror, the spying, the inhuman acts. And they feel now, since his death, that they've begun to get a new deal. At the top of this feeling there is the desire and the expectation that they are going to have more and better consumers' goods and a relief from harsh labor; they hope that labor itself is going to be made, by automation and by organization, more pleasant.

AGAIN, it does not matter so much whether *we* believe this; the point is that many of *them* believe it. And it is upon the basis of such beliefs that Soviet foreign policy is built. That policy now rests upon their general world outlook, the course of the cold war and of Soviet diplomacy during it, and the feeling of getting a new break.

Let us now reconsider a few points about which many of us have already had our minds made up for us.

III

"CAN WE trust the Russians?" The answer is No. As a simple matter of faith, we cannot trust the elite of any great power state. We cannot—we, meaning ordinary men and women—cannot trust our own leaders, either; nor the CIA, the top echelons of the Pentagon, nor the men of SAC. We cannot trust de Gaulle or "the French." All of which is merely to say: It's dangerous all over.

Any state, any power, can be trusted only insofar as what is at issue appears to it to be in its own interest. The useful question, accordingly, is not, can this or that nation or elite be trusted? but, first, what do they believe is to their interest? and second, are they sane or insane about the use of nuclear weaponry? The answer to the second question, I believe, for both the American and the Soviet elite is: They would seem to be more insane than sane. But consider the first question.

Aggression is not some eternal characteristic of any state; it is a feature at one time or another during the rise of all great power states. It is the weak nation that tends to be "the troublemaker," the strong nation that calls for "peace and order"; for the strong feel—with justification—that they can continue their economic and political ascendancy without "making trouble," without resorting to open violence. Policies for peace are all the easier to pursue when you are already on top of world affairs, especially economic affairs. Moreover, you are in a position then to make treaties and other agreements that are to your interest, and such treaties are more likely to be honored than are those which in various degrees have been forced upon you by your weakness. It is, as E. H. Carr has indicated, something like business-labor squabbles: the stronger is "all for peace," the weaker is the "troublemaker"; the cards being stacked against them, that is the only way the weaker can see to gain whatever they want.

During most of its brief history, the Soviet Union has been very weak among the states of the world —militarily, and also economically, politically and culturally; it has not had the industrial grid, its population has been uneducated, and it has suffered the moral onus of political and cultural tyranny.

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* Some of these points I have taken from Adlai Stevenson's speech of June 1, 1960; others from Isaac Deutscher's recent lectures in Canada, **The Great Contest (New York, Oxford, 1960).**

But now, in 1960, various features of the general weakness of the Soviets have been eliminated; others are in process of elimination. In fact, the world equilibrium of weakness and strength is shifting and probably will continue to shift; in the next two or three decades, perhaps in less time, it will be "the West" that is becoming the weaker, the Sino-Soviet bloc, the stronger. It is happening first in military matters; but soon it will become apparent in general economic levels, and in the cultural power to attract the underdeveloped and the uncommitted world.

It is during this world historical shift—as it becomes more generally obvious—that, out of its weakness, the West may be tempted to become the "troublemaker." On the basis of this great shift, "the balance of blame" for war may well also shift; the blame may move more towards the West, in particular the United States.

BACK OF THIS whole shift there is indeed a competition of economic and political systems: the one publicly owned and centrally planned, the other capitalist in economy—with mixed elements and with some welfare subsidies — and formally democratic in its political organization.

So far as the science machines of each system is concerned, the Soviets already reveal their advantages. I believe, if there is no war, they will also reveal the advantages of their economy, including, above all, higher and more equalitarian standards of living. It is not at all unreasonable to believe, as Isaac Deutscher has suggested, that this will lead to greater political and cultural freedom—first because of the greater social efficiencies which such freedom provides, and second because of the political pressures of the highly educated population that the Soviet Union is going to have.

Whether we believe all this or not matters less than that the Soviets do believe it. In view of this, what is Soviet foreign policy today?

The master aims of the Soviets' policy are (1) to maintain the existing boundaries of the Sino-Soviet bloc; (2) to consolidate the material and other gains that have been made at such terrible cost; and (3) to increase these gains within their consolidated boundaries. Moreover, the Russians are a people aware of a plan: they want and they expect, if there is no war, to transform what is rightly called "Stalin's empire" into an international economic and political unit which will flourish economically as a whole, and each member of which will be politically stable.*

For them peaceful coexistence is not merely a slogan or a deception. It is a yearning and it is a guide line. Their aim abroad is—above all—to gain time in which "to make a demonstration" of the economic and political results of their system at home. As far as "the rest of the world" is concerned, they believe that such a demonstration of the superiority of their system will be sufficient "to bring them over."

These feelings and these aims, I believe, pervade Soviet society today, from its still half-Stalinist elite to its most primitive collective farm. For some Soviet citizens, it is "only a hope"; for others, it is a probability. But it is in view of such feelings and in terms of such aims that the foreign policy of the Soviet Union must be understood.

That the Russians want to do all this, there can be little doubt; that they can do all this, if there is no war, they have little doubt. We must always remember that they believe time is on their side—*and* on the side of peaceful change in the world. They think their system can defeat capitalism on every front by peaceful competition, which means without resort to force or violence.

IV

NO PEOPLE want war; that goes without saying. The questions are: what about the deciders, and what about their ideas of the means and policies that are now "needed"?

The Soviet elite as a whole do not want war; they are very busy with many other things, and they see clearly what is a fact about their own economy—that war preparation is sheer waste.

The United States elite as a whole do not want war, either. But the historical position they occupy within U.S. society and in the world divides them deeply; their dogmatic pursuit of certain interests they hold dear makes it likely, on balance, that they will adopt policies that further the chances of war:

1. The frequent Soviet charge that "U.S. munitions makers" are causing the cold war I do not think an adequate statement of the economics of the situation. Some corporations do indeed urge the continual preparation for war, and the relation in many minds between such preparation and possible slump, or between these preparations and continuing prosperity, cannot be denied. Capitalist profits of quite huge amounts *are* made out of war preparations in the United States; to an unknown but probably considerable extent, the prosperity of capitalism probably *is* based on war preparations. These facts cannot be considered as making for peace in the world. Certainly that is a minimum statement of the case.

2. We should remember that there is no market other than the military for the products made under many quite enormous contracts with aircraft, missile, electronic and spacecraft corporations. Moreover, the research, development and manufacture of such weaponry are very much in line with the crackpot waste built into U.S. capitalism; in a truly beautiful way, they combine inflation with quick obsolescence. If there ever was a capitalist boondoggle, this is it. Defense spending does not compete with private enterprise; it does not conflict with the short-run interests of any major pressure group; it does not lead to any serious domestic political issues. True, it makes for higher taxes, but corporations are now able to treat much of their tax load as part of their "costs of production," to be passed on to consumers. Moreover, the sort of government programs that would be

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*cf. Deutscher, *op. cit.*

necessary, in the opinion of many economists, to replace the defense economy—to maintain prosperity without arms—are exactly the sort that are most distasteful, politically and economically, to those who, in the name of free enterprise, now benefit politically and economically from the arms race. Imagine the uproar were it proposed to launch a $60 billion "socialistic" program of urban renewal, valley development, school construction? Welfare spending *does* compete with private enterprise; it *does* conflict with the short-run interests of major pressure groups; it *does* lead to domestic political issues; it does increase taxation, etc.*

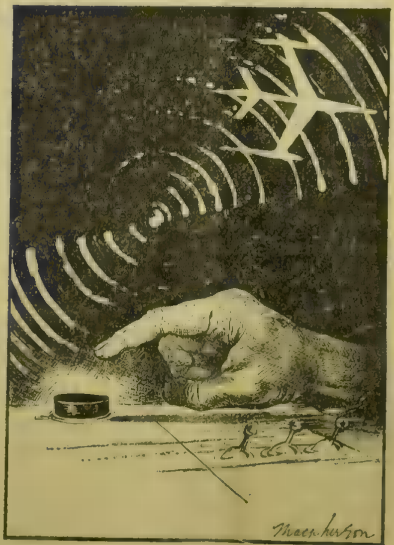
Certainly a major political effort would be required to do away with the permanent war economy of the United States. It has been, and it is, a major basis of this nation's prosperity—and a built-in part of the U.S. drift and thrust toward World War III.

3. None of this sort of economics is true of the Soviet Union. Whatever the case in the United States, in the Soviet Union there are no internal economic reasons for war preparation, nor for imperialism in any form. The situation was different immediately following World War II, when the economic motive was conquest for booty: the attempt to further "original accumulation" and to make good the devastation of World War II. But this is no longer the case; their industrial momentum allows the Soviets easier ways to continue their industrialization.

4. The power of the U.S. elite as it is now politically constituted rests very largely upon the permanent war economy and the military ascendancy. These in turn rest publicly upon the maintenance of a paranoiac view of the Soviet Union, as well as upon the military metaphysic. That the formal mechanisms of more democratic methods of decision exist here makes all the more urgent the maintenance of such conditions. In the Soviet Union, it has been true that internal political command has rested to some extent upon the fear of attack from outside, but as the standard of living rises and other successes of the economy become evident, and as the regime becomes more firmly legitimatized—and it is so becoming—this basis for political stability declines in importance. Increasingly, the rule of the Soviet elite rests less upon fear of war than upon the realization of plans for domestic development.

5. Just now the United States is, or feels itself to be, behind the Soviet Union in the arms race, especially in missiles. Given their military metaphysic, this must be an experience of desperation for the power elite. Accordingly, they are likely to continue with their utmost energy the attempt to gain "a position of strength," i.e., to continue their pursuit of the endless spiral. There are good reasons to believe, moreover, that Soviet technology will continue to lead, less perhaps because of the excellence of their science machine than because of the capitalist stupidity of the United States.

6. Many U.S. decision-makers and spokesmen are coming to believe that time is on the side of the Soviet system; indeed, that "history" itself is going against our system. The truth, I believe, is that among some sections of the U.S. power elite and some circles of NATO intellectuals, there is a growing sense of the whole Soviet prospect as I have outlined it above. Many key members of the power elite are coming to believe that the Soviet Union has a momentum and a sense of direction far greater, far more vital, than the United States and other Western capitalist powers. They are very much afraid of the outcome of a peaceful competition between the two systems. Only by an act of military will, some of them believe, can the United States win out in the competition between the two systems—although what such a "victory" might mean, they do not really know, or at least never say. The Soviets believe that they can win without war.



Someday, somebody may press the panic button.

I think that is the degree of truth contained in the idea that Soviet military strategy is an adjunct of political policy, whereas the United States has made its political policy an adjunct of its military strategy. What *is* the world *political* policy of the United States of America?

THE PROSPECT I have outlined is only one basis of Soviet policy. The Soviet elite still do cling to the military metaphysic; they still have in their camp an up-coming nation, China, which is still adventurously weak in international affairs. Like the American, the Soviets' elite persist in the delusion that nuclear war is still a means to ends other than the suicide of mankind. Is there any doubt that they will resort to nuclear violence if they feel they need to in order to "defend" their system and make possible the fulfillment of their many domestic plans and aims?

If the fateful interaction of the "war parties" on either side continues, and their ascendancy within each bloc goes on, then it will not matter much where the over-all, historic balance of blame lies at any given phase of the interplay towards mutual annihilation. To break the deadlock, to break out of the spiral of causes, unilateral action is now necessary.

At this juncture, the point about the balance of blame that I want most to make is that if the United States will now take the initiative, in a manner I shall presently describe, there are good reasons to believe that the Soviet Union will

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*See Paul Sweezy's essay — the best brief account I have seen of these matters — in *The Nation*, March 28, 1959.

quickly follow suit. For the forces within Soviet society that would press the country's elite in this direction are very strong. Why, then, does not the United States try to shift the balance of blame? Why does it not *make clear that* it is *not* afraid to meet, in political, cultural and economic terms, the fact of the Soviet Union and its bloc?

That the United States ought now to take the initiative is easy to say. *And* it is easy to do. Moreover, it is easy to state how it might be done with the fullest measure of "military safety."

V

WHAT THE United States ought to do is to announce to the world an over-all program in which we specify the approximate dates on which each of the plan's provisions is going to be put into effect. The initial actions should be unilateral. We should say: The United States is going to do this and this and this, regardless of what other states—allies or enemies—do or fail to do. Later provisions of the plan, our announcement should make clear, will be put into effect if other states respond in stated ways to our initial actions and to the plan as a whole. These later steps are subject to later negotiations to be held after the United States has begun to act out the plan.

By taking the initiative, then, I do not mean merely to talk; I mean to talk and to begin to act. It is not, of course, necessary to carry the principle of unilateral action "to an extreme." No government, for example, is going at once to destroy all of its weaponry. But that is not necessary. When one proposes—as I do—unilateral nuclear disarmament by the United States, one need not propose that we destroy all such devices at one blow. What is necessary is that we *begin* to destroy them, publicly, in full view of invited observers from the Soviet Union and other nations; and that we announce the conditions under which we are going to continue, on a stated schedule, to destroy the rest.

Is it not time for U.S. spokesmen to stop repeating *ad naueam* that every action of the USSR is "Merely Propaganda"? Is such propaganda-of-the-deed as the Soviets have put out "merely propaganda"? If it is that, it is also a quite possible new point of departure in the interplay of the superstates. The United States itself ought now to make such propaganda. For example:

If the plan for "general and complete disarmament," twice now proposed by the USSR, is "merely a bluff," it is not difficult to show up that fact. Begin to meet the initial provisions of their proposal by word and by deed. Begin to cut back the nuclear stockpile. Begin to abandon the overseas bases. Announce the schedule of this cut-back and this abandonment. State the conditions under which it will continue. This need not in any military way be dangerous. Begin to exercise the controls and the inspections the Russians have proposed. Then, *after* the program is under way, raise questions of better inspection and firmer controls by each side of the other.

What is there to lose by such action? The U. S. stockpile, we are told, is now huge enough to slaughter all the people of the world and to devastate all major means of their livelihood. Even in the insane terms of the military metaphysic, there is nothing to be lost by such a line of action. Destroy half the stockpiles, abandon half the bases, and still there would be ample ammunition and ample means of delivery to insure "military safety" in accordance with the weird and ghoulish ideas of safety now prevailing in the higher circles.

How many Americans have actually read the full texts of the Soviet disarmament proposals to the U. N.—for example, the second draft of June 2, 1960? I think I am as aware as anyone can be of the perils and difficulties of *any* such proposal. But I do not understand how any reasonable person who really is against war, who really is against the waste and the peril of the arms race, who really does not fear a genuine peace, can fail to respond to these concrete proposals in some such manner as I have just outlined.

If these and other such proposals are *not* met by the U.S. elite, by the American people, or at least by one of the two political parties, will that not correctly be judged as one more weighty item shifting the balance of blame onto the United States of America? Will not that be one more item for "the Chinese view" within the bloc?

TO PUT the point in this way, to urge that a Soviet proposal be taken seriously and acted upon, even in a tentative way, is to run the risk of being labeled "soft on communism" and all the rest of it. I have reason personally to know that. But must we not ask: If we take such charges seriously, allowing them to inhibit our attempt to think clearly—as they are intended to do—will it be possible to propose *anything* that might break us out of the military metaphysic and the paranoid trap, that might enable men to get off the road that is leading to World War III?

For Americans today, I think the answer is No, it would not be. For that charge is itself part of the stalemate, part of the inhibition maintained by cold warriors among the U. S. elite and various circles of the NATO intellectuals. From the other side, too, the reverse charge of "being soft on America," is part of the stalemate maintained by Stalinist die-hards and other cold warriors of the Soviet bloc.

That is why we should not hesitate to consider why so many Americans have lost even the vision of peace, why there is such an absence of realistic American programs for peace, why U. S. decision-makers are so inert when confronted with proposals by others. And that is why we should, each of us, begin to set forth and to debate, in the most partisan manner open to us, guide lines to peace.

In doing this, should we not remember that the only realistic military view is the view that war, and not Russia, is now the enemy? Should we not keep in mind that the only realistic political view is the view that the cold warrior on either side, not just the Russian, is the enemy?

But don't all such proposals, you say, amount to "appeasement"? Don't they add up to "another Munich"?

The answer, I believe, is a flat No. This fallacious historical analogy fails to allow for the differences between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia; it leaves out of account much that is new in the world today. For example: Khrushchev is not Hitler, he is not even Stalin; the Soviet elite are more interested in developing their existing society than in expanding its borders by force; nuclear weaponry—the Soviets know well—presents a qualitatively new peril; above all, they believe they can "win" in the competition between the two systems without resort to arms. If we do not want war, *that* is the competition we must face up to—in economic, cultural and political terms.

How 'Modern' Is Republicanism? . .

by Robert G. Spivack

Washington, D.C.

SEVERAL months before the 1956 election, a group of newsmen were permitted into the President's office to watch some picture-taking of Mr. Eisenhower with a visitor from Australia. This was not the usual practice and why we were allowed to pile into the Executive office has to me always remained a minor mystery. But where one White House reporter goes, all go, and there were about thirty or forty people in the room.

At the rear, almost unnoticed, stood Sherman Adams, the slight, wizened, unsmiling Assistant to the President. Adams was supposed to be such a fierce fellow that most of my colleagues generally kept their distance from him. But I must confess that while I had always found him unresponsive to questions, I had never found him unfriendly. So I walked over and stood with him and noticed that he wore in his lapel a gold pin on which were engraved the letters "CASE." I asked what it meant and he confided that within a few days there would be a formal announcement of a pre-election "Committee of Artists and Scientists for Eisenhower."

"This is to be our egghead group," he said laughing. "I'm still trying to win acceptance by the intellectuals."

Unfortunately for him, he never did. And, I might add parenthetically, it was one of the sad accidents of American politics that Adams who, by the usual political standards was a superior and self-effacing man, should have ended up as he did. He was not a venal politician; maybe he just wanted someone, anyone, even Bernard Goldfine, to like him. In any event, because of Adams the vicuña coat and the oriental rug became symbols of the Republican Party and "CASE" disappeared.

Some day it may be resurrected, if any sizable group of intellectuals decides once again to team up with the Republicans. But this is not likely to happen in 1960 because a transformation of considerable magnitude is taking place within the party. (In some people's judgment, "reversion to type" rather than transformation might seem a more accurate description; but that, I think, would be an oversimplification.)

As recently as the mid-50s, the GOP began to turn, however cautiously, in a new direction. The year 1956 became known as the age of Arthur Larson, who wrote *A Republican Looks at His Party*: such phrases as "modern Republicanism" and "progressive Republicans" came into fashion. Larson's attempts to provide a new philosophical base for the party were acclaimed by the columnists. Even some died-in-the-wool Democratic *literati* went along with the admen who said that the book "reveals the long-term vitality of that [Eisenhower] program . . . and how it has come to represent the best consensus of American opinion and goals."

But that was four years ago. Now Barry Goldwater is the chief literary spokesman of the Republican Party. A feeble attempt was made by the Republican Committee on Program and Progress, headed by Charles H. Percy, to win acceptance for its paperback, *Decisions for a Better America*. But the book attracted nowhere near the attention of Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative,* of which 50,000 copies are now in print. A committee has even been formed to make sure that the Goldwater opus is not ignored by the book reviewers, with whom the rightists are in a continuing state of hostilities. The blurbs tell us that this is a "supremely sensible and eminently courageous book" that will shock orthodox politicians but "gratify millions of Americans who are sick and tired of political contests between meaningless equivocations and undifferentiated distinctions."

The shift from Larson to Goldwater gives some idea of what has happened to the Republican Party. But why did it happen? How deep is Goldwaterism? And what does it portend for the future of the GOP?

BY EVERY axiom of political behavior, the nation should be clamoring for a continuation in power of the Republican Party, the Summit debacle notwithstanding. Granted that we are near the end of the "cult of personality" centered in Eisenhower, the party still would seem to have almost everything working for it. As an entity, it is more homogeneous than the Democratic Party. The "organization man" in San Francisco is not terribly different from the Junior Executive of Englewood, N. J. An Arthur Langlie from the State of Washington (the man who now heads *McCalls*) is not unlike a Henry Cabot Lodge from New England. Those who describe themselves as Republican are largely of native stock, white and Protestant. There is neither a North-South nor an isolationist-internationalist divi-

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sion. The Eisenhower-Taft wounds have just about healed.

Despite the changing temperatures of the cold war, the steel strike and even the scattered pockets of local depression, the country still enjoys an impressive degree of prosperity. Unless the Soviet Union starts a shooting war, we are likely to remain at peace until after the election.

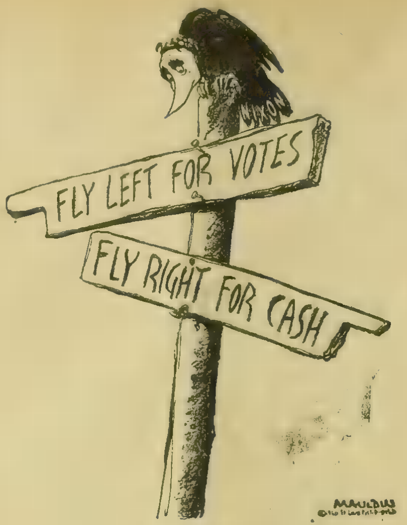
So two-thirds of the ingredients in that 1956 GOP slogan remain: there is still "peace and prosperity," but there is no "progress."

It will be the job of the hucksters to dispose of this problem in the 1960 campaign. The "image" of Republicanism that they will try to project to the voters is one of a "new, self-made Nixon," of a handsome Bill Rogers protecting civil rights, of a stately gentleman from Kentucky in the person of Thruston Morton shaping the National Committee and of a scholarly Arthur Flemming trying to do something constructive in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Except for dark-faced Dick Nixon, these are handsome, all-American types, and a photo of them with Eisenhower, captioned "my boys," would make attractive campaign literature and maintain the illusion of forward-togetherness.

But that's all it would be, an illusion. The simple fact is that in these closing days of the Eisenhower Administration this group of "young" middle-aged men have been able to accomplish almost nothing, even of the narrow objectives they have set for themselves. Neither in civil rights, medical assistance for the aged, help for the depressed areas, nor in almost any other area of social conflict, have these more-or-less "modern" Republicans been able to make any headway. They have done no more than talk a good fight.

And if they have not been able to accomplish even their limited goals, what chance is there within the Republican ranks for Nelson A. Rockefeller or Jacob K. Javits or Clifford Case, even though they may prove powerful vote-getters in New York or New Jersey? For a liberal, the Republican road is a lonely one.

Why is it that Nixon, supposedly the best-informed, best-prepared Vice President in history, has been able to deliver so little? His apologists claim that all Republicans are thwarted by a Democratic-controlled Congress. The argument does not stand up under examination. The Lyndon Johnson Democrats have given the Administration almost everything for which it really put up a fight. On those few occasions when Democratic liberals forced out more than the Republicans asked, the President used his veto.



Dickie's Dilemma

The explanation, I believe, for the lack of progress on the home front is that the center of Republican power is not at the White House, as it might have been had there been a determined President, but in Congress. What this means in present-day terms is that Charles Halleck is calling the shots. And that is just another way of saying that the former Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey, and Standard Oil of Indiana, and others of the Taft school of domestic economics, still exercise the real influence.

Some current historians, notably Jack Bell in his book *The Splendid Misery*, have attempted to pinpoint the moment when Congressional Republicans took control of domestic policy away from the President. Bell goes back to that day in 1952, after the Republican convention, when Robert A. Taft and Eisenhower met at Columbia University to close ranks following the bitter Battle of Chicago. He tells of their "unspoken pact," which was that "Eisenhower could have the White House, Congress would belong to Taft and his assigns." Bell calls it "The Great Surrender." He goes on to say:

> To those who watched the little tableau on that September day, it was apparent that even before his election Eisenhower was mortgaging to the man he had defeated at Chicago an authority that would cramp the full sweep of power any modern President must maintain undiminished if he is to surmount the challenges of a space-age world.

Of course, it was not a space-age world then, and Eisenhower never cared much for the detailed business of politics or government. Furthermore, he believed that if we returned to the simple virtues all problems could be solved. He sensed popular weariness with crises and war and moral laxity in Washington. Everyone simply wanted to have some fun, or to be let alone, and to hell with all things serious. This national mood also was a factor in Eisenhower's behavior. So while the Columbia University meeting does dramatize the opening of the era of the weak Executive, it tells only the beginning of the story of how the Taft-Halleck-Goldwater wing of the party gradually came to dominate party attitudes, or, at least, to paralyze the Nixon-Rogers-Flemming wing. (I deliberately exclude the Hon. Everett McKinley Dirksen, the Senate Republican leader, from philosophical association with either group. He is a man of such flexible convictions that he can be found in almost any camp at any time.)

After Taft's death there was, for a while, a reversal of the conservative trend and there were moments when the President almost seemed to be running things (or was it Jim Hagerty?). Eisenhower simply could not tolerate William F. Knowland, Taft's successor as Republican Senate leader. Also, he was not overly impressed with former Speaker Joe Martin as House leader. The reasons for his reactions were entirely different. Knowland was a blunt-speaking man who held firmly to his convictions, especially when everyone else disagreed with them. His stubbornness caused great dismay at the White House; and when the Senator made his great miscalculation—deciding to run for Governor of California—there were few in the Administration who tried to dissuade him. As for Martin, he simply tired of going through all the political rituals of name-calling and backroom-deals called for by the Administration. Martin and Speaker Sam Rayburn were close friends, and old Joe was not going to impair that friendship in the interest of the boys "downtown" at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

So while Knowland and Martin were around, there was some semblance of backbone at the White House. But mostly it was because the two men irritated the President.

THE man who really tried to make something of the Republican Administration was Herbert Brownell, Jr. Unfortunately, he had soiled his own reputation by his activities in the Harry Dexter White case. What looked like smart politics at the time turned out to be quite the opposite, and Brownell's many real talents were never thereafter shown to full advantage. But he kept trying until a combination of Southerners and Midwest Republicans ganged up on him. The Southerners never forgave him for his part in dispatching troops to Little Rock; the conservative Midwest elements, the hard-core Taftites, never forgave him for the part he had played in winning the Republican nominations for Dewey and Eisenhower.

But other factors also helped drive Brownell into exile. He was, to use C. Wright Mills's phrase, a representative of the "power elite." Those knowledgeable in the ways of politics and high finance knew that Brownell was Wall Street's Ambassador to Washington. His record in protecting A.T.&T., and his handling of anti-trust matters were adequate proof that he did his job well for those special interests. But where some sections of the GOP considered these services as invaluable, elsewhere there lingered the old resentments. The Midwest Republicans still railed against domination by the party's Eastern wing and at every opportunity they hacked away at Brownell until his usefulness was impaired. When he finally returned to his New York law practice, the triumph of the Taftites was virtually complete. There was no one left in the Administration with the determination or the skill to prevent the right wing from setting the pace and the course the party was to take. And, basically, the old right wingers still believe what they have always believed: the New Deal must go.

In his final months as Chief Executive, it also should be recorded that Eisenhower has grown fonder of the company of Halleck and Dirksen than he ever was of Knowland and Martin—or, for that matter, Brownell. All Halleck and Dirksen really ever say is "go slow," an admonition that coincides with the President's instincts. The result has been a veto-happy era in which, as of this writing, the President has turned thumbs down 161 times on even the mild legislation laid before him by a right-of-center Congress.

THUS THE Republicans have come the full cycle, and Nixon presides over a shell of a party which all surveys agree commands the loyalty of scarcely 30 per cent of the electorate. Under the circumstances, does it seem reasonable to believe that, short of an Act of God, Nixon has a chance of becoming President?

The answer is that Nixon and his managers are counting on John F. Kennedy's becoming the Democratic candidate. They are persuaded that Kennedy is an even more divisive public figure than Nixon himself and they are prepared to play up what they consider to be Kennedy's many liabilities: youth, inexperience, Catholicism, spotty voting record, his call for expression of "regrets" to Khrushchev, his alleged domination by certain labor leaders, and the hostility of the nation's Negro spokesmen toward him.

In short, this could still be the kind of campaign on which Nixon thrives—one in which he finds it unnecessary to sell himself because he thinks the public image of his opponent will do the job for him.

This, of course, could be a miscalculation, and there are Nixon Republicans who are realistic enough to know it. Conceding that Kennedy may have many strikes against him, he also has working in his favor the fact that it will be Nixon against the Democratic Party, not just Kennedy. Perhaps the Republicans are whistling in the dark, but Kennedy does not seem to scare them nearly as much as Stevenson. Nothing Kennedy has said, nor for that matter any of the other Democrats, has produced anything approaching the savage reaction to Stevenson's "sledge hammer and crowbar" speech. In politics, "uncontrolled" rage is usually an indication of fear.

THE PROBLEMS posed by Rockefeller's attack on Nixon and the Administration are something else again. In his relatively brief analysis of what is wrong with his party, the New York Governor demolished the house that Dick has so carefully built, indirectly pointing up the fact that Nixon is the prisoner (perhaps a happy captive) of the party's right wing.

Right now to the GOP machine Rockeffeler is a traitor, not one whit better than Harold Stassen. It has reacted in the fashion of monolithic parties the world over. Rockefeller must have anticipated this. He understood that he was representing a minority in a closed corporation. So he took his case to the people. But if Nixon is the nominee and then loses the election, Rockefeller may emerge in a different light. To be able to say "I told you so" will hardly be satisfying to him and completely unsatisfactory to independent liberal voters.

There remains the possibility that the Democrats, too, will put up one of their lesser men. Then the exile of the liberals from both parties will be complete. In that case the Stevenson Democrats and the Rockefeller Republicans may come together. Building a new liberal, progressive party from the ground up could hardly be any more frustrating than trying to save either major party from self-destruction. After all, the Republican Party itself began as a third party, and a century ago they also said it couldn't be done.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Noble Panorama of Ideas

THE WESTERN INTELLECTUAL TRADITION: From Leonardo to Hegel. By J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish. Harper & Bros. 522 pp. $7.50.

Newton P. Stallknecht

THE PHILOSOPHER A. N. Whitehead, writing of modern education, once deplored the "fatal disconnection of subjects which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is Life in all of its manifestations." In recent years, a new discipline has emerged whose objective is to temper the rigid departmentalism that Whitehead censured. This, the history of ideas, examines the modes of thought at work in such diverse fields as religion, the sciences, the arts, technology and the law. It is important if it does no more than persuade specialists to treat one another with respect and toleration. It can, if really successful, initiate an "intellectual fusion between the sciences and the humanities." So oriented, we may hope that modern education will increasingly further Whitehead's ideal—the propagation of "that ultimate good sense that we term civilization."

In their new work, Messrs. Bronowski and Mazlish have made a genuine contribution in this direction. They have undertaken to summarize a few important chapters in the history of Western thought. In doing so, they do not let us forget that ideas are human products and owe their existence to the efforts of human individuals. To ignore this is to sacrifice all sense of the concrete. "To read the history of ideas out of its context of men and events is to violate it."

The authors sketch the context of men and events that extends from Leonardo to Hegel—from the discovery of America to the reaction that followed the French Revolution. The practice of earlier works is corrected and due attention is paid to industry and technology. Thus Josiah Wedgwood is recognized as noteworthy along with Machiavelli and Pascal. No field is slighted, although the importance of the natural sciences is heavily emphasized. Herbert Butterfield is quoted with approval when he says of the scientific revolution that it "outshines everything since the rise of Christianity and reduces the Renaissance and Reformation to the rank of mere episodes." The authors recognize that this revolution implies a basic change in the way that people picture the world—"from a world of things ordered according to their ideal nature, to a world of events running in a steady mechanism of before and after."

Unfortunately, the philosophical limitations of this point of view are nowhere in the volume thoroughly examined. For instance, the treatment of Kant's critical philosophy is sketchy and there is no reference to his later thought as developed in the *Critique of Judgment*, where the presiding ideas of modern idealistic philosophy are formulated. This work deserves at least as much attention as that bestowed upon Hegel, whose absolutism is a far less healthy and a no more typical or inevitable outgrowth of German philosophy. In other words, philosophical idealism is not allowed to put its best foot forward. In this single respect, the work of Bronowski and Mazlish is narrowly conceived and the reader would do well to supplement their argument by turning to other authors.

NONE the less, the panorama of men and ideas which this volume opens to the reader is a noble one and the interpretation of the modern period of Western thought is important. The most interesting and perhaps the most characteristic contribution is the detailed treatment of the industrial revolution, including incidentally its brilliant offspring, the "Lunar Society" of Birmingham, whose widespread influence extended across the Atlantic via Franklin, Jefferson and Tom Paine. That brilliant group of manufacturers and scientists—among them Wedgwood, Arkwright, James Watt, Priestley, Erasmus Darwin and the Galtons—left its mark on every phase of British culture: industrial, scientific, literary and religious. Not the least of their manifold achievements was a simplification of English prose, inspired by the policy of the Royal Society, and indirectly, perhaps, an influence on English verse. This influence set them in spectacular contrast to the later Edmund Burke, whose reactionary and increasingly extravagant rhetoric, as he denounced the philosophy of the French Revolution, summarized the growing opposition to the enlightenment for which the Lunar Society had stood.

The book then moves into a remarkable and fascinating account of reactionary philosophy. We are shown in some detail how Burke and Hegel repudiated the generous ideas that had characterized the enlightenment, how the eighteenth-century virtues of common sense, enlightened self-interest and cosmopolitanism yield to an almost mystical sense of national destiny as it is said to be manifest in history. According to Hegel:

> History is always of great importance for a people; since by means of that it becomes conscious of the path of development taken by its own spirit, which expresses itself in laws, manners, customs, and deeds. History presents a people with their own image in a condition which thereby becomes objective to them (p. 486).

Our own century is only too well acquainted with the outcome of this way of thought. The manifest-destiny interpretation of history has marred the reasonableness of modern life and introduced a serious confusion between fact and value. Like the *Deus vult!* of the Crusaders, it undermines deliberation; and when it takes the form *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht* it sinks almost to the level of David Harum's "Him who has gits," or "Nothing succeeds like success." Such inverted historicism is a distortion of true modernism which is essentially, if paradoxically, a tradition of dissent, always ready to challenge and to re-evaluate traditional authority. This rational anti-traditionalism is supported by assumptions characteristic of the modern age:

> In the 500 years since Leonardo, two ideas about man have been especially important. The first is the emphasis on the full development of the human personality. The individual is prized for himself. His creative powers are seen as the core of his being. . . . The second of the two grand formative ideas which this history displays is the idea of freedom. We see in fact that human fulfillment is unattainable without freedom, so that these two main

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> ideas are linked together. There could be no development of the personality of individuals, no fulfillment of those gifts in which one man differs from another, without the freedom for each man to grow in his own direction (p. 500).

Bronowski and Mazlish are right to point out that these "grand formative ideas" are at the base of our civilization. One might comment, however, that, although essentially modern, these ideas were not created *ex nihilo* at the beginning of our era. Their roots lie deep in earlier thought, for example in the New Testament, in Aristotle's ethics and in Greek tragedy. After all, the Western intellectual tradition extends not merely from Leonardo to Hegel but, let us say, from Homer to Heidegger. As Wallace Stevens has put it:

Adam
In Eden was the father of Descartes.

Bronowski and Mazlish know this well enough, but they do not always take due care to emphasize it. They have made clear to the general reader that study of the Western intellectual tradition is a fascinating and important undertaking. We need add only that the tradition should be considered as a whole.

De Gaulle in His Own Image

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD. By Charles de Gaulle. (Translated by Gerard Hopkins). Criterion Books. 128 pp. $3.50.

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE: Vol. III: Salvation, 1944-1946. (Translated by Richard Howard). Simon & Schuster. 346 pp. $6.

William G. Andrews

DURING President de Gaulle's recent visit to New Orleans, Louisiana's shatterpated Governor grabbed the haughty statesman by the lapels before a large audience and recited Grantland Rice's lines:

When the Great Scorer comes to
write the score against his name,
He won't write how he won or lost
but how he played the game.

In this madcap scene, pea-pickin' Earl Long articulated the underlying theme of de Gaulle's two books, whose publication coincided with his visit. Both concern how de Gaulle played in the two great games he has lost.

The Edge of the Sword, written in 1932, presents the views he held on military philosophy, psychology and doctrine at the time when he was campaigning unsuccessfully to persuade his superiors to modernize the French army. But it is of much wider interest today, for in many respects it provides clearer insight into de Gaulle's personality and better elucidates the underlying reasons for his comportment than any of his other writings. The code of behavior for the man of action it sets forth is the mold into which he has poured his own public personality. If the measure of a man is the extent to which he masters himself, de Gaulle must be ranked among the great. One may question some of his ideals, but cannot deny that he is their incarnation. What writer on French politics has better explained de Gaulle's return to power in 1958 than this twenty-eight-year-old passage?

> By satisfying the secret desires of men's hearts, by providing compensation for the cramped conditions of their lives, he will capture their imagination, and, even should he fall by the way, will retain, in their eyes, the prestige of those heights to which he did his best to lead them.

Who better fits this model of a great leader than its author?

> Aloofness, character, and the personification of greatness, these qualities it is that surround with prestige those who are prepared to carry a burden which is too heavy for lesser mortals. . . . The degree of suffering . . . is . . . no less tormenting than the hair shirt of the penitent. This helps to explain those cases of withdrawal which, otherwise, are so hard to understand.

He commended then and exemplified later "calmness and alertness," pragmatism, opportunism, resourcefulness and audacity. His "great leader" was to have lofty aims and ideals, an air of mystery, vision, a sense of grandeur, a contempt for detail and "egotism, pride, hardness, and cunning." The reader is startled again and again to see de Gaulle describing his future self and explaining why the ideal leader must be what de Gaulle later was. "'Arrogant and undisciplined' is what the mediocrities say of him, treating the thoroughbred with a tender mouth as they would a donkey which refuses to move."

De Gaulle's prophetic introspection in *The Edge of the Sword* is superbly complemented in *Salvation* by reflective contemplation on his other lost battle, to remold France in 1944-45. In the first is his vision of the great leader; in the elegant prose of the second we see the "absurd anomaly" of such a leader failing to guide "the Madonna in the frescoes" to her "exalted and exceptional destiny" because of "the faults of Frenchmen."

Salvation opens with the triumph of the Liberation and with "de Gaulle [the author refers to himself in the third person], that almost legendary character who incarnated this prodigious liberation in all eyes," "establishing the government" and "enabling the country to resume its life and its labor." It ends with de Gaulle's 1946 resignation causing "the mass of the French people" to sink "back into distress." In between are de Gaulle's efforts to introduce certain social and economic reforms, restore France to her rightful place among the Great Powers, hang on to Syria, Lebanon, Indochina and North Africa in the face of the evil intentions of both

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"A forward-reaching and thought-inducing book. Whatever controversy it incites will be constructive." *C. B. Ayres.*

Evolution and Culture
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foreword by
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Allies and natives, and contribute to winning the war insofar as this would conduce to the French national interest. He also matches intransigence with Stalin to the latter's alleged disadvantage and with the parties and the politicians, the dissemblers and factions, to his own disadvantage. He struggles with the Consultative and Constituent assemblies, purges occupation collaborators, bickers with General Eisenhower and with France's Allies in the conferences to which they were gracious enough to invite him.

It is difficult to sympathize with his firm belief that the needs of the joint Allied war effort at a crucial juncture in the Battle of the Bulge should have been sacrificed to French prestige. Nor is one convinced that all French political leaders who disagreed with de Gaulle were driven by evil and selfish motives. *Salvation* is most interesting and valuable where its author discusses the evolving political situation, presenting his views on politicians, parties, government, leadership and the state candidly, cogently and fully.

AT the moment of his greatest triumph—the liberation of France—the tragic defect in his ideal begins to appear. When he wrote in 1932 that the great leader "must personify contempt for contingencies, and leave it to his subordinates to be bogged down in detail," he was underlining his own inability to comprehend the problems posed by clashes that are not "on the grand scale" but are nevertheless of tremendous importance in the life of the modern state. Thirteen years later, when he closed a crucial discussion with René Pleven and Pierre Mendès-France by commenting, "You won't get me discussing economics and finances for a whole afternoon again," he showed the grave implications of that attitude. Through his disdain for such "details," he was led to favor a policy of weakness and folly that laid the base for much of France's subsequent economic difficulties. His defense in *Salvation* of that decision is unconvincing but revealing.

When de Gaulle speaks in general terms he sees his function as the supreme arbitrator, reconciling antagonistic factions to the national interest. As one examines specific incidents a different picture emerges. His political influence, as he describes it, is less arbitral than catalytic. Each time he addressed the Consultative Assembly "there occurred among the members a fusing of minds . . . the human contact with de Gaulle himself reminded the delegates of the solidarity which linked us all together." On his entry into Paris in 1944 the crowds were "exalted by this presence." He was disappointed when his proposal for European unity did not at once crystallize opinion and surge forward without further effort on his part. He foresaw his task in the French recovery effort as being "to galvanize" the "enormous enterprises . . . vigorous action" and "strong institutions." And when he resigned, "that atmosphere of exaltation, that hope of success, that ambition for France, which supported the national soul" was thereby dissipated.

When de Gaulle returned to power in 1958 his presence again had a galvanic effect but his reluctance to engage in the hurly-burly of political in-fighting except where the problem is clearly and heroically posed, as in Algiers last January, has caused French domestic politics to slide a long way back toward the grimy morass of *immobilisme* that so typified the Fourth Republic. Grantland Rice, Earl Long and Major de Gaulle to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not true that "all leaders of men . . . are . . . remembered less for the usefulness of what they achieved than for the sweep of their endeavors."

Why Do We Work?

WORK AND EDUCATION: The Role of Technical Culture in Some Distinctive Theories of Humanism. By John W. Donohue, S. J. Loyola University Press. 238 pp. $4.

Ronald Gross

IN OUR currently fashionable concern over the "problem" of leisure, we frequently forget the enormous unresolved contradictions and confusions which remain in our ideas about the work that makes leisure possible. C. Wright Mills has pointed out that we still lack a widely accepted ideology of work, and we are just beginning to fumble toward some coherent notion of leisure. Consequently we set aside parcels of time labeled "work" and "leisure" in such a mechanical and conventional way that we lose the capacity to enjoy either one in full measure.

In *Work and Education*, Father Donohue performs an invaluable service by inspecting the half-forgotten philosophical sources of our unexamined assumptions about the place of work in individual and social life. Three major positions emerge: Marx's apotheosis of work as the primal and ultimate human activity; Dewey's belief in the unique efficacy of work for developing the only sound method of thinking and acting cooperatively; and Babbitt's allegiance to the Aristotlean principle, central to Western humanism, which sees work as simply the necessary cost of contemplative leisure.

For Marx, labor is the unique activity by which men first distinguished themselves from the animals by producing their own means of subsistence. The ultimately decisive element throughout history has always been man's particular mode of productive activity in each era. And Marx has an unequivocal answer to the query about what we will do in that utopia which will end history: we will work. But the abolition of class exploitation will make work so intrinsically enjoyable that we'll forego our demands for equal rewards for equal work, and remuneration can be on the basis of need alone. In this image of the human drama, work is the index of distinctly human life, its ubiquitous determinant and its utopian finale.

Opposite Marx, Father Donohue places the upholders of the Hellenic tradition of work as the servant of leisure. He selects Irving Babbitt, Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler to represent this position, which has dominated humanistic speculation about work, and which locates man's unique and noblest fulfillment in contemplation independent of the material or social world.

Dewey, falling between these two extremes, believed that "there is no such thing as genuine knowledge and fruitful understanding except as the offspring of *doing*." In their work, Dewey maintained, men first discovered and continually relearn the only method of sound thinking and living — scientific, instrumental, problem-solving pragmatism.

FATHER DONOHUE'S artfully constructed analysis can be viewed as essentially a series of variations on two underlying themes. On the one hand, work can be considered an instrument to something beyond itself, and valued by society for the goods it produces, or by the individual for what its wages will buy. On the other, work can be exalted for its own sake, either because it

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expresses a fundamentally demiurgic human nature, or because it is the primary arena for developing men's faculties and social communion. These two themes reveal some surprising parallels between the classic formulations presented by Father Donohue, and contemporary viewpoints.

Sharing the instrumental view of work, David Riesman, for example, rejects as impractical the attempts to introduce "joy and meaning" into modern factory and office work, and argues that we must push for further mechanization in order to gain time for the fullest pleasures of consumption. The intrinsic value of work is also minimized by those economists concerned with problems of "manpower": Eli Ginzberg, Director of Columbia University's Conservation of Human Resources Project, debunks the whole theory of alienation from work elaborated by Marx, Ruskin and Durkheim. He insists that the modern factory worker is as aware as was the eighteenth-century craftsman that he is being paid for doing something useful, and he points to the satisfactions the worker gets from being able to maintain his family at a high level of consumption without having to work as hard as his father did.

Contemporary commentators also echo the classical themes on the other side, in exhortations to make work humanly satisfying in itself. Riesman again, characteristically playing both sides of the sociological street, bemoans the silent revolt against work on all levels of our social life. Less equivocally, such diverse spokesmen as Harvey Swados, Daniel Bell and Paul Goodman attribute our distinctive social malaise to the vacuity and corruption of work in a profit-driven economy.

Work and Education lucidly presents the background of conflicting ideals against which any re-examination of work must take place. Can we look for a possible resolution to this conflict, independent of the theological framework which inspires Father Donohue's Christian synthesis? The proper use of this kind of speculative dialogue is not to formulate a perfect verbal definition of work. Rather, it is to give us coherent images of possible ways to improve our actual working conditions. The philosopher who discusses work as if it were a monolithic social entity tends to conceal rather than illuminate the facts. We must look toward a resolution, not in terms of Man the Worker, but in terms of particular men doing particular jobs that are clean or dirty, gratifying or frustrating. The real policy question is not work as means *or* end, but what kinds of means and ends our work shall embody. We will better justify work as a means, to the extent that we create jobs with clear and socially useful purposes. Work will become a reasonable end in itself to the degree that we provide more jobs evoking intensive commitment by whole human beings, and stop wasting our ingenuity devising ways to adjust the worker to his intrinsically meaningless task by bathing him in mechanized music and providing group therapy to improve his motivation. "Great is work," says the *Talmud*, "for it honors the workman."

Germany and the West

THE MIND OF GERMANY. By Hans Kohn. Charles Scribner's Sons. 370 pp. $5.95.

George L. Mosse

IS THERE a German mind? Professor Kohn certainly thinks so and he states his thesis succinctly and with learning. The German mind was formed by the "war against the West," a war waged by German intellectuals and supported by Prussia's ideal of power and her militarism. The war began with the Napoleonic occupation and the turn which romanticism took in Germany. The scene is set for a Germany imbued with its own special mission, with a belief in national unity centered in the *Volk,* and given direction by a hatred of France. To be sure, there were liberals in Germany, but their liberalism withered when Prussia crushed the revolutions of 1848 in south Germany. Finally, when Bismarck triumphed over Austria, liberals rushed into the waiting arms of the Iron Chancellor. All of this formed the German mind until, in the 1920s, some German nihilists like Ernst Juenger seceded not only from the West but from civilization itself.

However, there is a happy ending. The Federal Republic seems to him to have broken with this German mind. Its orientation comes from the Rhineland and south Germany, which all along

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GEORGE L. MOSSE, Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of The Struggle for Sovereignty in England *and* The Holy Pretence, A Study in Christianity and Reason of State.

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might have given rise to better things if Prussia had not triumphed. Now Prussia is no more—or rather is in the Communist East. It is necessary to state Professor Kohn's thesis in this summary fashion in order to realize the problems which it raises. What is this West from which the German mind seceded? Professor Kohn takes a definite stand in his first chapter, on Goethe. The sage of Weimar is the very opposite of the developing German mind, and a true representative of the West. Goethe typifies the rationalism, cosmopolitanism and tolerant moderation which sharply contrasted with German romanticism, "myth making" and worship of power for its own sake. But is the West really like that—an elongated shadow of Goethe? Professor Kohn points to the absence of aggressiveness in the West in contrast to German expansionism. Yet the West was aggressive; not in Europe, perhaps, but in the colonial world. Romanticism and racism did not obtain the same hold within the Western nations that they did in Germany, yet these ideas were applied by imperialistic nations to their empires. It is true that neo-romanticism in the intensity of its emotional appeal divided Germany from the West, largely because it became a "race mysticism." It is astonishing that there is so little about race in this book and so much about the Prussian idea of power.

THAT IDEA of power is defined as a complete assimilation of Machiavellianism. While it is refreshing to see Bismarck treated for once not as a hero but as a villain, the concept of power which dominated his actions was by no means uniquely German. As far back as the seventeenth century Machiavellianism had been assimilated as a concept of power not only in central Europe, but especially in England and France.

The greatest difficulty with Professor Kohn's definition of the German mind is that a most important part of it is omitted. For, was Karl Marx not an expression of the German mind? Marxism does not, of course, fit in with the thesis of a war against the West, for the West itself provided a congenial home for these ideas. Nor does Marxism provide proof that the forces of southern Germany and the Rhineland might, if given a chance, have linked Germany with the West, as Kohn believes they are now doing through the Rhinelander Konrad Adenauer. Marx was a Rhinelander too, and the Social Democrats who evolved and developed his ideas were more consistently Western according to Kohn's definition than any other segment of German thought. They were the true opposition to what he calls the "German mind" and it seems odd to omit them from it; though their inclusion would have made men like Adenauer less than unique in their Western orientation. The Social Democrats failed in 1933 precisely because of their liberalism and moderation, their devotion to representative government at all costs.

Is there no relationship between an ideal and its historical milieu? Professor Kohn never asks whether the ethos of Goethe would have worked in the concrete historical and economic situation of Germany. He points to the success of the Third Republic in France and to the failure of the German Republic as something intrinsic to the development of German nationalism. But this is surely only one of many factors. There was no great depression in 1870, and six million unemployed might have put a great strain on French rationalism, as a much less serious social dislocation did in the Dreyfus affair.

While the book is concerned with the education of the nation by intellectuals, such factors as the slow industrialization of Germany are still important. What is called German "pessimism" can also be seen as a nostalgia for the old days by classes, like the artisans, which were being squeezed out by industrial progress. To say that "German intellectuals succeeded in leading the German people into the abyss" is to put a great premium on the process of myth-making at the expense of the reality of history. This is not to absolve the intellectuals from guilt—but would they have been effective if they had proclaimed a religion of humanity? Like Benedetto Croce in Fascist Italy, they would have been noble but isolated. As it was, they did propagate a neo-romanticism and a racism which led to catastrophe, though in this book nothing is said about National Socialism itself. In order to make this movement understandable, more would have to be said about race and less about Prussian power. National Socialism was, after all, an Austrian and south German movement.

THESE are some of the problems raised by Professor Kohn's thesis. They make it not a less but a more important book than if it had no strongly expressed opinions. If he had written a history of German nationalism and not an inquiry into the German mind as a whole, there would have been less dissent. Similarly, if the West had not been idealized in the name of Liberalism and the Enlightenment, Germany's separation from Western thought would have been more convincing. The conclusions about West German democracy spring out of this characterization of the West. It is based on the hypothesis that Germany's alliance with the West is the decisive factor in the final demise of the German mind. Liberalism, moderation and concern for humanity will in this way triumph in Germany. Regardless of whether or not the West stands for these ideologies, it is doubtful that a political and military alliance must needs have such consequences. Enough has been written of late about problems of neo-Nazism and nationalism in the Federal Republic to render any optimism about its future development questionable. Moreover, Professor Kohn has to ignore East Germany, which if united with the Western section, would certainly undo the alliance with the Western nations.

The definition of the West as an ideological unity can have serious consequences in reviving the holy war against the East. Germany's Foreign Minister has already taken advantage of this as he celebrated in 1955 the thousand-year anniversary of the victory of the Emperor over the East at the battle of Lechfeld. Has the German war against the West ended only to enlist the West in a new and greater struggle?

Professor Kohn would reject this interpretation of recent German developments, and he may well be right. But his analysis does lead to such speculations.

Polyglot Reader

THE POEM ITSELF. Edited by Stanley Burnshaw. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 338 pp. $6.50.

Ramon Guthrie

THE PREMISE on which *The Poem Itself* is based is that poetry cannot be translated or even that, as Valéry says, "Any writing that has an aim that can be expressed by another writing is prose."

Under the editorship of Stanley Burnshaw, twenty-three scholars, with a good smattering of poets among them, have produced a polyglot anthology of selections from the works of forty-five poets writing in six languages, and endeavored to make them accessible, as poetry, to the English-speaking reader who may have no knowledge of the original tongues. Their purpose is to convey the feeling

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RAMON GUTHRIE, poet and critic, teaches comparative literature at Dartmouth. His latest collection of verse, Graffiti, *was published by Macmillan.*

and effectiveness of the poem, as well as its meaning, by comment, interpretation and paraphrase, rather than by translation.

Among the poets included in the anthology are Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Rilke, Brecht, Leopardi, Lorca, Quasimodo and Ungaretti.

Since sound is an important element of poetry, *The Poem Itself* contains notes on the prosody and pronunciation of each of the languages represented, and the reader is warned that the profit he may get from the work will be proportionate to the "effort he is willing to invest in learning to hear."

In addition to being a book that everyone concerned with poetry should own, *The Poem Itself* is an interesting experiment that may well become a pioneer of its kind. The chief flaw in its method is that the reader is asked to read the original poem "along with" the English paraphrase — which would require more eyes and minds than most of us are equipped with. As Mr. Burnshaw admits, "Ideally each poem should be available in a recording."

The success of the method depends much on the kind of poems selected and the skill and perception of the explicator. Thanks to clear comment by John F. Nims, who has a happy knack of exploring poetry without dispelling its essential mystery, the reader with no knowledge of Gallego (the dialect of Galicia) can experience the poems of Rosalía Castro without too much difficulty. And one need not know the popular vernacular of Rome to enjoy the rollicking cynicism of a Belli sonnet as Professor Bergin presents it. Similarly, the shorter poems of Rilke and Brecht come through as aesthetic experience to the reader who has only sketchy German, but this reader at least could achieve no more than an intellectual comprehension of the long excerpt from Rilke's "Die Erste Elegie."

Occasionally the commentaries obscure more than they elucidate. The translation of Valéry's beautiful evocation of the sound of the cicada in summer air: "L'insecte ne gratte la sécheresse," as "The sharp insect scrapes at the dryness of the earth," is a case in point.

ART

Fairfield Porter

PHOTOGRAPHY in the Fine Arts, the second in a continuing series of exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is based on a fallacy. It is fallacious to think that the question, is photography an art?, can be decided by much the same process that elects Representatives-at-Large to Congress. A number of photographic organizations, both professional and amateur, and organizations of publishers and advertisers, nominated 800 photographs by nearly as many photographers, and from these a final selection was made by a jury of twelve: curators, museum directors, art critics and photographers, who voted quite secretly and without regard to any consideration but their own preferences. The jury elected 127 black-and-white photographs and 49 color photographs, which can be seen at the museum until September 4th. One objection to this procedure is that the works were first of all screened by organizations—an organization has no taste—and another objection is that democratic choice is irrelevant to artistic standards.

Photography is an art if the photographer loves it enough, and if the juror who selects the show responds. James Rorimer, director of the museum, says, "In our era, when art enthusiasts are welcoming paintings of white on black and black on white, even white on white, the photographer should have his day in court." But photographers are not suing anyone, and they need no defense. When was black-and-whiteness the essential nature only of the photographic medium? And where does color fit in?

Photography is a medium—you can recognize a photograph—but attempts to define it, to limit what it is, will always come up against important exceptions. Is photography a kind of ultimate realism, as is implied by the pejorative adjective "photographic"? What then about abstract photographs? Very often a diagram, or diagrammatic drawing, can be more informative than a photograph, as in an atlas of anatomy. One wonders whether a photograph is art, not so much because of anything inherent in the medium, as because the difference between art and craft, and art or craft and mechanism, is very subtle in photography. This subtlety has mostly eluded the screening organizations and the jurors; so if this rather disappointing exhibition proves anything about the artistic nature of photography, it is that among the thousands of photographs taken every year, very few are art. Which is not to be wondered at, for it is also true of painting, sculpture, literature, music and all the arts. The exhibition proves that art is not what people look for first of all in photography, which has so many uses, like recording and advertising. And it is hard to tell immediately when a photograph stands out as art.

THE color photograph that stood out for me was Horst's *Two Moslem Women*. Nothing escapes from the picture, every cool color is where it should be (as good color also should be in painting). Photography enjoys the advantage of having hardly any problem about muddiness, since its color is an aspect of light. Pleasing color photographs are Kauffman's *Punting on the Cherwell* and Haas's *Norwegian Fjord*, which depends perhaps too much on being a record of a landscape extraordinarily beautiful in nature.

In black and white a standard for me is whether the photographer, either in

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the dark room, or at the shutter (like Cartier-Bresson, who leaves developing and printing to anyone else), can maintain a life for values and textures all over the picture. Matisse told the pupils in his painting class to make every corner alive; and this seems to have been supremely the practice of the photographer Atget. Among the black and whites that I liked are Cornell Capa's photograph of Pasternak sitting on a park bench among a litter of leaves against a background of young birches, which has that multiplicity of nature found in Pasternak's verbal descriptions; Breitenbach's *War Orphan, Korea*, with all its grays alive; Carolyn Mason Jones's *Bridge through the Window*, with the sun shining through raindrops on the glass; the dispersed and ragged abstract pattern of Lessing's *Hungarian Revolution*; Cartier-Bresson's *Matisse and Doves* — he is a photographer who is able to suggest in any subject, a political, editorial point of view; and Porter's *Sick Herring Gull*, whose intensely accurate textures to the very edge of the picture, make other photographs look journalistic.

The exhibition does not convince me that the organizations which submitted photographs to the jury are primarily interested in the art of photography. I would like to see work by Ellen Auerbach, Rudolph Burckhardt, Robert Frank, George Montgomery and Walter Silver.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

INGMAR BERGMAN's *Dreams* belongs to his pre-*Seventh Seal* period, before allegory and legend had assumed a large place in his narrative imagination. It is, for him, a quiet and uncomplicated work with the ingratiating quality of seeming to be improvised from a sketchy outline.

The story impulse of *Dreams* is not very strong; it is more a film about a subject. In general, I suspect extrapolation from one art form to another, but I kept seeing this picture as a theme with variations. The theme is love and the variations involve one combination of two women and a man and another of two men and a woman. Six people are involved, of which two find happiness and four retreat with their hearts cut and their claws bloody. The young taste joy, the old — or older — give and take wounds which, less than mortal, are still incurable. But I do not think that Bergman is saying anything so melancholy, or so untrue, as that only the young are capable of love. What he does say is that only the young can afford to treat love as a game. Later, we hazard too much when we play at it.

The cast of *Dreams* includes several players now recognized as members of Bergman's "company" — Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand and others. They perform with the lovely emotional immediacy that he elicits from his actors. I felt at times that they were turning themselves on and off with disconcerting abruptness, but I will not make too much of that for it is no doubt a consequence of the improvisation I like. It is also probable that Bergman keyed his performers to the clipped, pose and break, professionalism of fashion photography, which is the principal milieu of this film. That sort of wit appeals to his honed mind.

I HAVE finally caught up with *Pull My Daisy*, which turns out to be a beat "Our Gang" comedy. Larry Rivers, unaccountably playing a railroad brakeman, invites Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and a couple of like-minded friends over to the pad to help entertain a square Zen bishop, his mother and sister, new and valued acquaintances of the brakeman's wife.

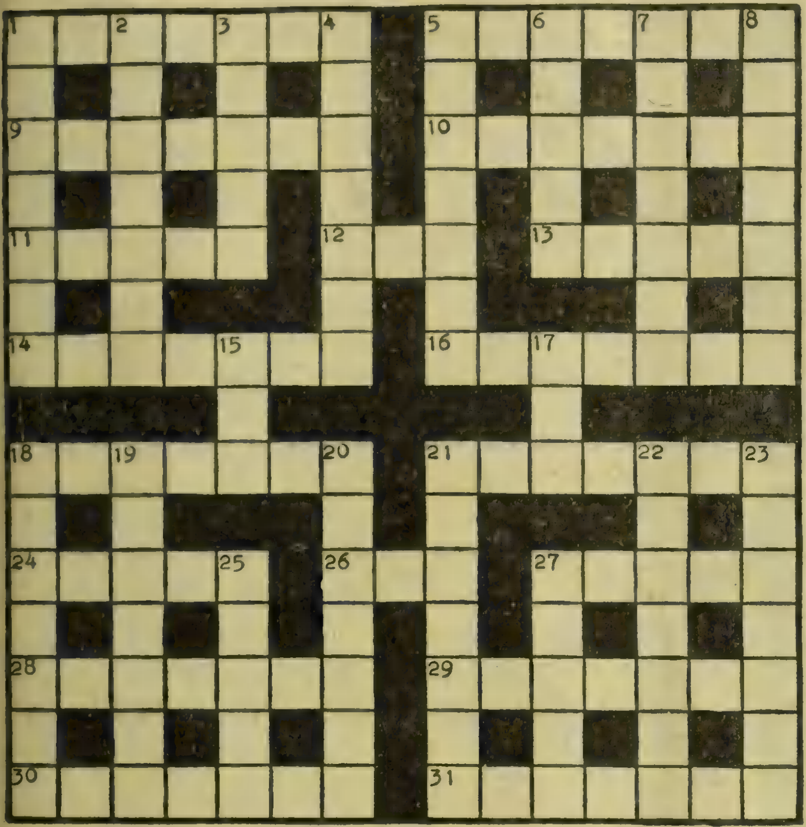
The poets, being good kids, try to make the evening go by being real polite and interested, but they don't understand bishop talk and the beer and wine sort of scramble things up. So the Zenster and his ladies leave pretty early, which upsets the wife, and the boys all pour down the stairs for more fun somewhere up the block.

It lasts only twenty-five minutes and for that length of time it is dandy. Partly that is because Jack Kerouac, who put the things together and who narrates it, kids his own crowd as happily as he does the outside squares; partly it is because Ginsberg and Corso are fine clowns — their air of absurdity trying to be convincing is one of the roots of good slapstick. From time to time, Kerouac's text (interpolations by Ginsberg) "takes off," and then it sounds like an attempt to set poetry to film. But when he talks the beat mumble he is funny, and he has a gift for voice impersonation that keeps the pseudo-dialogue bright and lively.

I have a feeling that the boys may really make it in the movies (not that they have done badly in the paperback and lecture business); they are what we have been needing since Hal Roach left us.

Crossword Puzzle No. 872

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bracelets might be, as they used to be to meet one. (7)
5 More like the way Father William's bones were. (7)
9 Declared the mean time gone Communist. (7)
10 Fancy bun. (7)
11 Not necessarily from the Black Forest. (5)
12 and 17 down Despicable fellow, not many being associated with the ring. (6)
13 Token connection between the cart and the horse? (5)
14 Tea might be moved fast around where the ball is held. (7)
16 Doesn't make an agreeable comment. (7)
18 Can be made, as it can turn bad. (7)
21 and 27 across The structure of many languages. (5, 2, 5)
28 The sort of vigil Pope's pensive poets keep. (7)
29 Learned (the hard way, for some). (7)
31 Portraying the spirits of Reformed Churchmen? (7)

DOWN:

2 How to give the wrong name to a single flower? (7)
3 and 30 Robin time, according to legend. (5, 7)
4 Came to a conclusion. (7)
5 Made certain of what might sprout around 12. (7)
7 Row a long time in the race. (7)
8 Twelve and 17 might be one of these, sometimes made with cast iron. (7)
15 and 26 The province of humor with a smart thrust. (6)
18 and 1 down On the track of those who engrave the holder of 8? (14)
19 and 6 Would it make a wild pinto pivot? (7, 5)
20 Got round (but flatter in the past).
21 The small flap permits surfaces to be written on. (7)
22 Completed in the reconstruction period by I. Butler. (7)
23 and 24 Ruth's all free of the grease remover you upset! (7, 5)
25 Does this official merely get off with an incredulous expression about it? (5)
27 More discouraged, or rather more like a jazz tune? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 871

ACROSS: 1 Holding the bag; 10 Chasm; 11 Weathered; 13 Spoke; 14 Corn plasters; 19 Crosspatches; 22 Ester; 24 Plaything; 25 Garibaldi; 26 Canon; 27 Fringe benefit. DOWN: 2 Orally; 3 Dominions; 4 New Guinea; 5 Trail; 6 Ethos; 7 Air power; 8 Scabs; 9 Adverse; 15 Lucrative; 16 Spectacle; 17 Acreage; 18 Torturer; 20 Rienzi; 21 Aging; 23 Robin; 24 Pulse.

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The Odd-Ball Idea

According to *Newsweek* of Feb. 29, 1960, Roger Revelle, Director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanology, offered a UCLA class this solution to the problem of war: "If we send a million young Americans to be educated in Russia and they send a million here, there would be no chance of war. They would, in effect, be hostages."

A novel idea? Two years earlier — in our issue of Feb. 8, 1958, to be precise — we printed an editorial under the caption, "The Exchange of Hostages," in which we said: "Let's offer to admit Russian students at once, the more the better. Exchange programs . . . can be made to serve much the same purpose as agreements for the exchange of voluntary hostages. . . . The practice of exchanging voluntary hostages to guarantee fulfillment of treaty obligations was common in the Middle Ages, and proved quite successful."

Had Mr. Revelle read our editorial? Naturally, we like to think so. *Nation* editorials are full of ideas that are impudent enough, at first reading, to elicit a chuckle — and prove sound enough, at second reading, to make them worth repeating.

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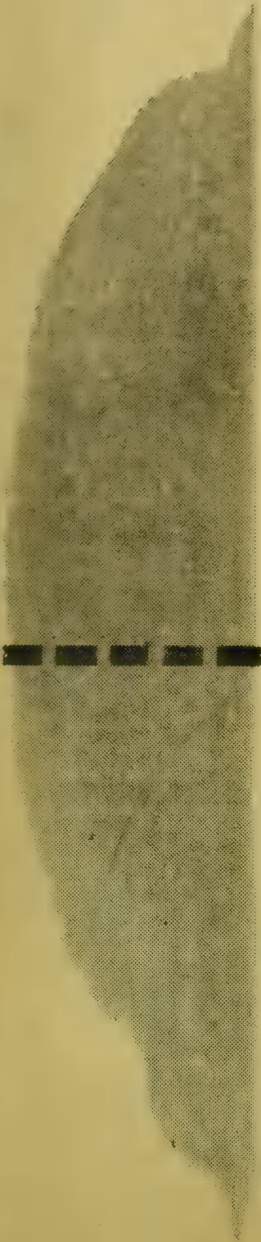

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THE VIEWS OF C. P. SNOW

Earl Miner

THE CASE OF KOREA

OUR FALLING RAMPARTS

Alfred Crofts

LETTERS

Socialist Platform

Dear Sirs: Milton Viorst, in his article (June 11) "Not Running," asserts that the 1960 Socialist platform would "certainly gain the assent of Senators Humphrey and Morse, and perhaps even of Senator Kennedy." If true, we'd be the last to object. But writer Viorst might find that they would balk at a few planks, as for example:

> ¶Social ownership and democratic control of the commanding heights of industry, not as an end in itself, but as a step in the creation of a truly human society. . . .
>
> ¶If no agreements should be reached at Geneva, the Socialist Party will call for the immediate unilateral cessation of nuclear weapons production and testing by this government. . . .
>
> ¶Beginning at once negotiation looking to recognition of the effective government of China. . . .
>
> ¶(Immediate) socialization of the oil industry . . . and the basic means of transportation. . . .

Nation readers may obtain a complete copy of the platform free by writing to Socialist Party — Social Democratic Federation, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Irwin Suall, *National Secretary*
Socialist Party — Social Democratic Federation

Military Waste?

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on the "quagmires of military waste" discussed in your editorial of May 14, entitled "Week-End Warriors."

1. I assume that the piece of Waikiki Beach referred to is Fort Derussy which does, in fact, front on Waikiki Beach, along with the Moana Hotel, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Henry Kaiser's Hawaiian Village and others. . . . Am I to assume that U.S. servicemen can compete with tourists for accommodations at these plush hotels? Our servicemen are as much entitled to recreation and relaxation as any civilian tourist, and Fort Derussy goes a long way toward meeting these needs at prices our servicemen can afford to pay. . . .

2. I wonder if you are under the impression that military hospitals exist for the sole purpose of providing for peacetime military needs. Have you ever heard of *war casualties*? It is simply a matter of forehandedness that prompts the maintenance of "excess" hospital space.

3. I cannot speak for the Air Force Reserve Bases or the Air National Guard Bases; however, the Navy has closed several Naval Air Stations in the past few years for economy purposes. Many remaining stations provide classroom facilities for Navy Technical training courses, and provide much needed fuel and service stops for cross-country flights.

4. As to your complaint about flight pay for aviators, I must also emphatically disagree. True, it is just as honorable to die on the ground as in the air during actual military conflict; but in peacetime, aviation training is a great deal more hazardous than other military training with the exception of the Army paratroops. I have been a Naval aviator for four years, and at least five personal acquaintances have been killed in the line of duty during that period. I doubt whether any soldier or blackshoe Navy man can make a similar statement. This, I feel, is the *raison d'etre* of incentive pay.

Robert H. Kobler
Lt., United States Navy

Pensacola, Fla.

Workable Answers

Dear Sirs: The "liberal" press has exhibited a great tendency to attack the South as a region and, instead of searching for the serious answers to the crucial questions of the day, to make the racial problem appear to be one of clear-cut rights and wrongs.

There are those in the South who are searching for answers which will work, for answers which are related to the actual problems of the South, not for answers that are political or expedient.

What the NAACP and related organizations have done is to make great legal strides in the advancement of Negro equality, but not to accompany these legal strides with a policy of public education or political accommodation. Not only the laws of states, but the minds and hearts of people must be changed. . . .

Allan Charles Brownfeld
College Secretary
Young Republican Federation of Virginia

Williamsburg, Va.

A Year of Protest

Dear Sirs: Every day since July 1, 1959, a vigil has been maintained at the gates of Fort Detrick, germ warfare research center at Frederick, Md. Participants stand in silence, from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. (in shifts), in protest against preparations for germ warfare and the armaments race. That this remarkable experiment in persuasion should have continued so long is a testimony to the relevance of the issue and the aptness of the method.

Plans call for the vigil to end on Monday, July 4, marking a full year. More

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

What's the Rush?

After every level-headed political adviser had urged the President not to go to Japan under present conditions, and after Jim Hagerty had reiterated that, as a soldier, the President would go despite hell and high water, and after Premier Kishi had vowed that he never, never would withdraw the invitation, the invitation was withdrawn. Amid the general relief, let it not be forgotten that the students and trade unionists were not rioting for fun, nor against General Eisenhower, nor even, except incidentally, against Kishi; they were rioting against the U.S.-Japan "security" treaty. The cancellation of the President's visit does not dispose of the root of the trouble, which is that a formidable section of the Japanese people — perhaps a majority — and millions of other Asians as well prefer neutralism, and the treaty now up for ratification keeps Japan chained to the American military machine for another eleven years.

This would be so even without the memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, without the U-2s based on Japan, and without the remonstrances and threats of the Soviet Union. If a nation has a choice, why, in the name of sanity, should it not choose to be neutral? The Japanese mobs are asking for a choice and it would be well to consider their viewpoint instead of denouncing them, à la Hagerty, as Communists.

This viewpoint has been succinctly expressed by Naruhiko Nishi, Japanese diplomat, who told the *Wall Street Journal* (June 15) that the security treaty opens Japan to a retaliatory war. The treaty's "prior consultation" provision means that Japan may have to acquiesce in the deployment of American troops and equipment from Japan to trouble spots elsewhere in Asia, instead of remaining neutral. That the opposition to the treaty springs from such considerations is attested in the June 20 *Life* by John D. Rockefeller IV, who has spent the past three years in Japan learning the life and language of the country. "The Japanese do not fear communism the way we do," writes Mr. Rockefeller. "They have never seen its workings; they have never felt threatened by it. . . . The students are convinced that Kishi is trying to remilitarize Japan. . . . They believe that he wants President Eisenhower to visit Japan simply to give Kishi support in his attempt to pass the mutual security pact."

Under these circumstances, with the opposition growing by leaps and bounds and Kishi probably on his way out, it is the height of imprudence for the Senate to rush a moribund treaty to ratification. When the Foreign Relations Committee says it is not the treaty, "but Japan's free institutions that the Communist allies are trying to stifle," it seems to be trying to out-Hagerty Hagerty. They would be better advised to listen to Mr. Rockefeller. If ever there was a time for delay and deliberation and second thoughts, this is it.

The Bipartisan Chorus

The season of political styling is far advanced; each day, now, the candidates parade, as manikins parade, exhibiting the 1960 styles in rhetoric, oratory and, above all, "line." Technique and personality are important, but "line" (read: "stance," "position") is the major point in this year's fashions. Given the Summit debacle and the riots in Turkey, South Korea and Japan, all

To *Nation* Readers

After July 9, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 23, August 6 and August 20. The weekly schedule will be resumed with the issue of September 3.

the candidates, without distinction of party, have stressed the Strong America "line." This would be sound political merchandizing in any election: voters always favor a Strong America — there are no Quislings in our midst. But since mid-May, the line has been emphasized with a compulsiveness that is a tribute to Khrushchev's power to intervene in our domestic politics. Each candidate feels that, if only as a matter of tactics, of political insurance, he must be just as emphatic about a Strong America as every other candidate. At the moment, the four avowed aspirants, Messrs. Johnson, Symington, Kennedy and Nixon, are harmonizing on this theme in barber-shop quartet style. Unfortunately, the effect is to obscure whatever differences they may have about issues basic to any consideration of what it is that constitutes "strength" in the revolutionary world of the 1960s.

Illustrations abound. Recently, for example, Senator Kennedy devoted the first three of a twelve-point foreign-policy program to stressing the need for increased arms expenditures. In the course of what was in many respects an admirable speech, the Senator indicated that successful negotiations on disarmament, or on any political issue of the cold war, can be based only on a "position of strength." The other candidates would agree. Yet it is precisely this assumption that should be examined. The experience of the cold-war years points to the conclusion that the "position of strength" doctrine, first formulated by Dean Acheson, is essentially self-defeating. As a matter of tough cold-war politics, "position of strength" means "position of greater strength" — relative, that is, to the Soviets. Once achieved, this position may make the "enemy" more cautious; in practice it has not made him more conciliatory. On the contrary, he has stalled on negotiations while redoubling his efforts to gain a position of greater strength relative to us. Nor have we taken advantage of those periods in the cold war in which we enjoyed a clear military superiority to negotiate settlements. Rather the argument has prevailed that by holding out a little longer, by increasing our military superiority by a wider margin, we could strike a harder bargain. If past experience is a guide, we will not negotiate successfully with the Russians about any issue of substance as long as we insist on negotiating from a position of clear, measurable, sustained military superiority.

'Cold Peace'

In the weeks since the Summit debacle, the talk has been not so much of a resumption of the cold war as of an extended period — West German Defense Minister Strauss suggests it might be for fifty years — of "cold peace." In other words, the dominant feeling is not that there will be war, or even a resumption of cold war in the pre-1953 pattern; but rather that lacking any settlements, the arms race will continue. But "cold peace" for five years or fifty is incompatible with an accelerated arms race. As Philip Noel-Baker told an audience in Toronto last week, "We must achieve disarmament or perish. If we don't, civilization will not survive the twentieth century." And public pronouncements to the contrary, there is much evidence to sustain the belief that the Administration has been deliberately dragging its feet on disarmament since 1955. (See, for example, Barbara Castle's article, "The Truth About Disarmament," *New Statesman,* June 11.) The charge may or may not be true, but the point is that, in any case, we have placed ourselves in the public position of appearing to be most unenthusiastic about disarmament. Recently Godfrey Sperling, Jr., reported in the *Christian Science Monitor* (June 10): "What greatly alarms Mr. Stevenson today is uncertainty whether the United States Government is really ready to accept missile and nuclear disarmament, even with a workable inspection system — words to the contrary. From his extensive travels, he has observed that there is a wide area of doubt among peoples as to the depth of America's sincerity in seeking disarmament at this time." And this area of doubt will widen and deepen just so long as the rest of the world continues to hear an incessant, unanimous political clamor in this country for bigger, costlier, more lethal arms programs to assure our "position of strength."

Double Agents in Procurement

When we hear the term, we usually think of spies. But there is another possible application. Representative Martha W. Griffiths (D., Mich.) brought up the possibility in the House on June 9 when she started a discussion on the use of consultants in procurement. *The Nation* editorialized about consultants (June 4, p. 483), but the situation seems to be worse than we envisioned. Mrs. Griffiths, having been a contract negotiator for Ordnance during World War II, has special competence in these matters. What attracted her attention was that consultants might consult for the government one month and for private industry the next. This becomes doubly significant because (1) the supply of scientists and engineers with special knowledge in certain fields is limited; (2) the bulk of procurement money is spent through negotiated contracts; (3) the specifications written into these contracts determine what the government will get; (4) when the government invites bids, the specifications often determine which firm will be awarded the contract. As Mrs. Griffiths put it, "We are turning over the spending of $40 billion to a very small and select group of people [who] while they may be excellent in science . . . are subject to the same type of prejudices that other people are subject to." The prejudices may include those engendered by "astronomical fees" from corporations, or by stock ownership and the like. Mrs. Griffiths asked an official of the Department of Defense whether it would not help if the department required every bidder to supply the names and salaries paid to consultants over a period of a year or two preceding the bid, and required every one of its own consultants to list his employers for a like period. She also quoted from *Science*, the publication of the Association for the Advancement of Science: "There is a considerable and growing concern over the position of scientists with regard to the conflict-of-interest laws." Mrs. Griffiths seems to have got hold of something which the Congress should not allow to sink into oblivion.

Truth or Consequences

Alarmed by a growing tendency in the American public to assume that advertising copy is written by graduates of the quiz programs — and by a growing restiveness in the Washington regulatory agencies — the Advertising Federation of America has completed and will soon publish *The Advertising Truth Book.* The magazine *Advertising Age* has had an advance peek at the material and reports that it is "packed with definitions, precedents, criteria, guideposts, rules, standards, test questions, taboos, explications," all designed to assist the bewildered agency people in spotting a lie.

It is desperately difficult work. The handbook offers a seven-point preliminary test (rather like an annual physical examination), designed to uncover the possible lurking place of a prevarication. Once such a locus of infection is suspected, more intensive techniques can be brought to bear to isolate and diagnose it.

Eyes fixed on heaven, the general counsel of the Association of National Advertisers has attempted a definition of honesty, and it is quoted in the *Truth Book*:

> An advertisement is honest when objective facts which bear upon the product or service advertised fulfill in all material respects the understanding regarding them that is generated in people by the advertisement when observed in the way or ways that they normally perceive it.

Recognizing, however, that mortal man is unlikely to achieve a perfect definition of anything so ethereal as truth, the handbook continues:

> Truthful advertising . . . is a matter of philosophy and intent. . . . The honest seafarer needs no chart. He need only keep his eye on the star of truth.

Which is as pretty a sentiment as ever came out of Madison Avenue, and we are only ashamed of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey for not having phrased it first.

It is right that we sympathize with the advertisers in their manful struggle, for in a peculiar sense truth and falsehood are the tools of their trade. As the *Truth Book* states in its preamble:

> By its very nature, [false and deceptive advertising] is a loose concept, expanding and contracting according to the current philosophy of control and the nature of the advertising in question.

Or, to put it more directly, truth is what you can get away with, and a lie is like when someone cries "copper." Not truth, in short, but truth or consequences, is what this little book is all about.

Boy Bites American Legion

The uncertainties of life and the perils of prediction have never been better illustrated than in the behavior of a section of the younger generation which, after being chided for aspiring only to be hirelings of the great corporations and raising their own families in peace, demonstrated at lunch counters, in the City Hall at San Francisco, and in various other rebellions, how much they have been maligned. What is worse, this sort of thing spreads, and just as twelve-year-old females are now using eyeshade and wearing brassieres on their bony little chests, it spreads downwards in the age scale. At Westbury, Long Island, Rocco Pasquarelli, the Americanism chairman of the local American Legion post, stood up before more than 1,000 students, parents, and school officials at the Westbury High School Senior Awards assembly and prepared to present a shiny gold Citizenship Award pin to seventeen-year-old Stephen Bayne, who had already received a collection of other honors, including a scholarship to Harvard and numerous awards for highest scholastic achievement. Instead of showing a becoming gratitude, Stephen interrupted: "Wait . . . I refuse to accept any award from an organization whose policies I am unable to respect!" As the Russians would say, consternation prevailed in the hall. A man in the audience jumped to his feet and shouted, "I demand that that boy be expelled from school im-immediately!" The principal apologized for Stephen's reprehensible behavior. Two of the young malefactor's other awards were withdrawn by the faculty and given to presumably more docile candidates, but the latter also turned out to be recalcitrant; while not agreeing with Stephen, they refused the prizes as rightfully belonging to him. Thus the contagion spreads among the youth, and the compulsion to make asses of themselves spreads among faculties and school administrators. As for libertarians, the moral of it all is an old one: *"Nil desperandum."*

THE CASE OF KOREA

OUR FALLING RAMPARTS . .

by Alfred Crofts

In last week's issue (June 18), we noted editorially: "The policy of military containment, using such containers as Rhee, Menderes, Batista, Nuri, Franco, Chamoun, Chiang [and, we might have added, Kishi], has failed. What remains of American prestige and reputation can be saved only if the failure is recognized and the policy is changed, and soon." In many ways, Korea was characteristic of all our failures; and until we understand why we failed there, no new policies we may formulate will likely be any better than the old. That is why, ten years after the outbreak of the Korean War, we present the following account of certain developments which led up to it, and certain consequences which followed.

As a professional historian and an eyewitness of many of the events he describes, the author is particularly qualified to write this ten-year retrospect. There is also a special drama attached to the writing. A Naval Intelligence officer in World War II, Mr. Crofts went to Korea in 1945 as part of the U.S. Military Government. In 1950, when the war started, he was back in the United States, teaching at the University of Denver (he still teaches there). A few days after the war's outbreak, he was scheduled to discuss the subject on a local radio program sponsored by the university's Social Science Foundation. But when the foundation's director read the script, he canceled the broadcast.

With the additional material—and perspectives—that ten years have given him, Mr. Crofts here says what he wanted to say in 1950, and could not. — Ed.

I WAS ONE of fifty American officers assembled on a muddy field near Tenth Army H.Q. in Okinawa on the evening of September 1, 1945. We had volunteered to set up USAMGIK — United States Military Government in Korea — with authority over 17 million people south of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Two of us had seen the land we were to govern (as one of the two, I had passed through the area, then the Japanese colony of Chosen, some years before on the South Manchuria Railway). Most of us had received civil-affairs training, though none spoke a sentence of Korean.

Escorted by USAFIK (U. S. Armed Forces in Korea) — the Army's XXIV Corps, under command of Lieut-Gen. John R. Hodge — our first echelon disembarked at Inchon a week later. We were boundlessly acclaimed as liberators on the way to Seoul, and our convoys passed under triumphal arches and welcoming banners. In the capital, we were greeted with copies of an English-language paper, *The Korea Times*, clandestinely published by a staff of American university graduates.

The division of Korea into Russian and American sectors had been decided as a means of supervising the Japanese surrender. To many Americans, USAMGIK seemed a quick way home, probably by Christmas; and its duties were lightly undertaken. There was much fraternization with the Japanese, who depended critically upon American friendship and did not lack means of entertaining us. So convivial was one of our provincial Military Governors that his immediate transfer became necessary. General Hodge himself thoughtlessly offended national opinion by remarking that "Koreans and Japanese are the same breed of cats."

Disarmament of the Japanese, the primary objective of the occupation, was taken to mean disarming Koreans also. ("Let's see that the Gooks don't start another war. either!") Not only did we destroy planes and ordnance that might have armed a new Korean militia; we smashed wireless and optical equipment which had been transferred to college science laboratories.

USAFIK completely dominated Military Government; hence authority rested with tactical officers from the U.S. infantry, artillery and air force, competent in their profession, but indifferent to civilian problems. All wished to keep their men comfortable; a number regarded this Korean assignment merely as the best way to hold their wartime temporary rank.

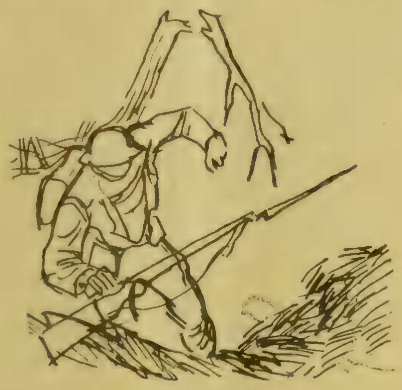
I myself, a Navy lieutenant, was given supervision of university affairs, an office rated by the Japanese as the highest in the Chosen bureaucracy. My principal effort was to rehabilitate colleges which had been converted into G.I. billets (a practice forbidden in Japan by MacArthur). I found it impossible to secure adequate fuel or rice rations for the academic classes. Institutions sponsored by American mission boards were, it is true, treated with respect; official favor was thus lavished on women's Bible schools, while the Imperial University's technical colleges were stripped to make a hospital barracks and its reading rooms filled with army cots. I protested that to humiliate scholars is a diplomatic blunder in Confucian society. "These Gooks," retorted a Colonel Blimp, "don't need colleges! Let's close the places up and train them to be coolies."

OUR Education Bureau did, early in October, order the recruitment of a university staff, selecting Paik Lak Geon as dean. Paik was an able and experienced educator, holding a doctoral degree from Yale. But his appointment touched off serious demonstrations: student marchers took to the streets and walls were placarded with protests. He had been, it transpired, a pro-Japanese broadcaster during the war; in fact, I found copies of his anti-American diatribes on file with Intelligence. At a public hearing, Dr. Paik admitted the charges against him; I urged that they be forgiven, pointing out that American-educated leaders were placed under intolerable pressure to collaborate with the Japanese. But students and professors voted unanimously to demand his resignation. Some of them had been sent to the mines for joining the Resistance; their classmates had been executed or their sisters seized as "comfort girls" for the Japanese Army. They could not respect anyone who had purchased security by collaboration.

Dr. Paik's removal had been agreed upon when, upon astute advice, he declared his accusers to be "Communists." Three weeks of investigation had revealed no sign of Communist activity; indeed, students assured me that because of censorship they had never learned to know communism. But the tactic succeeded. Proceedings were thrown into reverse: USAFIK confirmed the dean in his office (which he soon resigned, to reappear later as Syngman Rhee's Minister of Education); and students were warned to obey him — or their university would be "wiped out."

"Collaboration" dominated all other issues during the early months of Military Government. The offense could not be clearly defined: during thirty-five years of colonial rule, the opportunity to study in America, the holding of public office or the acquisition of wealth had been prima-facie evidence of good standing with the Japanese Government-General of Chosen. Now all interpreters for USAMGIK, as well as its most trusted advisers, were being charged with collaboration. Our Committee on Education, headed by Kim Sung Soo, the respected founder of Posung College and owner of *Dong A Il Bo* (*East Asia Daily News*), was nicknamed "Korean Committee on Collaboration." The Korean peoples' patriotic search for scapegoats resembled that in our own subsequent McCarthy era.

During the first week of Military Government, two separate welcoming parades were held in Seoul. "We could not join the first one," a college student explained to me, "and march with the friends of the Japanese. That is why we organized a Loyal Koreans' parade afterwards." Interpreters and bureaucrats defended each other against the charges filed daily with USAMGIK; by December, left-wing posters described the Government House as "that nest of traitors." The board set up by Military Government to try collaborationists did not secure a single conviction. But it became apparent that within the American Zone there were two Koreas separated by an ideological gulf quite as wide as the Thirty-eighth Parallel.



WE MISSED, within the first month of the occupation, our best chance of peacefully unifying Korea. On V-J Day, August 15, prominent Koreans began to set up governing committees throughout the peninsula. Japanese authorities cooperated, and the Russians, moving immediately across the northern frontier, approved. On September 6, two days before the American landings, a nation-wide convention established a People's Republic, electing as President the Resistance leader Lyuh Woon Hyeung. The Republic was moderately left-wing — though no more so than the post-colonial regimes in Africa today. Lyuh had the confidence even of the conservative editors of *The Korea Times*. But, because of its close relations with the Russians in the North, and because Lyuh attempted to deal with General Hodge upon equal terms, USAMGIK denied Lyuh's regime any "authority, status, or form" and forbade it to use the title of *Republic*.

A potential unifying agency became thus one of the fifty-four splinter groups in South Korean political life.

Before the American landings, a political Right, associated in popular thought with colonial rule, could not exist; but shortly afterward we were to foster at least three conservative factions. During the earliest days of Military Government, numbers of American-educated Koreans and other anti-Republic elements formed a New People's Party directed by Kimm Kiu Sic, a graduate of the University of Washington.

In mid-October, USAMGIK welcomed Syngman Rhee, director of the wartime Korean Commission in Washington. Rhee, a hero of the 1919 Mansei Independence Revolt in Korea, had during thirty-seven years of exile acquired a doctorate in Political Science under Woodrow Wilson at Princeton. His return attracted little general attention, though from the first he seems to have won the favor of the collaborationist groups.

THE most distinguished of the returning *émigrés* was, without doubt, Kim Koo, who arrived in November with the thirteen-member Cabinet of the Provisional Government of Korea. Kim, a man of action, had four decades before personally avenged the death of Queen Min, martyr of the struggle against annexation. His government-in-exile, based in Chungking, had kept 35,000 troops in the field with the Chinese Nationalist Army: since it had a footing in both the Northern and Southern zones of Korea, it might have offered a basis for national union. Its failure followed a deadlock in American-Soviet negotiations and the arrival, during January, of Kim Il Sung, a dedicated international Communist, to direct the North Korean administration.

Kimm, Rhee and Kim Koo had led widely estranged careers, but for a time they cooperated. All were conciliatory toward the Left: Rhee, in fact, endorsed certain "good" Marxist ideas. They joined in demanding the prompt unification of Korea and led the protest demonstrations when, on December 29, the Moscow Conference announced an indefinite continuation of the Russo-American "trusteeship" over the country.

An underground Communist Party had existed in Korea since 1925, winning popular favor by its unrelenting opposition to the Chosen Government-General. It catered to USAMGIK by approving trusteeship, and American representatives attended its twenty-first anniversary celebration. During the spring of 1946, it joined Lyuh Woon Hyeung's newly formed People's Party in a Democratic People's Front. Opposing the Front was a fusion of rightists calling itself The National Society for the Rapid Realization of Independence. Politics in South Korea had become polarized.

THE HEAVIEST shock to unity was administered by U.S. Military Government Ordinance 33 of December 12, 1945, confiscating all property held by the former Government-General or any Japanese national. Military Government thus took title to the best urban residences, nearly all business structures and industrial plants, four-fifths of the rice lands, prodigious quantities of merchandise, seventeen tons of silver and warehouses filled with industrial metals or rubber. In the North, confiscated Japanese properties remained with the government, but American policy called for the establishment of private enterprise. Under USAMGIK direction, chattels and securities were to be sold, city real estate rented until ready for auction, and agricultural lands entrusted to a New Korea Company for sale on the most attractive terms possible to operating farmers.

With half the wealth of the nation "up for grabs," demoralization was rapid. The People's Front charged that three classes owned nearly all available capital and could thus divide the bonanza among them: collaborationists who had grown rich under the Japanese; "Liberation upstarts" who were profiteering by the sale of scarce consumer goods, and returning carpetbagger *émigrés* (I knew well a member of the latter class — a Seoul millionaire who had made his fortune as a gangster in wartime Shanghai). Syngman Rhee became increasingly identified with these opportunists, and was considered their mouthpiece.

Rhee made an even more fruitful alliance with the National Police — a Military Government reorganization of the Japanese *kempeitai*, or gendarmerie, the most hated part of the colonial apparatus. It retained many of its former Korean personnel on the theory expressed by one American: "They did a good job for the Japanese. Why not for us?" The police corps soon reverted to its function of political and "thought" control; in alliance with the reactionary Taehan Youth Group, it smashed "radical" newspaper plants, raided labor-union offices and even, on one occasion, the Seoul YMCA. It became so unpopular that on occasion soldiers joined with civilians to combat it on the streets. In time, the police became Rhee's private Black-and-Tans.

Yet Rhee stood closest to American Military Government: while M.G. radio allowed each party only fifteen minutes on the air per fortnight, Rhee, rated as a non-political leader, received for himself a weekly half-hour "spot."

FIFTEEN months of bi-zonal adminstration left Korea farther than ever from unification. The blame rested chiefly with Soviet stubbornness through two lengthy and abortive conferences. USAMGIK accordingly prepared to set up an autonomous Southern government. Elections were called for a South Korean Interim Legislative Assembly (SKILA). Rhee's smoothly functioning and well-financed Rapid Realization faction seized all but one of the forty-five Assembly seats. Admitting the unfairness of the election, General Hodge thereupon appointed forty-five more members from a list of moderates recommended by Kim Koo; Rhee carried his personal protest as far as Washington, but was overruled.

When SKILA convened in December, 1946, Kimm Sic was chosen chairman. It sat for a year and a half, torn by serious dissensions that led to the withdrawal of Kimm and twenty-nine followers; Rhee took charge of the rump legislature, adopting the novel procedure of announcing its decisions himself without the "trifling" formality of counting ayes and nays.

BY THE end of 1947 Korean affairs were under intense study by the United Nations. There, a Russian resolution in January called for joint immediate withdrawal of the occupying armies; it was defeated, though favored by two to one in a Seoul public-opinion poll. The UN, instead of ordering a military withdrawal, created a temporary Commission on Korea (UNTCOK), whose eight members were welcomed in the South but denied admittance North of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. It supervised a zonal election on May 11, 1948, which returned 54 Rhee candidates and 88 Independents in an Assembly of 200. The defeated Democratic Party charged wholesale coercion of electors by Police and Youth Corps — causing 300 violent deaths. But UNTCOK voted, 5-3, to accept "the free will of the electorate."

American forces withdrew in June, 1948. They passed under no triumphal arches, but respect and gratitude accompanied them. The United States had spent a billion dollars in the peninsula, bringing food, rebuilding industry, and repaying manifold the cost of early blunders. Cultural leadership could be entrusted to a higher educational system enrolling nearly twenty thousand students.

The Constitution of the new Republic of Korea (*Han Min Kook*) which replaced USAMGIK, provided for a strong President chosen by the Assembly but empowered to make war, appoint all national officials, and rule by decree in times of crisis. Syngman Rhee, now age seventy-four, was the Presidential choice. He was inaugurated on August 15, the third anniversary of

Korean independence. The United Nations and most Western nations recognized the Republic by the spring of 1949.

Simultaneously, the Communist bloc erected a People's Democratic Republic in North Korea. Two sovereign, armed and hostile states confronted each other along the Thirty-eighth Parallel.

RHEE no longer spoke of voluntary unification; as the declared opponent of the North, he could not have maintained power in a united Korea, and therefore had a vested interest in partition. He had drawn away from the majority of his countrymen, and even more from his earlier associates. Kim Koo and Kimm Kiu Sic had quite early favored compromise with the North. Later, they pressed the Russian plan for simultaneous troop withdrawal and conferred with Kim Il Sung and Northern agents of the United Independence Movement to launch a nationwide "underground" plebiscite in place of the U.N. election.

General MacArthur had warned at Rhee's inauguration that "the Thirty-eighth Parallel must and will be torn down." ROK military leaders were more specific: as soon as possible they would subjugate the North. Manifestoes from Pyong-yang, capital of North Korea, were even more belligerent. Yalu Valley hydroelectric power was shut off from Seoul, and informal war crackled along the border throughout the summer and autumn of 1947.

Rhee took over the state broadcasting system, harassed opposition journalists, imprisoned eleven Assemblymen and over 30,000 citizens suspected of correspondence with the North. Assassination also had its role; gunmen removed Lyuh Woon Hyeung in 1947, Kim Koo in 1949.

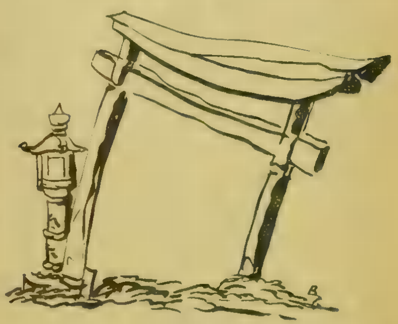
Events of 1950 hastened the imminence of war. On January 12, Secretary of State Acheson omitted Korea from the perimeter ("the Aleutians . . . Japan . . . the Ryukyus") which America was bound to defend. But he expressed "concern and dismay" a week later when Republicans in Congress defeated a $150-million Korean Aid Bill. The ROK economy was sagging dangerously; average income was estimated at one-tenth of living costs. The legislative election of May 30 deprived Rhee of nearly half his Assembly following. Police tyranny sharpened public resentment; some candidates conducted winning campaigns from prison. There was a strong groundswell of sympathy for the Northern plebiscite proposal. Delegates from Pyong-yang openly entered Seoul, to be at once arrested.

IN MID-JUNE, John Foster Dulles visited President Rhee — probably to strengthen ROK morale. He found a government that was in fact a police state, repudiated by the electorate and by many of its founders, ignored by the United States, impoverished and militarily weak. Pyong-yang saw that the time was ripe for a quick, "preventive" war. During ten years, no evidence has been found that either the USSR or China ordered the North Korean assault of June 25 — or had prior knowledge of it.

Within weeks, three-fourths of South Korea was overrun. The invaders' Russian tanks could easily have been stopped in the hills by a resolute defense; their Yak planes were few and obsolete; Communist doctrine had little appeal to a population familiar with the grim reports of Northern refugees. But millions of South Koreans welcomed the prospect of unification, even on Communist terms. They had suffered police brutality, intellectual repression and political purge. Few felt much incentive to fight for profiteers or to die for Syngman Rhee. Only 10 per cent of the Seoul population abandoned the city; many troops deserted, and a number of public figures, including Kimm Kiu Sic, joined the North.

Rhee, in turn, persuaded a reluctant U.N. in October to authorize the counter-invasion by MacArthur's forces — a decision which led not to unification, but only to Chinese intervention. The President's courage won universal respect, and war gave him a pretext for seizing full emergency powers. In December, 1951, he organized his personal Liberal Party. When the Assembly declined next spring to re-elect him, pro-Rhee mobs forced it to amend the Constitution, opening the Presidency to popular vote. The Liberal machine then secured his second term — though Kim Sung Soo, now his Vice President, resigned in protest and went into hiding.

It is unfortunate that the intransigents, Syngman Rhee and Kim Il Sung, both survived the war, guaranteeing the division of their country until the present day and creating at the Truce Line the most impassable barrier in the modern world.



IN 1956, the Liberals held a clear majority of Assembly seats; Rhee felt strong enough to demand repeal of the Constitutional two-term limitation on the Presidency. Though his motion was defeated, Rhee ordered the minutes changed and declared the amendment passed. He was thus enabled to "accept a draft" for a third term.

The Democratic candidate was Shin Ik Ki, who died fortuitously ten days before the election. His running mate, Chang Myun, actually won the Vice Presidency. A third party, the Progressives, nominated Cho Bong Am, a long-time political rival of Rhee. A year after his defeat, the Progressives were outlawed; Cho was arrested, tried for "espionage" and finally hanged.

Rhee's party could no longer carry Seoul, Pusan or any center under observation by foreign correspondents or U.N. Commissioners; but its power in the rural areas was absolute. Missionary friends reported the 1956 campaign to me from their country parish: here police suppressed all anti-Rhee activity, demanded that Liberal partisans be allowed to address religious or educational gatherings, levied a one-tenth rice tax for party support, and supervised the balloting.

Full totalitarian controls were written into a 1958 National Security Law — one of whose thirty articles provided ten years' imprisonment for all who "slander government agencies . . . or members . . . by holding meetings or disseminating documents." Protest was so vigorous in the Assembly that police invaded the hall and ejected seventy Democrats before the law could be passed.

Though the press of South Korea had been declared captive and dropped from membership in the International Press Institute, a study of five years' issues of Rhee's American propaganda organ, *The Korean Survey*, reveals no admission of injustice and little hint of disorder in the Republic.

NO DIFFICULTY was anticipated in capturing a fourth term for Syngman Rhee in 1960. The Democratic nominee died—fortunately, in Washington — during February, and the election set forward to March, before a successor could be chosen. Chang Myun ran again for the Vice Presidency, losing to Lee Ki Poong, Rhee's pliable tool, after a contest dominated (according to Chang) by "illegality, terrorism and murder."

The post-election demonstrations carried my own thoughts back, full-cycle, to 1945. Students were marching, with professors joining the column. Now there was no USAMGIK to protect them or to interfere — only the National Police and the Taehan hoodlums, pouring in from side alleys with clubs and knives. Leadership of the *intelligentsia* proved decisive; the Army showed itself friendly, a riot became a revolution, bringing twelve years of tyranny to an end.

Had the protests of 1945 been heeded, would there, I wonder, have been a Syngman Rhee dictatorship — or a Korean War?

AEC TAKES A BEATING

CAPE COD'S ATOMIC PARK . .

by Grace DesChamps

Cape Cod, Mass.

THE EXTRAORDINARY and persistent efforts of the expanding atomic energy industry to by-pass public opinion and public safety have received a setback here under circumstances which invite close scrutiny by communities throughout the country.

This is the significance of the recent victory scored by the people of Cape Cod over the Massachusetts Atomic Energy Commission which, with the support of a segment of the atomic industry in the state, sought to establish here a critical nuclear facility under the guise of an "Atomic Park."

The "park," it turned out, was to be a 20,483-acre site which could become a receiving dump for high-level atomic wastes, a reactor-testing station and an atomic-fuels reprocessing plant. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, when in search of a site for a comparable establishment elsewhere, picked "894 square miles of desert waste land" in Arco, Idaho.

But Cape Cod is not Arco. It is a peninsula with a permanent population of 69,000, an average daily summer vacation population of 300,000 and a $100 million vacation industry which is its principal source of income. The Cape, moreover, is only sixty-five miles long — no more than a mile in width at one point — and only fifty miles from metropolitan Boston's population of more than a million. A half-hour's drive from the proposed "park" is the beginning of the projected Cape Cod National Seashore, to "preserve a magnificent ocean shoreline and recreational area for future generations."

Court Rejects AEC License

The United States Court of Appeals has ruled that the Atomic Energy Commission was unjustified, from the standpoint of public health and safety, in issuing a "provisional" construction permit for a nuclear-power station at Laguna, Michigan. The court majority sharply criticized the AEC for permitting construction of the station in an area where some 2,000,000 people live within a thirty-mile radius.

The license had been challenged by a group of labor unions on the ground that the proposed plant would create a public hazard.

The history of the rapidly-growing atomic industry is studded with official attempts to shroud atomic hazards from the public, and to pursue atomic industrial activities with a tranquilizing absence of public information. [See "Test Case on Atomic Waste," *The Nation*, Aug. 1, 1959, and "'Hot' Dumping off Boston," *The Nation*, Sept. 19, 1959. — Ed.] What has happened on Cape Cod reveals what an *alerted* public, willing to fight for its rights, can do to safeguard itself from the machinations of those in the atomic industry to whom public safety is not the primary consideration.

THE CAPE COD story begins in November, 1957, when Massachusetts Governor Foster Furcolo called for a combined effort by the six New England states to establish an atomic industrial-research center which would enable the New England area to compete successfully with regional economic blocs in the South and West. A special commission appointed by the Governor to study the problem issued its report in December, 1958.

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Foreseen in the report was the need of an atomic center to include a station for testing reactors and atomic fuels; a plant to reprocess atomic fuels from reactors in the eastern United States and U.S.-leased reactors in Europe, and from nuclear-powered ships; and underground storage tanks for both "low-level" and "intensely radioactive" wastes.

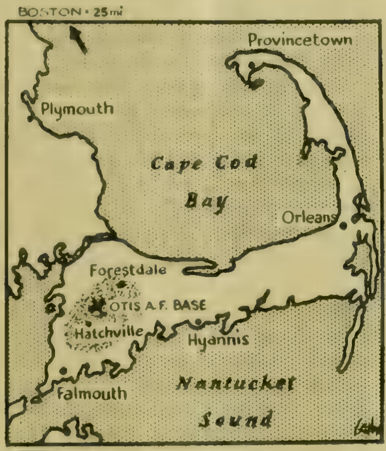
A suitable site for these facilities, said the report, would be one "preferably surrounded by an isolation area of unpopulated land." It pointed out that "a large part of the cost" of a fuels-reprocessing plant is "the need for *heavy shielding and remote control of operations because of the highly radioactive condition of the used fuel when removed from the reactor*" (italics added). Also indicated was proximity to deep-water wharfage "so that the used-fuel containers, which are very heavy in order to shield the intense radioactivity, can be unloaded from ships near the plant."

FOR reasons still unclear on Cape Cod, contents of the report received little, if any, publicity — none, certainly, on the Cape.

Serving on the commission which prepared the report was an eleven-man team, eight of them legislators — scarcely knowledgeable, as it was later pointed out, in the field of atomic science. The three other members were Massachusetts Atomic Energy Coordinator Raymond I. Rigney of Boston, also a layman in atomic science; Dr. Theos J. Thompson of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, formerly on the staff of the federal Atomic Energy Commission; and Carroll L. Wilson, then chairman of the executive committee of Metals and Controls Corporation, Nuclear, of Attleboro, Mass. (The Boston *Herald* of May 8, 1958, described Metals and Controls as the largest single AEC contractor, with contracts amounting to $14,236,392.)

Early this year, the state Atomic Energy Commission (of which Mr. Wilson was a member) presented Massachusetts House Bill 2904 to establish an "Atomic Park" on Cape Cod's Camp Edwards military reservation in the towns of Bourne, Falmouth, Sandwich and Mashpee, northeast of Falmouth.

While the bill refrained — understandably — from specific mention of the facilities discussed in the special commission report on the proposal, *it nevertheless provided the legal machinery for establishing all of them.* A number of outstanding representatives of the atomic industry appeared at the Boston State House in support of the bill, among them Samuel Auchincloss of Tracerlab, Inc., a firm which has pioneered not only in the atomic industry, but also in its public relations problems. (Walter Stenzel, the firm's public relations director, contributed a chapter called "Developing Consumer Acceptance in Radioactivity" to *Public Relations in the Atomic Industry*, published in 1956 by the Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc.)



▨ *Proposed "Atomic Park"*

BUT CAPE COD, in the spring of 1960, knew little of the atomic industry — and even less about the "Atomic Park" planned for it. What blew the lid off was a letter from an innocent reader of the Falmouth *Enterprise*, requesting information about the "park." "We Are Ignorant But We'd Like To Know," was the *Enterprise's* editorial answer. Other newspapers took up the plea. With the third and final legislative hearing at the State House on the bill just ahead, the demand for public information grew louder. At this juncture, a group of scientists at Woods Hole dropped their researches long enough to read not only the bill, but the Special Commission Report of 1958.

The bombshell dropped within a week. Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, Nobel Prize-winner in medicine and Director of the Institute for Muscle Research at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, sharply attacked the proposed "Atomic Park." He was joined by Senior Electronics Engineer John P. Hervey of the Rockefeller Institute, also engaged in research at Woods Hole, who called the Special Commission Report "a curious document, by turns secretive and revealing." He expressed his belief that "a good deal of relevant information is being concealed from the public and probably from the General Court [the state legislature] as well." Hervey noted that of the three non-legislators appointed to draft House Bill 2904, one was "a former general manager of the AEC . . . an organization, not known for its candor and forthrightness."

OTHER scientists joined the two men. Cape Codders began to read the bill and to scramble for copies of the report, now out of print. Therein they came upon pertinent revelations: that "cranberry bogs and summer residential property values may be adversely affected" by the "park," and that "the public may object to the Atomic Park" and "may refuse to use the recreational facilities." *If there was anything further Cape Codders needed to know, it was that a "park" site north of Boston had not been recommended because "prevailing winds blow toward Boston."*

In response to public request, the Woods Hole scientists held a public information meeting at Falmouth, which was jammed with delegations from the fifteen towns of Barnstable County. At this meeting, the scientists "leaned over backwards" to avoid causing alarm. So, later, testified Major General Robert J. Butler, U.S.A., Ret., former Deputy Director of Military Applications of Atomic Science. *"The situation is much worse than they say it is,"* he testified. . . . *"I could give some examples of things that can happen* *that would really create some panic in this audience. . . .*"

But the cat was already out of the bag — and not all the public relations experts in the atomic industry knew how to get it back in again. (To give them credit, they tried!) The indignation which swept Cape Cod was relieved by a kind of wild humor. The *Cape Codder* printed a cartoon of an apparel shop specializing in protective equipment against radiation and offering a "Geiger Counter Free With $10 Purchase." A Cape minister observed dryly that if the "park" succeeded, "Cape Cod might have the dubious distinction of becoming the first radioactive resort."

Meanwhile, at the peak of discussion, the Yankee Atomic Electric Company, comprising a group of New England utility companies, was suddenly taking newsmen and "park" supporters — now confined largely to the town of Bourne — on a conducted tour of their new power reactor on the Deerfield River, in Rowe, Mass., pointing out the plant's safety and attractiveness. (The Yankee reactor is not yet in operation and the population of Rowe, in the western part of the state, is 200.)

THE conducted tour interested the editor of the *Cape Codder*. In an editorial entitled, "A People Under Nuclear Pressure," he inquired: "Why are the operators of the Rowe plant so interested in seeing a chemical reprocessing plant set up at Camp Edwards or some other East Coast site?" A legislative witness, the editor observed, had already made an "informed guess": "The Rowe plant, at this stage, is an expensive way to produce electricity. . . . Naturally, the people at Rowe are interested in cutting costs." To have Yankee's fuels reprocessed on Cape Cod, the witness had pointed out, would save the company transportation costs to Hanford, Wash., where the federal AEC had announced they would be reprocessed. The *Cape Codder* pointed out:

> It is becoming increasingly clear that Cape Cod is facing some powerful forces in its fight to escape ruination in the wake of a Nuclear Park. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the budding nuclear industry have a bear by the tail: They have solved the problem of nuclear application without solving the problem of what to do with the wastes. They are under terrific pressure to go ahead before a satisfactory waste problem solution is reached. The interests of Cape Cod do not look very large to these people. . . .

NOW State Senator Edward Stone (of Cape Cod) requested a special legislative hearing to be held on the Cape itself. (It became necessary to hold two, because at the first one not a single "park" supporter elected to show up.)

At these hearings, nuclear scientists riddled the absence of scientific judgment in the "Atomic Park" plan, which could have jeopardized "lives and property" and, in event of a nuclear accident, "immobilized" the country's largest Air Force defense base, Camp Otis, adjacent to the proposed site. Hydrologists, meteorologists and marine biologists testified to the threat of radioactive contamination of Cape Cod's shallow ground-water table, to conditions of wind and weather which heightened hazards from reactor fallout, and to the menace to the Cape's shellfish industry.

Dr. Charles D. Coryell of M.I.T., formerly associated with the Manhattan Project and Oak Ridge National Laboratory, testified that the risks involved were ones no populated area could afford to take. "I am for atomic energy — it is my

Wasting $1,250 a Second . . *by E. U. Condon*

FEW PEOPLE have a clear picture of the vast resources that disarmament would release for the development of a world at peace. America alone is wasting resources on armaments at the rate of more than $40 billion a year — an investment in fear and anxiety which is costing us $110 million a day, $4.5 million an hour, $76,000 a minute, $1,250 a second. And that's America alone. Altogether, the nations of the world are wasting 2.5 times this much. And each nation says it must do this because the others are doing it.

This is real wealth that we are wasting. It represents productive effort that we have been expending each year for more than a decade. It is wealth that is ready for constructive use whenever the world decides to get together in peace instead of preparing to commit suicide.

Perhaps the best way to visualize this wasted wealth is to compare it with the comparatively low costs of peacetime capital improvements that permanently improve the human condition. The great irrigation and power projects built around Boulder Dam cost originally about $200 million. That's about what we are spending on defense every two days! Last year, the great St. Lawrence Seaway was opened; it brings ocean-borne shipping to the Great Lakes. It cost $500 million to build. Less than one week's expenditures on armaments would have covered the cost of both Boulder Dam and the St. Lawrence Seaway!

We could erect a new $1 million hospital in every county in the United States for less than the cost of one defense-month. We could have a $10 billion highway construction all bought and paid for with what we spend on defense in three months.

SUPPOSE THAT we were to work out a plan with the Russians for the exchange of a million college students (*The Nation* suggested something along this line editorially on Feb. 8, 1958). A million Americans would be studying in the Soviet Union while a million Soviet students would be studying here. This would cost about $3 billion annually over and above what it costs to have these two million students go to college in their own countries. Even if the Russians contributed not a cent, we could pay for the program by spending $37 billion instead of $40 billion a year on armaments. And, so long as there were a million Russian students on our soil, and a million Americans on Russian soil, one could be absolutely certain that neither country would make a surprise attack on the other.

E. U. CONDON, noted American scientist, is Wayman Crow Professor of Physics at Washington University.

career," Dr. Coryell emphasized before the Legislative Committee on Power and Light, which conducted the hearings. *"I am also for the human race — and for the people of Massachusetts and Cape Cod."*

When slight, elderly Senator Stone, revered here, entered the Bourne Armory to lead the opposition at the final Cape hearing, a burst of applause swept the packed auditorium. Supporting the Senator were the Barnstable County Medical Society, more than a dozen top-level scientists, boards of selectmen, garden clubs, realtors, bank presidents, Major General Butler — and every conceivable kind of Cape civic group, from the Portuguese-American Civic League to the local D.A.R.

Officers of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce who had originally supported the bill — and off-Cape AEC contractors who had urged its passage — were nowhere in sight. Local support was left to a handful of Bourne interests: the Chamber of Commerce of Buzzards Bay, which is a part of Bourne; the heads of the Bourne Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, representatives of the local V.F.W. and American Legion, several Bourne area businessmen, and the business agent of the Carpenters Union. Of the members of the special commission who had started the whole business, only Mr. Rigney showed up.

At the close of the second legislative hearing, Cape Codders rejected commitment of their future into the hands of the state Atomic Energy Commission by a standing vote estimated at 1,000 to 50.

THE LOCAL implications of the "park" fight will be felt for a long time, especially by leaders of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce who had endorsed the project (the Chamber's president had declared that opponents of the "park" were playing "the old Communist game" — a jibe which sturdy Republican Cape Codders won't forget in a hurry). Statewide, the supporters of House Bill 2904, which *inter alia* would have empowered a state Atomic Authority to parcel out more than 20,000 acres of public lands to the AEC and private operators, find themselves in opposition to the official atomic energy policy of the Democratic Party and its currently leading Presidential aspirant, Senator John Kennedy.

But over and beyond the political implications, local and national, is the problem faced by the atomic industry, and in particular government agencies dealing with it, in reestablishing public confidence. Time and again the federal AEC has violated this confidence on such matters as fallout dangers and the disposal of atomic wastes. Now it would appear that the federal agency is seeking to escape public censure by permitting state agencies to carry the responsibility for perpetuating the mistakes. But Cape Cod has shown that the plan won't work. Clearly, what is needed is clarification of public policy *at the very highest levels* — particularly public policy as it relates to the information and education functions of federal and state atomic agencies.

Meanwhile, a recast "park" bill, it is generally believed, will be reintroduced to the Massachusetts Legislature. But also general is the feeling that its sponsors will think twice before attempting to bring it back to Cape Cod.

"The Cape Cod decision is historic," declared James B. Muldoon, associate editor of the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly*, official organ of the state Bar Association, and one of the country's foremost legal experts in the field of radiation hazards. "Public opinion, for the first time competently informed, for the first time has had a chance to make a moral decision. What happened on Cape Cod is of countrywide importance."

BUMPING THE PASSENGER . .

by Karl M. Ruppenthal

"SORRY, plane's full," said a harried air-line agent to a waiting group of passengers, meanwhile trying to close a gate. "They're about to pull the steps now."

"But you've got to let us on," exclaimed a perspiring, exasperated man. "We've had reservations for weeks. We've simply got to get on this flight." Said the agent: "There are no more empty seats. In fact, if I've counted correctly, there's one too many on board already, and someone will have to get off."

"Well," shouted a woman, "this is the last time we'll fly on your air line. Now I know why everyone said we should avoid it if we possibly could."

"I'm sorry, Madam," said the agent, glancing furtively at his watch. "Evidently there's been a mistake. We'll do our best to get you space—maybe on another air line or on a later flight. Now if you'll just go to our ticket counter, I'm sure they'll make some arrangements. . . ."

And this is the drama that will be enacted many times this summer at most of the major airports in the land: more passengers confirmed than there are seats on the flight, and someone will be left behind. Disappointment, inconvenience and anger result. Businessmen miss important engagements. Servicemen return late from their leaves. Vacationers spend hours in places not contemplated in their plans.

It happens most frequently, of course, during the summer months. On a recent day in New York, 150 confirmed passengers lined up to get on a jet that could accommodate but 120. Since the competing lines were

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also sold out on that day, thirty people arrived in Paris a full day later than they had planned.

How can such things happen? Oversales—the air lines' terminology for too many confirmed passengers for the capacity of the plane—come about in a variety of ways: inefficiency, inconsideration and just plain honest mistakes.

Keeping records on the availability of seats is no small chore for the air lines. A record must be kept for every seat on every segment of every flight for a month in advance. This means that the larger air lines must keep inventory on something like a million available seats. Usually records are maintained for a month in advance; during peak travel periods, even longer.

All of this data is normally kept in a Reservations Center, where clerks maintain a master record and notify the outlying stations by teletype when a flight is available and when it is sold out. When a reservation is made, the air line records not only the name of the passenger, his flight, origin and destination, but also his telephone number and whether or not he has picked up his ticket. There are additional duties which the reservations clerk must perform. One line estimates that it receives six telephone calls for each ticket actually sold.

SOME LINES handle this mass of records by hand, laboriously recording passenger names, available flights and dozens of other bits of data. In all this complicated business, it is not surprising that there are some mistakes. A customer may request flight 702 for the 8th, but an inattentive (or tired) reservations clerk may inadvertently book space on flight 702 on the 9th, or she may transpose the numbers and reserve space on flight 207 on the 8th, though on the passenger's ticket the date and flight number may appear correctly.

But it is much more likely that the reservations clerk will do her work well, and that something else will fail in the system. The teletype operator in the local reservations office will send a "res-message" to Central Reservations. Sometimes the gremlins interfere, and a message intended to say "Book 1 seat Fl-702-8th" comes out reading "Book 1 seat Flubb-2nd." No wonder the recipient is somewhat puzzled at the other end!

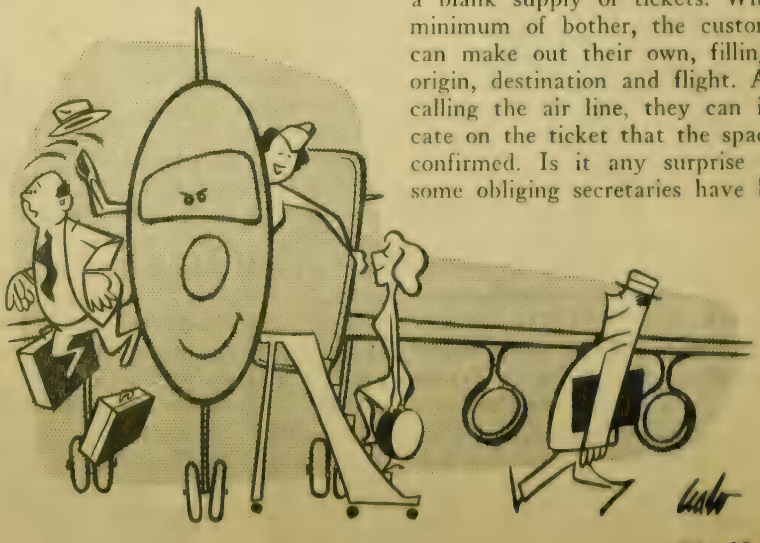
Heavy summer business makes everything a little worse. A system which normally handles ten thousand reservation requests may suddenly be called upon to handle twice as many. Furthermore, requests are not spaced neatly throughout the day, but come in droves during certain popular telephone hours. When the normal complement of reservations personnel cannot physically handle the load, pinch hitters are brought in to help — men drafted from the sales force and from other offices. When these labor pools run dry, inexperienced employees are sometimes brought in from the street. Since they start in the midst of a peak work load, it is not surprising that some human errors creep in.

Last year one line's system verged on total collapse when its peak summer traffic exceeded even the most rosy predictions. The line inaugurated jet flights, which were an instantaneous success. Hundreds of thousands who had never flown before decided that June was the time to try it. And to make matters worse, the company had half completed the installation of a new electronic-reservations system which would (eventually) eliminate many tedious hand entries. But the system was not complete. The chaos was reminiscent of a twenty-story building that has dismantled half of its elevators so that high speed, automatic ones can be installed: until the job is finished, some people must take the stairs. Fortunately for the travelers (and the air lines), most of the electronic systems are now in full operation.

BUT AN electronic system will not eliminate all oversales. Some of them are caused by travel agents. These hard-working people make their commissions on air-line tickets and other services that they actually sell. Mechanically, they operate much as does an air line's own sales offices. They can inquire about the status of any flight, then book space accordingly. But here again the human element enters. Occasionally an agent will "confirm" a seat on a flight known to be full. But more likely the oversale results from other conditions.

The records may indicate that there are seats remaining on a popular flight, and thus "available for sale." Six travel agencies may sell tickets and confirm space at about the same time. Thus an immediate oversale of three seats is created. The problem may be compounded if the agents are busy—as they are likely to be in the summer—and delay a little in notifying the air line about their sales.

Still another factor must now be considered. In today's keen competition for the air traveler's dollar, some lines supply big customers with a blank supply of tickets. With a minimum of bother, the customers can make out their own, filling in origin, destination and flight. After calling the air line, they can indicate on the ticket that the space is confirmed. Is it any surprise that some obliging secretaries have been



known to confirm for their boss space on a flight that is already sold out? Probably the surprising thing is not that there are such occurrences, but that they are relatively infrequent.

Of course, the other half of the oversale problem is that perennial headache—the "no-show." Each year thousands of people make reservations which they do not use, and for various reasons they do not inform the air lines of their change in plans. The no-show problem is particularly bad in Los Angeles, Miami and Las Vegas, where as many as 50 per cent of the confirmed passengers have failed to arrive for some flights. The day after a convention (when the air lines could fill twice the available seats) is particularly bad. No-show customers not only rob the lines of important revenue, but they prevent other passengers from using their seats.

Another vicious practice is the device of multiple booking. Some inconsiderate people reserve space on several air lines, deciding only at the last minute which line they will actually take. Spot checks last Christmas revealed some people who had reserved space on as many as four air lines. One family returning home in the high season reserved five seats from Paris on six consecutive days!

SINCE no-show seats represent serious financial loss, air lines have resorted to many compensating devices. One line calculates statistically how many people will probably no-show on every given flight on each segment of its routes. Its offices are authorized to accept over-reservations for a similar number of people. But this practice can be troublesome, since people sometimes refuse to behave like statistics. On some flights, all six people who are supposed to no-show, will somehow arrive at the airport. At one time, the no-show problem from Miami to New York was so bad that one line over booked its flights 100 per cent. This caused much confusion when all the no-shows showed up.

While the reasons for the oversales are important to the air lines, to the passengers competing for seats the important question is likely to be: Who gets left out in this game of musical chairs? Who gets to go, and who stays behind? Who makes the decision, and how is it made?

On this point, most air-line manuals are devilishly vague. Some agents are left with little more than the admonition to work out such situations on their own. Some have authority to book oversold coach passengers on the next available first-class flight. Others can give free passage under certain circumstances. One serviceman in an oversold situation boasted that not only did the air line give him free passage from New York to Los Angeles, but that it also gave him $20 and all the booze he could drink. Such devices, and others too, have been used to persuade a passenger voluntarily to relinquish his seat.

THE REAL problem arises when all those confirmed insist on making the flight for which they have reservations. In such situations, late comers may find that the plane is already full, and they will have difficulty asserting their claim, even though they made reservations weeks in advance. At a disadvantage, too, may be the passenger arriving on a connecting flight of a different line. He may be told that the incoming flight was late (as well it may have been), and this is the reason for his having no seat.

Of course, in the frantic turmoil at a congested airport, it is highly unlikely that the president of a big corporation, an ambassador, or a regular traveler will be left waiting at the gate. Passenger manifests usually note the presence of such VIPs. Seats are almost invariably found for members of the air line's own special "club"—be they admirals, ambassadors or "million milers." Holders of air-travel cards and customers of the large travel agencies will seldom find that they are the oversales.

Excess capacity this summer will reduce the incidence of oversales on most of the world's air routes. But none the less the drama will be played. Just travel enough on the air lines this year, and you, too, may be offered a role.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

information can be secured from the Vigil at Fort Detrick, 324 W. Patrick St., Frederick, Md.

CHARLES C. WALKER
Co-Chairman

Needed: Togetherness

Dear Sirs: Robert Paul Wolff begins his review (issue of June 11) of *Max Weber: an Intellectual Portrait* with a graceful compliment to Weber. He wrote that Weber possessed a wide variety of the disciplines of the social sciences. But Mr. Wolff denied that the various specialists in these sciences can combine their special insights to propose useful findings on assigned social problems. Does Mr. Wolff believe that these educated men cannot listen receptively and responsively to the convictions and proposals of others. . . ?

Mr. Wolff has written with much insight and can no doubt support his stand. (Hasn't nearly everybody left conferences in a blazing fury?) But he has touched here on a far larger problem: the responsibility for leadership of thought in times of crisis. . . . . Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Trends made a chief finding that we were "unprepared to undertake important integral changes in the reorganization of social life." And its major recommendation looked to the social scientists to come up with solutions! It went further when it added:

> The Social Science Research Council, representative of seven scientific societies, and devoted to the considerations of research in the social field, may prove an instrumentality of great value in the broader view of the complex social problems, in the integration of social knowledge, in the initiative toward social planning on a high level. . . . It is within the bounds of possibility that this Council might care to take the initiative in setting up other machinery for the consideration of *ad hoc* problems, and for more and generalized consideration of broader aspects of social integration and planning.

Mr. Wolff understandably did not pursue this subject. . . . I am writing to suggest that Mr. Wolff's review will have greatly added value if it sparks a discussion of this terrifying problem and if we can hear again from him and perhaps from the Social Science Research Council.

FRANCIS Y. GOODELL
Yarmouth Port, Mass.

BOOKS and the ARTS

C. P. Snow and the Realistic Novel

Earl Miner

BY REALISM I mean "deeds and language such as men do use" without such other ulterior purpose as comedy or symbolism. In this sense, realism is particularly the province of the novel—in drama it usually becomes comedy (as Jonson's phrase implied) and in poetry, satire or description. The test of realism is transference: if we can imagine ourselves using "deeds and language" like those in a novel, it is realistic in ways that such splendid writers as Faulkner or Iris Murdoch are not.

Charles Percy Snow has shown our generation that the bones of realism may yet live. He first cut his cloth in a plausible detective novel; and in his first "literary" venture, *The Search* (1934), he produced what I. I. Rabi recommended "as the one novel . . . which was really about scientists living as scientists." Since then, apart from a play I have not seen, and some essays, he has been engaged upon a projected series of eleven novels which presents the interior and social education or life of a *Bildungsroman* hero, Lewis Eliot. The series, "Strangers and Brothers" (also the title of one of the novels), has wrongly been called Proustian. In its realistic Englishness it is more like Trollope or Ivy Compton-Burnett; in its differences it can be explained only by reference to the author.

William Cooper provides the best available introduction to C. P. Snow.[1] He relates the humble provincial beginnings, the early dedication to science and the academic honors, the service to the wartime Ministry of Labour that brought knighthood, and the many other public enterprises comprising a career at once varied, distinguished and unusual. Cooper further relates the plots of the novels, analyzes their design and discusses their themes—usefully but rather uncritically. To me, the important thing is that the unusual, and thereby more truly normal, experience of the novelist has led him to present men and women doing and saying what we know they do and say and with an unusual "honesty"—unblinking discernment well expressed. The trick is not easily turned, especially in a long series of separate yet integrated novels whose Lewis Eliot is so like the author. The result is a valuable illumination of our lives.

The real pattern of our lives is no easy thing to see whole, and Sir Charles's convincing presentation of it is the measure of his importance. To say this is not to deny artistic limitations. In fact, nothing tempers my enthusiasm more than the novels' limited stock of old-fashioned techniques. The usual pattern for a chapter is description of the natural scene, dialogue, concluding comment. Not frequently, but too often, the description or comment seems merely appended to the dialogue. Clearly more variety is in order.

The design of the series possesses a similar importance and a similar flaw. In the author's terms (well explained by Cooper), six of the eight novels deal with Eliot's "observed experience," two with "direct experience" — corresponding roughly to his distinction made elsewhere[2] between the hopeful "social condition" and the tragic "personal condition" of man in a scientific, post-Christian, neo-humanist world. Curiously enough in this post-Romantic day, the observed, social novels have turned out to be very interesting, while the direct, individual novels make heavy weather. More paradoxical still, the flawed personal novels tell most about the themes of the whole series.

One theme they propound is skillfully supported by the separated yet integrated nature of the series: that Ibsenian "ghosts" of one's past haunt the present until strengthened will and matured acceptance of one's self and one's fellows exorcises them. A closely related theme holds that one earns love and averts personal tragedy only by yielding one's inmost nature to another person. This second theme is brilliantly adjusted in the social novels, since social worth and dignity involve a complex and shifting compromise between yielding the reserves of one's being and maintaining the social forms that guard the personalities of others. Some characters err with too much self-exposure and end in tragedy; others err with too little and become sterile. The sane balance is difficult to achieve, and no small part of the interest of the novels lies in Eliot's increasing ability to discern in himself and in others the precarious tipping of the scales, and yet to accept while evaluating unblinkingly.

The best novels vary considerably in emphasis. *Strangers and Brothers* (1940) possesses an evenness of provincial atmosphere reminiscent of Bennett but — in the over-self-exposed provincial sage, George Passant — with a vitality like that of D. H. Lawrence. *The Masters* (1951, now available in an Anchor Book) shows Eliot learning what adult social responsibility and behavior are like; in spite of the inchoate personality of the leading candidate for the master's position, it gives one of the best pictures I know of academic society. *The Conscience of the Rich* (1958), which I regard as the finest of the series, has at times a Dickensian vitality in a Jamesian social world.

The latest novel, *The Affair*, is, I think, the second best.[3] In it Sir Charles re-treats the legal and academic cruces of several earlier novels. I doubt that the motif can now be improved upon. It turns upon efforts to reinstate a most unpleasant Cambridge Fellow charged with scientific fraud. *The Affair* excels *The Masters* because its issues are better defined and because it endeavors, like *The Conscience of the Rich* though less successfully, to integrate the personal and social lives of its characters.

WITH a social conscience so strongly developed and with a personal background in science, Sir Charles has not been content to rest upon his literary achievement. Last year he caused a great stir in England with his Rede Lecture at Cambridge — *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*. The two cultures are those familiarly out of touch: the scientific and humanistic. They must be united if our civilization is to survive. The issues are important and well handled; yet I share the feelings of a large minority in finding the result somewhat depressing. Snow's distinctions between the two

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[1] William Cooper, *C. P. Snow*. Longmans Green and Co. for the British Council. 40 pp. 2/6.

[2] C. P. Snow, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*. Cambridge University Press, 1959. 52 pp. $1.75.

[3] Scribners, 1960. 374 pp. $4.50.

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tures seem too pat and basically un- criptive of America and my own ex- ience. What annoys me most is the cture's fundamental anti-intellectual- m in either the literary or scientific ense. There is a disturbing Wellsian orship of technology which diminishes is case and the issues involved: the thy dividing the two cultures comes, t from defect of intellect, but from e weakness of a pampered, affluent ciety; and if Sir Charles thinks tech- ologists the salt of the earth, he finds them a savor no one else discerns. ne the less, we must take the charge action seriously, not shirking home ths simply because they are obvious. It is a tribute to C. P. Snow the ter that one of his novels, and that t his best — *The New Men* (1954) gives a more convincing and satisfy- g treatment of the problems of inte- ting our civilization. The novel anticipates the lecture down to details and phrasing, even while creating characters (atomic scientists) who live as individuals with social lives very much in the shadow of the nuclear holocaust. It is just this — individuals with social lives, people facing important, real problems — that makes his novels so important. Questions about his "place" in the fiction of our time can wait. It is enough to say that he has harmonized — sometimes imperfectly, sometimes brilliantly, always interestingly — an almost forgotten Augustan concern with the social life of man and the familiar post-Romantic concern with realizing individuality. The future will decide how to weigh the rather old-fashioned technique in balance with the new and convincing realism. But we must read him now, if only to learn about the "deeds and language" which we had not known to be the real substance of our lives.

The Paradoxes of Nehru

HRU: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Michael Brecher. Oxford niversity Press. 682 pp. $8.50.

Theodore M. Greene

DIA has always been a land of con- sts—sensuous and spiritual, filthy and ssed with cleanliness, lavish and tere, tolerant and cruel, weak and ng, ignorant and wise. And Nehru microcosmic symbol of this paradox. s sensitive and impatient, yet capa- of dispassionate objectivity; warm affectionate, yet aloof; arrogant, yet uinely humble; melancholy, witty gay; at times irresolute but more n inflexible; an iconoclast, yet in his way devout; a sincere liberal who ften autocratic. These contrasts are t give Nehru his stature as a hu- n being, with the mind of a practical ntist, the temperament of an artist, the heart and will of an impassioned al reformer. He is today—now in his nties, but still at his prime—the t complex and, it may well be, the test of living statesmen.

r. Brecher portrays the complexities Nehru fairly and with abundant supporting evidence. His high regard for his subject does not blind him to Nehru's limitations and mistakes. He describes his Hamlet-like irresolution and his tendency to compromise on more than one occasion during India's struggle for freedom, as well as his unswerving loyalty to Gandhi and to his own ideal of a welfare state conceived along Socialist lines. He gives us a forthright account of Nehru's policy with respect to Kashmir—a policy sharply at variance with the policy, which he endorsed, toward Hyderabad and the other princely states. He notes Nehru's failure, despite his authentic liberalism, to encourage open criticism in the Congress Party and, despite his own patent incorruptibility and idealism, to curb the growing corruption and cynicism in the party. These ineptitudes and failures set in sharp relief, by contrast, Nehru's brilliant achievements, his loyalties and his vision. Dr. Brecher's monumental effort is notably successful.

THE book opens with a brief but adequate report on Nehru's youth as the son of a wealthy Kashmiri Brahmin, his education in India and at Harrow and Cambridge, and his marriage, which was to bring him both joy and heartache, at the age of twenty-six. Then, in more leisurely fashion, we are told about his first encounter with Gandhi, his quick conversion to the objectives of his saintly master, and his unswerving loyalty to him despite profound disagreement on many vital issues. The long friendship between Nehru and Gandhi was certainly a major human achievement, for Gandhi was in his way quite as much a paradox as Nehru is in his. Gandhi was a dedicated man of God and also a shrewd politician; a devout Hindu who alienated Hindu orthodoxy and ended his life as a martyr for the cause of religious tolerance; a reactionary in his simple-minded faith in village autonomy, yet the chief architect of India's new political and social freedoms. Gandhi early detected Nehru's capacity

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ODORE M. GREENE taught at nan Christian College, Lahore, from to 1921. For the next thirty years aught Philosophy at Princeton and , but in 1958-1959 he was again in a, on a Ford Foundation grant to view Indians in various walks of n their conception of what Nehru "moral and spiritual values."

The Event Itself

A peculiar reticence afflicts my generation, faced with the holocaust;
We speak seldom of the event itself, only of what shall be lost;
We, betrayers of the fathers and all the still grandfathers, may not
    cry out for ourselves, the present and tempest-tossed.

But many things and all manner of things will be hurled
In a force like dawnlights breaking, and the billion bagpipes of our
    screams will be skirled
Stupendously, month after month, the greatest pain ever known in the
    world.

And there will be some instantly indistinguishable from the molten stone;
But most will have bleeding, burning, gangrene, the sticking-out bone;
Men, women, and little children will be pregnant of the nipping crab
    whose seed everywhere will be sown.

And in the screaming and wallowing one thought will make each eye stare,
A thought of the silence pressing down at the edge of the air,
Soon to smother the last scream forever and everywhere.

And the last man in the world, dying, will not know that he is the last,
But many will think it, dying; will think that in all the vast
And vacant universe they are the final consciousness, going out, going out,
    going out, with nothing to know it has passed.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

for leadership, encouraged him, comforted him, rebuked him and trusted him. Nehru responded with the dedication of a convert, turning to Gandhi again and again for counsel and support; struggling, often unsuccessfully, to understand many of Gandhi's strange decisions; fighting stubbornly, and in open opposition to his master, for his own economic and political convictions—that is, for large-scale industry and extensive Socialist initiatives and controls. Seldom has a friendship been put to such severe tests and emerged so triumphantly.

The body of the book is devoted to a full account of India's long struggle for freedom and Nehru's increasingly prominent role in that struggle. It records the uneven growth and the many vicissitudes of the Congress Party and the agreements and disagreements of its chief leaders—of men as different in temperament and outlook as C. Rajagopalacharia, the first (and last) Governor-General of the Dominion of India and today the leader of the newly organized Swatantra Party; Rajandra Prasad, the first and present President of the Union of India; Maulana Azad, the greatly respected dean of the Congress Muslims and one of Nehru's closest advisers; Vallabhbhai Patel, one of the heroes of the Indian revolution and the man chiefly responsible for the peaceful integration of the princely states; Subhas Bose, "the proud, ambitious, fiery hero of Bengal," who for a while was Nehru's "most serious rival for Indian political leadership"; and Jinnah, the head of the Moslem League who, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the tragedy of partition. It was these men and many others of comparable and lesser stature who, with Gandhi and Nehru, formulated the evolving policies of the Congress Party, defined its objectives with increasing clarity, struggled first to cooperate with, and then, in desperation, to resist a largely uncooperative and repressive British government, and finally achieved India's independence in 1947.

DR. BRECHER'S assessment of the British throughout this period is eminently fair. He does not hesitate to record their repeated blunders and their occasional cruelties—notably the massacre in Amritsar in 1919 and the government's inexcusable defense of General Dyer—but neither does he fail to pay tribute to the imaginative statesmanship of such men as Lord Irwin, the Viceroy from 1926-1931, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Lord Mountbatten, India's last Viceroy. Nothing is more to the credit of the British in India than the manner in which they finally abdicated their political control.

No one, save possibly Gandhi himself, anticipated the dreadful price that India and Pakistan were destined to pay for partition. The period immediately following Independence was one of anguish and triumph. Dr. Brecher reports that more than half a million people were slaughtered in the bloody Hindu-Muslim riots; some six million Hindu and Sikh refugees fled from Pakistan and sought asylum in India, while a comparable number of Muslims migrated to Pakistan. The new Indian government, led by men who had never held posts of top governmental responsibility, had to deal with this major crisis and simultaneously provide for the drafting and the acceptance of a democratic constitution and, within four years, a general election in a land where 85 per cent of the people were illiterate—an election in which 60 per cent of the potential voters cast their ballots. These impressive achievements would have been impossible without the brilliant leadership of the "duumvirate," that is Nehru and Patel who, after Gandhi's assassination in 1947, ruled India during the critical transition period. These two men differed as sharply in temperament and outlook as had Nehru and Gandhi, but they somehow managed to work together until Patel's death in 1950.

The concluding chapters describe Indian democracy at work during the last decade under Nehru's solitary control—her rapid if uneven progress toward Nehru's ideal of a welfare state, her largely successful efforts to strengthen her agriculture during the First Five Year Plan and her heavy industry during the current Second Five Year Plan (the Third is right now at the blueprint stage), her resolute fight against illiteracy, the progressive encroachments on the "private sector" by government controls and the alarming spread of bureaucracy, the continued absence of a strong and loyal opposition party and, not least important, India's foreign policy of non-alignment. The book ends with an excellent analysis of India's place in the world today and a memorable recapitulatory portrait of Nehru.

I know of no book on India as illuminating or authoritative for the Western reader. It is excellently written, fully documented and well indexed and illustrated. Americans who are inclined to be critical of Nehru's foreign policy should read Dr. Brecher's persuasive explanation of the underlying rationale of this policy and his own incisive criticism, with which I sympathize, of our policy toward India and Pakistan in recent years. Equally revealing is the author's judicious interpretation of Nehru's "leftism"—a stance compounded of an early attraction to Communist idealism, a mounting hatred of actual Communist brutalities, and a dominant concern to keep India autonomous and at peace with her difficult neighbors to the north. What we are left with is the image of a nation still in travail and transition, of a people facing tremendous problems and obstacles with great energy and courage, and of a leader who may well be judged by the future to have been one of the world's truly great statesmen.

What Alice Knew

THE ANNOTATED ALICE (Lewis Carroll). Martin Gardner, editor. Clarkson N. Potter. 351 pp. $10.

Joseph Carroll

THE CHARM of the Alice stories survives because, apart from the fact that they are beautifully told, they say something important about the human condition; something funny and sad, alarming and reassuring, and as true for wise old men as for naive young children. It is, roughly, that not all the answers are to be found in the back of the book and that even the ones that are there have nothing like the finality we incline to give them. The absolutes of religion and politics, even of science (which in Lewis Carroll's century was claiming, in some quarters, a larger absolute than all the others, the annihilation of all uncertainty) dissolve, reform and dissolve again, like the Cheshire Cat fading to a grin, smug in the knowledge that its teeth and claws will come back along with its whiskers and its fur.

These are solemn abstractions, of course, but, language aside, they are in the spirit of the Alice stories, which make the ridiculous so plausible by laughing at the holiest symbols accepted as "real" when mankind uses that sweeping word "institutions." For Lewis Carroll understood what very few do understand, except for great poets like Blake and great philosophers like Whitehead, who came to the understanding by different routes: that what is usually called the literal

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mind is really the helpless captive of symbol. We think we know what we mean by a figure of speech, but we are not always aware that all speech is figure. We cannot speak at all except in a manner of speaking. Emerson said language is fossilized poetry, that the most commonplace word was once a tremendous act of creation. The sour truth is that we cherish the fossil and dislike it when the poetry leaps into life. In a sense starker than the scriptural one, and that is stark enough, the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. But it is never the poets who, having pushed language to its limits, know that it *has* limits — it is never they who most influence societies, though sentimentalists like to think so; it is always the little-minded but energetic, who are superstitious about words because they recognize no limits, least of all their own.

> "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."
>
> "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."
>
> "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."

And that's enough to be alarming when we consider how often something of the sort has been said, not in a children's fantasy, but by the heads of governments or of businesses or newspaper chains; how often they are implied by those who control advertising and political propaganda and employ expensive copywriters and ghosts. " 'When I make a word do a lot of work like that,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'I always pay it extra.' "

IT IS to Mr Gardner's credit that some of his notes suggest digressions like this one: what else should notes to a classic do, being themselves digressions from a text? Here and there in *The Annotated Alice* one catches the excitement that can go with bits of history on a writer and his work: what of his personal life shows through his fiction, what side he was on in political controversies, what grudges he worked off in satire, what secret tribute he paid to friends.

But trivial information is scrambled with important as though it does not matter which is which; the notes are as disheveled as the White Queen, without her charm and pathos. The stunt here is annotation, and notes we have whether they are needed or not, some of them about as stimulating as column filler in country newspapers. For instance: "The role of the White Knight was taken by Gary Cooper in Paramount's [illegible] film, *Alice in Wonderland*." No point is made of it and one is left to suppose that Mr Gardner has been brooding over the indignity for years, as well he might, since it was an execrable film.

One note reads: "Frumenty is a wheat pudding." Well, now: people who can afford ten-dollar books must have dictionaries — ones, moreover, with a better sense of the proprieties of definition than this: "A deal box is a box made of deal (fir or pine wood)."

There are a lot like that, thrown in for no good reason, though they might have been used as departure points for imaginative comment. The most rewarding annotation ever made, probably, was by Walter de la Mare in his delightful poetry anthology, *Come Hither!* He would have given several recipes for frumenty, some jingles about it or oddments of kitchen lore. De la Mare's notes usually enlarge or intensify the experience of whatever text they accompany; they never presume to explain, especially when the explanation is obvious. He was too courteous an editor to write notes like this one of Mr Gardner's: " 'A cat may look at a king' is a familiar English proverb meaning that there are things an inferior may do in the presence of a superior." I bet you never knew that.

Some of the notes intended to interpret are about as banal. In the Tweedledum and Tweedledee passage of *Through the Looking Glass*, Alice is trying to find some excuse for the rascality of the Walrus and the Carpenter in luring the oysters to their death as a shore dinner. The text is pellucid:

> "I like the Carpenter best — if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus."
>
> "But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum.
>
> This was a puzzler.

Not to Mr Gardner, though. "Alice is puzzled because she faces here the traditional ethical dilemma of having to choose between judging a person in terms of his acts or in terms of his intentions." That is term-paper English for term-paper thought. He might have had some fun with it as, in all justice, he has fun elsewhere, when genuine enthusiasms of his own are involved. The notes on the chess moves caricatured in *Through the Looking Glass* are often entertaining because Mr Gardner quite enjoys chess and he communicates his own enjoyment. If he had done all the notes that way, the annotated edition would have been splendidly justified. He is, as Lewis Carroll was, fond of mathematical games and puzzles, and the comment on the diversions to be found in the Alice stories for people with this turn of mind is often engaging, backed up with quotation from such distinguished Alice-zealots as Bertrand Russell and Arthur Stanley Eddington.

But the ethical-dilemma stuff is pure literary swank, the bogus that gets by as scholarship with people who think scholarship ought to be dull and who are impressed by the very claptrap the Alice stories make fun of.

I CAN remember that as a child I loved Alice because she was inclined to suspect that authority of any kind is rather foolish and given to tantrums, like the Queen of Hearts, and to bossy manners, like the Red Queen, but that one put up with authority, to a point, because one had to for the sake of peace and because life was interesting, however puzzling. I love her still, for somewhat the same reason. It can be sophisticated by calling it a philosophy of the absurd, as Albert Camus did, a brave man who enjoyed his adventurous life though he saw no cause to [illegible] was free of wickedness and folly. It can be both [illegible] and [illegible] — it was for Boris Pasternak, another brave man who refused to believe that all reality could be strait-jacketed into a system

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whatever claims to infallibility the system might make.

We live with the puzzles for the pleasure we find in them, as Alice did. The trouble comes mostly from those who hate puzzles and want to impose impossible answers. Like the Queen of Hearts, they yell "Off with their heads!" at anyone who suggests that the answers are not all found in a nation or a creed or a political economy. Like that testy dogmatist, the Red Queen, they hold that "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it." It's some comfort to know, as Alice knew, that the Queen of Hearts is mere cardboard and that, if she's shaken hard enough, the Red Queen turns into a kitten.

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TELEVISION

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

LIKE blackboard letters, big and bold and for the instruction of millions of viewers across the nation, came NBC's recent two-part television production, *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story*. It was a strong teaching job. Reginald Rose's script made its points in the fashion of any good textbook — by emphasis, by exaggeration and by deliberate bias. In every corner of America, conveniently acted out for them, people saw exactly how two anarchists were executed for the crimes of being Italian and radical. By now it is no doubt common knowledge that Sacco and Vanzetti were the victims mainly of a stupid, unqualified judge (so called by Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Musmanno in a hearing last year) and a crude, purse-proud governor (as referred to by United States Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter in his new book).

But in Boston, where after a third of a century the case of Sacco and Vanzetti still receives front-page coverage, critics of the TV drama behaved alternately like shocked innocents and frightened patriots. They cried out that Bay Staters (meaning Massachusetts officialdom) had been savagely attacked, and that both the administration of Massachusetts justice and the American judicial system had been held up to ridicule. They even suggested that with so many anti-American riots around the world the NBC program played into the hands of the Communists. They were most upset, however, by Reginald Rose's point of view; indeed, by the fact that he had a point of view. Trying to offset that legitimate bias — which rested on solid research and authority — the Boston press poured out another kind of bias based on hysteria, ignorance and astonishing illiteracy.

THREE MONTHS before the production was viewed and several weeks before the script was in its final form, the TV columnist of the Boston *Herald* began denouncing the drama as distorted. "It will be based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case," he wrote, "but in name only. Facts will be thrown to the wind if early reports are true." Facts. The columnist suggested that Rose "take a peek at the files of the Boston *Herald*, which gave a factual report right down the line." But it is the columnist who needs the peek. There in his own paper, in an editorial of October 26, 1926, are answered at least half the charges he made against the NBC program. That editorial, which won the *Herald* a 1927 Pulitzer Prize, stated in part that "as months have merged into years and the great debate over this case has continued, our doubts have solidified into convictions, and reluctantly we have found ourselves compelled to reverse our original judgment. We hope the supreme judicial court will grant a new trial on the basis of the new evidence not yet examined in open court."

In 1960 no such courage prevails. Fearing what he might see, the Chairman of the Braintree Board of Selectmen flatly refused to tune his set to the program; and, fearing what he had seen, a state representative filed resolutions in the Massachusetts House criticizing the play.

And yet the Boston critics withheld no praise of the magnificence of performance and power of what they saw. Struggling with their prejudices, the reviewers kept switching sentiment in the middle of their articles, and one suspects that, along with ordinary viewers, they were left moved, even tearful.

It is unfortunate that technical justice moves so slowly and that Sacco and Vanzetti have not yet been officially exonerated; we might thus be spared more of the legal-judicial treadmill and the endless haranguing. By now, with the wealth of material written on the case, only fools and those who won't or can't read can still believe that Sacco and Vanzetti received a fair trial and were guilty of robbery and murder. But if only we could be finished forever with airing all these proofs of guilt or innocence, with displaying our native American naivete about corrupt officials, and get down to Sacco and Vanzetti themselves! If only the mad gap did not exist between the justice already granted them by scholars and the justice not yet granted them by politicians, Reginald Rose's drama could really have thrown facts to the winds and we would have been treated instead to the better substance of Sacco's and Vanzetti's true characters.

Character! Why else, having invented no automobile, having flown no airplane, with no home runs to their credit, with only unpopular ideas and an adherence

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI has contributed several articles, as well as translations of Italian and Spanish poetry, to The Nation.

to the ideal of anarchism, do the two Italians still live? Because they died bravely for what they believed. Today, when spying is condoned as national policy and the sellout is built into the college education, Vanzetti's words "Now we are not a failure" seem more striking truth than when he spoke them. Sacco and Vanzetti are two of the few really successful men of the century. It's a success new generations would do well to contemplate.

More, much more, is coming. Rose's drama is appearing on two LP records; from Italy a film is announced; from off-Broadway a musical drama; and two or three more books are in the works. Best of all should be Ben Shahn's twenty-five pictures, known as the "Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," which are being collected into a volume for the first time, and the opera by Marc Blitzstein on which the Metropolitan Opera holds an option. Even apprehensive Boston is calling it a Sacco-Vanzetti revival.

ART

Maurice Grosser

PARIS in the late spring is flowering with its seasonal exhibitions. The *Salon de Mai*—stylistically the most advanced of the large group shows—is now closed, while the *Salon des Artistes Français*—stylistically the most retrograde—has now opened to display at the *Grand Palais* its miles of unexciting canvases. At the *Musée des Arts Decoratifs*, on the rue de Rivoli side of the Louvre, you can see an impressive array of Louis XIV furniture for five New Francs (entrance prices this year are high). And for another five NF the Louvre itself offers the first comprehensive exhibition of Nicholas Poussin ever to be shown—120 of his some 180 known paintings, and 120 drawings. At the *Petit Palais* is a monster exhibit of art from India—more than a thousand pieces of sculpture and painting ranging over thirty centuries — which the French seem to find laudable but a bit dull. Russian officialdom has staged a show of approved work at the *Musée de l'Arte Moderne*. At the *Galerie Charpentier*, Dunoyer de Segonzac, French painter of the prewar School of Paris, is being given, with a too complete retrospective of his fifty years of work, an honorable interment. All this, along with less official shows in private galleries, provides art enough for the most voracious visitor. I found the Poussins and the Russians most provocative.

The Poussin show is enormous—three huge galleries hung with pictures from everywhere—Russia, Spain, even from Australia. The effect is sumptuous. The pictures are rich and somber, as ornate as the Louis XIV style itself of which, in fact, they form a part. One is nevertheless struck by the variations in quality the work displays. On one hand is the wonderful *Inspiration du Poète* belonging to the Louvre, which is as fine as Titian or Veronese, and all the other numerous magnificent examples such as those from the Prado and the Hermitage. On the other hand, there are pictures such as the *Apollon Amoureux de Daphné*, also the Louvre's, which seem quite badly painted. The Apollo, Poussin's last work, has most probably been helped to completion by other hands, but the large oval from Copenhagen of *Moses and the Burning Bush* is hard to connect in any way with Poussin. In this anemic work, the flames resemble a modish arrangement of pale blond hair, while one of the two angels supporting the Lord exhibits, somewhat uncanonically, two left feet. But even the undoubtedly authentic works have surprising ups and downs.

THIS IS so in part, I imagine, because in the seventeenth century, French painting scarcely yet existed as a school. Poussin was busy inventing it—remodeling the Italian style for home consumption—and was never as much at ease in it as were the Italians themselves. Probably, also, his somewhat provincial public forced him to be more scrupulous and explicit than he would have been for more experienced clients. Hence the painfully exact delineation of features some of these pictures display. Witness for example the *Aenée chez Didon* from the museum at Toledo, Ohio, where all seven faces, including Dido's own reflection in a mirror, are painstakingly and unnecessarily outlined, as if to satisfy the exigence of some provincial buyer. On the other hand, in other works like the Louvre's touching picture of young Adonis dead, the unimportant details of the background figures could not be more skillfully thrown away.

Poussin's way of painting was a somewhat more rigid form of the seventeenth-century Italian technique. As all his drawings prove, he first envisioned his elaborate compositions, with their garlands of figures, as sculpture groups. The pictures were probably first painted, complete in all detail, but only in tones of gray. When this was dry, the carnation of the flesh was put on, and the cold shadows were enlivened with tones of orange and brown. The local colors of the sky, leaves and costumes were painted in on top of the gray foundation. And the whole was then brushed over with what was termed a "soup"—a transparent glaze of amber pigment thinned in varnish. This amber glaze warmed the cold flesh tones and gave unity to the picture by pulling all the local colors into a single key. One notices how harmoniously cool and dark are the flesh tones in those pictures which—like those of the Louvre or Prado—have not suffered undue restoration. In certain of the others, however,

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the final glazes have apparently been lost in excessive cleaning, for the bodies have a glassy emphasis, and the blue of the sky and draperies a vitreous brilliance, which were certainly not in the original intention.

I find it easier to esteem than love these complex arabesques of figures in pagan and Biblical settings. Admirable as they are in skill of hand and composition, their somewhat official coldness seems to announce the even more frigid historical set-pieces of David and Ingres. On the other hand, those paintings which are really landscapes, but drawn into the noble style by the arbitrary imposition of some small classical reference, excite all my admiration. There is one from Dulwich College: I have forgotten the classical subject and remember only a tranquil, shaded road near Rome. In such as these Poussin invented the very type itself of serene landscape which all subsequent French painting has so beautifully exploited.

THE Russian and Soviet painting show is of quite another order. Let me begin by saying that among the 164 works exhibited, there are two quite good pictures. One is a small nineteenth-century oil by Alexis Venetsianov, charming in drawing and color—a pleasantly realistic representation of a peasant asleep on the ground in a flat farm country. The other is a pale and delicate landscape of birches and thawing river in early spring, done in 1945 by Serge Guerassimov. Along with these there are some undistinguished eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pictures. The rest of the show seems to be made up of all the most showy and shoddy work that could be found in a French salon of the epoch of 1909.

Here indeed is painting addressed to a provincial public. Each picture tells a story. Most are garish in color; all are insistently labored and detailed. The more advanced of the painters advertise their modernism by some flashy mannerism of brushwork or drawing. The more imposing depict in brutal chiaroscuro some touching domestic scene or lurid anecdote. There is, for example, Yablonskaia's *Le Matin,* a large brash picture of a young girl just out of bed and beginning her ballet exercises; and Ioganson's huge picture of a former rich mine-owner and his former poor employees glaring at one another with contempt and hatred; and The Koukryniksy's larger and even more theatrical *"Kaput,"* showing the end of Hitler and his staff in the cellars of the Reich. (The Koukryniksy is the trade name for three different painters who work and sign together as a firm, doubtless to demonstrate that painting need not be an individualistic art.) Tasteless, vulgar and commercial, these works have little in common with any serious tradition of painting. In kind and quality they resemble rather the illustrations to popular novels of before the First World War. But even in technical dexterity and the skill of story telling, none of them is nearly as good as Norman Rockwell.

LET us hope that the selections were badly made. Certainly, the pre-Soviet pictures seem to have been chosen with little acumen. Somewhere in Russia there must be better painting. One must remember that this is an official selection, made on doctrinal and extra-professional principles, of the same order as that which last year moved us to send an exhibit of Abstract Expressionists to represent all of our own country's painting at the Brussels Fair.

I am nevertheless extremely glad I went. The *Musée de l'Art Moderne* contains in permanent display the finest and most complete array of School of Paris pictures it is possible to see—Bonnard, Vuillard, Marquet, Picasso and all the rest, along with unexpectedly fine paintings by less-known names, as well as a delightful room of the contemporary primitives; all this without any of that educational insistence and Germanizing tendency, which give our own New York Museum of Modern Art its somewhat oppressive tone. If one is in Paris, it should not be missed.

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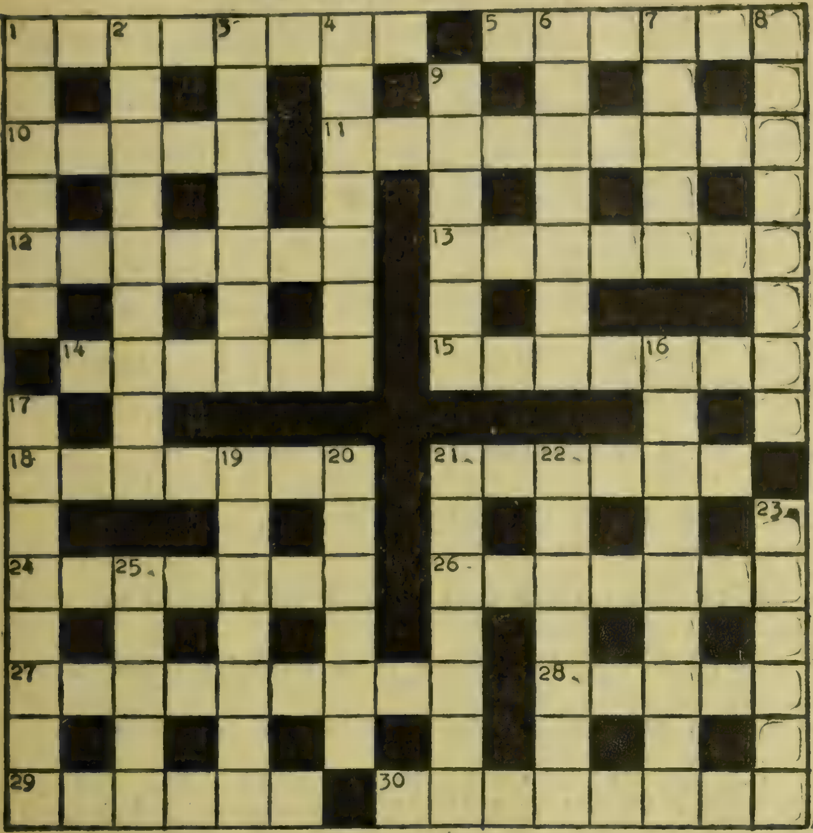
Crossword Puzzle No. 873

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the pig did implies non-payment for support. (8)
5 and 4 Formed by 28 and 26, 21 across and 9. (6, 7)
10 The way to proverbially treat a bit of a title-holder. (5)
11 What could make one safe at home, if a foggy mist is about? (What an awful act!) (9)
12 Directional attribute is more than backward in the main. (7)
13 A little mouse which 19? (7)
14 It's established value to look for a Zoroastrian! (6)
15 The unstable valence might be surrounded by something foreign. (7)
18 How the mistrusting look. (7)
21 Politically ursine, but upright? (6)
24 The way equestriennes might appear to live in the equivalent. (7)
26 See 28.
27 Call one way or another quite a distance, with the shaky end referring to the sermon. (9)
28 and 26 A bitter grain from the islands. (5, 7)
29 Miller's stream is about free of scorn. (6)
30 Installs hard tops? (8)

DOWN:

1 Bad lamps might be. (6)
2 Look to a brief answer and listen for one who takes a good deal of interest in his work. (4, 5)
3 Burden. (7)
4 See 5
6 However, the twinkling little star is not in this shape! (7)
7 Small vessel of the "Philadelphia" light cruiser class. (5)
8 Desire to be inferior to them, according to O'Neill. (3, 5)
9 Nation writer? (6)
16 They gave us Mickey! (You may prefer another spell!) (9)
17 His mixup gets celebrated around those strictly from Hunger! (8)
19 What some sucker did makes it look as though the pen leaked red ink! (7)
20 This has real existence. (6)
21 What some do with alcohol to the figure implies no turning back. (7)
22 Might be a shocking end for the buzzer. (7)
23 Makes a 20 out of more than one!
25 He wrote a little longer than a 5. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 872

ACROSS: 1 Charmed; 5 Suppler; 9 Averred; 10 Chignon; 11 Ebony; 12 and 17 Curfew; 13 Trace; 14 Steeped; 16 Differs; 18 Satanic; 21 and 27 across Tower of Babel; 28 Painful; 29 Erudite; 31 Sprites. DOWN: 2 Anemone; 3 and 30 Merry England; 4 Deduced; 5 Secured; 7 Lineage; 8 Ringers; 15 and 26 Punjab; 18 and 1 down Steeplechasers; 19 and 6 Turning point; 20 Cajoled; 21 Tablets; 22 Rebuilt; 23 and 24 Fuller's earth; 25 Hoffa; 27 Bluer.

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